



EXH  
S. 244v - 245

























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N<sup>o</sup> 13.

Kinge **Arthur** and his court and to helpe hym in his warrys. that he wolde  
 be borne vnto them to helpe hem in there warrys a gysst Kinge **Clarus**  
 vnto that for ye vnto this comenle seyde **Arthur** on this ye well comenle  
 seyde the Kinge And in all haste y. Bandones vnto so were ordayned to go on  
 this message vnto thes y. Kingis and letters were made in the moste plesant  
 wyse accordyng vnto Kinge **Arthur** Desyre and **Volpene** And **Aras** were  
 made the messengers and so rode forth well horsed and well armed and as  
 this was that tyme and so passed the see and rode towarde the cite of **Seul**  
 and there be hydes were vnto Kinge that appoynted hem and at a freynte passage  
 they i. ette **Volpene** and **Aras** and wolde a taken them prisoners So they  
 preyed them that they myght passe for they were messengers vnto Kinge **Arthur**  
 and **Aras** sente frome Kinge **Arthur** There fore seyde the Kinge ye shall  
 be othre be prisoners for we be Kinge of Kinge **Clarus** And there vnto  
 y of them dressed y. speere vnto **Volpene** and **Aras** and they dressed y. speere  
 and ran to gydw with grette random And **Clarus** his Kinge brate yow  
 spearis and **Volpene** and **Aras** bare the Kinge oute of there sadis to  
 the cite and so lefte them Kinge and rode y. wayes And the o. y. Kinge  
 rode be fore to a passage to mete with them a yew And so **Volpene** and **Aras**  
 othre y. smote doun and so paste on the wayes And at the fourt passage  
 there mette y. for y. and both were leyde vnto the cite So there was  
 none of the vnto Kinge but he was herte fore othre brused And when they  
 com to **Seul** hit fortuned both the Kinge be there **Arthur** and **Aras** Esau  
 was hit tolde the y. Kingis how y. were com y. messengers And anone y. was  
 sente vnto them y. Kinge of Newshipp that one byast **Aras** forde of the  
 contrey of **Aras** And **Aras** a worshipfull Kinge And a  
 none asked them frome whens they com and they seyde frome Kinge **Arthur**  
 Kinge of Ingelonde and so they toke them in there armyes and made grete joy  
 eche of othre But anone as they wyse they were messengers of **Arthur**  
 there was made no tarryng but forth with they spake vnto y. Kinge and  
 they wol comed them in the moste farsylllyst wyse And seyde they were  
 moste welcom vnto them be fore all the Kinge men byoyng And y. vnto  
 they byssed the letters and deliuid them And when Kinge **Arthur**  
 vnderstode them y. letters than were they more welcom pan per wyse to fore



And after the haste of the letters they gaff hem tyme and were that they wolde fulfill  
the desire of King **Arthur** Wrytynge and lide for **Blahune** & **Sir Briasas**  
tarry there as longe as they wolde for they shulde have rich chere as myght  
be made for them in the marches Then **Blahune** & **Briasas** tolde the King  
of there adventure at the passage for the viij. knyghts. A. ha. seide **Bau**  
**Boris** they were once good frendis. I wolde I had wyte of them and they sholde  
nat so astayed So thes ij knyght had good chere and grete gyffis as much as  
they myght have And had there answer by wordis and by Wrytynge  
that the ij knyght wolde com into **Arthur** in all the haste that they myght  
So thes ij knyght rode on a fore and passed the see and com to p. lorde And  
tolde hym how they had speide where fore King **Arthur** was passing glad  
And seide how suppose you at what tyme wolt thes ij knyght be here. On they  
seide be fore all halowmasse Then the King sette p. lorde for a grete feste  
And also he sette cry both turnementis and Justis thowd oute all his realm  
And the day appointed and sette at all halowmasse And so the tyme dide  
on and all tynge vedy p. lorde Then ij noble knyght were entred the  
londe and comyn dnr the see with ij. hondred knyght full well a raged  
both for the pees and also for the werre And so royally they were resceyved  
and brought towarde the cite of London And so **Arthur** mette ym x. myle  
oute of London and there was grete joy made as conthe be thonght And on  
all halowmasse day at the grete feste sate in the halle the ij. knyght And **Sn**  
**Ray** the seneschall served in the halle And **Sn Lucas** the butler that was dnr  
**Comens** son And **Sn Griffet** that was the son of god of **Cardal** thes ij  
knyght had the rule of all the knyght that p. ned the King And anone as  
they were vedy on horse and waysher all the knyght that wolde Just  
made hem vedy And be than they were vedy on horse bat there was viij. p.  
knyght And King **Arthur** **Bau** & **Boris** w. p. archbishop of **Canter**  
**Bury** And **Sn Peter** lye fdr they were in a place adorde with clothe of  
golde lye into an halle with ladyes and laute women for to be holde  
Who dnr feste and there on to gyff a Jngement And King **Arthur** w.  
the ij. knyght sette depte the viij. hondred knyght in ij. p. And p. were in  
hondred knyght of the realme of **Bedford** and **Glouce** that turned on p.  
other side and they dressed p. schylis and be gan to conche for sperry many

good knyght. So Sir **Gryfflet** was the firste that sette on to And to hym com  
 a knyght his name was Sir **laoyuas** And they com so egerly to gyde that  
 all men had wonder and they so sore fought that for saydore felle on the  
 pates and both horse and man felle to the erthe And both the frensch knyght  
 And the englysh knyght lay so longe that all men wente they had bene dede  
 Whan **lucas** the butler sawe Sir **Gryfflet** ly so longe he horsed hym a  
 gayne a none and they too ded many meruelous dedes of armys. As many  
 bachelers also Sir **Ray** com on to of a bushemente As Sir **Gryfflet** As hym and  
 they by smote other by dolne But Sir **Ray**. And that day many meruey  
 lous dedes of armys that there was none that And so welles as he that day  
 Than there com **ladynas** and **Gastian** y knyght of feamse and did pas  
 synge well that all men prayd then Than com in Sir **pladas** a good  
 knyght that mette with Sir **Ray**. and smote hym dolne horse and man where  
 fore Sir **Gryfflet** was wroth. and mette with Sir **pladas** so harde that horse  
 and man felle to the erthe. But whan the knyght wroth that Sir **Ray**.  
 had a felle they were wroth on to of mesure And there was all of them  
 bare dolne a knyght. Whan kynge **Arthur** and the y. kynge sawe hem be  
 gyne they wroth on both sides they leped on smale hatenyes And sette  
 up that all men sholde depte into there lodgyngs And so they wente home  
 and enwarmed them and so to downsonge and song And after song y. m.  
 knyght wente in to a gardyne and gaff the pryce unto Sir **Ray** and unto Sir  
**lucas** the butler And unto Sir **Gryfflet** And than they wente into coun  
 cyle and with hem **Gwenhaus** brother unto kynge **Ben** & **Isors** a wyse  
 clerke and thidre weite **Alphynus** **Brastias** & **Aerlion** And after they had  
 in her counceyle they wente into bedde And on the morne they harde masse  
 and to dyner and so to there counceyle and made many argument What  
 were best to do So at the laste they were concluded that **W.** sholde go to a  
 tolyn of kynge **San** that was a vyngte unto his men And kynge **Isors**  
**Gracian** & **pladas** sholde go a gayne and kepe y castels and there cotenyes  
 And as for kynge **San** of **Wendwyke** and kynge **Isors** of **Gaulle** had or  
 dayned them all thyng and so passed the see and com to **Wendwyke** And  
 whan the people sawe kynge **Isors** vyngte and **Gracian** & **pladas** they  
 were glad and asked howe there kynge fared and made grete joy of y. welles



and accordyng vnto therr p[er]sonne lordis desire and the man of warre  
made hem redy in all haste possible so that they were yd. on horse backe  
and foote and they had grete plenty of vitayle by **Acherlion** p[er]sons. **Sir**  
**Gurran & Oladas** were lesse at home to fynysh and garnyshe the castelle  
for drede of kynge **Clandas** byght so **Acherlion** passed the see well vitayled boi  
by water and by lande And when he com to the see he sente home y foote men  
a gayne and toke no mo with hym but x. men on horse backe the moste p[er]  
of men of armes and so shipped and passed the see in to englonde and landed at  
**Woddyng** and thowd the wyte of **Acherlion** he dede the othe northward the  
p[er]p[er]dest way that conde be thought vnto the foreste of **Bedgrayne** And  
there in a valei lodged hym secretly. Then rode **Acherlion** to **Arthure** and  
to the n. kynge and tolde hem how he had spedde where of they had grete  
merwayne that any man on erthe myght spede so sone and go and com. So  
**Acherlion** tolde them how x. thousande were in the foreste of **Bedgrayne** well armed  
at all p[er]p[er]tis. Then was y no more to sey but to horsebacke wente all y othe  
as **Arthure** had be fore p[er]mytted So with xv. as he passed by myght and day by y  
was made such an ordynance afore by **Acherlion** that there sholde no man of wy  
ryde nothyr go in no contrey on this side twente water but if he had a tobyn frome  
kyng **Arthure** where thowd y kyngs enemies durst nat ryde as p[er]p[er] did to forp  
And so with in a litle whyle the n. kyngs com to the foreste to aspye  
of **Bedgrayne** and founde there a passynge fayre felshyp and well  
be sene where of they had grete joy and vitayle they wanted none. Then was  
the campis of the Northyr hoste that they were rered for the despayte and rebuke  
that the n. kyngs had at **Carhyon** and the n. kyngs by thir meanns gate  
vnto them. So othir kyngs and thus they began to gadir thir people And how  
they swore noy for welke nothyr do they sholde nat hve yll they had destroyed  
**Arthure** And than they made an othe And the first that began the othe was  
the dente of **Candebent** that he wolde brynge wth hym x. men of armes  
the which were redy on horse backe. Then swore kyng **Brandegaris** of  
**Strawane** that he wolde brynge wth hym x. men of armes on horse  
backe. Then swore kyng **Clarnaus** of **Northumbrelonde** wolde brynge w  
x. men of armes wth hym. Then swore the kyng **Wentz** & **kyng**  
that was a passynge good man and a yonge that he wolde brynge w. y.

good men of armes on horse backe. Then there stode kynge **Lot** a passing  
 good knyght and fadir vnto Sir **Gawayne** that he wolde brynge v. h.  
 good men of armes on horseback. Also the stode kynge **Orpene** that was  
 Sir **Orpene** fadir of the toun of **Boze** and he wolde brynge v. h. men  
 of armes on horse back. Also there stode kynge **Joc of Coumbaile** that  
 he wolde brynge v. h. men of armes on horse back. Also there stode kynge  
**Crabiluans** to brynge v. h. men on horseback. Also there stode kynge **Au**  
**Daythams** of Ivelonde to brynge v. h. men of armes on horseback. Also  
 there stode kynge **Neutres** to brynge v. h. men on horseback. Also  
 stode kynge **Carades** to brynge v. h. men of armes on horseback. So the  
 hyle ofte was of glene men of armes on horse backe was fully ffyllyd  
 w. and on foote w. of good meimes bodies. Then they were sone redy &  
 mounted vpon horsebacke and sente forth the fore the fore ryders ffor  
 thes a y. knyght in the wynter seide a sege vnto the castell of **Bedgryne**  
 and so they departed and dreyd towarde **Arthure** and lefte a felle to brynge  
 at the sege for the castell of **Bedgryne** was an holde of kynge **Arthure**.  
 And the men that were w. in were kynge **Arthure** men all.

**S**o by **Aerlyons** addice there were sente fore ryders to shynne &  
 contrey and they mette w. the fore ryders of the northe & made  
 hem to telle w. the way the ofte com. And then they tolde kynge **Arthure**.  
 And by kynge **Dan & Dore** his comicelle they sette breche and destruyd all  
 the contrey be fore them there they sholde ryde. The kynge of the hundred  
 knyghtis that tyme mette a wonder dreame y. myght be fore the batayle that  
 there shold a grete wynde and blew downe the castels and the towres.  
 And after that com a water and bare hit all a way and all that tyme  
 of that wynde seide hit was a tolyn of grete batayle. Then by comicelle  
 of **Merliou** w. then they w. the way the an y. knyght wolde ryde and  
 lode that myght at myght they sette vpon them as they were in pa  
 thions. But the feldote w. by the ofte cryed lordis to harners for here be

**O**nce enemyes at ponce honde  
 Then kynge **Arthure** and kynge **Dan & Dore** w. the good & trusty  
 knyght sette vpon them so fersely that he made them on thowde his pawns.

Sanguis



on her hedis but the xiij knyght by manly p[ro]p[er]se of armys take a fayre champion  
but there was slayne that morow tye xiij. good menes bodies and so per had  
be fore hem a swinge passage yet were there fifty of hardy men Than the  
dowd toland day Nolls shall ye do by myne advice sende **after you** unto the  
in kynge and sende I wolde knyge **Baus** **Bore** with hir schyship of xiij.  
men were put in a woode here be side in an Inbushmente and kept yem p[ro]p[er]  
and that they be kyde or the hight of the day com and that they save nat  
till that ye and yowre knyght and fongest with them longe and when  
that ye day hight dresse yowre batayle down be fore them and the passage that  
they may se all yowre oste for than wold they be the more hardy when they  
se you but a bonte xx thousande and cause them to be the gladder to suffer you  
and yowre oste to com on the passage all the in knyght and the hole landynce  
sende **after you** devised passinge well and so that was done So on p[ro]morn  
when artur oste fild othir they of the north were well comforted Than  
**Volhynus** **Brastias** were delyvred in thousand men of armys and they  
sette on them forschy in the passage and slew on the yggst honde and on p[ro]  
hystre honde that that was wonder to telle But when the xiij knyght fild  
that there was so few a schyship that dnd such dedis of armys they were a  
shamed and sette on them a gayne forschy And there was **Er** **Volhynus** horse  
slayne but he dnd merdelyshly on foote But the duke **Eschauf of Candeburet**  
and knyge **Clammarus** of **Netheghylonde** were all they gredously set on  
**Volhynus** Than **Er** **Brastias** fild his filds y fared so witt all he smote p[ro]  
duke witt a spere that horse and man felle ddone That fild knyge **Clam-**  
**marus** and retorne dnto **Er** **Brastias** and othir smote othir so that horse  
and man wente to the erthe and so they lay longe a stoned and there horse  
knees braste to the harte bone Than com **Er** **Kay** the seneschall w[ith] p[ro] se  
filds witt hym and dnd passinge well So witt that com the xiij knyght  
and there was **Gryffette** put to the erth horse and man And **Lucas** the  
butler horse and man knyge **Scandegoris** and knyge **Joves** and knyge  
**Augur** **Samur** than dnd the medlee passyng harte on bothe p[ro]tes when  
**Er** **Kay** fild **Er** **Gryffette** on foote he rode dnto knyge **Natures** and smote  
hym ddone and he fild his horse dnto **Er** **Gryffette** and horsed hym a  
gayne Also **Er** **Kay** witt the same spere smote ddone knyge **lotte** p[ro] harte



and smote hym passinge sore That said the kynge w<sup>th</sup> the C. knyght and ran  
 vnto Sir **Kay** and smote hym dōne and toke hys horse and gaff hym kynge  
**lotte** where of he seyde grāny When Sir **Gryfflet** said sir **Kay** and Sir  
**lucas de butler** on foote he w<sup>th</sup> a sharpe spere grete and squays rode to **Pyuel**  
 a good man of armes and smote horse and man dōne and than he toke  
 hys horse and gaff hym vnto Sir **Kay** Than kynge **lotte** said kynge **Neutres**  
 on foote he ran vnto **Meliot de la roche** and smote hym dōne horse and  
 man and gaff hym to kynge **Neutres** the horse and horsed hym a gayne  
 Also the kynge w<sup>th</sup> the C. knyght said kynge **Nes** on foote he ran vnto  
**Gernarte de bloy** and smote hym dōne horse and man and gaff kynge  
**Nes** the horse and horsed hym a gayne That kynge **lotte** smote dōne  
**Clarnaus de la foreste sadrage** and gaff the horse vnto Duke **Estans** and  
 so when they had horsed the knyghts a gayne they drew hem all w<sup>th</sup> knyght  
 to god and seyde they wolde be reuenged of the damage that they had takyn  
 that day The meane while com in kynge **Arthure** w<sup>th</sup> an eger comitens  
 and founde **Blahus** and **Brasbas** on foote in grete pelt of dethe that were  
 fowle deforced Andir the horse feete Than **Arthure** as a hon ran vnto  
 kynge **Cradiuente** of Northwale and smote hym thorow the hyfte syde w<sup>th</sup>  
 horse and sman felle dōne Than he toke the horse by the vergie and led  
 hym vnto **Blahus** and seyde hane this horse myne olde frende for grete  
 nede hast yow of an horse Grāny seyde **Blahus** Than kynge **Arthure**  
 dnd so merdaylesly In armes that all men had wōdow When the kynge  
 w<sup>th</sup> the C. knyght said kynge **Cradiuente** on foote he ran vnto Sir  
**Etors** Sir **Kayes** fadir that was dōll 1 horsed and smote horse and man  
 dōne and gaff the horse vnto the kynge and horsed hym a gayne And  
 When kynge **Arthure** said that kynge ryde on Sir **Etors** horse he was  
 wrotte and w<sup>th</sup> hys swerde he smote the kynge on the helme that a quarter  
 of the helme and thede clade dōne and so the swerde carde dōne vnto  
 the horse necke and so man and horse felle dōne to the grounde Than  
 Sir **Kay** com vnto kynge **Morgaunwe** Senescall w<sup>th</sup> the kynge of the C.  
 knyght and smote hym dōne horse and man and ledde the horse vnto  
 hys fadir Sir **Etors** Than Sir **Etors** ran vnto a knyght w<sup>th</sup> knyght **hardane**

and smote horse and man dōlone and lad the horse into **Sir Brastras**  
 that grete nede had of an horse and was gretly deforke. **Whan** **Brastras** be  
 hēde **Lucas the butler** that lay hē a dede man vnder the horse feete and **on**  
**Sir Gryfflet** dnd mercyfully for to restōw hym and there were all wayes  
 ymmynght. **Whon** **Sir Lucas** and **than** **Sir Brastras** smote one of them  
 on the helme that hit wente vnto his teth and he rode vnto a wōp & smote  
 hym that his arme fōlde into the selde. **Than** he wente to the tōnde & smote  
 hym on the shulder that sholdr and arme fōlde vnto the selde. ~~Than he wente~~  
 to the tōnde. And **whan** **Gryfflet** saw restōw he smote a knyght on the  
 temple that hēde and helme wente of to the erthe. And **Gryfflet** toke that  
 horse and lad hym vnto **Sir Lucas** and lade hym mōdōwte vpon p<sup>r</sup> horse  
 and redēge his hurtis. **For** **Sir Brastras** had slayne a knyght to fore and  
 horsed **Sir Lucas**. **Than** **Sir Lucas** saw knyge **Angelys** that myght had  
 slayne **Mauns de la roche** and **Lucas** ran to hym with a sharpe spere that was  
 grete and he gaff hym such a falle that p<sup>r</sup> horse felle dōlone to the erthe.  
 Also **Lucas** fōmde p<sup>r</sup> on foot **Blozas de la flaudres** and **Sir Guyuas** y har  
 dy knyght and in that woodnes that **Lucas** was in he slew y bathelers and  
 horsed them a gayne. **Than** dōwed the batayle passyngre hāde one bothe p<sup>r</sup>es  
**Went** knyge **Arthur** was glad that his knyght were horsed a gayne and  
**than** they fought to giders that the nyse and the sōlone lāge by the water  
 and wode. **Wher** fore knyge **Baun & Bois** made hem redy and dressed  
 their shyldis and harnesse and were so curageous that p<sup>r</sup> enemyes shōte  
 and byerd for egynesse all tēys. **Whyle** **Sir Lucas** **Guyuas** **Bryant**  
 and **Bellias of flaudres** helde stronge medle agaynst vj knyght. **Whych** wē  
 knyge **lott** knyge **Nerues** knyge **Brandegoris** knyge **Jacs** knyge **viens**  
 and knyge **Angiours**. So with the helpe of **Sir Bay** and of **Sir Gryfflet**  
 they helde tēys. vj knyges hāde that vnneth they had omy pōwer to dessende  
 them. **Wnt** **whan** knyge **Arthur** saw the batayle wōlde nat be ended by no  
 man he fared wode as a tyon and furred his horse here and there on the  
 ryght hōde and on the lyfte hōde that he spūted nat tēlle he had slayne  
 p<sup>r</sup> knyght. Also he wōmde knyge **lote** sore on the shulder and made hym  
 to fere that godōnde. **For** **Sir Bay** w<sup>t</sup> **Sir Gryfflet** dnd w<sup>t</sup> knyge **Arthur**.

The death of  
 Mauns de la  
 Roche



grete dedis of armys And there **Thomas** son **John** **Bartholomew** and **King**  
 encountred a gaynste the duke **Estas** and **King** **Cradilmaute** and **King**  
**Claymans** of Northhumburlonde And **King** **Carados** and the **King** **W<sup>t</sup> the**  
**King** **W<sup>t</sup> the** So thes **King** encountred with thes **King** that they made them  
 to adorde the grounde / **Thomas** **King** **lotte** made grete dole for his damagis /  
 his felows and seide unto the **King** / But if we woll do as I have devised  
 we all shall be slyme and destroyed / sette me hane the **King** **W<sup>t</sup> the** **King**  
 and **King** **Aug<sup>st</sup>hamme** and **King** **Joes** and the duke of **Candeberet** and  
 we v. **King** **Woll** hane v. men of armys with us / and we woll go on one  
 pte with the v. **King** holde the needle w<sup>t</sup> y. And when we se that ye  
 have foughten with them longe / than woll we com on fuysshly and ellis shall  
 we neu make them seide **King** **lotte** but by this means So they deputed as they  
 here devised and thes v. **King** made thene pte stronge a gaynste **King** **Arthur**  
 and made grete warre longe in the meane whyle **Thomas** brate the busshemete of  
**King** **Bartholomew** and **King** **Woll** and **King** **Woll** had that adbannte garde  
 and they y. **King** mette with **King** **Joes** that was nere discomfited That sawe  
**King** **Aug<sup>st</sup>hamme** and put **Woll** **Woll** in pte of detche for  
 duke **Candeberet** com on with a grete felshipp So thes y. **King** were in gre  
 dangere of y. **King** that they were fayne to retorne but all wayes they  
 restored them selff and hys felshipp mercedously / when **King** **Woll**  
 sawe y. **King** put on bat hit gredd hym sore / than he com on so faste that  
 his felshipp semed as blak as inde / when **King** **lotte** had asprede **King** **Woll**  
 he kned hym w<sup>t</sup> And seide / this defende us frome detche and horryble may  
 mes / for I se w<sup>t</sup> we be in grete pte of detche for I se pondr a **King** one of y.  
 moste vourshippfullyst and of the best **King** of the worlde be inclyned unto  
 his felshipp / what ye he seide the **King** with the hundre **King** hit ye  
 he seide **King** **Woll** of **Woll** / mercedly seide he how they com unto this  
 contrey w<sup>t</sup> oute detmynge of do all / hit was by **Woll** **Woll** seide a  
**King** / do for me seide **King** **Woll** / woll encountre with **King** **Woll**  
 and ye woll restore me when myster ye / So on seide they for we woll all  
 that we may / than **King** **Woll** and hys ofte rode on a hofte pace tyll  
 they com as nye **King** **Woll** as a hofte dranght / than exthir sette theys



kyngs venne as fast as the myght. And **Alcobris** that was godson unto þe  
kyng **Bois** he bare his cheff standand that was a passyng god kynght.  
Oðer shall we se seyde kyng **Bois** how the northerne bretons cam there  
thene armyes. So kyng **Bois** encountred with a kynght and smote hym  
thorow outh with a spere that he felle dede vnto the erthe and ashandarde  
dredde his merde and did mercurious dedes of armyes that all ptes  
had grete wondur there of And the kynght sayled nat but dnd hys pte And  
kyng **Parados** was smitten to the erthe // With that com the kyng **Bois**  
the 4. kynght and resloved kyng **Parados** myghtly by force of armyes  
for he was a passyng god kynght and but a yonge man. Be than com  
in to the feld kyng **Bau** as ferse as a houn With boundis of grene and þe  
wexon golde. A. ha. seyde kyng **lott** we myste be distornite for pondur. I se  
the moste valiant kynght of the worlde and the man of moste vendour.  
For such þe brethrene as ys kyng **Bau** & kyng **Bois** ar nat honynged with  
for we myste nedis worde or dye. And but if we a wordemany þe wylfely  
there ys but dethe. So began the 4. kyngis **Bau** & **Bois** com in to þe batayle  
they com in so ferfely that the stobis rebounded a tyme fro the wode & the  
water. Where fore kyng **lott** wepte for pite and dole that he saw so many  
god kynght take þe ende. // But thorow the grete force of kyng **Bau**  
they made botte the northerne batayles that were pte hynreled to gdwes  
for grete drede And the 4. kyng and þe kynght fled on en that that was  
pite to se and to se holde the multitude of peple that fledde. // But kyng **lott**  
and the kyng **Bois** the 4. kynght and kyng **Alcobris** againe gadred  
the peple to gdw passyng kynghtly and dnd grete ptes of armyes and  
helde the batayle all the day hylde hawde. // When the kyng **Bois** the hundred  
kynght he helde the grete damage that kyng **Bau** he treste vnto hym w<sup>t</sup>  
his horse and smote hym an hys on the helme a grete stroke and stoned hym  
fore. Than kyng **Bau** was woud wrotte With hym and soldred on hym  
ferfely the othr saw that and caste by his shelde and spored his horse  
foreward. But the stroke of kyng **Bau** done felle and carde a cantell  
of the shelde and the stowe flode done by the shadwke by hys backe  
backe and but thorow the trappowe of stele and the horse dwn in þe peas

that the swerde felle to the erth. Then the kynge of the hundred knyghts lay  
 ded the horse hychtly and with his swerde he broght the horse of kynge  
**Ban** thowd and thowd. Deth that kynge **Ban** wyded hychtly frome þe  
 dede horse and smote at that othir so egerly on the helme that he felle to  
 the erthe also in that yre he felle kynge **Morganouwe** and there was  
 grete slawgher of good knyghts and myche peple. Be that tyme com in  
 to the prees kynge **Arthur** and founde kynge **Ban** stondynge amonge the  
 dede men and dede horse hychtynge on foote as a wood hound that þe com none  
 myghte hym as farre as he myght reche w<sup>th</sup> his swerde but he caught  
 a greuous buffet. Where of kynge **Arthur** had grete rote and kynge  
**Arthur** was so bloody that by his shyde there myght no man fynde hym  
 for all was blode and brayne that felle on his swerde and on his shyde  
 And as kynge **Arthur** looked he fynde hym he sawe a knyght that was þys  
 knyght well horsed and there with kynge **Arthur** ran to hym and smote  
 hym on the helme that his swerde wente into his teeth and the knyght  
 synke doun to the erthe dede and amonge kynge **Arthur** toke his horse  
 by the rayne and lade hym into kynge **Ban** and seyde fyny brotþir  
 I have þe thyse horse for þe have grete myster there of and me repentys  
 fore of þowre grete damage. But shalt be sone redenged seyde kynge **Ban**  
 for I truste in god myne herte ys none swache but som of them may sore re  
 pente tþys. I wolle welte seyde kynge **Arthur** for I se þowre dedys siff actual  
 mentheles I myght nat com to þou at that tyme. But when kynge **Ban**  
 was mounted on horseback tþan there he gan a newe batayle wherch was  
 sore and harde and passynge grete slawgher and so thowd grete force kynge  
**Arthur** kynge **Ban** and kynge **Bors** made hir knyghts a hycht to wyth  
 draw hem to a hylle wood and so on a litill ryder and there they rested  
 hem for on the myght be fore they had no grete reste in the felle and tþan  
 the xi knyghts put hem on an hewe all to gydys as men a dead and onte  
 of all comforte. But there was no man that myght passe them per helde  
 hem so harde to gydys bothe be hende and be fore that kynge **Arthur**  
 had medayle of there dedys of arms and was passynge wrotte.  
 And **Arthur** seyde kynge **Ban** and kynge **Bors** blame hem nat for tþer



So as good men ought to do for to my fartyr seide kynge **Alan** they ar f beste  
fhyghtynge men and knyght of mooste pwyssesse that en y sawe of herde off  
spete And tho y kynge ar men of grete worship And if they were longynge  
to you there were no kynge under godyn that had such y kynge, nor off  
suche worship. I may nat love hem seide kynge **Arthur** for they wolde do  
troy me. That knelt we that seide kynge **Alan** and kynge **Wes** for per  
ar yo mortall enemyes And that that he bene preyed be for honde And  
thys day they hadde done there pte and that ys grete pte of p worship  
Than all the y kynge dreyd hem to god And than seide kynge **Lords ye** **for**  
**muste** do othyr wyse than ye do othyr ellis the grete losses ye be hynde for ye  
may se what peple we have loste and what good men we lese be cause  
we waite all weyes on thes fote men And en m fdyng of one of res  
footemen we lese y. horse men for hym There fore thys ys myne ad  
vise lette us putte onre fote men frowe us for for hit ys nere myght  
for thys noble kynge **Arthur** wolt nat tarry on the fote men for  
they may save hem self the woode ys nere honde And what we horse  
men be to god we took eny of you kynge lat make such ordmance that  
none breke wypon payne of dethe And was that fact any man dresse  
hym to fle lyghtly that he be slayne for hit ys better we fle a cowarde  
than porde a cowarde all we be slayne. So seide ye seide kynge **Lotte**  
answere me all ye kynge ye say we seide kynge **Neutres** So seide p  
kynge **Deith** the f. knyght the same seide kynge **Carados** And kynge  
**Vyans** so seide kynge **Wes** and kynge **Brandegous** so dnd kynge **Gradil**  
**wasse** and the duke of **Candeberet** the same seide kynge **Claryance** &  
so dnd kynge **Augurys** and soore they wolde nen fayle of for byff  
notthir for dethe And was so that stode all they sholde be slayne Than  
they amended p qawerse and vngasted p sheldis and toke newe speris  
and sette hem on there thynges and stode stille as hit had be a plinge  
of woode Than kynge **Arthur** and kynge **Alan** & **Wes** be helde pon  
and all hir knyght they preyed them much for p noble chere of chivalry  
so the hardyeste fhyghters that en they herde of sawe So furth w they  
dressed a forty knyght and seide unto the y kynge they wolde breke p  
batayle and thes were p names **Lyonel** **Chaquance** **Isphemel** **Basalas**



Ector. Raynys. Lucas de butler. Gryfflet la fise de den. Maunys de la roche. Sire  
 uas de bloy. Zyrvaunte de la seeyfte labeage. Zellenus. Agourans of p castel  
 mayoyus. Flaundeus of p castel of ladres amercians that was kynge Zau  
 god son a noble knyght. Radmas de la wuse. Emericus. Gausas. Grauens  
 le castillon. Zlorse de la tase. And Sir Colgrebaunce de Seore all res knyght  
 rode on be fore with speers on there thyghes and spurred p horses myghtyly  
 And the xi knyghts with pte of hys knyght rushed furthe as faste as they  
 myght with hys speers and there they dnd on bothe ptes merdeyous dede  
 of armys. So there com into the thycke of thes pces. **Arthur** **Zau** **Zau**  
 and slew dore vnyght on bothe hondes that hys horses wente in blad up to p  
 fittelockys. But en the xi knyghts and the othe was en in the visage of **Arthur**  
 where fore kynge **Zau** **Zau** had grete merdayle consideryng p grete  
 slaughter that p was. But at the laste they were dnyden a backe on a litle  
 vnder. With that com **Merlion** on a grete blacke horse and seide vnto  
 kynge **Arthur**. thou hast nen done hast yon nat done I nodd of my stoye  
 thousande thys day hast yon lesste on fyde but do. h. there fore hit ys  
 tyme to sey do go for god ys wroth with the for yon wolt nen hane done. for  
 yondir a xi knyght at thys tyme wolt nat be on thydownd. But and yon turny  
 on them any longer thy sfortune wolt turne and they shall enave. And p  
 fore wrothdrado yon vnto ponce ladinge and veste yon as sone as ye may  
 and rewarde yowre good knyght with golde and with spyn for they have  
 well deserved hit there may no ryches be to dere for them for of so fode  
 men as ye hane there was nen men dnd more doowschipfully in podes  
 than ye hane done to day for ye hane matched thys day with p beste  
 fyghters of the worlde. That ys twintye seide kynge **Zau** **Zau** than  
**Merlion** bade hem with drado where ye lyst for thys my pere I dare vn  
 durtale they shall nat dere yon dnd by that tyme ye shall hys nedbe  
 tpyngis. **Merlion** seide vnto **Arthur** thes xi knyghts hane more  
 on hande than they ar ware off for the sarezmes ar fonded in p contrys  
 mo than fourty thousande and brene and sle and hane lorde spege  
 to the castell **Wandsworth** and make grete destrucion there fore drede  
 yon nat thys pere. Also for all the goodis that he gotyn at this batayle latte

hit be serched and when ye haue hit in yo<sup>r</sup> hondis lette hit be geffyn frendly  
vnto thes *ii* knyghts *San 2* *2018* that they may redwarde y<sup>e</sup> knyght w<sup>th</sup> all  
and that shall cause straungers to be of better wyll to do yon servyse at nede  
Also ye be able to redwarde yowre olone knyght at what tyme som en hit  
lyketh yon // ye sey well seyde Arthur and as yon haste devised so shall hit  
be done // When hit was detynde to thes knyght *San 2* *2018* they gaff the  
godis as freely to thes knyght as hit was geuyn to them *Then Agerlion*  
toke hys lede of knyge *Arthur* and of the *ii* knyghts for to goke hys mayster  
*Bloyse* that dwelled in northhumburtonde and so he depsted and com to hys  
mayster that was passynge glad of hys comynge And there he tolde how  
*Arthur* and the *ii* knyght had spedde at the grete batayle and how hys  
was ended and tolde the names of eny knyge and knyght of worship y<sup>e</sup>  
was there And so *Bloyse* wrote the batayle worde by worde as *Agerlion*  
tolde hym how hit be gon and by whom And in hys wyse how hit  
was ended and who had the worst And all the batayles that were done  
in *Arthurs* dayes *Agerlion* And hys mayster *Bloyse* wrote them Also  
he dnd wrote all the batayles that eny worthy knyght ded of *Arthurs*  
comte // So after this *Agerlion* depsted frome hys mayster and com to knyge  
*Arthur* that was in the castell of *Bedgryne* that was one of the  
castels that stondith in the foreyste of *Sherewood* // And *A* was so dis  
gyssed that knyge *Arthur* knewe hym nat for he was all be furred in  
blacke shernes skynnes and a grete payre of bootis And a hood & anoble  
in a russet golde and brought wylde gese in hys honde And hit was  
on the morne after *Handymasse* day But knyge *Arthur* knewe hym  
nat // *Sn* seyde *A* vnto the knyge Wolt ye geff me a gyffe // Where fore  
seyde knyge *Arthur* (holde) I gyffe the a gyffe asforle // *Sn* seyde *A* ye were  
better to gyff me a gyffe that ys nat in yowre honde than to lose grete ry  
chesse // For here in the same place there the grete batayle was y<sup>e</sup> grete  
tresoure hidde in the erthe // Who tolde the so asforle // *Sn* *Agerlion* tolde  
me so seyde he *Then Bloyse* & *Brastias* knewe hym well // nodde  
and smyled *Sn* seyde thes *ii* knyght hit ys *Agerlion* that so spekyth  
vnto yon // *Then* knyge *Arthur* was gretly a baysshed & had merdayle



of **Merlion** And so had **kyng Ban & Bois** So they had grete dysporte at **kyng**  
**Cham** in the meane wyyle there com a damysell that was an erles doughter  
 hys name was **Sauan** and hir name was **lyouys** a passing fayre da-  
 mesell and so she cam thider for to do omage as op lordis ded after that  
 grete batayle And **kyng Arthur** sette hys lorde greetly on hir and so ded  
 she vpon hym and so the **kyng** had a do vnto hir and gatte on hir a  
 chyldre and hys name was **Barre** that was after a good knyght and of  
 the table rounde. Then the com word that **kyng Pyrus** of north Wales  
 made grete warre on **kyng Lodogranne** of Camylarde for the which  
**kyng Arthur** was wrothe for he loved hym wel and hated **kyng Pyrus**  
 for all wayes he was azenst hym // So by ordmannes of the in **kyng** tyme  
 were sente home into **Wales** and wolde depte for drede of **kyng Clau-**  
**das** thes knyght. **Lodogranne** **Arthur** **Gracens** **lyouys** & **Barre**  
 were the feders of them that sholde kepe the in **kyng** lordis

**A**nd then **kyng Arthur** **kyng Ban & kyng Bois** deoted to hir  
 felshyp a xx thousande and cam vnto hym in **kyng** dayes into the con-  
 trey of Camylarde And there resolded **kyng Lodogranne** and slew there myche  
 people of **kyng Pyrus** vnto the mynber of x and putte hem to flight And  
 then had thes in **kyng** grete grete chere of **kyng Lodogranne** & thanked  
 them of there grete goodnes that they wolde vengege hym of his enemyes  
 And there had **Arthur** the firste wyght of queene **Guinevere** the **kynges**  
 doughter of the londe of **Camylarde** and en after he loved hir and after  
 they were wedded as hit tellith in the booke // So bressly to make an ende thes  
 toke there lode to go in to **kyng** done contrayes for **kyng Claudas** and grete  
 destruction on p lordis. Then seyde **Arthur** I woll go vnto you now seyde  
 the **kyng** ye shall nat at thys tyme for ye have mych to do yet in yre londe  
 where fore we woll depte vnto the grete goodis that we have gotyn in yre  
 londe by yowre gyffas we shall wage good knyghts and vnto stonde p **kyng**  
**Claudass** hys malice for by the grace of god and we have nede we woll sende  
 to you for shoo. And ye have nede sende for vs and we woll nat tarry by  
 the ferythe of oure bodies // hit shall nat nede seyde **Mer lion** thes in **kyng**  
 to com a gayne in the wyche of warre. But I knowe well **kyng Arthur**  
 may nat be longe frome you. for vnto in a yere or in ye shall have grete nede



than shall he redenge you of your enemies as ye have done on his.  
 For this vi. Kinges shall dye all in one day by the grete myght & p[ro]d[ess]e  
 of armes of h[is] val[er]e[n]te King as he tellith after his names. **Saline le**  
**lancaie** and **Alan** his brother that were mercurious King as on was  
 to b[er]ynge. **¶** And thurme we into the vi. King that returned vnto a cite  
 that he gyt **Surhace** which cite was with in b[er]ynge **Venus** londe and p[er]  
 they refreyssed them as well as they myght and made techys serche for  
 p[ro]vondis and fownded greth for the dett of his people. So do that p[er] com  
 a messengere and tolde hold p[er] was comyn in to the londe people p[er] were  
 fadles as well as fawcnes a fowty thousande and hane brente and  
 slayne all the people that they may com by with oute m[er]cy and hane lorde  
 sege vnto the castell **Wandessford** alas sege the vi. Kinges here p[er] fowld  
 wypon fowld and if we had nat warred a gamste **Arthur** as we have  
 done he wolde sone a redenged us And as for King **Lodegryance** he ladi  
**Arthur** better than us And as for King **Royne** he haty us a do do  
 King **Lodegryance** for he hath sege sege vnto him. So they condescended  
 to gyde to kepe all the marches of For m[er]wale of Wales and of the north  
 So firste they put King **Dres** in the cite of Namt[er] in Bretayne do m[er]  
 a men of armes to watche bo the water and the londe also they had of  
 oth[er] men of warre mo than vii. d[er] for to fortifie all the fortresse in the  
 marches of **Caerwale** also they put mo Kinges in all the marches off  
 Wales and Scotland with many good men of armes and so they togt h[er]  
 to gyde the space of iii. yere and en alped them with myghty King and  
 Duke And vnto them felle King **Royne** of north Wales which was a  
 myghty King of men And **Ners** that was a myghty man of men And  
 all thys while they fawm[er]ssed and gam[er]ssed hem of good men of armes  
 and s[er]vyle and of all maner of ablemente that pretendith to warre to  
 avenge hem for p[er] batayne of **Lodegryance** as he tellith in p[er] booke of adventures.  
**¶** And after the deptyng of King **Baus & Bois** King **Lotus**  
 vade vnto the cite of **Carlton** and th[er] com vnto him King  
**Lotus** Wyll of Orleney In maner of a message but she was sente th[er]  
 to aspre the counte of King **Arthur** and she com vnto be seyne w[ith]  
 her my. sonnes **Gawene** **Gahoris** **Agurmarne** **Gareth** w[ith] many op

knyght and ladyes for she was a passyng fayre lady. Wherfore pe kynge  
 caste grete love vnto hir and desired to by hir. And so they were agreed and  
 he gatte vpon hir. Sir **Mordred** and she was syster on the modres side. **Arthure**  
 vnto **Arthure**. So there she rested hir a month and at the laste she depyed  
 than the kynge dreamed a merdaylong dreame. Wherof he was soye a drad.  
 But all this tyme kynge **Arthure** kuede nat kynge **Lotus**. Wyff was his  
 syster. But this was the dreame of **Arthure** hym thought it was com in  
 to his lond. Gryffens & serpent and hym thought they brente & slawe  
 all the people in the lond and than he thought he fought w<sup>th</sup> them and  
 they dnd hym grete harme and wounded hym full sore. But at pe laste  
 he slawe hem. Whan the kynge waked he was passyng heby of his  
 dreame. And so to putte hit oute of thought he made hym redy w<sup>th</sup> many  
 knyghts to ryde on quntynge and as sone as he was in the foreste the  
 kynge saw a grete herte be fore hym. The herte wold lase seye  
 kynge **Arthure** and so he smured his horse and rode after longe. And so  
 he fene force of hym he was lyke to hane smytton the herte. Wherfore  
 as the kynge had chased the herte so longe that his horse lost his brette  
 and felle doun dede. Than a roman sette the kynge a new horse. So  
 the kynge saw the herte on foot and his horse dede he sette hym  
 doun by a folowayne and there he felle doun in grete thought.  
 And as he sate so hym thought he herde a noyse of houndis to the  
 son of xxx. And with that the kynge saw com towarde hym a fawon  
 geste beste that en he saw or herde of. So this beste drete to a welle  
 and drante and the noyse was in the best tealy. And there w<sup>th</sup> a beste  
 depyed with a grete noyse. Wherof the kynge had grete merdayle.  
 So he was in a grete thought and there w<sup>th</sup> he felle on slepe. Knyght  
 so he com a knyght on fote vnto **Arthure** and seide knyght full of poynt  
 and slepy telle me if thou saw any stronge beste passe this day. Such  
 one saw I seide kynge **Arthure** that ye paste me a myle. What wolde  
 ye with that beste seide **Arthure**. Sir I have folowed that beste longe  
 and fnde myne horse so wolde god I had a noy to folow my geste.  
 Knyght so com one with the kynges horse. And whan a knyght saw a



horse he prayde the kynge to gyff hym the horse for / same soldred p' queste  
thys / ym. month and othyr / I shall enclothe hym othyr blede of the beste  
bloode in my body whos name was kynge **well** / that tyme soldred the  
questynge beste and affayr hys dethe **Sir Galouydes** soldred hit / Sir kynge  
seyd the kynge seye that queste and suffir me to have hit and I wolt soldre  
hit a nothyr ym. month / A foole seyde the kynge unto **Arthur** hit ys / m  
dayne thy desire for hit shall nen be enclothe but by me of / by my nexte  
kynde and there wotthe he sterte unto the kynge's horse and mownted into  
the saddle and seyde graunty for this horse ys myne owne / well seyde the  
kynge yon mayste take myne horse by force hit and I myght prece hit /  
woolde werte wotthe yon were better wotthe to have hym or / wotthe p' kynge  
seide hym sey so he seyde seke me here wotthe yon wote and here me thys  
welle yon shall fynde me and have hys men secke a noy horse as faste  
as they myght / yggit so com by hym **Ayerlyou** lyke a chyld of ym. yere  
of agge and salved the kynge and asked hym wotthe he was so penyff  
I may welle me penyff seyde the kynge for / same sene the maynlyst fyggt  
that en / sado / that knod / well seyde **ay** as welle as thy self and of all  
thy thonghts but yon arte a foole to take thonght for hit p' wolt nat amende  
the / dtd / knod wotthe yon arte and wotthe was thy fadur and of wotthe yon  
were be gotyn for kynge **other** was thy fadur and he gatte the on / **grauye**  
that ys false seyde kynge **Arthur** hold sholdst yon knod hit for yon arte  
nat so olde of yere / to knod my fadur / yes seyde **Ayerlyou** / knod hit better  
than ye or omy man hysynge / wolt nat be lede p' seyde **Arthur** and was  
wrothe wotthe the chyld / So dexted Ayerlyou and com a yen in the lykenesse  
of an olde man of m. store yere of agge wotthe of the kynge was passynge  
glad for he semed to be yggit wyse / than seyde the olde man wotthe ar ye  
so sad / I may welle be sad seyde **Arthur** for many thyngs for yggit nold p'  
was a chyld here and tolde me many thyngs that me semythe he shold  
nat knodde for he was nat of agge to knod my fadur / yes seyde p' olde  
man the chyld tolde yon trouth and more he wolde a tolde yon and he  
wolde a suffirde hym / But ye have done a thyng lute that tddys disple  
sed w' yon for ye have hene by yowre syster and on thyr ye have gotyn a

shalbe that shal destroy you and all the kyngdom of your realme. What ar  
 ye seide **Arthur** that telle me this tydingis. En. I am **Agerlion** and I was  
 he in the childis tyme. A seide the kyng ye ar a merdaylone man. But  
 merdayle myghte of thy wordis that I mon dye in batayle. Merdayle nat  
 seide **A** for hit ye goddis wyll that your lady sholde be pmyssed for ye  
 fawle dedis. But I onght en to be goddys seide **A** for I shal dye a shamefull  
 dethe to be quyte in the erthe quyte and ye shal dey a dishonourfull dethe.  
 And as they talked thus com one with the kyngs horse and so the kyng mon  
 ted on his horse and **A** on a nother and so rode vnto Carlhon and anon  
 the kyng asseyd **Howe** **Welshus** how he was be gotyn and they tolde hym  
 how kyng **Other** was his fadir and quene **Grayne** his moder. So **Agerlion**  
 tolde me I wolt that my moder be sente for that I myght speke w<sup>th</sup> hir and if  
 she sey so for self than wolt I beleue hit. So in all haste the quene was  
 sente for and she brought with hir **Morgan le fay** hir doughter that was a  
 fayre lady as myght be and the kyng welcomed **Grayne** in þe beste  
 maner myght so com in **Welshus** and seide openly that the kyng and all  
 myght have that were fested that day ye ar the falshest lady of þe worlde  
 the moste traytounes vnto the kyngs person. We have seide kyng **Arthur**  
 What you seyste you speke a grette worde. En. I am well. We seide **Welshus**  
 What I speke and here ye my globe to proue hit. Vpon my man that wolt  
 sey the contrary that this quene **Grayne** ye the cause of your grette damage  
 and of your grette warre for and she wolde have vtynde hit in the lyff of  
**Other** of the birth of you and how ye were be gotyn. than had ye had neu  
 had the mortall warre that ye have had for the moste pty of þe baronies  
 of your realme knedde neu. Whos some ye were ne of whom ye were be  
 gotyn and she that bare you of hir body sholde have made hit bndyn  
 openly in exausynge of hir worship and power and in hyle to all þe realme  
 Wherefore I proue hir false to god and to you and to all your realme and  
 who wolt sey the contrary I wolt proue hit on his body. Than spake **Arthur**  
 and seide I am a woman and I may nat fyght but rather than I sholde be  
 dishonoured there wolde som good man take my quarrell. But now she  
 seide **Agerlion** bndwith well and ye En. **Welshus** how kyng **Other** com to



me in to the castle of **Cyrtagyl** in the lykes of my lord that was dede in  
dowes to fore and there he gate a chylde that myght vppon me and after  
the xij. day kynge **Arthur** wedde me And by his comandement **Arthur**  
chylde was borne hit was deliuerde vnto **A.** and fostered by hym and so  
I saw the chylde neu after nothyn wrote nat dothat ys, his name for I knew  
hym neu yette **Arthur** **Arthur** seyde vnto **A.** year than more to blame  
than the queene // **Sir** **Wyll** // **Wote** I have a chylde be my lord kynge **Arthur**  
**But** I wote neu dothat he ys becom **Arthur** the kynge toke **A.** by the hode  
seyng thre wordis ys this my madir. For sithe **Sir** **Wyll** And there he com  
in **Sir** **Wyll** and bare doptnes **Arthur** he fostered hym by kynge **Arthur**  
comandement And there **Arthur** **Arthur** toke his madir queene  
**Isidore** in his armes and byssed her and entyn dopte vppon of **Arthur**  
the kynge lete make a feste that lasted vij. dayes So on a day he com in  
to the court a squire on horse backe ledynge a byrght to fore hym wound  
ded to the detch and to the hode there was a byrght in the foreste that  
had vered by a padorlon by a well that that slayne my mayst a good  
byrght his name was **Ayles** dothat fore he sechyon that my mayst  
may be byrged And that som byrght may venge my mayst detche  
**Arthur** the norse was grete of that byrght detche in the court and eny  
man seyde his admyte **Arthur** com **Gryfflet** that was but a squire  
and he was but yonge of age So he be sought the kynge for all his  
fynse that he had done hym to gyff hym the order of byrghtfode.  
**Arthur** arte but yonge and tender of age seyde kynge **Arthur** for to take  
so hygge an orde vppon you **Sir** seyde **Gryfflet** I be seche you to make me  
byrght // **Sir** seyde **A.** hit were pite to lose **Gryfflet** for he wolt be a  
passinge good man dothat he ys of age and he shall a byde to you p  
terme of his lyff And if he adventure his body to yondir byrght at  
the flomtaine hit ys in grete pite if en he com a gayne for he ys one  
of the beste byrght of the worlde and the strengest man of armes //  
**Wyll** seyde **Arthur** at thynne adone desire you shall be made byrght // **Wyll**  
seyde **Arthur** vnto **Gryfflet** sith I have made the byrght you muste gyff  
me a gyfte dothat ye wolt seyde **Gryfflet** you shall gyffe me by thy

forth of thy body Whan þou haste Insted **W<sup>t</sup>** that knyght at þe ffontayne  
 Wher þat falle þe be on horselab; oþer on foote that vngift so þe shalt con-  
 a gayne into me Withoute makynge omy more debate // I woll pynse þou  
 seide **Gryfflet** as þowre desire þe Chan toke **Gryfflet** hys horse in grete  
 haste and dressed hys shelde and toke a spere in hys honde and so he rode a  
 grete wayle tyll he com to the fountayne And there by the side a myghte  
 padonion and there by vnder a cloth stood an horse well sadelad and by-  
 dyed and on a tre hynge a tre of dyne colonnes and a grete spere þe by  
 Chan **Gryfflet** smote on the shylde With the butte of hys spere that the  
 shylde felle doun With that the knyght comente of the padonion and  
 seide hys knyght Wot þu smote þe doun my shylde Sw for I wolde Inste  
 þou seide **Gryfflet** Sw þat þe settu þe do nat seide the knyght for þe ar but þouge  
 and late made knyght and þowre myght þe nat to myne As for that seide  
**Gryfflet** I woll þouste With þou Chan þe me toth seide the knyght But  
 nat þu I myste nedre I woll dresse me þe to // Of Whene þe seide þe knyght  
 Sw I am of knyght **Arthur** comte So the þe knyght ran to god þe **Gryff**  
**lettis** spere att to shelde And there With att he smote **Gryfflet** throu-  
 the shelde and the hyste side and brake the spere that the truncheon stalle  
 in hys body and horse and man felle doun to the erthe // Whan þe knyght  
 sawe hym þe so on the grounde he a hysht and was passinge heby for he  
 wente he had slayne hym And than he unlaced hys helme and gate  
 hym doun And so With the truncheon he sette hym on his horse þe gate  
 hym doun And so he toke hym to god and seide he had a myghty herte  
 And seide if he myght hys he wolde prede a passinge god knyght And  
 so rode forth Sw **Gryfflet** unto the comte Wher of passinge grete  
 dole was made for hym But thowde god he was heled and fadde  
 vngift so com In to the comte þe knyght that were a god men Whiche  
 com frume the Emperour of Rome And they asked of **Arthur** truage  
 for hys realme oþer ellis the empo wolde destroye hym and all hys  
 londe Well seide knyght **Arthur** þe ar messengers there fore þe may  
 sey what þe woll oþer ellis þe shold dre þe fore But þe þe myne  
 answer I dre the empo no truage nor none woll I yelde hym but on



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a fayne filde | shall yelde him my trelvaige that shall be w<sup>t</sup> a shewe fere  
othir ellis w<sup>t</sup> a shewe swerde And that shall nat be longe to my fadur  
soulle **Arthur** and there w<sup>t</sup> the messengers dexted passyngh wrothe And  
kyng **Arthur** as wrothe for in an evyll tyme com they But the kyng  
was passyngh wrothe for the knyght of **Sir Gryfflet** And so he commanded  
a preby man of hys chambur that or hit were day he shold take the horse and  
armours And att that longith to my pson be w<sup>t</sup> onto the cite or to  
mordeu day // Byggt so he mette w<sup>t</sup> his man and his horse and so  
mordouted hys and dressed his shelde and toke hys speere and hys  
chambur lare tarp there tyll he com a gayne And so **Arthur** rode a  
softe pace tyll hit was day And than was he durre of my chorles chasyng  
**Merlion** and wolde have slayne hym Than the kyng rode onto them  
and take hem fte chorles Than they fered sore w<sup>t</sup> than they sadde at myt  
com and fledge **Merlion** seide **Arthur** how haddest thou be slayne for  
all thy craftis had nat I bene Day seide **Merlion** nat so for I coude a fadur  
my selfe and I had wolde But thou arte more north nere thy deth and  
I and for thou goste thy deth w<sup>to</sup> w<sup>to</sup> and god be nat thy frende So as per  
wente thus talkynge they com to the fontayne and the ryche pavilion  
of hys hit Than kyng **Arthur** was ware w<sup>to</sup> here sitte a knyght armed  
in a chayre // **Sir** knyght seide **Arthur** for what cause a knyght  
here that I may no knyght ryde thy day But if he Juste w<sup>t</sup> the I rede  
the to fede that custom / Thys custom seide the knyght shold be used and  
w<sup>to</sup> use magre w<sup>to</sup> sent nay And w<sup>to</sup> that ye agreed w<sup>to</sup> my custom  
lette hym a mende hit That shall I amende seide **Arthur** And I shall  
defende the seide the knyght And anon he toke hys horse and dressed  
hys shelde and toke a grete speere in hys honde and they com to gydw so  
hard that cytyr smote of in myde the shildis that all to shewnd thens  
speere There w<sup>to</sup> anon **Arthur** pulled oute his swerde Nay nat se  
seide the knyght hit ys better that we shal have venne more to gydw  
w<sup>to</sup> shewe speere I w<sup>to</sup> w<sup>to</sup> seide **Arthur** and I had ony mo spe  
re here I have I now seide the knyght So I com a symre & brought  
forth a speere And **Arthur** chose one and he a noy So they spured

there hors and com to gydir with all there myght that eyr lorde  
 speke to p'ondis **Etan** **Arthur** sette honde on his swerde Nay seide  
 the knyght ye shall do better ye ar a passing good Juster as eny mette  
 with all and omes for the hysse order of knyghtshode sette us Jonke a  
 gayne. I assente me seide **Arthur** and a none there was brought forth  
 in grete spere and a none eny knyght gate a spere and there with reg  
 ran to gyders that **Arthurs** spere all to shende. But thes of knyght  
 smote hym so harde in myddis the shelde that horse and man felle to the erthe  
 And there with **Arthur** was egw and wulde onte hys swerde and seide  
 I wolle assay the Sir knyght on foot for I have loste the honoure on horse  
 backe seide the knyght. Kynge // Sir I wolle be on horse backe styll to assay  
 the **Etan** was **Arthur**. Wrote and dressed his shelde towarde hym to  
 his swerde dradown. Whan the knyght sawe that he alyght for hym  
 thonght no doershe to have a knyght at such. Whyle he to be on horse  
 backe and hys ad spury on foot and so he alyght and dressed his shelde  
 unto **Arthur**. And there began a strange batayle with many grete swere  
 and so they fere with hys swerde that the counte felloe unto the felde  
 and muche blode they bledde bothe that all the place there as they fonght was  
 don. bledde w<sup>t</sup> blode and thus they fonght longe and rested then And ym  
 they doente to the batayle agayne and so fmyteled to hys hylt two dimes  
 that arthur felle to the erthe So at the laste they smote to gyders that bothe the  
 mette down to gyders. But kynge **Arthur** swerde backe in hys p'ons. Whan  
 fore he was fedy. **Etan** seide the knyght unto **Arthur** pon arte in  
 my dangere whetfor me hysse to save the or sle the And but pon yete  
 the to me as on com and requemte pon shall dey. Do for that seide  
 kynge **Arthur** dethe ys well com to me Whan that comyng. But to relie  
 me unto the I wolle nat And there with all the kynge leste unto kynge  
**Wellymore** and toke hym by the myddyll and on thredw qm and  
 rased of hys helme So whan the knyght felle that he was a  
 dralle for he was a passinge byge man of myght And so forth  
 with he wrote **Arthur** vnder hym and rased of hys helme And  
 woulde have smytten off hys hede. And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all com **Arthur** seide knyght



holde thy honde for and yon se that knyght yon pryncesse tere realme in the  
greateste damage that ever was realme for tere knyght ys a man of more  
worship pan yon wote off. Why what ys the seide the knyght for hit  
ys kynge **Arthur** seide **Achilles** than wolde he have slayne hym for  
dredde of hys wraathe and so he bytte wyth hys swerde and there he shon  
caste an insammente on the knyght that he felle to the erthe in a grette  
sleepe. Than **Achilles** toke wyth kynge **Arthur** and rode forth on þe knyght  
horse. **Alas** seide **Arthur** what hast yon do. **A.** hast yon slayne tere  
god knyght by thy crafte for þe knyght nat so worshipfull a knyght as  
he was. For I had leue than the fynte of my londe a yere that he was  
on hys care ye nat seide. for he ys holier than ye he ys but on slepe  
and wote a wate wote in tere dwre. I tolde yon seide **Achilles** what a  
knyght he was. Now here had ye be slayne had I nat leue. Also þe knyght  
nat a bygger knyght than he ys one and after tere so shall do yon gode  
fynse and hys name ys kynge **Uellmore** and he shall gide y somee  
that shall be passing good me as my knyght save one in tere wyche  
they shall have no felows of wyche and of god knyght and for na  
mye shall be good and for amoure of wale and he shall telle yon  
the name of yonre dwre son be yonre of yonre syster that shall be the  
defonacion of all tere realme. Pyght so the kynge and he dexted a wyche  
unto an ermytage and there was a god man and a grette leche so þe  
femyte seceded the knyght wondre and gaff hym good saltes and so  
the knyght was there in dyes and than der his wondre well amended  
that he myght ryde and go and so dexted and as they rode kynge **Arthur**  
seide I have no swerde no force seide **Achilles** here by ys a swerde that  
shall be yonre and I may so they rode till they com to a lake þe was a  
fayre water and brade and in the myddis **Arthur** was ware of an  
arme clothed in whyte samyte that sette a fayre swerde in that hond  
so seide **Achilles** yon dwre ys the swerde that I spoke off. So wat that they  
saw a damysell yonge wyche upon the lake seide **A.** there ys a grette wyche  
and there in ys as fayre a palyce as any on erthe and vrasely be  
fayre and tere damysel wote com to yon a none and than speke

speke ye sayre to hir that she may gyff you that swerde So anone com þe  
 damesel to **Arthur** and salued hym and she was a gayne Damesell  
 seide **Arthur** what swerde ys that yowur that the arme holdeth abownd  
 the water I wolde hit were myne for I have no swerde **Sn. Arthur**  
 seide the damesel that swerde ys myne And if ye wolt gyff me a gyfte  
 when I aske hit you ye shall have hit be my forth seide **Arthur** I wolt  
 gyff you what gyfte that ye wolt aske Well seide the damesel go ye in  
 to rounde Burge and vnder yowre selfe to the swerde and take hit and þe  
 stadderde with you And I wolt aske my gyfte when I se my tyme So kynge  
**Arthur & Merlin** alpyght and ged þe for his duto in tyme and so they  
 wente in to the Burge and when they com to the swerde that þe fonde hylde  
 than kynge **Arthur** toke hit by the hondys and bare hit to hym and  
 the arme and the fonde wente vnder the water And so he com vnto the  
 fonde and rode forth And kynge **Arthur** saw a vyce wadon what  
 signifieth yowur wadon **Sn.** that ys the kynge wadon þe fonght  
 with laste **Sn. yowur wadon** but he ys oute he ys nat at home for he  
 hath had a do with a kynge of romes that is **Carlaue** & he had  
 fonght to gyde But at the laste **Carlaue** fledde and ellie he had  
 bene dede and he hath chased hym down to **Carliou** And he shall mete  
 with hym anone in the thyng way That ys well seide seide **Arthur**  
 now have I a swerde I wolt wage batayle with hym and he adenged  
 on hym **Sn.** seide **Ar.** nat so for the kynge ys dery of fygginge and  
 chafynge that ye shall have no worship to have a do with hym Also he  
 wolt nat hysse be macthed of one kynge hyngge And þe fore hit ys  
 my comenle lute hym passe for he shall do you good fynse In shorte  
 tyme and he somes after he dures Also ye shall se that day in shope  
 space that ye shall be vyght glad to gyff hym yowre syster to wedde for he  
 had fynse there fore have nat a do with hym when ye se hym I wolt  
 do as ye advise me than kynge **Arthur** looked on the swerde and hylde  
 hit passynge well than seide **Merlin** whether hylde ye bett þe swerde  
 othw the stadderde I hylde betw the swerde seide **Arthur** ye ar þe more  
 vnderly for the stadderde ys worth y. of the swerde for whyles ye have

Here is a reason  
 of þe lady of the  
 lake when  
 she asked  
 kynge for the  
 wadon of  
 the



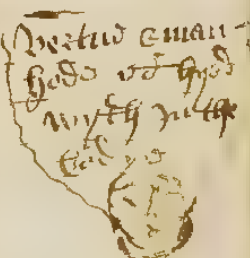
the sadberde & upon you ye shall lose no blood be ye nen so sore wounded. there fore  
they went the sadberde all weyes with you // So they rode into **Caulion** and  
by the way they mette with kynge **Wellmore** But **Agerlion** had done synce  
a crawffte unto kynge **Wellmore** said nat kynge **Arthure** And so passed by  
went onte my wordis. I merdayle sende **Arthure** that the kynge wold nat  
speke on he saw you nat for had he seyne you ye had nat byght pted  
So they com into **Caulion** where of hys kynge were passynge glad And  
whan they herde of hys aduentures they merdayled that he wolde longe  
his yson so a lone But all men of worship sende hit was myrry to be and  
synce a chystayne that wolde ynte hys yson in aduenture as op pome  
kynge ded. So thys meane while com a messynge frome kynge **Royus**  
of northe Wales and kynge he was of all Irelande and of Iles and pns  
was hys messynge greetynge well kynge **Arthure** onthys man of wyse sayng  
that kynge **Royus** had distorned and oncom yf kynge and eny of yon  
and hym omage And that was tyme to say they gaff thene beand elene  
flayne off as mynchas was beande where fore the messynge com for  
kynge **Arthures** beand // for kynge **Royus** had ym fild amantell w kynge  
berde and there lacked one place of the mantell where fore he he sente  
for hys beand othyr ellis he wolde entur in to his londis and brewe and  
ste and nedw lode talle he that the the hede and the beand bothe // well  
sende **Arthure** you haste sende thy messynge the wyth yf moft or gubus  
and ladediste messynge that don man had I sente into a kynge dtho you  
mayste se my beande ye hult yonge yet to make off a ym wille But telle  
you thy kynge pns that I dtho hym ne none of myne eldys but or hit  
be longe to ye shall he do me omage on bothe his knees op ellis he shall  
lese his hede by the sayte of my body for thys ye the moft shamefullyste  
messynge that eny herde spete off. I hane a spred thy kynge nen yette mette  
with worshipfull man But telle hym I will hane hys hede wonte he  
do me omage Than thys messynge dected. No wyse yon here that  
knddth kynge **Royus** Than anstwerde a kynge that byght **Naxam**  
on. I knole the kynge well he ys a passynge good man of hys body as selde  
bane ydoyne and a passynge proude man And on donte ye hat he well  
make on you a myghty ymssance well sende **Arthure** I shall ordayne for

hym in shorte tyme // Then kynge **Arthur** lette sende for all the chyldren þat  
 were borne in may day be gotyn of lordes and borne of ladyes for **Agerlon**  
 tolde kynge **Arthur** that he that sholde destroy hym and all the londe sholde  
 be borne on may day where fore he sente for hem all in maye of dethe  
 and so there were founde many lordes' sonys and many knyghts' sonnes and  
 all were sente vnto the kynge And so was **ayordred** sente by kynge **Lotus**  
 Wyff and all were youte in a shyppe to the se and som were in. Wyth olde  
 and som lesse and so by fortune the shyppe drowe vnto a castelle and was  
 all to ryden and destroyed the moste gyt so that **ayordred** was cast by  
 and a good man founde hym and fostred hym tyll he was xij. yere  
 of age and then brought hym to the cownte as hit rehersteth afterward  
 and towarde and towarde the ende of the morte **Arthur** So many lordes  
 and knyghtes of this realme were displeased for þe chylde was so lusty  
 and many youte the wyght on **Agerlon** more than of **Arthur** So what  
 for drede and for love they helde þe pece But when the messynge com to þe  
 kynge **Exus** than was he wode oute of mesure and yndeede hym for  
 a grete ofte as hit rehersteth after in the booke of **Salysie le clere** that  
 foloweth nexte after that was the aduenture how **Salysie** gat þe wyde ast  
**A**fter the dethe of **Utter** regned **Arthur** his son Wyth a good gyt  
 was in his dayes for to gete all Inglonde hito his honore for  
 þere were many knyghts wyth in the realme of Inglonde and of Scotlande  
 his and Cornwalys So hit be telle on a tyme when kynge **Arthur**  
 was at London there com a knyght and tolde the kynge þe knyght how the  
 kynge **Exus** of northwalys had reved a grete myn of peple and were  
 entred in the londe and brente and slawe the knyghtes trew þe grete peple  
 If they be trew seide **Arthur** hit were grete shame vnto myne estate  
 but that he were myghty wyth stonde hit ys trowthe seide the knyght  
 for I sawe the ofte my self well seide the kynge I shall ordayne to wyth  
 stonde his malice Then the kynge lette make a cry that all the lordes  
 knyghts and gentylmen of armys sholde dradd vnto the castell called  
**Camelot** called in þe dayes and there the kynge wolde lette make a com-  
 merte generall and a grete iustys So when the kynge was com thider



With all his baronage and logged as they seemed beste. Also there was com  
the dogge was sente frome the grete lady **Iyle of Avilion**. And when she  
com be fore **kyng Arthur** she tolde her wyfene she com and told she was  
sente on message into hynd for thyng cause. Then she latte her mantell  
falle that was vnclofeld furred and than was she givede to a noble swerde  
where of the kyng had merdayle and seide damsel for what cause ar  
ye gerte with that swerde hit be semyth you nonyght. Now shall I telle  
you seide the damsel this swerde that I am gerte to all with me gerte  
for do and comberance for I may nat be delynde of this swerde but by  
a knyght and he myste be a passynge good man of hys honours and of  
hys dedes and withoute felony of trechery and withoute treson. And if  
I may fynde such a knyght that hath all thes vertues he may drawe oute  
this swerde oute of the sheathe for I have bene at **kyng Ruyus** for hit  
was tolde me there were passynge good knyght and he and all his knyght  
that assayde and none can speke. Then ys a grete merdayle seide  
**Arthur** if this be sothe I wolt assay my selfe to drawe oute the swerde  
nat of synnyng my selfe that I am the beste knyght but I wolt be gyve  
to drawe yowre swerde in gyfynge an Insample to all the baronnes  
that they shall assay any chone after othir. And when I have assayde then  
**Arthur** toke the swerde by the sheathe and gyrdle and pulled at hit equally  
but the swerde wolde nat oute. So seide the damsel ye nede nat for  
to pntle that so fore for he that shall pntle hit oute shall do hit w  
that myght ye for doell seide **Arthur**. Now assay ye all my baronnes  
but be ware ye be nat desoyled with shame trechery nor gyle for than  
that wolt nat doayle seide the damsel for he myste be a clene knyght  
withoute felony and of withoute gyfte of fadyng fyde and of modyr fyde  
the moste yte of all the baronnes of the rounde table that were p at p  
tyme assayde all be red but p myght none spode. Where fore p dame  
sel made grete sorow oute of mesure and seide alas I wente in this comyt  
had bene the beste knyght of the worlde withoute trechery of treson  
Be my fartye seide **Arthur** here ar good knyght as I deme as any be  
in the worlde. But p grace ye nat to helpe you withere fore I am fore dy

pleased. Then hit he selle so that tyme there was a poore knyght w<sup>th</sup> kynge  
**Arthur** that had bene p<sup>er</sup>sonere w<sup>th</sup> hym half a yere for slepyng of  
 a knyght. Whiche was cōfyned vnto kynge **Arthur**. And the name of this  
 knyght was called **Balyne** and by good meane of the barones he  
 was schyned oute of p<sup>er</sup>son for he was a good man named of his body and  
 he was borne in northchumburlonde and so he wente p<sup>er</sup> vnto the  
 counte and sawe this aduenture. Wherfore off hit wyped his herte & wolde  
 assayde as oth<sup>er</sup> knyghts ded but for he was poore and poorly arrayed  
 he put hym self nat fur in p<sup>er</sup>ces. But in his herte he was fully as-  
 sured to do as well if his grace shap<sup>ed</sup> hym as any knyght that y<sup>et</sup> was.  
 And as the damessell toke y<sup>et</sup> lede of **Arthur** and of all the barones so  
 deptyngte this knyght **Balyn** called vnto her and seyde damessell y<sup>et</sup>  
 yon of p<sup>er</sup>ce our t<sup>er</sup>se suffer me as well to assay as thes of lordis p<sup>er</sup>ce  
 that I be poorly arrayed. y<sup>et</sup> in my herte me semyth I am fully assured as  
 som of thes of and me semyth in myne herte to spede y<sup>et</sup> well. Thys  
 damessell than he helde this poore knyght and sawe he was a hely  
 man but for his poore arrayment. She thonght he sholde nat be of no  
 worship w<sup>th</sup> oute felony or trechory. And than she seyde vnto y<sup>et</sup> knyght  
 Sir hit nedeth nat yon to put me to no more payne for hit semyth nat  
 yon to spede there as all thes oth<sup>er</sup> knyghts have fayled. A fayre da-  
 messell seyde **Balyn** worthynes and good taces and altho good dedes be nat  
 only in a rayment. But manhode and worship w<sup>th</sup> in a mannes p<sup>er</sup>son &  
 many a worshipfull knyght ys nat knod<sup>yn</sup> vnto all peple and there-  
 fore worship and hardynesse ys nat in a rayment. The god seyde the  
 damessell ye sey soth. there fore ye shall assay to do what ye may. Then  
**Balyn** toke the swerde by the girdyl and shotte and drew hit oute  
 eysly. And w<sup>th</sup>un he toke on the swerde hit pleased hym muche. Then  
 had the kynge and all the barones grette meruayle that **Balyn** had  
 done that aduenture. many knyghts had grette despayre at hym. Certes seyde  
 the damessell this ys a passyng good knyght and the beste that any souer-  
 and moste of worship w<sup>th</sup> oute treson trechory or felony and many in  
 dayles shall he do. Now I am y<sup>et</sup> an our t<sup>er</sup>se knyght geff me the swerde





a gayne. Nay seyde **Balyne** for thys swerde wolke I kepe but that he takyn  
fro me with force. Well seyde the damysell ye ar nat wyse to tere y swerde  
fro me for ye shall se with that swerde the beste frende that ye have and  
the man that ye moste love in the worlde and that swerde shall be yowre  
destruction. I shall take the adventure seyde **Balyne** that god wolke or  
dayne for me. But the swerde ye shall nat have at thys tyme by y seyn  
of my body ye shall receyve that with in shorte tyme seyde the damysell  
for I wolde have the swerde more for yowre advantage than for myne  
for I am passinge shy for yowre sake for and ye wolke nat tere y swerde  
that shall be yowre destruction and that ys grete pite. So do that depte  
the damysell and grete sorow she made. And anon afftir **Balyne**  
sente for hys horse and armoure and so wolde depte frome the court  
and toke his tere of kynge **Arthure**. Nay seyde the kynge I suppose ye  
wolke nat depte so hychly from thys felshyp I suppose that ye ar dysple  
sed that I have shewed yon unkyndnesse. But blame me the lesse for  
I was mysse informed a penyte yon. But I wente ye had nat bene such  
a knyght as ye ar of worship and prydelle. And if ye wolke a byde in  
thys court amonge my felshyp I shall so advaunce as ye shall be plea  
sed. God thanke yowre kyghnesse seyde **Balyne** yowre comte may no  
man prayse thatt onto the valew but at thys tyme I muste nedes  
depte be sechynge yon all way of yowre good grace. Truly seyde the  
kynge I am vyght wroth of yowre deptyng. But I pray yon fynyse  
knyght that ye tarry nat longe frome me and ye shall be vyght well  
com vnto me and to my baronnes and I shall amende all mysse y  
I have done a gaynste yon. God thanke yowre good grace seyde **Balyne**  
and there with made hym redy to depte. Than the moste wy of y  
knyght of the rounde table seyde that **Balyne** dnd nat yis adven  
ture ony by myght but by wycke craftte. So the meane whyle y  
that that thys knyght was makinge hym redy to depte y com in  
to the court the lady of the lake and she com on horselacke velych  
be seyne and salveded kynge **Arthure** and there asked hym a gyfte  
that he promysed her. Whan she gaff hym the swerde. That ys lottre

seyde **Arthur** a gyfte I promysed you but I have forgoten the name  
 of my swerde that ye gaf me. The name of hit seyde the lady ys **Ex**  
**calibur** that ys as muche to say as butte steele ye sey well seyde the kynge  
 aske what ye wolt and ye shall have hit and hit lye in my powder to  
 gyfte hit / Well seyde this lady than I aske the kynde of this knyght that  
 hath wone the swerde other ellis the damels hede that browte hit / I take  
 no force pointis I have both thare hedis for he stode my brother a good  
 knyght and a trew and that Iantill woman was cause of my fadir  
 deith Truly seyde kynge **Arthur** I may nat graunte you noy of thare  
 hedis With my worship there fore aske what ye wolt do and I shall  
 fulfille yowre desire. I wolt aske none of thynge seyde the lady / So when  
**Balyn** was redy to depte he saw the lady of the lady of the lake which  
 by hir meyns had Rayne hys moder And he had songht hir in yere be  
 fore And when hit was told hym how she had asked hys hede of  
 hede of kynge **Arthur** he wente to hir strengt and seyde doyll be founde  
 ye wolde have myne hede and I fore ye shall lose yowre And wth hys  
 swerde lyghtly he smote of hys hede be fore kynge **Arthur** alas for  
 thame seyde the kynge Wth thame ye do so ye have shamed me and all my  
 comte for this lady was a lady that I was muche be holdynge to a hyder  
 she com vnder my fauour condempnte there fore I shall ned for gyfte you that  
 trespassse So seyde **Balyn** me for thynkynge of yowre displeasure for this  
 same lady was the vndermost lady holdynge and by Inchantment and  
 by sorcery she hath bene the destroyer of many good knyghts And she was  
 cause that my moder was brente thorow hir falschode and trechery  
 for what cause so en ye had seyde **Arthur** ye sholde have for done in  
 my presence There fore thynke nat the contrary ye shall repente hit  
 for such a notyn despite had I nedre in my comte there fore I drede you  
 oute of my comte in all the haste that ye may Than **Balyn** toke up  
 hede of the lady and bare hit wth hym to this ostry and there mette  
 wth hys squire that was sory he had displeased kynge **Arthur** and so  
 they rode forthe oute of towne Now seyde **Balyn** we muste depte  
 thare fore take you yowre hede and bere hit to my frendis and telle hem  
 how I have speelde and telle hem in Northmyrlande how my moste

The tale of  
 the lady  
 of the  
 lake



for ye dede also telle hem how I am oute of p[er]son and what aduenture  
be fell me at the getyng of this swerde thus seyde the s[er]myre y[ea]r gretly  
to blame for to displease kynge **Arthure** as for that seyde **Balyn** I wol  
kynge me in all haste that I may mete with kynge **Reyn** & destroy  
him oth[er] ellis to dye there fore and if hit may happe me to worne  
him **Ethan** wol kynge **Arthure** be my good frende En. Shall I mete  
with you seyde he s[er]myre In kynge **Arthure**'s cou[nt]re seyde **Balyn** I wol  
kynge me in all the haste that I may to mete with kynge **Reyn** So he s[er]myr  
and he de[ce]pted at that tyme **Ethan** kynge **Arthure** and all the cou[nt]re made  
grette dole and had grette shame of the lady of the lake **Ethan** & kynge be-  
ryed hir v[er]y chely. So at that tyme there was a knyght the which was  
the kynge's son of Irelonde and his name was **Laurice** the which  
was an orgynous knyght and accompted hym self one of the best of  
cou[nt]re And he had grette despyte at **Balyn** for the enchevourage of  
swerde that my sholde be accompted more hardy or more of p[ro]dresse  
And he asked kynge **Arthure** licence to ryde assaill **Balyn**  
and to revenge the despyte that he had done So your best s[er]myr **Arth**  
I am ryght wrothe with **Balyn** I wolde he were quyte of p[er] despyte  
that he hath done unto me and my cou[nt]re **Ethan** thys **Laurice** wente  
to his o[ff]ice to make hym vedy So in the meane whyle com **Merlion**  
unto the cou[nt]re of kynge **Arthure** and amone was tolde hym the ad-  
venture of the swerde and the deth of the lady of the lake Now shall  
I sey you seyde **Merlion** thys same damysell that here stondith & brougt  
the swerde unto your cou[nt]re I shall telle you the cause of hir com-  
myng she ys the fulfyll damysell that propheth like shall nat sey nay  
for she hath a brot[er] a passyng good knyght of p[ro]dres and a full true  
man And thys damysell loved a noth[er] knyght that h[er]de her as  
p[er]amoure And thys good knyght her brot[er] mette with the knyght &  
felde hir to p[er]amoure and slede hym by force of his hondis And whan  
thys false damysell vnderstode thys she wente to the lady hyle of **Mer-**  
**lion** and tolde hir his swerde and he sought hir of h[er]se to be re-  
venged on hir owne brot[er]

And so was

**I**n so this lady **Iyle of Amblour** toke for this swerde & she brought  
 with her and tolde þe sholde no man wittle hit oute of the sheep  
 but if he be one of the beste knyghts of this realme and he sholde be knyght  
 and full of prouesse and with that swerde he sholde sle his brother this  
 was the cause damisell that ye com in to this court | know hit as well  
 as ye. god wolde ye had nat com here but ye com neu in felyschipe of her  
 schipful folke for to do good but all wayes grette harme and that knyght  
 that that encheved the swerde shall be destroyed thowde the swerde for þe which  
 wolde be grette damage for þe which nat a knyght of more prouesse than he ys  
 and he shall do vnto you my lord **Arthure** grette honoure and kyndnesse  
 and hit ys grette wite he shall nat endure hit a while for of his stren-  
 gthe and hardnesse | know hym nat bydynge his macthe so this  
 knyght of **Irelande** armed hym at all poyntes and dressed his shylde  
 on his holdir and mounted on a horse backe and toke his way be-  
 in his hande and rode after a grette pace as muche as his horse myght  
 dryde and with in a litill space on a moontayne he had a sight of  
**Bahme** and with a loud voice he cryde a byde knyght for ellis ye  
 shall a byde whether ye wolde of no and the shelde that ye to fore you  
 shall nat helpe you seye this wysse knyght there fore com | ast þou  
 adventure seye **Bahme** ye had bene bettir to haue holde you at home  
 for many a man wemth to put his enemy to a rebite and ofte hit  
 fullith on hym self | oute of what court he ye com fro seye **Bahme**  
 I am com from the court of kynge **Arthure** seye the knyght of Irelande þe  
 am com hydr to redenge the despitte ye dnd this day vnto kynge **Arthure**  
 and to his court | well seye **Bahme** | se well | misse haue a do w þou  
 that me forthyneth that | haue grette kynge **Arthure** or any of his  
 court and youve quarell ye full simple seye **Bahme** vnto me for  
 the lady that ye dede dnd to me grette damage and ellis | wolde haue  
 bene lotte as any knyght that lydith for to sle a lady axate you redy  
 seye the knyght **Lanceor** and dresse you vnto me for that one shall abyde  
 in the fild than they fectured & spearis in þe restis and com to gides



**Gods Balyn  
flew lance**

as muche as y<sup>e</sup> horsis myght drye And the fyrst knyght smote **Balyn**  
on the shyld that all wente to the dore of hys spere And **Balyn** smote  
hym a gayne thowgh the shyld and haddyn perished and so bore hys  
thowgh the body and on the horse adressed and anon turned his horse  
forfaly and dede on the hys swerde and wist nat that he had slayne hys  
Ternan he saw hys he as a dede corse he toke a herte hys and was  
Ware of a damysell that com rydynge full faste as the horse myght drye  
on a fayne passerey And wgan she aspyed that **Lance** was slayne  
she made forwylle on the mesure and seyde to **Balyn** y<sup>e</sup> bodys yon hys  
slayne one herte and y<sup>e</sup> hert in one body and y<sup>e</sup> sonkes yon hys toste  
and there wylle she toke the swerde frome hys lode that lay dede and felle  
to the grounde in a swodeye And wgan she arose she made grete dole on  
the mesure wylle forwylle guded **Balyn** passynghly sore And he wente by  
to hys for to hys tane the swerde on the hys honde but she held hit so  
faste he myght nat take hit oute of hys honde but yf he sholde have hurt  
hys and suddenly she sette the pomell to the grounde and rode hys self  
thowgh on the body wgan **Balyn** aspyed hys dede he was passynghly  
sore in his herte and a shamed that so fayne a damysell had destroyed  
hys self for the lode of hys dethe alas seyde **Balyn** me repentis sore y<sup>e</sup>  
dethe of thys knyght for the lode of thys damysell for y<sup>e</sup> was muche trew  
lode he thowgh hem And so for forwylle he myght no longer be holde yem  
but turned hys horse and lode towarde a fayne foreste And pan was  
he ware by thys armye that y<sup>e</sup> com rydyngh hys brother **Balan** And  
wgan they were mette they wnt of hys helmes and kyssed to godys and  
wcepte for joy and wite Ternan **Balan** seyde brother I litle wende to  
have mette wylle yon at thys fynydayne adventure but I am ryght glad  
of yowre deliviance and of yowre dolorous assomment for a man tolde  
me in the castell of my stows that ye were dede and y<sup>e</sup> man had  
seyne yon in the comte of kynge **Arthur** And there fore I com hys  
in to thys contrey for here I supposed to fynde yon And anon **Balyn**  
tolde hys brother of hys adventure of the swerde and the dethe of the lady  
of the lake And how kynge **Arthur** was displeased wylle hys wylle

fore he sente this knyght affir me that he the here dede and the dede  
 of this dame self goodly me fore so doth hit me seyde **Balan**. But ye must  
 take the adventure that god wolle ordayne you Truly seyde **Balyne** I am  
 ryght hedy that my lord **Arthur** ys displeased with me for he ys y moste  
 worshippfulst knyge that regneth. now in erthe and his love I wolle gete  
 other ellis. I wolle putte my lyff in adventure for knyge **Lyons** lyeth at  
 the sege of the castell Terrable and thider wolle we drave in all goodly  
 haste to quene owre worship and pynesse upon hym I wolle wolle seyde  
**Balan** that ye so do and I wolle ryde with you and putte my body maden  
 tyme with you as a brother ony to do. Now go we hence seyde **Balyne**  
 and wolle we both mette the meane while as they talked there com a  
 dwarff frome the cite of **Camelot** on horse backe as much as he myght  
 and founde the dede bodies where fore he made grete dole and pulled  
 his herte for sorow and seyde which of y knyghts have done this dede  
 where by askest you seyde **Balan** for I wolde wote seyde the dwarff. hit  
 was I seyde **Balyne** that I saw this knyght in my defendamte for thider  
 he com to chase me and othyr. I muste sle hym of he me And no dunt  
 self I saw for his love which repenteth me and for his sake I  
 shall doze all women the betw while and fynyse all the dayes of my  
 lyff alas seyde the dwarff you have done grete damage unto thy self  
 for this knyght that ys here dede was one of the moste valiantis  
 men that lyved and truste wolle **Balyne** the knyght of this knyght wolle  
 chase you thowder the worlde tyll they have slayne you do for that seyde  
**Balyne** the I fore nat grete but I am ryght hedy that I sholde displease  
 my lord knyge **Arthur** for the dede of this knyght So as they talked  
 to gydys there com a knyge of **Cornwall** rydng which knyght knyght  
**Marke** And when he saw thes y bodies dede and under stande howe  
 they were dede the y knyght a toben seyde made to the knyge the sorow  
 for the trewloche that was be the knyght and seyde I wolle nat deye  
 tyll I have on this erth made a tobynde and y he ryght his pader  
 Lyons and soug all the contrey to fynde a tobynde and in a church  
 they founde one was fayre and vryse and than y knyght lette putte



How the lady  
 Collyre leide  
 her selfe  
 for the  
 day of  
 her  
 death

Rom bothe in the erthe and leyde the tombe vppon them and wrote þe names  
 of hem bothe on the tombe how here lyeth **launcelot** the kyngis son of þe  
 londe that at hys owne requeste was slayne by the hondis of **Balyne** and  
 how this lady **Collyre** and came to hym selfe by hys swerde  
 for dole and sorow. The meane whyle as this was a dymge In com **A.**  
 to kyng **marke** and sawe all this dymge here shall be seide **Archerion** in the  
 same place the greetest batyle be dooyte in men that en was or en shall  
 be and the trewest lovers and yette none of hem shall see of and þe whon  
 wrote her name vppon the tombe with letters of golde that shall forgiht  
 in that place which name was **launcelot du lake** and **Crystrams**. Then  
 a merveylous man seide kyng **marke** vnto **Archerion** that speke of such  
 merveyles. þou wite a bystons man and an unchely to telle of such  
 dedis. What ys thy name seide kyng **marke** at this tyme seide **A.** I wol  
 nat telle þou. But at that tyme Sir **Crystrams** ys taken with his sonaigre  
 lady than shall ye here and know my name and at that tyme ye shall  
 othe tydynge that shall nat please þou. **A.** **Balyne** seide **Archerion** þou  
 haste done thy selfe grete hurte that þou saced nat this lady that stode  
 her selfe for þou myghtst have saced hir and then haddest wold. **A.** Sir  
 the fowth of my body seide **Balyne** I myght nat save hir for she stode  
 her selfe fuddely. are repentis hit seide seide **A.** he cause of the dede  
 of that lady þou shalt styke a stroke moste dolorous that en man styke  
 excepte the stroke of our lord. I shal gyfte for þou shalt hurte þe trewest  
 knyght and the man of moste worship that now lyeth and thowd þe  
 stroke in kyngdoms shall be brought in to grete roberte misse wrecche  
 nesse þou. þere and the knyght shall nat be hole of that wounde many  
 yeris. Then **Archerion** toke hys lede. I shal seide **Balyne** nat so for and  
 I wyte þou seide soth. I wolde so pleone a dede that I wolde fle my self  
 to make the aker. Thow wite **A.** danyssed a day fuddely and þou  
**Balyne** and his broþer toke þe lede of kyng **marke**. But first seide the  
 kyng telle me þowre name Sir seide **Balyne** ye may se the bewty in  
 swerdis and there by ye may calle hym the knyght wite ye in swerdis  
 and so deþted kyng **marke** vnto **launcelot** to kyng **Archerion** and

**Salyn** toke the way to **kyng** **Byus** and as they rode to godw they mette  
 with **aj.** disguised so that they knewe hym nought But **Wolfe** vnde  
 ye seide **aj.** We had litill a do to telle you seide thes y **kyng** to be But  
 what ye the name seide **Salyn** at thes tyme seide **aj.** I wolt nat telle  
 hit ye an doylt figure seide the **kyng** p<sup>r</sup> you arte a trewe man p<sup>r</sup> you  
 wolt nat telle the name as for that seide **ayelion** he as hit be may hit  
 I can telle you where fore ye vnde thes way for to mete **de** **kyng** **de**  
 but hit wolt nat admyle you with oute ye haue my comynge a seide  
**Salyn** ye ar **aj.** We wolt be ruled by your comynge Com on seide **aj.**  
 and ye shall haue grete worship and toke that ye do **kyng** for ye  
 shall haue nede do for that seide **Salyn** dred you nat for the do it do  
 what we may than p<sup>r</sup> lodged **aj.** and thes y **kyng** in a wood amonge  
 the trees be sides the **ayelion** way and toke of the byrdys of p<sup>r</sup> **ayelion**  
 and wyte hem to graspe and seide hem done to reste hit hit was nye  
 mynnyght than **ayelion** bade hem vnde and make hem redy for here  
 comynge the **kyng** nye honde that was stollen a way frome his othe  
 with a my store of hys best **kyng** and y<sup>r</sup> of them rode to fore  
 the lord to warne the lady de damne that the **kyng** was comynge  
 for that myght **kyng** **Byus** holde hadde then with hys **ayelion** the  
**kyng** seide **Salyn** a byde seide **aj.** for here in a foute ye shall mete  
 hym And there with he fowdes **Salyn** and hys brother the **kyng**  
 And anone they mette **de** **kyng** and smote hym done and wounded  
 hym frepshly and londe hym to the grounde and there they stode on  
 the vyght honde and on the bytte honde mo than forty of hys men  
 and the remanente fledde than wente y<sup>r</sup> a gayne into **kyng** **Byus**  
 & wolde haue slayne hym had he nat yelded hym into hys grace than  
 seide he was **kyng** full of p<sup>r</sup>desse ste me nat for be my byff ye may  
 wyne p<sup>r</sup> by my dethe litill ye say sothe seide the **kyng** and so seide  
 hym on an horse litill **de** that **ayelion** danyshed and com to  
**kyng** **Arthure** a fore honde and tolde hym how hys moste enemy  
 was takyn and dystonfite By whom seide **kyng** **Arthure** by y<sup>r</sup> **kyng**  
 seide **aj.** that wolde fayne haue your lordship and to morow ye shall



knode what knyghts yow they ar So anone after com the knyght **de pen.**  
**Merdis** and his brother and brought with hem knyght **Reyn** of north  
**Walsh** and there desired hym to the porters and charged hem w<sup>th</sup> hym  
 and so they y returned azen in the dawning of the day pan knyght  
**Arthur** com to knyght **Reyn** and seyde Sw knyght yow w<sup>th</sup> com by this  
 adventure com ye hydw Sw seyde knyght **Reyn** I com hyder by an hawte  
 adventure W<sup>th</sup> wame yow seyde knyght **Arthur** Sw seyde he y knyght  
 w<sup>th</sup> the y Merdis and his brother which ar y merdayles knyght of pro  
 vesse I knode hem nat seyde **Arthur** but much am I beholdinge vnto  
 them A sw seyde **Merlion** I shall telle yow hit ys **Balyn** y ender  
 the Merde and his brother **Balan** a good knyght there ydout nat a  
 bit of prides nor of worthynesse and hit shall be the greetest dole of  
 hym that any knode of knyght for he shall nat longe endure Alas seyde  
 knyght **Arthur** that ys greet pite for I am much beholdinge vnto hym  
 and I thame w<sup>th</sup> desired hit a gayne for his kyndnesse Nay nay seyde  
**Merlion** he shall do much more for yow and that shall ye knode in haste  
 But Sw ar ye pwyderde seyde **at** to morne for the oste of knyght **Reyn**  
 knyght **Reyn** brother w<sup>th</sup> sette on yow or none w<sup>th</sup> a greet oste and  
 y fore make yow redy for I w<sup>th</sup> depte frome yow

**G**am knyght **Arthur** made his oste redy in x. batayles **Reyn**  
 was redy in the filde afore the castell **Ceritable** w<sup>th</sup> a grete oste  
 and he had x. batayles w<sup>th</sup> many mo peple than knyght **Arthur** had  
 than **Reyn** had the badwaide w<sup>th</sup> the moste pty of the peple And **at**  
 com to knyght **Lotte** of the Isle of Orkeney and helde hym w<sup>th</sup> a tale of the  
 prophesie tyme **Reyn** and his peple were destroyed And there Sw **Ray** y  
 fenestrall dnd passynghely w<sup>th</sup> that dayes of his tyff y the worship  
 wente nen frome hym And Sw **Herdis** de Reuel that dnd mynyous  
 dedys of armes that day w<sup>th</sup> **Arthur** And knyght **Arthur** slew that  
 day y knyght and mayned forty So at that tyme com In y knyght  
 w<sup>th</sup> the y Merdis and his brother but they dnd so merdaylously that  
 the knyght and all the knyght merdayled of them And all they y  
 be helde them seyde they were sente frome heuyn as angels of devylls

frome helle And kynge **Arthur** seide hym self they were the donyreste  
 knyght that en the salde for they gaff such frof that all men had won-  
 der of hem So in the meane tyme com one to kynge **Lotte** and tolde hym  
 why he turnyd there hold **Mero** was destroyed and slayne w<sup>t</sup> all his  
 othe alas seide kynge **Lotte** I am a shamed for in my defaute there ys  
 none othe vnder hedyn were able to haue mached vs But this  
 fantome with his prophes hath moeted me All that dnd **A** for he  
 knewe well that kynge **Lotte** had bene with his body at y first batayle  
 kynge **Arthur** had be slayne and all his peple distressed And well **A**  
 he w<sup>t</sup> that one of the knyght sholde be dede that day And lotte was **A**  
 that one of them bothe sholde be slayne But of the tyme he had  
 knowe kynge **Lotte** of orkeney had be slayne Than **Arthur** seide what  
 ys beste to do seide kynge **Lotte** wher ys me better to trete w<sup>t</sup> kynge **Arth**  
 othw to fyght for the greter pty of oure peple ar slayne and distressed  
 Sw seide a knyght sette ye on **Arthur** for they ar wery & for songhtyn  
 and we be freyssh as for me seide kynge **Lotte** I wolde that eny knyght  
 wolde do his pte as I wolde do myne Than they aduanced baners and  
 smote to gydres and brused hir sperys And **Arthurs** knyght w<sup>t</sup> y helpe  
 of the knyght w<sup>t</sup> y sterdyng and his brothir **Balan** put kynge **Lotte** &  
 his othe to the waue But all wayes kynge **Lotte** hyld hym en in the  
 fore fronte and dnd merueylous dedis of armys for all his othe was  
 borne by his hondys ffor he a lode all knyght alas he myght nat  
 endure the wyche was grete pte so worthy a knyght as he was one  
 that he sholde be on mached that of late tyme be fore he had bene a  
 knyght of kynge **Arthur** and wedded the syster of hym And for be cause  
 that kynge **Arthur** lay by his wyff and gate on her Sw **Arthurs** chere  
 fore kynge **Lotte** helde en a gaynste **Arthur** So there was a knyght  
 that was called the knyght with the strange lest And at that tyme  
 his yght name was called **Dellynore** which was a good man off  
 prouesse as feld in y dages hyngre and he ferate a myghty frof  
 at kynge **Lotte** as he songht with his enemyes and he fapled of his  
 frof and smote the horse neck that he foundred to the erthe w<sup>t</sup> kynge



**Lott** and there with anone **kyng Pellinore** smote hym a grete stroke with  
the helme and hede into the brestes than all the othe of orkeney stode for  
the dethe of **kyng Lott** and there þey were takyn and slayne all the othe  
But **kyng Pellinore** bare the wyte of the dethe of **kyng Lott** and there  
were takyn and slayne all the hole othe where fore **Sir Gawaine** reven-  
ged the dethe of his fadir the y. yere after he was made knyght and slawe **kyng**  
**Pellinore** his owne hounde also there was slayne at that batayle yn **kyng**  
on the syde of **kyng Lott** with **Nero** and were buryed in the chirch of seinte  
**Edmund** in **Camelot** and the remanent of **kyngs** and of were buryed  
in a grete roche so at the enterement com **kyng Lott** wyth **Morgan**  
with hyr my sonnes. **Gawaine**. **Aggravayne**. **Gaheris**. **Gareth** also  
þ com thider **kyng Bryens** **Sir Dwaynes** fadir and **Morgan le Fay** his  
wyff that was **kyng Arthurs** syster all thes com to the enterement but  
of all the yn **kyngs** **kyng Arthurs** lette make the tombe of **kyng Lott**  
passynge ryghtly and made his tombe by hym self and thyn **Arthurs**  
lette make yn image of lator and Copier and on gylte with golde in þ  
fyrst figure of the yn **kyngs** and ech one of hem helde a tapir of weye  
in the honde that brente myght and day and **kyng Arthurs** was made  
in the figure of a figure stondynge a liden thyn with a sterde dradorn  
in the honde and all the yn figures had countenances lyke unto  
men that were on com all thes made **Merlion** by his synful crastie  
and there he tolde the **kyng** how that when he was dede þe tapers  
sholde brente no longer after the adventures of the fink great þ shall  
com amonge þon and be enchebed also he tolde **kyng Arthurs** how  
**Balan** the worshopful knyght shall geve the dolorous stroke where  
of shall falle grete vengeance al where ys **Balyn** **Balan** and  
**Pellinore** do for **kyng Pellinore** seide **A** he wolt mete w þon soone  
And as for **Balyn** he wolt nat be longe frome þon but the op brother  
wolt depte þe shall se hym no more Be my fayth seide **Arthurs** they  
ar yn manly knyghts and namely that **Balyn** passith of podes off  
om knyght that eny founde for mych am I be holdynge unto hym. wolde  
god he wolde a byde with me **Sir** seide **A** lode þe kepe well þ staddlerd  
of **Gracelober** for þe shall lose no bloode whyle þe hane the staddlerde

Upon þou theȝe ye haue as many woundis vpon þou as ye may haue  
 So after for grette truste **Arthure** he toke the stadd berde vnto **Morgayn le  
 Fay** hys syster and she loved anyngg better than hir husbunde **Kynge  
 virens** othir **Arthure** and she wolde haue had **Arthure** hir wyf slayne  
 and there fore she lette make a nothir stadd berde for **Excaliber** & þe **Kynngg**  
 name was called **Acolon** that after had nere slayne **Kynge Arthure**  
 But after thys **Machion** tolde vnto **Kynge Arthure** of the pphery that yere  
 sholde be a grette batayle be sydes **Salisbury** and **Mordred** hys owne some  
 sholde be a gaynste hym And he tolde hym that **Mordred** was hys  
 cosyn germyne And vnto **Kynge virens** So vnto In a day or ny **Kynge  
 Arthure** was som what syke and he lette praye hys padichon in a  
 medow and there he leyde hym doun on a paylet to slepe but he  
 myght haue no reste Byggt so he herde a grette noyse of an horse and  
 there vnto the **Kynge** toke oute at the porche dore of the padichon and  
 fado a **Kynngg** comynge doun by hym makinge grette dole A hyde fayne  
 for seide **Arthure** and telle me where fore þou makest þis sorow. þe may  
 still amende me seide the **Kynngg** and so passed forth to the castell of  
**Wootton** And amone after that com **Saline** and when he sawe **Kynge Arthure**  
 he a byggt of hys horse and com to the **Kynge** one foote and saluted hym  
 And my hede seide **Arthure** ye be well com. Sir myght nide com vnto  
 thys day a **Kynngg** makinge grette more And for what cause I can nat  
 telle where fore I wolde desire of þou of þe entest and of þe iantynesse  
 to seeke a gayne that **Kynngg** othir by force othir by his good wyll I shal  
 do more for þoure lordeship than that seide **Saline** othir ellis I woll  
 grede hym So **Saline** rode more than a pace and fonde the **Kynngg**  
 vnto a damysell vnder a foreyste and seide Sir **Kynngg** ye myste com  
 w me vnto **Kynge Arthure** for for to telle hym of þoure sorow That  
 woll I nat seide the **Kynngg** for hit woll har me gretely and do þou  
 none dayte Sir seide **Saline** I pray þou make þou redy for ye myste  
 go vnto me othir ellis I myste byggt vnto þou and bringe þou by force  
 And that doere me toke to do. Woll ye be my daverante seide þe **Kynngg**  
 and I go do þou see seide **Saline** othir ellis by the synth of my body



Wolff dre þ fore and so he made hym redy to go w<sup>t</sup> **Balyne** and lesste þe  
damesell fyllle and as they were com þe fore arthurs p<sup>er</sup>adilion there  
com one m<sup>an</sup> visible and smote the knyght that wente w<sup>t</sup> **Balyne** w<sup>it</sup>h  
oute the body w<sup>t</sup> a speere // **Alas** seyde the knyght I am slayne d<sup>ur</sup>ow<sup>er</sup> yowre  
condmyte w<sup>it</sup>h a knyght called **Garlunde** there fore take my horse þ is  
better than yowres and ryde to the damesell and folow the queste þ was in  
as the wolff tede þon and redenge my dett whan þe may that shall I do  
seyde **Balyne** and that I make adow to god and knyghtshode and so he dep  
ted frome knyng **Arthure** w<sup>it</sup>h grete sorow so knyng **Arthure** sette kny  
this knyght ryche and made menaon his tombe hold here was  
slayne **Berbens** and by whom the trechery was done of the knyght  
**Garlunde** But en the damesell bare the tunicason of the speere w<sup>it</sup>h þe  
that **Er** **Harlens** le **Berbens** was slayne w<sup>it</sup>h all

**B** **Balyne** and the damesell rode into the foreste and þ mette w<sup>t</sup>  
a knyght that had bene an hontynge and þ knyght asked **Balyne**  
for what cause he made so grete sorow // he hyste nat to telle seyde **Balyne**  
Nado seyde the knyght and I were armed as þe be I wolde fyght w<sup>it</sup>h þon  
But yf þe tolde me that sholde h<sup>el</sup>l nede seyde **Balyne** I am nat a  
forde to telle þon and so tolde hym all the cause hold that was // I seyde the  
knyght þe t<sup>el</sup>le all here I enswe þon by the seyth of my body nen to depte  
frome þon w<sup>it</sup>hþe my h<sup>el</sup>ff lastyng and so they wente to þ o<sup>u</sup>tre and armed  
hem and so rode forth w<sup>it</sup>h **Balyne** and as they com by an c<sup>o</sup>rruptage  
down by a ch<sup>er</sup>che yerde þ com **Garlunde** m<sup>an</sup> visible and smote þe knyght  
w<sup>it</sup>h a m<sup>an</sup>te behynde thowd w<sup>it</sup>h the body // **Alas** seyde þ  
knyght I am slayne by this traytours knyght that rydeth m<sup>an</sup> visible  
**Alas** seyde **Balyne** this þe nat the firste despyte that he hath done  
me and there the knyght and **Balyne** knyght the knyght d<sup>ur</sup>ow<sup>er</sup> a  
wyche stone and a tombe royall and on the morne they founde l<sup>et</sup>te  
of golde w<sup>it</sup>chyn hold that **Er** **Gawayne** shall redenge his fad<sup>er</sup>s dep  
on knyng **R. M.** more And anone after this **Balyne** and the damesell  
rode forth tyll they com to a castell And anone **Balyne** alyzte þ wente  
In And as sone as they were w<sup>it</sup>h the portecolys were l<sup>et</sup>te done  
at his l<sup>et</sup>te And there felle many men a bonte the damesell and

wolde have slayne hir // Whan **Salme** saw that he was fore greded  
 for he myght nat helpe her // But than he wrote up in to a towre and  
 lepte on the doothis in to the dyche and hurte nat hym selff And a  
 none he pulled oute the swerde and wolde have songhtyn to them and  
 they all seyde nay they wolde nat fyght w<sup>th</sup> hym for they had no tynge  
 but the olde custom of thys castell and tolde hym that hir lady was hyl  
 and had leryne many yeres and she myght nat be hyle but yf she had  
 blode in a hylner dyssefull of a cleue mayde and a byngt donght And  
 there fore the custom of thys castell ys that yf shall no damysell passe  
 thys way but she shall blode of hir blode a hyl dyssefull // Well seyde  
**Salme** she shall blode as much as she may blode but I wolt nat lose y<sup>r</sup> hyl  
 of hir wyf my hyl lastyng And so **Salme** made hir to bleede by hir god  
 wyf but hir blode helpe nat the lady and so she and he rested y<sup>r</sup> all y<sup>r</sup>  
 myght and had good chere And in the mornynge they passed on y<sup>r</sup> wayes  
 And as hit tellith after in the **Santgrecall** that Sir **Radall** his syster  
 helpe that lady w<sup>th</sup> hir blod w<sup>th</sup> here of she was dede Than they rode  
 in or in dayes and nedir mette w<sup>th</sup> ad venture And so by fortune  
 they were lodged w<sup>th</sup> a santulman And as they sate at sone **Salme**  
 herde one complayne gredously by hym in a chambr // What ys thys  
 noyse seyde **Salme** for sothe seyde he ofte I wolt telle you I was but  
 late at a Justynge and there I Justed w<sup>th</sup> a bynght that ys brother  
 unto kynge **Richard** and wyf I smote hym do done And than he pro  
 mysed to quyte me on my beste frende And so he wounded yns my  
 son that can nat be hyle telle I have of that bynghts blode And he  
 yrdith all in dysfyll but I know nat his name I seyde **Salme** I  
 know that bynghts name w<sup>th</sup>ch ys **Garlonde** and he hath slayne y<sup>r</sup>  
 bynght of myne In the same man There fore I had dowr mete w<sup>th</sup>  
 that bynght than all the golde in thys realme for the despyte he hath  
 done me // Well seyde he ofte I shall telle you how kynge **Richard** off  
**lyfscynse** hath made do ary in all the contrey a grette feste that shall  
 be w<sup>th</sup> in thys ys dayes and no bynght may com there but he bynght  
 thys wyf w<sup>th</sup> hym othyr thys pannonce and that ys enemy to myne



ye shall se that day. Then I promyse you seyde **Balyn** yte of his blade  
to kepe yowre sone with all. Then he doolt be forwarde to morne  
seyde he So on the morne they rode all in towarde kynge **William** and  
they had vii. dayes journey or they com thider. And that same day he  
gan the grette feste and so they alight and stabled y horsis and wente  
in to the castell. But **Balynes** ofte myght be highte lete in the cause  
he had no lady. But **Balyn** was doolt receyved and brought into  
a chamber and unarmed hym and there was brought hym robes to  
his pleasure and wolde have had **Balyn** take his swerde be hynde  
hym. Nay seyde **Balyn** that doolt I nat for hit ys the custom of my  
contrey a knyght all doores to kepe his weapon with hym of ells sake  
he I doolt depte as I am. Then they gaff hym take with his swerde  
so he wente into the castell and was amonge knyghts of worship  
and his lady a fore hym. So after this **Balyn** asked a knyght and  
seyde ys nat a knyght in thys court whiche his name ys **Garlonde**  
ys fur yonder he gotth the knyght with the blacke face for he ys the  
merdaylyste knyght that ys now thynge and he despoyleth many  
good knyghts for he gotth in bysille. Well seyde **Balyn** ys that he  
Then **Balyn** adised hym longe and thought If I see hym here I shall  
nat asaye and if I take hym now yadventure I shall nen mete w  
hym a game at ficht a steyn and muche harme he doolt do and he  
hde. And there with thys **Garlonde** assayed that **Balyn** dysaged  
hym so. he com and flapped hym on the face with the backe of his  
honde and seyde knyght why be holdist you me so for shame. Ete  
thys mete and do that you com fore. Then seyst soth seyde **Balyn**  
thys ys nat the fyste spete that you haste done me and there fore I  
doolt do that I com fore and rose hym by fersely and clade his hede  
to the sholdres. Nowt gess me yowre tronafeon seyde **Balyn** that he  
fede yowre knyght with and anone she gaff hit hym for all they  
she dure the tronafeome with hym and there with **Balyn** smote  
hym thowde the body and seyde openly w that tronafeon thou

Redyfte a good knyght and now hit stytt in thy body. **Esau** **Ba**  
**lyn** called vnto hye ofte and seyde now may ye seeke blood I nodre  
 to hele yowre son **Wattall**. So anone all the knyght rose frome the  
 table for to sette on **Balyne** And kynge **Wellam** hym self arose by  
 fersche and seyde knyght why hast thou slayne my brother thou shalt dye  
 of fore or thou dexte. **Well** seyde **Balyne** do hit yowre self yes seyde kynge  
**Wellam** there shall no man thame a do w<sup>th</sup> the but I my self for p<sup>r</sup> lode of  
 my brother **Esau** kynge **Wellam** a grynne weepyn and smote equrly  
 at **Balyne** but he put hye swerde he dreypte hye dede and the fawte  
 and there drot hye swerde beaste in funder And **Esau** **Balyne**  
 was weepynles he ran into a chambur for to setle a weepyn fro cham-  
 bur to chambur and no weepyn coude he fynde And all wayes kynge  
**Wellam** folowed affur hym And at the last he entere into a chambur  
 was merdaylonshly dyght and ryche And a bedde a vayed w<sup>th</sup> clothe  
 of golde the veyfste that myght be and one knyng p<sup>r</sup> in And there by  
 stode a table of clene golde And bypon the table stode a merdaylonsh  
 spere strangely wrought. So **Esau** **Balyne** saw the spere he gate hit  
 in hye hande and turned to kynge **Wellam** and felde hym and smote  
 hym passynghly sore w<sup>th</sup> that spere that kynge **Wellam** done in a folde  
 And there drot the castell burke wooffe and wathis and felle done  
 to the erthe And **Balyne** felle done and myght nat styve hande na  
 fote and for the moste p<sup>r</sup> of that castell was dede thowd the dolouruse  
 stoke. Ryght so lay kynge **Wellam** and **Balyne** in dayes **Esau** **Esau**  
 com thider and toke by **Balyne** and gate hym a good horse for hye was  
 dede and bade hym wyde oute of that contrey. So I wolde thame my dame  
 self seyde **Balyne** too seyde **Esau** where she hett dede And kynge  
**Wellam** lay so many yere sore wounded and myght neu be hole till p<sup>r</sup>  
**Galaad** the gadote ymme theled hym in the queste of the **Gau**  
 for in that place was p<sup>r</sup> of the blade of oure lorde Ihu cryste **Wattall**  
**Joseph** off **Arannath** brought in to thys londe and there hym self  
 in that ryche bedde and that was the spere w<sup>th</sup> **Longeris** smote oure  
 lorde w<sup>th</sup> to the herte And kynge **Wellam** was mye of **Joseph** his hyme



And that was the moste worshipfullist man on hyde in the dayes & grete  
pote hit was of hye knyght for thowd that stroke hit turned to grete  
dole way and tene. Then depoted **Balyne** frome **Merloun** for he seyde  
neow in thys worlde we parte nof meete no more. So he rode forþ poidis  
the fayre contreyes and aters and founde the people dede slayne on eny side  
And all that don were on hyde cryed and seyde a **Balyne** you haue  
done and caused grete vengeance in thys contreyes for the dolerous  
stroke you gaff into kynge **Rolland** thes in contreyes ar destroyed and  
donte nat but the vengeance wolt falle on the at the laste. But when  
**Balyne** was past þe contreyes he was passynge fayre And so he rode  
þy dayes or he mette with many aduenture And at the laste he com  
in to a fayre foreyst in a daley and was ware of a todowre and þe  
he hyde he mette with a grete for þe tyed to a tree and he hyde þe sate a  
fayre knyght on the grounde and made grete mornynge and he was  
a knyghtly man and a doct made. **Balyne** seyde god you save why be  
ye so fedyr telle me and I wolt amende hit and I may to my godder  
On knyght he seyde you dofte me grete goress for I was in my poynt  
and now you puttist me to more payne. Then **Balyne** went a litle  
frowne hym and toled on hys horse. Then herde **Balyne** hym say þus  
A fayre lady why have ye bypyn my poynt for ye compassed me to mete  
me here by noone And I may enseyon that en ye gaff me to that slyerde  
for with thys slyerde I wolt sle my selff and gonde hit onte. And þe  
with com **Balyne** and sterte onto hym and toke hym by the honde  
lette go my hande seyde the knyght or ellis I shall sle the. That shall  
nat nede seyde **Balyne** for I shall promyse you my helpe to gete you  
your lady and ye wolt telle me where she ys. What ys your name  
seyde the knyght. On my name ys **Balyne le savyage**. And I know  
you well. I nodde ye ar the knyght with the y slyerde and þe man  
of moste podes of yourre hondis & bynge. What ys yourre name  
seyde **Balyne** my name ys **Gauyns** of the movente above manes  
somme and be my podes and hardynes adente made me knyght &  
save me londis & hys name ys dnt **Harinel** and hys donght ys

Bade a knyght that stood be fore hym to handyll that swerde And he  
 assayed hit and myght nat handyll hit **Then** he lorde **Doyle** lorde  
 ye seyde the knyght **These** ys the cause seyde **he** **There** shall nei  
 man handyll this swerde but the beste knyght of the worlde And  
 that shall be **Sir Launcelot** otter ellis **Galahad** hys sonne And  
**Launcelot** with hys swerde shall sle the man in the worlde that he  
 dothe beste that shall be **Sir Gawayne** And all this he sette wyte  
 in the pomell of the swerde **Then** he sette make a brygge of iron  
 and of Steele in to that Ilande and hit was but halff a fote hye  
 And there shall nei man passe that brygge nor hane hardynesse  
 to go on hit but yf he were a wysse good man with out tre  
 chery or bylany Also the scoldard off **Walynes** swerde he sette  
 hit on this syde the Ilande that **Galad** wolde fynde hit Also he  
 sette make by this suttelyte that **Walynes** swerde was put in to  
 a marbilstone stondynge by ryght as grete as a mylstone and  
 floed all wayes a fode the watir and dnd many yeres And so  
 by adventur hit swame downe by the streame into the cite of **Ca**  
**malot** that ys in englysh called **Dorchester** And that same day  
**Galad** the haunte pyrce com with knyge **Arthur** And so **he**  
 brought with hym the scoldard and enseyded the swerde  
 was in the marble stone stovynge vpon the watir And on whitt  
 sonday he enseyded the swerde as hit ys reversed in the booke of  
 the Amegreall Some after this was done he com to knyge **Arthur**  
 and tolde hym of the doleous stroke that **Walyn** gaf knyge **Launcelot**  
 And how **Walyn** and **Galad** forgoth to gyde the merdylous fa  
 tale that don was there off And how they were buryed by  
 in one tombe Alas seyde knyge **Arthur** this ys the prettyste  
 that en I everde telle off of ny knyght for in this worlde I knelle  
 nei such ny knyght **Then** endith the tale of **Walyn** and **Galad**  
 ny drectyone that were borne in Northymburlande that were  
 ny passynge good knyght as en were in yowres

**Epilogue**





**I**n the begynnyng of **Arthur**. For he was chosen kynge  
 by aduenture and by grace for the moste pty of the barons. Knew nat he was  
**Ether Wendragon** son. But as **Merlyn** made hit openly known. But  
 yet many kynge and lordis hylde hym grete verrye for that cause. But well  
**Arthur** on com hem all the moste pty dayes of hys lyff he was ruled by p counsaile  
 of **Merlyn**. So hit felle on a tyme kyng **Arthur** seyde vnto **Ayerlion** my fa  
 idones wolt let me hane no reste hit. uedis I myste take a wyff. I wolde none  
 take hit by thy counsaile and advice. hit ys well done seyde **Merlyn** that  
 ye take a wyff. For a man of youre bonite and nobles sholde  
 not be w<sup>o</sup>nte a wyff. Now is p<sup>o</sup>ny seyde **Merlyn** that  
 ye love more than a noy. ye seyde kyng **Arthur** I love **Gwe**  
**nyvere** the kyngs daughter of **Lodegrian** of p<sup>o</sup>londe of **Cam**  
**erde** the wyfpe gold pty. In his house the table rounde that ye  
 tolde me he had hit of my fadir **Uther** and this damysell is the  
 moste valyante and fayrest that I knowe lyving or yet that en  
 I conde fynde. **Gertio** seyde **Merlyn** as of her beaute and fayre  
 nesse she is one of the fayrest on lyve. But and ye loved her not  
 so well as ye do I sholde fynde you a damysell of beaute and  
 of goodnesse that sholde lybe you and please you and youre  
 harte were nat sette. But there as mannes herte is sette  
 he wolt be loth to retorne. that is trouth seyde kyng **Arthur**.  
**Merlyn** warned the kyng covertly that **Gweynyr** was nat  
 holsom for hym to take to wyff. For he warned hym that **Lancelot**  
 sholde love her and seke hym a gayne. And so he turned his  
 tale to the adventured of the **Sankgreal**. **Tristan** desired of  
 the kyng for to hane men w<sup>o</sup> hym p<sup>o</sup> sholde enquire of **Gwe**  
 and so the kyng grunted hym and so **Merlyn** wente forth  
 vnto kyng **Lodegrian** of **Camylerde** and tolde hym of the desire  
 of the kyng p<sup>o</sup> he wolde hane vnto his wyff **Gweynyr** his daughter  
 that is to me seyde kyng **Lodegrian** the beste tydyng that  
 en I herde. that so worthy a kyng of probesse & noblesse wolt wedde  
 my daughter. And as for my lordis I wolde geff her hym yf I myste



But myght please hym but he hath londe Indoe he nedeth none But I shall  
sende hym a gyfte that shall please hym more for I shall gyfte hym  
the table rounde. Wherof **Other** hys sadw gaff me And Whan he ys  
fille complete there ys an **C. King** and **L.** And as for an **C. god** h  
I have my selfe But I waite **L.** for so many hathe be slayne in my dore  
And so kynge **Redgreace** delynd hys dongatw **Glenn** into **ea** and the  
table rounde With the **C. King** and so they rode freysshly to grete ro  
alte Whan by water and by londe tyll that they com myghte into londe  
Whan kynge **Arthur** herde of the comynge of quene **Glenn** and to  
**C. King** With the table rounde Than kynge **Arthur** made gete  
for hir comynge and that yere presents and seide oxenly thes fayre  
lady ys passynghly well com to me for I shal be glad hir longe And I shal  
there ys no thyng so deeff to me and thes King With the table rounde  
pleasith me more than nyght grete vycesse And in all haste the kynge  
lete ordayne for the maryage and the coronacion In the moste hononabyl  
wyse that coudde be devised **How** **Myerlon** seide kynge **Arthur** go pon  
and aspre me in all thes londe **L. King** Whiche bere of moste vycesse &  
worship So With in thorte tyme shion had founde such King that  
holde fulfyll **xx** and by King But no mo wolde he fynde Than the  
bysshop of Cantuarbury Was sette and he byssed the seign **L. grete**  
woratte and dedocion and there sette the **vm. p. xx** King in her seign  
And Whan thes Was done **A** seide fayre fives ye muste att aryse  
and com to kynge **Arthur** for to do hym omage he woll the bett be in  
Wyll to maynteyne you and so they a rose and dnd f omage And Whan  
they were gone **A** founde in eny sege lettere of golde that tolde f King  
nampys that had siter there **vi. seign** were wyde And so anone com  
in yonge **Salwayne** and asked the kynge a gyfte Aske seide the kynge  
and I shall gyfnte you Sir I aske that ye shall make me King the  
same day that ye shall Wedde dame **Glenn** I woll do that do a good  
Wyll seide kynge **Arthur** and do unto you all the worship that  
I may for I muste be veson ye ar my newe my sifore son. forth W  
all there com a poore man in to the comte and brought W hym a

fayne yonge man of ydmyr pere of arge vydyngge vpon a lene mare  
 And the poore man asked all men that he mette where shall I fynde  
 kynge **Arthur** yowder he ys seyde the knyght Wolt so my thyngge do  
 hym ye seyde the poore man there fore I cam thider And as sone as he  
 cam he fore the kynge he saluted hym And seyde kynge **Arthur** the  
 stoure of all kynge I be seche I am sader the / Sir hit was tolde me  
 that as this tyme of yowre mariage ye wolde gyff any man p gylte  
 that he wolde aske you excepte hit were vnreasonable / That ye wold  
 seyde the kynge such cryes I sette make and that wolt I holde so hit appayn  
 nat my realme nor myne astate ye sey wolt and graciously seyde the  
 poore man. Sir I aske no thyngge els but that ye wolt make my sonne  
 knyght hit ys a grette thyngge you askest off me seyde the kynge Wolt  
 ye thy name seyde the ~~poore man~~ the kynge to the poore man / Sir  
 my name ys **Arpys** the aduysorde Wolt hit cometh this of the of ells  
 of the sone seyde the kynge Nay sir seyde **Arpys** this desyre cometh off  
 my son and nat off me for I shall telle you I have ym sones And all  
 they wolt falle to what laboure I wille them and wolt be vyght  
 glad to do laboure but this chylde wolt nat laboure for no thyngge p  
 my wyff and I may do but all they he wolt be knyghte or castyng  
 darts and glad for to be batayles and to be holde knyght And all dayes  
 day and nyght he desyrith of me to be made knyght Wolt ye thy  
 name seyde the kynge vnto the yonge man Sir my name ys **Corre**  
 Than the kynge befele hym faste and said he was passynghly well  
 bysaged and well made of his yeres Well seyde kynge **Arthur** vnto  
**Arpys** the aduysorde go seache all thy sones be soye me that I may se ym  
 and so the poore man did and all were shapyn muche lyk the poore  
 man But **Corre** was nat lyk hym nor in shapye ne in comendance  
 for he was muche more than any of them Wolt seyde kynge **Arthur**  
 vnto the aduysorde where ys the sward he shall me made knyght do  
 all hit ys here seyde **Corre** take hit oute of the shep seyde p kynge  
 and requyre me to make you knyght Than **Corre** alyst of his  
 mare and pulled oute the sward Enchynge and requyreng p kynge



to make hym knyght and that he made hym knyght of the table rounde  
as for a knyght I wol make you and there with smote hym in the  
neck with the swerde be ye a good knyght and so I pray to god ye may  
be and if ye be of wyde and worthynes ye shall be of the table  
rounde // **Now** **ay** seyde **Arthur** whether tye **Corre** shall be a good  
man // yee hardely for he ought to be a good man for he ys com of god  
kynrede as om on hys and of knyght blode // how so sir seyde ye kynge  
I shall telle you seyde **ay** tye more man **ayres** the adoberde ys nat he  
fadir for he ys no felle to hym for kynge **wellmore** ys hys fadir I sup  
pose nat seyde the adoberde // well seith tye wyff be fore me seyde **ay**  
and she shall nat ser nay anone the wyff was sette forth whiche was  
a fayre fons wyff and there she answered **ay** full womanly and y  
she tolde the kynge and **ay** that when she was a mayde and wente to  
mylke her hys there mette with me a sterne knyght and half be  
force he had my maydynhode and at that tyme he be gatte my some  
**Corre** and he took a wyf for me my gnyghonide that I had that tyme  
with me and seyde he wolde kepe the gnyghonide for my lode and seyde  
the adoberde // wente hit had nat be tye. But I may be fede hit  
well for he had non no tye of me sir **Corre** seyde unto **ay** dis  
honour nat my modre sir seyde **ay** hit ys more for yo worship  
than herte for youe fadir ys a good knyght and a kynge and he may  
ryght well aduance you and youe modre both for ye were begotyn  
or eue she was wedded that ys tye the seyde the wyff hit ys the lesse  
gnyff unto me seyde the adoberde so on the moyn kynge **wellmore**  
com to the court of kynge **Arthur** and he had grete joy of hym and  
tolde hym of sir **Corre** how he was hys some and how he had  
made hym knyght at the requeste of the adoberde when kynge  
**wellmore** behelde sir **Corre** he plesed hym muche so the kynge  
made **Gawayne** knyght but sir **Corre** was the firste he made at  
that feste what ys the cause seyde kynge **Arthur** that ys place  
wyde in the sege sir seyde **ay** there shall no man sitte in yo place  
but tye that shall be moste of worship but in the sege welons the

shall nedow man sate but one and yf þe ony so hardy to do hit he shall  
 be destroyed And he that shall sitte þe In shall have no felde And þe w<sup>t</sup>  
**ver** you toke kyng **Artur** by the honde and in that one hande nexte  
 the y segis and the sege pelous he seide m oym andriens this ys place  
 for beste ar ye worthy to sitte þe Inne of our that here ys And there at  
 had sir **Gawayne** grete enoy and tolde **Sahers** his brother yowder  
 knyght ys prute to grete wyse wyse grete me fore for he stode  
 omie fadir kyng **Artur** there fore I wott se hym seide **Gawayne** w<sup>t</sup>a  
 swerde that was sette me that ys passynge trewefaynte / ye shall nat  
 so seide **Sahers** at this tyme for as now I am but yowre knyght And  
 w<sup>t</sup>an I am made knyght I wott be adenged on hym And there fore  
 brother hit ys beste to suffir tyll a noy tyme that we may have hym  
 oute of comte for and we dnd so we shall trouble this hys feste  
 I wott w<sup>t</sup> seide **Gawayne** than was this feste made redy and þe  
 kyng was wedded at **Camelot** unto dame **Guinevere** In þe chyrche  
 of seinte Stephyns W<sup>t</sup> grete solemnyte than as eny man was  
 sette as this degre assted **A**. Wente to all the knyght of the rounde table  
 and lade hem sitte fyllle that none of you remede for ye shall se a  
 straunge and a medealons adventure Byggt so as they sate þe com  
 remynge Inne a wyggt herte in to the hall and a wyggt bracet  
 nexte hym and ypp comte of blacke remynge Gornadis com affir  
 w<sup>t</sup> a grete ay and the herte wente a honte the rounde table and as  
 he wente by the syde Gornadis the bracet en wote hym by the buttock  
 and w<sup>t</sup>de outte apeece W<sup>t</sup>ere thowd the herte lye a grete tye  
 and on thowd a knyght that sate at the syde comde And there w<sup>t</sup>th  
 the knyght arose and toke up the bracet and so wente forth oute  
 of the halle and toke his horse and rode his way w<sup>t</sup>th the bracet  
 Byggt so com In the ladey on a wyggt walfrey And cryed a lorde  
 unto kyng **Artur** and seyd sir suffir me nat to have this despyte  
 for the bracet ys myne that the knyght that lade away I may  
 nat do þe w<sup>t</sup>th seide the kyng So w<sup>t</sup>th this þe com a knyght ypp



all armed on a grette horse and toke the lady away w<sup>th</sup> forse wyth hym  
and en she cryed and made grette dole // So when she was gone the  
kyng was gladd for she made such a noyse. Nay seyde **he** ye may  
nat lere hit so thys adventure so hyghly for thes adventures myste  
be brought to an ende othir ellis hit wold be dysworshyp to you and  
to youre feste // Wold seyde the kyng that all be done by yo<sup>r</sup> advice  
Then he lette calle **ow** **Gawayne** for he myste bringe a gayne  
the whyght herte also **ow** ye myste sette call **ow** **Lancelot** for he myste  
bringe a gay the bractette and the kyng othir ellis **he** hym // also  
sette calle kyng **wellmou** for he myste bringe a gayne the lady &  
the kyng othir ellis **he** hym and thes my kyng that do many  
adventures or they com a gayne Then were they called all in as  
hit ye requered a fore and eny of them toke p<sup>r</sup> charge and armed  
them surely // But **ow** **Gawayne** had the firste requeste and p<sup>r</sup> fore  
we wold be gyne at hym and so forth to thes of

**Here begynnyth the first batayle betwix Sir Gawayne and Sir Lancelot**  
**S**ir **Gawayne** rode more pan a pace and **Lancelot** **kyng**  
brothir rode w<sup>th</sup> hym in the fode of a squyre to do hym mysse So as  
they rode they saw y<sup>e</sup> kyngs fyggt on horse backe passinge fore So **ow**  
**Gawayne** and thes brothir rode be byrte them and asked them for  
what cause they fought so. One of the kyngs seyde we fyggt but for  
a simple matter for we y<sup>e</sup> be y<sup>e</sup> brothirne and be begotten of co man  
and of o woman. Alas seyde **ow** **Gawayne** **ow** seyde the ely broy  
there com a whyght herte thys way thys same day and many  
hondis chased hym and a whyght bractett was all they next  
hym and we understod hit was an adventure made for the thys  
feste of **Arthur** and there fore // wold have gone after to some  
wome me worship and here my younger brothir seyde he wold  
go after the harte for he was bygger kyng than I and for thys  
cause we felle at debate and so we thonght to press whiche of us  
was the bygger kyng // For soth thys ys a simple cause seyde **ow**  
**he** for unconte men ye sholde debate wyth all and no broy w<sup>th</sup> brothir

Therefore do be my counceyle other ellis. I wolt haue a do w<sup>th</sup> you to the  
 of yelde you to me And that ye go vnto kynge **Arthur** and yelde you  
 vnto hys grace. Sir **Byggt** seyde the y<sup>e</sup> brethirne we ar for foughten  
 and muche blode shadde we losse thowd<sup>e</sup> oure wyllfulnes And y<sup>e</sup> fore  
 we wolde be lott<sup>e</sup> to shadde a do w<sup>th</sup> you. Than do as I wolt shadde you  
 do seyde Sir **Galwayne** we a gre to fulfille your wyll. But by wylsom  
 shall we sey that we be thynd<sup>e</sup> sente. ye may sey by the Byggt that  
 folowith the queste of the herte. Now what ys your name seyde **Gal-**  
**wayne**. Sir my name ys **Sorlus** of the foreste seyde the elder And my  
 name ys seyde the younger **Baran** of the foreste and so they deputed and  
 wente to the kynge comte And Sir **Galwayne** folowed hys queste And  
 as he folowed the herte by the cry of the holdendis down be fore hym  
 there was a grete ryver and the herte swam on And as Sir **Galwayne**  
 wolde a folowed afftir there stood a Byggt on the other syde And seyde  
 Sir Byggt com nat on afftir this herte But if you wolt luste w<sup>th</sup>  
 me I wolt nat fayle as for that seyde Sir **Galwayne** to folow the  
 queste that I am inne And so made hys horse stoyne on the water  
 and anone they gate y<sup>e</sup> playnes and ran to gydres fülle hande But  
**Galwayne** smote hym of hys horse and than he bade hym yelde hym  
 Nay seyde the Byggt nat so for yowre ye haue the bett<sup>e</sup> of me on horseback  
 I pray the darynnte Byggt a Byggt on foote and macche we to gydr  
 w<sup>th</sup> oure swerde. What ys your name seyde Sir **Galwayne** Sir  
 my name ys **Alardyne** of the ounte. Than aytow dressed y<sup>e</sup> foylde  
 and smote to gydr But Sir **Galwayne** smote hym so harde thowd<sup>e</sup>  
 the helme that hit wente to the brayne And the Byggt felle doun  
 dede. A seyde **Saherys** that was a myghty stroke of a yonge Byggt  
 Than Sir **Galwayne** & **Saherys** folowed afftir Byggt so y<sup>e</sup> com a  
 Byggt oute of a chambur w<sup>th</sup> a swerde drawyn in hys honde and  
 told y<sup>e</sup> of the gray hound down in the Byggt of Sir **Galwayne** and y<sup>e</sup>  
 remanente he chased w<sup>th</sup> hys swerde oute of the castell And w<sup>th</sup> and  
 he com a gayne he seyde a my Byggt herte me repentis y<sup>e</sup> you





and dede for my sonaigrie lady gaff the to me and dotht have I kepte the  
and the dethe shall be doylt longest and I lye and anone he wente  
in to hys chamber and armyd hym and com oute fersely And there  
he mette with Sir **Gawayne** and he seide why hadde ye slayne my  
holdondys I wolde that ye had broght yowre angir upon me rather  
than upon a dome beste Upon seyt trouth seide the knyght I hadde a  
bonged me on thy holdondys and so I wote on the or yon go Then Sir  
**Gawayne** ahyght on fote and dressed hys shilde and stroke to gowes  
myghty & clode & schylde and stoned & petyngs & brake & hadwyrke  
that & blo purled doone to & fete So at the last Sir **Gawayne** smote  
so harde that & knyght felle to the erthe and pan he cryed may & pelded  
hym and he songht hym as he was a saintly knyght to save hys lyff  
Then shall der seid Sir **Gawayne** for skynne of my holdondys I wote  
make a mendys seide the knyght to my poldrey But Sir **Gawayne**  
wolde no may have but unlaced hys helme to have strekyn of hys hede  
pyght so com hys lady oute of a chamber and felle on kynd and so he  
smote of hys hede by myse fortune Alas seide **Gawayne** that ye fowle  
and shamefully done for that shame shall neu frome yon Also ye shold  
gyff may unto them that aske may for a knyght w<sup>t</sup> oute may ye w<sup>t</sup>  
oute worschyp // So Sir **Gawayne** was sore a stoned of the dethe of this  
fayre lady that he doyst nat what he dnd and seide unto the knyght  
a ryse I wote gyff the mercy // Nay nay seide the knyght I take no forse  
of thy may now for yon haste slayne w<sup>t</sup> wilom my love and my lady  
that I tode beste of all extyly tynge are sore repentit hit seide Sir  
**Gawayne** for I mente the stork into the But now I shall go unto kynge  
**Arthur** and telle hym of thyne adventure and how yon arte oncom  
by the knyght that wente in the queste of the dooyght knyght I take no  
force seide the knyght why I lye othir day but at the last for feare  
of dethe he swore to go unto kynge **Arthur** and he made hym to beje  
the one grethonde he fore hym on hys horse and the op he hymd hym  
What ye yowre name seide Sir **Gawayne** or we depte my name ye  
seide the knyght **Blamour** of the mayse And so he depte towarde

**Camelot** And **Sir Gawayne** wente unto the castell and made hym  
 redy to be there all myght and wolde haue vnarmed hym. What  
 wolt ye do seide **Saherps** Wolt ye vnarme you in this contrey ye  
 may thynke ye haue many foes in this contrey the had no finer  
 seide the word but y com In my byggest well armed & assayed  
**Sir Gawayne** hard and seide unto hym you nedde made byggest  
 you haste shamed thy byggestode for a byggest wote onte mercy  
 ye dissonoured also you haste slayne a fayre lady to the grete shame  
 unto the worldys ende and wote y nat you schalt haue gretenede of  
 me or you dexte frome us And there with one of them smote **Sir**  
**Gawayne** a grete stroke that myght he felle to the erthe And **Sa**  
**herps** smote hym a gayne fore and so they were assayed on y one  
 syde and on the othir that **Sir Gawayne** and **Saherps** were in sonste  
 of y lydes And one with a tolbe an archer smote **Sir Gawayne**  
 thowd the arme that hit greved hym wondurly fore And as they  
 sholde haue bene slayne there com my fayre ladyes and be souzt the  
 byggest of grace for **Sir Gawayne** And goodly at the requeste of res  
 ladyes they gaff **Sir Gawayne** and **Saherps** y lydes and made  
 them to yelde them as prisoners Than **Sir Gawayne** & **Saherps**  
 made grete dole alas seide **Sir Gawayne** my name grevith me  
 fore that I am lyke to be maymed and so made hys complaynte  
 pyteously So erly on the morue there com to **Sir Gawayne** one  
 of the my ladyes that had herd hys complaynte And seyd sir byggest  
 what chere that had herde hys complaynte Nat good Wot so hit ys  
 youre owne defaute seide the lady for ye haue done passage foule  
 for the sleynge of this lady the wyfch Wolt be grete vylony unto you  
 But be ye nat of kynge **Arthurs** seide the lady yes truly seide **Sir**  
**Gawayne** What ys your name seide **Sir** lady for ye muste telle or  
 ye passe this lady my name ys **Sir Gawayne** the byggest son **Lotte** of  
**Orkeney** and my modir ys kynge **Arthurs** sister Than as ye nedde  
 unto the kynge seide the lady Wolt seide the lady I schall so speke for you



that ye shall gade to go vnto kynge **Arthur** for hys lode and so she  
 dected and tolde the my. knyght how the psonere was kynge **Arthur**  
 needed And hys name ys Sir **Gawayne** kynge **Lottis** son of Orleneys  
 So they gaff hym fede and toke hym the hart of hys hede w<sup>th</sup> hym be cause hit  
 was in the queste And than they delynde hym vnder thys promyse þ  
 he sholde bere the dede lady vnto hym on thys man the hede of her  
 was hanged a bonte hys necke and the hole body of her be fore hym  
 on hys horse mane Byggt so he rode forth vnto **Camelot** And a none  
 as he was com **et**. And make kynge **Arthur** that Sir **Gawayne** was  
 sworne to telle of hys adventure and how he fild the lady and how  
 he wolde byss no more vnto the knyght where thowd the lady was  
 slayne Than the kynge and the queene were gretely displeased w<sup>th</sup> Sir  
**Gawayne** for the sterne of the lady And there by ordynance of the  
 queene there was sette a queste of ladies vpon Sir **Gawayne** and  
 they iuged hym for en wyyle he tyed is to be vnto all ladies and to  
 fyght for hys quarels and en that he sholde be curteys and nen to  
 refuse may to hym that askt may Thus was Sir **Gawayne** sworne  
 vpon the my. ennyghys that he sholde nen be a renste lady ne Jan  
 till woman but if he fyght for a lady and hys adversary fyghtt for  
 a noy And p<sup>r</sup> ending the adventure of Sir **Gawayne** þ he did at þ maynace  
 of **Arthur** ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**W**han Sir **Corre** was redy he mounted vpon horse backe &  
 rode affur the knyght vnto the bractett And so as he rode  
 he mette vnto a dwarf fuddenly that smote hys horse on þ hede  
 vnto a staff that he reled bakwarde hys spere lengthe w<sup>ch</sup> doft  
 pon so seyd Sir **Corre** for pon shalt nat passe thys way but if pon  
 myste vnto yondre knyght of the padirions Than was Sir **Corre**  
 ware where were y padirions and grette spery fad onte and y shild  
 hangynge on treys by the padirions I may nat tarry seyd Sir **Corre**  
 for I am in a queste that I myste nedys folow Than shalt nat passe

thes' they seide the dwarff and thered' all the blaw his hoine / Then  
 y com one armed on horsedack and dressed his shilde and com fast  
 towarde Sir **Corre** And then he dressed hym a yelste hem and so ran  
 to gdwes' And Sir **Corre** bare hym frome his horse and anone p' knyght  
 yelded hym to his mercy / But Sir' I have a felow in yondw' p'adryhon  
 that wolt' have a dw' with you a none he shall be dwelt com seide p' **Corre**  
 Then was he ware of a noy' knyght comynge w' grete radynownd and  
 cote of asen dressed to of that medayle that was to se / But p' knyght  
 smote Sir **Corre** a grete stroke in myddys' the shilde that his spere all  
 to shydde And Sir **Corre** smote hym thowd the shilde be nethe p'  
 hit wente thowd the cote of the knyght but the stroke slaw hym nat  
 And there with Sir **Corre** alyght and smote hym on the helme a gre  
 stroke and there with the knyght yelded hym and he songht hym of may  
 I wolt' well seide Sir **Corre** But ye and yowre felow muste go vnto  
 kynge **Arthur** and yelde you ysoners' vnto hym // By w'ghom shall  
 we sey we ar' thyow' sentz' ye shall sey by the knyght that wente in  
 queste of the knyght with the brachette // Now w'ghat be y' n' names  
 seide Sir **Corre** my name ys seide that one Sir **Phelot** of Langedone  
 and my name ys seide the othir Sir **Detpax** of Wynchylsee Now go ye  
 forth seide Sir **Corre** and god spede you and me Then cam p' dwarff  
 and seide vnto Sir **Corre** I pray you gyff me my bone I wolt' well seide  
 Sir **Corre** aske and ye shall have I aske no more seide the dwarff but  
 ye wolt' suffir me to do you synge for I wolt' fne no more yereamte  
 knyght / Well take an horse seide Sir **Corre** and ryde one w' me  
 ffor I wote seide the dwarff ye ryde astur the knyght with the brachette  
 brachette and I shall bynge you w'ghere he ys seide the knyght the  
 dwarff and so they rode thowd oute a foreste And at the laste they  
 were ware of n' p'adryhon dwyn by a pyory and that one shilde  
 was enedwed with w'ghyght and that othir shilde was yede / Then w'  
 Sir **Corre** alyght and toke the dwarff his frowde glayve and so  
 he com to the w'ghyght p'adryhon he saw m' damselfe' he m' hys  
 on a paylette slepyng and so he wente vnto the top p'adryhon



and founde a lady lyinge in hit slepyng but there was the wyf of  
brackett that layed at hym faste and than Sir **Corre** toke by the bra-  
cette and wente hys way and toke hit to the drawffe and with the  
noyse the lady com oute of the adonion and all hir damselles & sayde  
Wilt ye take my brackett frome me ye seyde Sir **Corre** this brackett  
hadde I bought frome kynge **Arthures** comte of kyngdom **Wilt** ye take it  
Sir **Corre** ye shall nat go furre with hit but that ye wilt be mette  
with and prynced I shall abyde what adventure that comyth by the  
grace of god and so mounted upon hys horse and passed on hys  
way towarde **Camelot** but hit was so neye myght he myght nat passe  
but latit further. And ye any lodgyng here nye seyde Sir **Corre**  
I know none seyde the drawff but here be fydys & an exmytage &  
there ye myste take lodgyng as ye fynde and with in a whyle per  
com they com to the exmytage and toke synce lodgyng as was per  
and as grasse and otis and brede for þe horsis þone hit was fpedde  
and fult harde was þe sonys but there they rested them all myght  
till on the morne and herde a masse devoutly and so toke þe leve  
of the frymte and so Sir **Corre** prayde the frymte to pray for hym  
and he seyde he wolde and he toke hym to god and so mounted upon  
horse backe and red towarde **Camelot** a longe whyle. So whil þe they  
herde a myghte cattle lode that com affar them and seyde myght  
a byde and yelde my brackett that you toke frome my lady. Sir **Corre**  
returnd a gayne and he helde hym how he was a semely myght  
and well horsed and armed at all pointes than Sir **Corre** dressed  
hys shyld and toke hys glayve in hys hondys and so they com fersely  
on as freyshe men and droff both horse and man to the erthe &  
none they arose lightly and drew hys swerde as eagerly as Lyons  
and put þe shyldis be fore them and smote thorow þe shyldys þe  
cuntels felle on both sides. Also they turned þe helms that the  
hote blade ran oute and the therte mayles of þe drawff they  
awff and rooffe in sundry that þe hote blade ran to the erthe and

botte they had many woundes and were passynge deere. But **Sir Corne**  
 aspyed that þe toke þe knyght saynted and then he seded faste upon  
 hym and doubled his strokes and frote hym to the erthe on the one  
 syde. Then **Sir Corne** bade hym yelde hym. That wylt I nat seye.  
**Abellus** whyle lasteth the lyff and the soule in my body onles þe  
 wylt geff me the braccette. That wylt I nat seye. **Sir Corne** for hit  
 was my queste to bynge a gayne the braccette yee of botte. Wylt  
 that cam a Damesell rydynge on a palfrey as faste as she myght  
 dyde and cryed wylt lode wylt outo **Sir Corne** what wylt yee  
 me seye **Sir Corne** be sicke the seye the Damesell for kynge **Arthur**  
 lode yff me a gyfte I requyre the santitt knyght as þou arte a santitt  
 man. Now seye **Sir Corne** aske a gyfte and I wylt gyff hit þou  
 gramte me seye the Damesell. Now I aske the hede of thyse false  
 knyght. **Abellus** for he ys the moste outerauous knyght þe wylt  
 and the greetist unthreuer. I am toke seye **Sir Corne** of þe gyfte  
 I shal geve þou. But lette hym make a mendre in that he hathe  
 trespassed a gayne þou. Now seye the Damesell I may nat I may  
 nat for he shal myne done brotere be fore myne yzen that was  
 a bettre knyght than he and he had had grace and I kneled halfe  
 an doore be fore hym in the myre so to sanff my brotere lyff that  
 had done hym no damage but fought wylt hym by addventure of  
 armes. And þe for all that I conde do he frake of his hede. Wylte  
 fore I requyre the as þou arte a bredd knyght to gyff me my gyfte  
 othwelle. I shal spame the in all the counte of kynge **Arthur**  
 for he ys the falsyste knyght bynge and a greet destroyer of men  
 namely of good knyght. So wylan **Abellus** herde this he was more  
 a ferde and yelde hym and asked may I may nat. Now seye **Sir**  
**Corne** but I shal be founde false of my zynge for ere wylte wylan  
 I wolde hane tane þou to may yedolde none aske but yff þe had the  
 braccett a gayne that was my queste and there wylt he toke off  
 his helme and there wylt he arose and fledde and **Sir Corne** affir





hym and smote of hys hede quyte Now for seide the damsellet hit ys  
nere myght I pray you com and lodge with me here by at my place  
I wolt well seide **Sir Torre** for my horse and I have saved adyde syn  
we deyped frome **Camelot** and so he rode w<sup>th</sup> her and had passynge good  
chere with hir and she had a passynge fyve olde knyghts into hir hus-  
bande that made hym good chere and well easyd both hys horse & hym  
and on the mornynge herde hys masse and hake hys faste and toke hys  
lede of the knyght and of the lady that he songht hym to telle hys name  
Truly he seide my name ys **Sir Torre** that was late made knyght and  
thys was the firste queste of armes that enyded to bringe a guyne  
that ys knyght **Abellus** toke a way frome kynge **Arthur**s court  
Now sayre knyght seide the lord and the lady and ye com here mome  
marcys he here yowre poore lodgyng and hit shall be all dayes at  
yowre comandement So **Sir Torre** deyped and com to **Camelot** on  
the thrid day by noone And the kynge and the quene and all the court  
was passynge fayne of hys comynge and made grete joy that he was  
com a guyne for he wente frome the court w<sup>th</sup> that finto But as  
kynge **Wellhuor** hys fadir gaff hym an olde com for And kynge **Arth**  
gaff hym armes and swerde of ellis had he none of finto But rode so  
fyrthe hym self a lone And than the kynge and the quene by **Aslions**  
advise made hym swere to telle of hys adventures and so he tolde and  
made pryores of hys dedys as hit ys he fore reserced w<sup>th</sup> seide for the  
kynge and the quene made grete joy Nay nay seide **As** thys ys but  
lapis that he hath do for he shall pryde anoble knyght of prydes as  
few knyngs and knyghts and curtyse and of good tacheys & passynge  
trewe of hys pryse and nen shall he oute rage w<sup>th</sup> seide the lord  
**Aslions** wordis kynge **Arthur** gaff an foleom of londis that  
felle unto hym And here endith the queste of **Sir Torre** kynge  
**Wellhuor**s soune ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**G**han **kyng Pellynore** armed hym and mounted upon  
 his horse and rode more than a pace aft<sup>r</sup> lady & the knyght  
 had a way And as he rode in a foryste he saw in a valey a damselfe sitte  
 by a well and a wounded knyght in her armys And **kyng Pellynore**  
 saluted hir And began she was warr of hym she cryed on loud and  
 seyde helpe me knyght for I am y<sup>e</sup> sale // But **kyng Pellynore** wolde  
 nat tarry he was so eger in his queste and en she cryed an & tymes  
 aftir helpe // When she saw he wolde nat a byde she prayde vnto god  
 to lende hym as muche nede of helpe as she had and that he myght  
 feele hit or he deryed So as the booke telleth the knyght there dyed that  
 was wounded where fore for p<sup>r</sup>ince forow the lady stode hir self w<sup>th</sup>  
 his swerde as **kyng Pellynore** rode in that valey he mette w<sup>th</sup> a poore  
 man a laborer which seyde salyst yon ony knyght rydynge p<sup>r</sup>o way  
 fedyng a lady // ye sir seyde the man I saw that knyght and the lady that  
 made grete dole And yonder be nat<sup>r</sup> in a valey thes<sup>e</sup> shall ye se y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ad<sup>r</sup>  
 lions And one of the knyghts of the p<sup>r</sup>ad<sup>r</sup>ions chalenged that lady of  
 that knyght and sh<sup>e</sup> seyde she was his wyf neere where fore he sh<sup>d</sup>  
 fede hir no furth<sup>r</sup> And so thes<sup>e</sup> waged batayle in that quarell that  
 one seyde he wolde fede hir by force And that o<sup>r</sup> seyde he wolde fede  
 the vnk<sup>e</sup> of her for he was hir hymnesman and wolde fede hir to his  
 hymne so for thes<sup>e</sup> quarell he lesse hem fygghyng And if ye w<sup>ll</sup> ryde a  
 pace ye shall fynde them fygghyng And the lady was lefthel<sup>w</sup> y<sup>e</sup> samys  
 in the p<sup>r</sup>ad<sup>r</sup>ions God thanke the seyde **kyng Pellynore** than he rode  
 a valey tyll he had a syght of the y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ad<sup>r</sup>ions and thes<sup>e</sup> knyghtes  
 fygghyng And anone he rode vnto the p<sup>r</sup>ad<sup>r</sup>ions and saw the lady  
 And she was there for she was his queste and seyde fayre lady ye  
 muste go w<sup>th</sup> me vnto the court of **kyng Arthur** Sir knyght seyde  
 the y<sup>e</sup> samys yonder ar y<sup>e</sup> knyght that fyggh<sup>t</sup> for the lady // So ye p<sup>r</sup>o  
 and depte them and be ye agreed w<sup>th</sup> them and than may ye hade  
 hir at yon<sup>r</sup> plesur // ye sey w<sup>ll</sup> seyde **kyng Pellynore** And anone  
 he rode be w<sup>th</sup> them and depte them and asked yem y<sup>e</sup> cause why



they songht // Sir Emgast seide that one I shall telle you. this lady is my  
 knyghts woman mye. my aduice donystur And began to seide for complaine  
 that she was with hym more for dede. I waged butyke to fight w<sup>th</sup> hym  
 Sir Emgast seide this oth<sup>r</sup> wifes name was **Outelake** of Wenteleunde and  
 this lady I gite to my wydesse of handis and armes this day at **Arthur**  
 court. That is nat trew seide kyng **Pellynor** for ye com. In hiddeynly p<sup>r</sup>  
 as we were at the tyme feste and toke a deye this lady or any man  
 myght make hym redy And there fore hit was my queste to byngte her  
 a gayne and you botte oth<sup>r</sup> ellis p<sup>r</sup> one of us to lide in the fynde p<sup>r</sup> fore  
 this lady shall go with me oth<sup>r</sup> I shall dye p<sup>r</sup> fore for so hadde I promysed  
 kyng **Arthur** and there fore fight ye no more for none of you shall have  
 pte of hir at this tyme And if ye lyst for to fight for hir w<sup>th</sup> me I wolt  
 defende hir. Well seide the kyng make you redy and we shall assayle  
 you with all oure power And as kyng **Pellynor** wolde hadde put his  
 horse frome hym Sir **Outelake** roff his horse thorow with a swerde  
 seide now art thou a foote as well as we. And began kyng **Pellynor**  
 aspyed that his horse was lyghtly he fere frome his horse and knelt oute  
 his swerde and put his knyght a fore hym and seide Emgast take the well  
 for you shall have a buffete for the stynge of my horse So kyng **Pellynor**  
 staff hym with a stroke vpon the shoulde that he clade the hede done to p<sup>r</sup>  
 chyne and felle done to the erthe dede. Then he turned hym to the o<sup>r</sup>  
 kyng that was fore wounded but began he saw that buffete he wolde  
 nat fight but knelt done and seide take my cosyn this lady do you  
 as ye wille queste and I requyre you as ye be a trew kyng put hir  
 to no shame nor bylomy. And seide kyng **Pellynor** wolt ye nat  
 fight for hir. No seide the kyng I wolt nat fight with such a kyng  
 of p<sup>r</sup>odes as ye be. Well seide kyng **Pellynor** I promysed you she  
 shall have no vyllany by me as I am trew kyng but now me dantis  
 an horse seide kyng **Pellynor** but I wolt have **Outelake** horse. Sir  
 ye shall nat nede seide the kyng for I shall geff you such an horse as  
 shall please you so that ye wolt lodge w<sup>th</sup> me for hit is nere myght  
 I wolt well seide kyng **Pellynor** a byde w<sup>th</sup> you all myght and p<sup>r</sup> fore had



With hym ryght good chere and fered of the beste With passing good wyne  
 and had myrre veste that myght And on the morne he sayde masse and  
 dyed And so was brought hym a fayne day comfere And kynge **Pelly**  
**uors** sad yll sette vpon hym Now what shal I calle you seide the knyght  
 In as much as ye haue my consyn at yowre desyre of yowre queste  
 Sir I shal telle you my name ys kynge **Wellwyn** kynge of the isle  
 knyght of the table rounde Now am I glad seide the knyght that such  
 a noble man shold haue the rule of my consyn Now what ys yowre  
 name seide kynge **Wellwyn** I pray you telle me Sir my name ys Sir  
**Amelot de Logres** and the lady my consyn her name ys called **Yenye**  
 And the knyght that was in the of yadithon was my wyue broþer  
 a passinge good knyght And his name ys **Bryau** of the isle and he  
 ys fitt to do any wronge or to fight With any man But if he  
 be fore sent on hit ys merdayle seide kynge **Wellwyn** he wolde nat  
 haue a do With me Sir he wolde nat haue a do With no man But  
 if hit be at his requeste I pray you bryng hym to the court one of  
 thes dayes seide kynge **Wellwyn** Sir he wolde com to goddys ye shal be  
 Well com seide kynge **Wellwyn** to the court of kynge **Arthur** and ye shal  
 be greetly alowed for yowre comynge And so he depyed to the lady and  
 brought her to **Camelot** But so as they rode in a valey hit was fyll  
 of stonys and there the ladys horse stumbled & thred her dowe  
 and her arme was sore brynd that nere honde she swooned for payne  
 alas seide the lady my name ys oute of lytthe wythere powde I myste  
 ned ys veste me ye shal Well seide kynge **Wellwyn** and so he a lyt  
 vnder a trellwere was fayne grasse and he put his horse to and  
 so rested hem vnder the tre and slepte tyll hit was my myght And  
 when he awoke he wolde haue rydden forth But the lady seide  
 ye may as Well ride bakwarde as forwarde hit ys so durt to per  
 a lode styll and made y thene lodgyng Then kynge **Wellwyn** put  
 of his armoure that so a luttel to fore mydmyt they herde y twyng  
 of an horse be ye styll seide kynge **Wellwyn** for we shal fynde of



from adventure And there he armed hym / So ryght down he for  
hym there mette in myght that one com froward **Camelot** And that  
other com from the north and cryed salved of and asked what tiding  
at **Camelot** seyde that one myght / Be my hede there hade I beie and  
assured the comte of kynge **Arthur** and there ys such a felshipp þat þey  
may neu be broken And well mye all the world holden w **Arthur**  
for there ys the flour of chivalry And now for this cause am I ryd  
in to the north to telle our chystaynes of the felshipp that ys w  
holden w **Arthur** as for that seyde the other myght / I have  
brought a remedy w **me** that ys the greetest poyson þat ys here  
speke off And to **Camelot** wolt / w **me** for we have a frende  
ryght myght the kynge well espyched that shall poyson kynge **Arthur**  
for so hath he promysed our chystaynes and receyved grete giffes for  
to do hit / Be weare seyde the other myght of **lylion** for he knyd  
all thyng by the doctres cause as for that wolt / nat lett seyde þ  
myght and so they departed in sondur And anon after that kynge  
**wellmore** made hym wede and hys lady and rode towarde **Camelot** /  
as they com by the well there as the wounded myght was a the lady  
there he founde the myght and the lady etyn w **me** of w **me**  
best all save the hede where fore he made grete sorow and wepte  
passinge sore and seyde alas / hir byff myght / hade saved but I was  
so ferse in my quest that I wote nat a byde / where fore make ye my  
doole seyde the lady / I wote nat seyde kynge **wellmore** but my herte  
doyt sore of the dethe of hir that hert pondur for she was a passyng  
fayre lady and a yonge / I wote wolt do by myne advise take þ myght  
and sette hym be buried In an Symtage And than take þ ladyes  
hede and bere hit w **me** into kynge **Arthur** So kynge **wellmore**  
toke this dede myght on his shuld and brought hym to the Symtage  
and charged the cheryte w **me** the coorse that myght shold be done  
for the soule and take ye þe tharneyse for your payme / hit shall  
be done seyde the cheryte as I wolt answer to god And þ w **me** they

deþted and com there as the lady lay with a fawye palour and þe þe greded  
 þynge **Pellynore** passinge soþe whan he toled on hit for muche þys  
 herte caste vnto that bysage And so by noone they com vnto **Camelot**  
 And the kynge and the quene was passinge fawne of þys comynge to  
 the comte and there he was made to swere vpon the mynster  
 to telle the trouth of þys queste frome the one ende to that of a kynge  
**Pellynore** seide quene **Gwenyvere** were gretly to blame that ye saced  
 nat the ladyes byff aradam seide kynge **Pellynore** ye were gretly  
 to blame and ye wolde nat sace þynge done byff and ye myght  
 But salf þynge dyspleshre I was so furþons in my queste þe wolde  
 nat a byde and that repentis me and schalt do dayes of my byff  
 Truly ye ought soþe to repente hit seide **ky** for that lady was þynge  
 done donystre be gotyn of the lady of the **unte** and that kynge þe was  
 dede was þynge dede and shold be dede dede þynge and he was a myght  
 good kynge of a þynge man and wolde a þynge a good man to þe  
 comte was he comynge And þys name was **sw apples** of þe lundie  
 and a kynge com he þynge þynge and seide þynge with a þynge And þys  
 name was **lorayne** le saccage a false kynge and a dowsarde and  
 the for grette sordde and dole seide þynge seide with the seide and þynge  
 name was **Alþne** and he comse ye wolde nat a byde and the þynge  
 ye schalt se þynge beste frende sayte þynge whan ye be in the grettest dis  
 tress that en ye were oþer schalt be and that penance god schalt  
 ordayned þynge for that dede that he þe sholde truste mosten of oþer  
 man on þe he schalt se þynge there ye schalt be slayne aye forthyn  
 hit hit seide kynge **Pellynore** þe schalt me be tye but god may  
 west for do desten þynge whan the queste was done of þe whynge  
 herte the whynge folowed **sw Gawayne** and the queste of þe bract  
 whynge folowed **sw Tor** kynge **Pellynors** son And the queste of þe  
 lady that the kynge toke a day whynge at that tyme folowed kynge  
**Pellynore** whan the kynge stablyshed all the kynge and gaff þynge  
 vngesse and bondes and charged them neu to do outerage nor moþe



and all wayes to the cresson And to giff m<sup>e</sup> vnto hym that asyth m<sup>e</sup>  
vpon payne of forsiture of worship and lordship of kynge **Arthur**  
for don move and all wayes to do ladies/ damescels/ and Iantillies  
men and wyddowes strengthe send in the ryght and neu to enforce  
thein vpon payne of dethe Also that no man take no batayles ma  
wringefull quarrell for no lorde ne for no worldis goodis So vnto  
thys were all knyghts sworne of the table rounde both olde & yonge  
and eny yeie so were the sworne at the the feste of **Whitson**

**E**xplait the wedding of King **Arthur**

**S**o after thes questis of Syr Gawayne Syr  
 Ector and kynge Pellynore than hit be telle that aye hy  
 on selle in dotage on the damysell that kynge Pellynore  
 brought to court and she was one of the damysels of the lady of the  
 lake that hit got **Nempe** But **Merlion** wolde nat lette her have  
 no rest But all wayes he wolde be wyth her And en she made  
 a good chere to the lady that had lerned of hym all maner of thyng  
 that she desyred and he was assented vpon hir that he  
 myght nat be from hir So on a tyme he tolde to kynge  
**Artur** that he scholde nat endure longe but for all  
 his craft he scholde be putte in to the evyl queyn and so  
 he tolde the kyng many thyngis that scholde be falle  
 But all wayes he warned the kyng to bepe well his swer  
 de and the schawberde scholde be stolon by a woman frome  
 hym that he moste trusted Also he tolde kyng **Artur**  
 that he scholde mysse hym And yett had ye levis than all  
 your lordis have me a gayne I sayde the kyng syn ye  
 knowe of your evyl adventure purvey for hit and putt  
 hit a way by your craft that mysse adventure may fende  
 a hit wolt not be he depte frome the kyng And w<sup>th</sup> in  
 a while the damysell of the lake depte and **Merlion**  
 went w<sup>th</sup> her enmore where som en she yode and othyn ty  
 med a wolde have had hir preynt a way by his subyle  
 craft. Than she made hym to swere that he scholde neu do  
 noue meffamentente vpon hir if he wolde have his wil  
 And so he swore. Than she and **Merlion** wente on y<sup>er</sup> see vn  
 to the londe of **Benwyke** there ad kyng **San** was kyng  
 that had grete warre a yeste kyng **Cladis** And there  
 a spake w<sup>th</sup> kyng **David** wyff a fayre lady and a good hir  
 name was **Flayne** And there he sawe yonge **Lancelot**  
 And there the queene made grete sorowe for the mortal  
 werre that kyng **Cladis** made on hir lordis Take



none gebynesse seyde **H.** for this same cyrle yonge **Lancelot** shall w<sup>t</sup> in this xx<sup>th</sup> yere revenge you on kyng **Clandas** that all crystendom shall speke of hit and this same cyrle shall be the moste man of worship of the world and his first name ys **Galahad** that know I well seyde **H.** And syn ye have confermed hym **Lancelot** that is trouth seyde the quene his name was first **Galahad** and **Merlyn** seyde the quene shall I lyve to se my son succe amon of gawesse. yee handely lady on my pello ye shall se hit and lyve many wynters after. Than sone after the lady and **H.** depteid and by weyes he shewid hir many wondres and so come into Cornuayle and all wayed he lay a houte to have hir maydynhode and she was en passynge wery of hym and wolde have bene delivred of hym for she was a ferde of hym for cause he was a devyle son and she coude not be styfte of of hym by no meane. And so one a tyme **Merlyn** ded shew hir in a booke where as was a grette wonder and wrought by entyngment that went vnder a grette stone. So by his subtile working she made **H.** to go vnder that stone to latte hir wete of the mayles there but she wrought so there for hy that he come nen onte for all the craufte he coude do and so she depteid and leste **H.** And as kyng **Artur** rode to **Camelot** and helde there a grette feste w<sup>t</sup> myrth and joy. And sone after he returned vnto **Cardolle** and p<sup>r</sup> come vnto **Artur** newe tydyngs that the kyng of **Denmarke** and the kyng of **Wylonde** that was his brotther and the kyng of **Yvale** and the kyng of **Sorleyse** and the kyng of **Yle** of **Longraynse** all these v. kyngs w<sup>t</sup> a grette oste was entrede in to the londis of kyng **Artur** and brent and slewe and destroyed clene byfore hem bothe p<sup>r</sup> cities and castels that hit was pite to here. Alas seyde **Artur** yet had I nen reste

one monethes syne I was byng crowned of this londe. I so  
 shall I ned reste tyll I mete w<sup>th</sup> the kyng. In a fayre felde  
 that I make myne a vow for my trewe lyege peple shall  
 nat be destroyed In my defaunte y<sup>e</sup> fore go w<sup>th</sup> me w<sup>th</sup> so  
 w<sup>th</sup> and a byde w<sup>th</sup> that w<sup>th</sup>. Then byng **Artur**  
 lette wryte vnto byng **Pellinor** and prayde hym In all  
 haste to make hym redy w<sup>th</sup> sucche peple as we myght  
 byghtt best. arere and to hyze hym astir In haste. Then  
 all the barownes were wrotte prebably that y<sup>e</sup> kyng  
 wolde depte so suddaynly but the kyng by no meane wolde  
 a byde but made wrytyng vnto them that were nat ther  
 and bade hyze them astir hym sucche as were nat at that  
 tyme at that courte. Then the kyng come to quene  
**Gweny** and seyde vnto her madame make you redy for  
 ye shall go w<sup>th</sup> me for I may nat longe mysse you ye shall  
 cause me to be the more hardy what adventure so be falle  
 me sette w<sup>th</sup>. I nat wryte my lady to be in no Iopardye  
 Sir she seyde I am at your comamendement and shall be  
 redy at all tymes. So on y<sup>e</sup> morn the kyng and y<sup>e</sup> quene  
 depte w<sup>th</sup> sucche felyschyp as they had and come In to y<sup>e</sup> north  
 In to a foreste be syde **qumbr** and there lodged hem  
 So when this worde come vnto the v. byng a boyn  
 seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Artur** was be syde **qumbr** In a foreste. So  
 there was a bynggt brotqr vnto one of y<sup>e</sup> v. byngt that  
 gaff hem sucche counseyle. ye knowe well that Sir **Artur**  
 that the floure of chivalry of the worlde w<sup>th</sup> god And  
 qu proved by the grette batayle he did w<sup>th</sup> the. y<sup>e</sup> bynggt  
 and there fore hyze ze vnto hym myght and day tyll that  
 we be nyze hym for the lenger he tarreth the bygger



he is and we en tpe weyter and he is so corageous of hym  
self that he is com to tpe felds w<sup>th</sup> lityll peple and there  
fore lette us sette vpon hym or day and we shall sle doo  
ne of his knyghts that none shall helpe o<sup>r</sup> of t<sup>he</sup>em So  
vnto t<sup>he</sup>is comfeyle t<sup>he</sup>se v. knyghts assented and so they passed  
forth w<sup>th</sup> hir oste t<sup>he</sup>erow north walyd and come vpon  
**Artur** he knyght and sette vpon his oste as t<sup>he</sup> knyge  
and his knyghts were in t<sup>he</sup>ere panyloun. So knyge  
**Artur** was vnarmed and leyde hym to reste w<sup>th</sup> his  
quene **Gwenivere** Sir seyde sir **Laynos** his is nat best  
we be vnarmed we shall haue no nede seyde Sir **Bar  
ne** and Sir **Gryfflet** y<sup>t</sup> lay in a lityll panyloun by t<sup>he</sup>  
kynge So w<sup>th</sup> that they harde a grete noyse & many  
cryed trefon Alas seyde **Artur** we be be trayed vnto  
ouris felows than he cryed. So they were armed a  
none at all poynted. Than come y<sup>a</sup> wounded knyght  
vnto t<sup>he</sup> knyge and seyde Sir save youre self and my  
lady t<sup>he</sup> quene for oure oste is destroyed and slayne is  
murd<sup>er</sup> of oure peple So a none t<sup>he</sup> knyge and y<sup>e</sup> quene  
and t<sup>he</sup> v. knyghts toke hir horsed and rode toward  
gumbr to passe on hit and t<sup>he</sup> water was so roche y<sup>t</sup>  
they were a ferde to passe on hit Now may ye c<sup>ho</sup>se  
seyde knyge **Artur** what<sup>er</sup> ye woll a hyde and take  
t<sup>he</sup> adventure on t<sup>he</sup>is syde for and ye be takyn they  
sle you yet were me leid to dey in t<sup>he</sup>is water than to  
falle in youre enemyes handis. Seyde t<sup>he</sup> quene and  
t<sup>he</sup>ere to be slayne And as they stode talkyng Sir  
**Laynos** saw t<sup>he</sup> v. knyghts comyng on horseback by hem

self a lone wyth qur sperys In qur condic' abynt towarde  
 hem lo seyde Sir **Layne** yondir be tpe .v. byngf lette vo  
 go to them and make hem. That were folys seyde Sir  
**Gawayne** for we ar but .ij. and they be fyve. That  
 y<sup>e</sup> trouth seyde Sir **Gryfflette** no force seyd sir **Layne**  
 wolt vnder take for .ij. of tpe beste of hem and than  
 may ye .ij. vnder take for all tpe othir .ij. And there  
 wath Sir **Lay** lette his horse reune as faste as he myght  
 to encountir w<sup>th</sup> one of them And strake one of p<sup>r</sup> byngf  
 thorow tpe shelde and also tpe body a fadom that p<sup>r</sup> byngf  
 felle to tpe erthe starke dede. That sawe Sir **Gaway**  
**ne** and ran vnto a notur byng so harde that he smote  
 hym doun and thorow tpe body w<sup>th</sup> a spere that he felle  
 to tpe erthe dede. Than Sir **Gryfflet** ran to p<sup>r</sup> .ij.  
 bynge and gaff hym such a falle that his necke brake  
 In sondir. Anone Sir **Artour** ran to and othir and  
 smote hym thorow tpe body w<sup>th</sup> a spere that he felle to tpe  
 erthe dede. Than Sir **Lay** ran vnto tpe .v. bynge and  
 smote hym so harde on tpe helme that tpe strobe cleve  
 tpe helme and fede to tpe erthe. That was well fry  
 ben seyde bynge **Artour** and worshipfully gaste p<sup>r</sup> golde  
 tpe promysse there fore I shall no more tpe whyle that  
 I lyve. And there w<sup>th</sup> all they sette tpe quene in a barge  
 In to humbly. But all wayes quene **Gwenyvere** pray  
 sed Sir **Lay** for his dedis and seyde what lady that ye love  
 and she love you nat a gayne she were gretly to blame  
 And a mouge all ladies seyde tpe quene I shall bere y<sup>e</sup>  
 noble fame for ye spake a grette worde and fulfilled  
 hit worshipfully. And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> tpe quene depected. Than  
 tpe bynge and tpe .ij. byngf rode in to tpe foreste  
 for there they supposed to here of them that were astaid



and there founde þe moſte pty of this peple and tolde hem  
how þe moſte pty of þe .v. kynge were dede and therefore  
lette vs holde vs to gedyns tyll hit be day. And when  
hir oſte hane aſpyed that þe chryſteyned be ſlayne they wold  
make ſuch dole that they ſhall nat helpe hem ſelf. And  
ryght as the kynge ſeyde ſo hit was. For when they founde  
the .v. kynge dede they made ſuch dole that they falle downe  
of there horſes. And there w<sup>t</sup> all comd in kynge *Artur*  
but w<sup>t</sup> a fewe peple and ſlewe on the ryght honde and  
the lyfte honde that well nyne þe aſcaped no man but all  
were ſlayne to þe number of xxv. And when þe batayle  
was all ended the kynge kneled downe and thankid god  
mekeſy and than he thank ſente for þe quene. And anon  
ſhe was comd and made grete joy of þe end comynge of  
þe batayle. There w<sup>t</sup> all come one to kynge *Artur*  
and tolde hym that kynge *Dellymore* was w<sup>t</sup> in .iiij.  
myle w<sup>t</sup> a grete ſte and ſeyde go vnto hym and let hym  
vnderſtonde how we hane ſpedde. So w<sup>t</sup> in a whyle kynge  
*Dellymore* comd w<sup>t</sup> a grete oſte and ſaluted the peple &  
the kynge and there was grete joy on euy ſyde. Then  
the kynge let ſerch how many peple he had ſlayne and there  
was founde but lytyll paſte .iiij. C. men ſlayne and .viij.  
knyghts of the table rounde in þe prynces. Then the  
kynge lat reue and debyſe in the ſame place there as  
the batayle was done and made a fayre abbay & endelwe  
hit w<sup>t</sup> grete bybelode and let calle hit the abbay of *la*  
*arie adventure* but when ſom of them come in to there  
contrayed þe as the .v. kynge were kynge and tolde hem  
how they were ſlayne there was made grete dole. And as  
the kynge *Artur* enemyed as the kynge of North Wales  
and the kynge of the north knewe of this batayle they

were passynge qeuy And so þe kynge retourned vnto **Camelot**  
**lot** In qaste And wqan he was com to **Camelot** and  
 he called kynge **Pellynore** vnto hym and seyde ye vnder-  
 stonde well that we haue loste viij. knyghts of þe beste  
 of the table rounde and by yourre aduise we muste chose  
 viij. knyghts of þe beste we may fynde In this courte Sir  
 seyde **Pellynore** I shall comfayle you after my conceyte  
 the beste wyse. Therer ar In yourre courte full noble  
 knyghts bothe of olde and yonge And be myne aduise ye  
 shall chose half of the olde and half of the yonge whiche  
 be the olde seyde kynge **Artur** Sir me semyth kynge  
**Brace** that hath wedded yourre syster **Gorgon le Fay**  
 And the kynge of the lake. And Sir **Geruise de Renell** a  
 noble knyght And Sir **Galagard** the fowry. This is  
 well derysed seyde **Artur** and ryght so shall hit be  
 flow whiche ar the iij. yonge knyghts Sir the fyrste is  
 Sir **Galwayne** yourre neww that is as good a knyght of  
 this tyme as is any In this londe And the secunde as me  
 semyth beste is Sir **Gryfflette le fyse de du** that is a good  
 knyght and full desyrond In armys. And who may se hym  
 lybe he shall proue a good knyght. And the thirde as me  
 semyth yow well worthy to be one of the table rounde.  
 Sir **Lay the Seneschall** for many tymes he hath done  
 full worshipfully. And now at yourre laste batayle he And  
 full honorably for to vndertake to sle. ij. knyghts. Be my  
 qede seyde **Artur** ye sey sote he is beste worthy to be  
 a knyght of rounde table of any that is reuerfed yet. And  
 he had done no more prouesse this lyve dayes. flow seyde  
 kynge **Pellynore** chose you of. ij. knyghts that I shall re-  
 herce whiche is moste worthy of Sir **Bagdemagus** &  
 Sir **For** my son but for be cause he is my son I may nat



praysse hym but ellys and he were nat my son I durste  
say that of his age y<sup>e</sup> is nat in this londe a bett knyght  
than he is nor of bettir condicions? and lot to do any wro  
nge and lot to take any wronge // **Be my hede seyde**  
**Artur** he is a passing good knyght as any ye spake of  
this day that wote I well seyde the kynge for I have  
sene hym proved but he seyth but lytil. but he doth much  
more for I know none in all this countrie and he were  
as well borne on this modir syde as he is on your syde  
that is lyke hym of p<sup>r</sup>esse and of myght. And there fore  
I will have hym at this tyme and leve. **Sir Bagdemag**  
**no** tyll a notur tyme // So when they were asofyn by  
the assent of the barouns. So were there founden in this  
seged this knyghts name y<sup>t</sup> here ar referenced and so were  
they sette in this seged where of **Sir Bagdemagno** tyll  
a notur tyme was wondurly wrote that **Sir Gorn**  
advaniced a fore hym and there fore soddenly he depte  
frome y<sup>e</sup> court and toke his squyre w<sup>th</sup> hym and rode  
longe in a foreste tyll they come to a crosse and there he  
a lyght and seyde his prayers devoutely. The meane  
while his squyre founde wretyn upon the crosse that  
**Bagdemagno** sholde ned retourne unto the court a  
gayne tyll he had wonne a knyght of the table rounde  
body for body // loo seyde his squyre here I fynde wrytyn  
of you there fore I rede you retourne a gayne to y<sup>e</sup> court  
that shall I ned seyde **Bagdemag** tyll men speke of  
me ryght grete worship and that I be worty to be a  
knyght of y<sup>e</sup> rounde table. And so he rode forth and there  
by the way he founde a bramicke of holy herbe that was  
the signe of the **Sancgreal** and no knyght founde no  
fucte to bynd but he were a good byer and a man of

preste So ad Sir **Bagdemagus** rode to se many adven-  
 tured So hit happed hym to com to the roche there ad  
 the lady of the lake had put **h** vnder p<sup>e</sup> stone and there  
 he herde hym make a grette dole where fore Sir **Bag-**  
**demagus** wolde haue holpyr hym and wente vnto p<sup>e</sup>  
 grette stone and hit was so q<sup>u</sup>er that a hundred men  
 myght nat lyfte hit vp Whan **her** **you** wryste that  
 he was p<sup>e</sup> he bade hym leue q<sup>u</sup>o labour for all was in  
 vayne for he myght ned be holpyr but by q<sup>u</sup>er q<sup>u</sup>er that put  
 hym there And so **Bagdemagus** depte and did many  
 adventures and preued after a full good byngg<sup>e</sup> it come  
 ayeu to the court and was made byngg<sup>e</sup> of the rounde  
 table So on the morn<sup>e</sup> there be felle new tydyngis  
 and many oth<sup>e</sup>r adventures

**W**hen hit be felle that **Artgure** and many of  
 q<sup>u</sup>o byngg<sup>e</sup> rode on q<sup>u</sup>intynge in to a grette fo-  
 weste And hit happed byngg<sup>e</sup> **Artgure** and byngg<sup>e</sup>  
**Byence** and Sir **Accalon** of **Galle** followed a grette  
 harte for they .iiij. were well horsed And so they chased  
 so faste that w<sup>t</sup> in a myle they .iiij. were more than  
 myle from her felyshep And at the laste they chased so  
 fore that they felle q<sup>u</sup>o horsed vnder nethe t<sup>e</sup>ren And the  
 horsed were so fure that they felle downe dede. Whan we  
 re all .iiij. on foote and en they saw the harte be fore t<sup>e</sup>ren  
 passynge over And in boked. What shall we do seyde  
 byngg<sup>e</sup> **Artgure** we ar harde be staddle lette us go on foote  
 seyde byngg<sup>e</sup> **Byence** tyll we may mete w<sup>t</sup> some lodgyng  
 Whan were they ware of the harte that lay on a gte  
 wat<sup>r</sup> banke and a brackette bytyng on q<sup>u</sup>o t<sup>e</sup>rote it mo  
 oth<sup>e</sup>r houndis come after Whan byngg<sup>e</sup> **Artgure** blethe  
 the pryce and dyggt the harte. Whan the byngg<sup>e</sup> loled



a bonte the worlde and save be fore hym In a grete wat  
a lytill shippe all apparayled w<sup>th</sup> fylle downe to the water  
And the shippe cam ryght vnto thein and landed on the  
sandid. Then **Artoure** wente to the banke and lobed in  
and saw none earthly creature there In Two dayes  
the kynge com thein and let vs se what is in the shippe  
So at the laste they wente In to the shippe all in a fonde  
hit ryghtly be gauged w<sup>th</sup> clot of fylle. So by that tyme  
hit was dwelt ryght there suddenly was a boutet hem  
an C. torreis sette vpon all the shippe bordis and hit  
gaff grete byght and there w<sup>th</sup> all there come yn fayre  
damesels and salued kynge **Artoure** on the bueis and  
called hym be his name and seyde he was ryght well  
com And suche chere as they had he shold have of the  
beste than the kynge thanked hem fayre There w<sup>th</sup>  
all they ledde the kynge and his felows In to a fayre  
chambur and there was a clothe leyde ryghtly be seyne  
of all p<sup>r</sup>longed to a table and there were they served  
of all wynd and metys that they coude thynke of  
But of that the kynge had grete merwayle for he  
new fared better In his lyf as for one souper And  
so when they had souped at the leysur kynge **Artoure**  
was lad In to a chambur a ryghter be seyne chambur than  
he new none And so was kynge **Bynce** served & lad  
In to such a notur chambur And Sir **Accolon** was lad  
In to the bryde chambur passyng ryghtly and well be  
sayne and so were they leyde in p<sup>r</sup>beddis easily And a  
none they felle on slepe and slepte merweylously fore  
all the nyght And on the morne kynge **Bynce** was  
In **Camelot** a bedde In the wyndow dymys **Gorgan le fay**  
And when he woke he had grete merwayle how he com

there for on the eyn be fore he was. ij. dayes Jurney  
 frome **Camelot** and when byng **Artur** a wote he  
 founde hym self in a prisoun getyng a bonte hym  
 many complayntes of wofull byngget what ar ye  
 so complayne seyde byng **Artur** we bene here. xx.  
 byngget psoners and som of us hatte layne here my  
 pere and som more and some lesse. for what cause seyde  
**Artur** we shall tell you seyde the byngget. This  
 lord of this castell. his name is Sir **Dama** and he  
 is the falsyst byngget that lyveth and full of tresoun  
 and a very coward ad lyveth and he hatte a younger  
 brotther a good byngget of pdesse and his name is Sir  
**Outlake** and this traytoure **Dama** p elder brop  
 wote gess hym no parte of this londis but ad Sir **Out**  
**lake** bepyth tforde pdesse of his gonds and so he bepyth  
 frome hym a pfull fayre man and a ryce and p in  
 Sir **Outlake** wellyth worshypfully and is well be  
 loved w all peple and this Sir **Dama** our mayse  
 is a wyll be loved for he is w oute my and he is a  
 colwarde and quete warre hatte bene be troyte then  
 But **Outlake** hatte en the bettir and en he profereth  
 Sir **Dama** to fyght for the lydelode body for body  
 but he wote nat of his op ellys to fynde a byngget to  
 fyght for hym. Unto that Sir **Dama** hatte grauntid  
 to fynde a byngget but he is so wyll be loved and gated  
 that p is no byngget wote fyght for hym and when  
**Dama** saw this that p was men a byngget wolde  
 fyght for hym he hatte dayly layne a wayte wote  
 many a byngget w hym and tabyn all the byngget  
 in this contray to se a spye for adventured he hatte  
 tabyn hem by force it brought hem to his prisoun



And so toke he w<sup>th</sup> senally ad we rode on oure adventu-  
res and many good knyghts that deyde in this pr<sup>in</sup>son.  
for hunger to the n<sup>um</sup>ber of .xxvij. knyghts And yf any  
of w<sup>th</sup> all that here is or that bene wolde have foug<sup>ht</sup>  
tyn w<sup>th</sup> this knyght **Outlake** he wolde have delyn<sup>d</sup> w<sup>th</sup>  
But for be cause this **Damas** ys so false and so  
full of treson we wolde ned fyght for hym to dye  
for hit And we be so meyn for hunger that vnnethe  
we may stonde on oure fete god delyn you for this gre-  
mcy a wne w<sup>th</sup> all come a damysel vnto **Artoure** it  
asted hym what chere I can nat seyn seyde **Artoure** fir-  
seyde she and ye wolt fyght for my lorde ye shall be delyn<sup>d</sup>  
de oute of pr<sup>in</sup>son and ellys ye astape ned w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>er</sup> lyff. Now  
seyde **Artoure** that is hard yet had I leyd fyght w<sup>th</sup> a knyght  
than to dey in pr<sup>in</sup>son. Wyt<sup>th</sup> this seyde **Artoure** I may  
be delyn<sup>d</sup> and all thes pr<sup>in</sup>soners I wolt do the batayle.  
ye seyde the damysell. Than I am redy seyde **Artoure**  
and I had horse and armour. ye shall lab<sup>or</sup> none seyde p<sup>er</sup>  
damysell. ye semer<sup>er</sup> damysell I shold have seue you in the  
couste of **Artoure** pray seyde the damysell I cam ned there  
I am the lordis daughter of this castell. yet was she false  
for she was one of the damysels of **gorgon le fay**. a none  
she wente vnto Sir **Damas** and tolde hym how he wolde  
do batayle for hym And so he sente for **Artoure** And when  
he com he was well colour<sup>ed</sup> and well made of qu<sup>ite</sup> lymed  
that all knyghts that sawe hym seyde hit were pite that  
such a knyght sholde dey in pr<sup>in</sup>son. So fir **Damas** and  
he were agreed that he sholde fyght for hym vpon this  
covenante that all the oth<sup>er</sup> knyghts sholde be delyn<sup>d</sup>  
And vnto that was fir **Damas** sworne vnto **Artoure** and  
also to do the batayle to the vt<sup>er</sup>moste. And w<sup>th</sup> that all the

77<sup>th</sup>. Kynges were broughte oute of the durbe pson In to the  
 halle and deliuered hem And so they all a bode to se the batayle  
 Now turne we vnto **Accalon of Gaule** that wgan qesa  
 wole he sounde hym self by a depe welles syde w<sup>t</sup> In  
 galf a foote In grete pelt of dett. And p<sup>r</sup> com oute of p<sup>r</sup>  
 fountayne a pype of syluer and oute of p<sup>r</sup> pype ran wat<sup>r</sup>  
 all ou<sup>r</sup> hye In a stone of **dar-bil**. wgan fir **Accalon** sawe  
 this he blyssed hym and seyde Inu same my lorde bynge  
**Artgure** and bynge **Bryence** for thed danyfelo<sup>r</sup> In thed  
 schippe that be trayed w<sup>t</sup> they were fendis ft no women  
 and if I may ascape thed myd adventure I shall dystroye  
 them all that I may fynde of thed false danyfelo<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> faryt<sup>r</sup>  
 thed w<sup>t</sup> there Inctamement<sup>r</sup>. And kyng w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> there  
 com a dwarf w<sup>t</sup> a grete molyp<sup>r</sup> and a flatte nose ft salabed  
 Sir **Accalon** and tolde hym how he cam frome quene **yor**  
**gan le fay** and she gretys you well and byddyt<sup>r</sup> you be  
 of stronge herte for ye shall fyght to morne wyth a  
 kyng at the houre of pryme And there fore she that  
 sent the **Excalebur Artgure** swerde and the stalberde  
 and she byddyt<sup>r</sup> you as ye love her that ye do that batay  
 le to the vltimoste w<sup>t</sup> oute any nicy lyke as ye promy  
 sed hir wgan ye spoke laste to gedw In pryte. And w<sup>t</sup> that  
 damself that byngyt<sup>r</sup> her the kyngs dede whych ye  
 shall fyght w<sup>t</sup> all. she wolt make hir a quene. Now  
 I vnderstonde you seyde **Accalon** I shall holde that I hane  
 promysed her now I hane p<sup>r</sup> swerde Sir wgan sawe ye my  
 lady **Yorgan le fay** kyng late seyde p<sup>r</sup> dwarf. wgan **Ac**  
**calon** toke hym In his armyd and sayde recomaunde me  
 vnto my lady the quene and telle hir all that shall be done  
 that I promysed hir and ellis I wolt dye for hit. Now I  
 suppose seyde **Accalon** she that made all thed transtio<sup>r</sup> ft



enchantelemente for this batayle. Sir ye may well be  
leve this seide the swarff. Byggt so þat come a knyght and  
a lady wyth. vi. squyres and salued **Accalon** þat prayde  
hym to a ryse it com and reste hym at this man. And  
so **Accalon** mounted vpon a voyde horse and wente w<sup>th</sup>  
the kyng vnto a fayre man by a priory. And there he  
had passyng good chere. Then sir **Damaas** sente vnto  
his broþer **Outelake** and bade make hym redy be  
to morne at þe houre of prymer and to be in the felde  
to fyght w<sup>th</sup> a good knyght for he had founden a knyght  
that was redy to do batayle at all poyntis. When þe  
worde come to sir **Outelake** he was passyng hely for  
he was wounded a lytyll to fore the row bothe his thigh  
and a glayve and he made grete dole but as he was  
wounded he wolde a takyn the batayle an honde. So  
this happed at þe tyme by the meynys of **ayorgan le fay**  
**Accalon** was w<sup>th</sup> sir **Outelake** lodged and when he herde  
of that batayle and how **Outelake** was wounded he  
seyde þat he wolde fyght for hym be cause that **ayorgan**  
**le fay** had sent hym **Excaliber** and the shete for to fyze  
w<sup>th</sup> the knyght on the morne. This was the cause. Sir  
**Accalon** toke the batayle vpon hym. Then sir **Outelake**  
was passyng glad and thanked sir **Accolon** w<sup>th</sup> all his herte  
that he wolde do so much for hym and þat w<sup>th</sup> all. Sir **Out-**  
**lake** sente vnto his broþer **Sir Damaas** that he hadde a  
knyght redy that shalde fyght w<sup>th</sup> hym in the felde be  
the houre of prymer. So on the morne **Sir Artoure**  
was armed and well horsed and asked **Sir Damaas**  
When shal we to the felde sir seyde sir **Damaas** ye shal  
gyve masse and so **Artoure** herde a masse. And when  
masse was done there com a squire and asked sir

**D**amod is his knyght were redy for oure byggt, is  
 redy in the felde. Than sir **Artgure** mounted vpon  
 horseback and þere were all the byggt and comons of that  
 contray and so by all þe aduyces there was chosyn xij good  
 men of the contrey for to wayte vpon the .ij. knyghts  
 ryggt ad **Artgure** was on horseback there com a damysel  
 frome **Gorgan le fay** and brought vnto Sir **Artgure** a  
 swerde by the vnto **Excaliber** and þe swerde and seyde vnto  
 to **Artgure** she sende here your swerde for grete love  
 and she thanke hir and wente hit had bene so but she was  
 false for þe swerde and þe swerde was comfete and  
 brutyll and false

**W**hen they dressed hem on .ij. ptyes of the felde st  
 lette þe horsed ren so faste that aytur smote op  
 in the myddis of þe felde and þe perys helde þe  
 bothe horse and man wente to the erthe And than they  
 stert vp bothe and pulde oute þe swerde. The meane  
 while that they were thus at þe batayle com þe damysel  
 of þe lake in to the felde þe put **her by** vnder the stone  
 and she com thider for the love of kyng **Artgure** for she  
 bygd how **Gorgan le fay** had ordayned for **Artgure** shold  
 hane bene slayne that day and þe fore she com to save his  
 lyf. And so they wente egerly to the batayle and gaff many  
 grete strok but all wayed **Artgure** swerde bote nat  
 lyke **accalon** swerde and for the moste ptye in strok  
 that **accalon** gaff he wounded Sir **Artgure** fore that  
 hit was in mayle he stood and all wayed his blood felle  
 frome hym faste when **Artgure** be helde the grounde  
 so sore be bledde he was dismayde. And than he demed  
 treson that his swerde was chonged. For his swerde  
 bote nat steele ad hit was woute to do there fore



he drem hym fore to be dede for en hym semyd that the  
 fownde In **Accolou** honde was **Excaliber** for at eny  
 stroke that **Accolou** stroke he drem bloode on **Artgure**  
 Now luyggt seyd **Accolou** vnto **Artgure** bepe þe well  
 frome me. But **Artgure** answerde not a gayne but  
 gaff hym succe a buffette on the helme that he made  
 hym to stolpe nyze fallung to the erthe. Then **Sir**  
**Accolou** wyte drem hym a lytill and com on wyte  
**Excaliber** on hezt and smote **Sir Artgure** succe a buff  
 ette that he fylle ny to the erthe. Then were they bo  
 the wrotte oute of mesure and gaff many sore strokis  
 But all wayed **Sir Artgure** loste so mucche bloode þt  
 hit was meruayle he stode on his feete but he was  
 so full of luyggtode that he endured the payne And **Sir**  
**Accolou** loste nat a dele of blood þt fore he warte pas  
 syng luyggt and **Sir Artgure** was passyng feble and  
 veryly to hame dyed But for all that he made counte  
 nance as he myggt well endure and helde **Accolou**  
 as shorte as he myggt. But **Accolou** was so bolde  
 be cause of **Excaliber** that he wyped passyng hardy  
 But all men that he helde hem seyd they sawe never  
 luyggt syggt so well as **Artgure** ded conciderunge the  
 bloode that he had bled But all that peple were  
 sory that theyd. y. brethurne wolde nat accorde So all  
 wayed they fought to gedre ad fere luyggt And at  
 the laste lunge **Artgure** w drem hym a lytill for to  
 reste hym and **Sir Accolou** callyd hym to batayle  
 and seyd hit is no tyme for me to suffre the to reste  
 And there wt he come ferly vpon **Artgure** But **Artgure**  
 there wt was wrotte for the bloode that he had loste  
 And smote **Accolou** on hyze vpon the helme so myggtly

That he

<sup>p</sup>he  
 made hym nyze falle to the erthe and there w<sup>t</sup> **Artgure**  
 fownde braste at the crosse and felle on the grasse amonge  
 the bloode and the pomell And the fure handys he  
 helde in his honde. When **Artgure** saw that  
 he was in grete feare to dye but all wayed he helde  
 up his shelde and loste no grounde nor batyd no chere  
 Then sir **Accolon** be gan w<sup>t</sup> wordis of treson and seyde  
 bynght you art on com and mayste nat endure and  
 also you art wepyuled and loste you haste much of thy  
 bloode and I am full loth to sle the. there fore yelde  
 the to me recreaunte. Ray seyde Sir **Artgure** I may  
 nat so. for I promysed by the feyth of my body to do  
 this batayle to the vthermyste whyle my lyff lasteth  
 and yfore I had leu to dye w<sup>t</sup> hono<sup>r</sup> than to lybe w<sup>t</sup>  
 shame and if hit were possible for me to dye an. C.  
 tymes I had leu to dye so ouste than yelde me to the  
 for thougg I lab<sup>r</sup> wepon yett shall I lab<sup>r</sup> no worshipp  
 and if you sle me wepyuled that shall be thy shame  
 Welle seyde **Accolon** ad<sup>r</sup> for that shame I wot nat  
 spare. now kepe the fro me for you art but a dede ma  
 And there w<sup>t</sup> **Accolon** gaff hym such a strobe that he  
 felle nyze to the erthe and wolde hane had **Artgure**  
 to hane cryed hym in. But Sir **Artgure** prece  
 unto **Accolon** w<sup>t</sup> his shelde and gaff hym w<sup>t</sup> the  
 pomell In his honde such a buffet that he reled  
 ny. stryded a bace // When the damel of the lake be  
 helde **Artgure** how full of gress he body was At the  
 false treson that was wrought for hym to hane  
 had hym slayne she had grete pite that so good a knyght  
 and such a man of worship sholde so be destroyed and  
 at the nexte storbe Sir **Accolon** stroke at hym such



a stroke that by the damsel's Incontinentemente y<sup>t</sup> the  
sweerde **Excaliber** fell oute of **Accalons** honde to  
the erthe And there w<sup>t</sup> all sir **Artgure** bytly lepe to  
hit and gate hit In his honde and forth w<sup>t</sup> all the buer  
hit hit was his sweerde **Excaliber** A seyde **Artgure** y<sup>t</sup>  
gast bene frome me all to longe and muche damage  
gast pon done me and there w<sup>t</sup> he assayed the scabbende  
by his syde and suddaynly he ferte to hym and pulled  
the scabbende frome hym and trow hit frome hym as  
fer as he myght trow hit A sir bynght seyde bynght  
**Artgure** this day gast y<sup>t</sup> done me grete damage w<sup>t</sup> hit  
this sweerde flow as ye com vnto your dett for I shall  
nat<sup>r</sup> warrantte you but ye shall be as well rewarded  
w<sup>t</sup> this sweerde or enow depte as ye have rewarded me  
for muche payne have ye made me to endure and much  
bloode have ye loste. And y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> sir **Artgure** rased on  
hym w<sup>t</sup> all his myght and pulde hym to the erthe and  
than rased of his helme and gast hym succe a buffette  
on his hede that the bloode com oute at his erys nose  
and mowp<sup>r</sup> flow wolt I sle the seyde **Artgure** sle me  
ye may well seyde sir **Accolon** and hit please you for ye  
ar the beste bynght y<sup>t</sup> en I fonde and I se well that god  
is w<sup>t</sup> you But for I promysed seyde **Accolon** to do this  
batayle to the uttymyst and neu to be recreamte w<sup>t</sup> hile  
I leved there fore shall I neu yelde me w<sup>t</sup> my body what  
mowp<sup>r</sup> but god do w<sup>t</sup> my body what he wolt. Then sir  
**Artgure** remembrede hym and trownght he secolde have  
saw this bynght flow telle me seyde **Artgure** or I wolt  
sle the of what contrey ye be and of what courte. Sir  
bynght seyde sir **Accolon** I am of the royal courte of byng  
**Artgure** and my name is **Accolon** of **Wanle** Then was

**Artoure** more dismayde than he was tofore. Thonde for  
 than he remembre hym of his syster  **Morgane le fay** And  
 of the enchantement of the shippe. A sir byggeth pray you  
 who gaff you this swerde and by whom ye had hit. Than  
 sir  **Accolon** be tongsgeth hym and seyde. Wo worthe this  
 swerde for by hit I have gotyn my dett. hit may well  
 be seyde the bynge. Now sir seyde  **Accolon**. Well tell you  
 this swerde that bene in my bypyng p<sup>r</sup> moste pty of this  
 py. montge and  **Morgane le fay** byng  **Vryence** wyff sente  
 hit me yestirday by a dwarfe to the entente to sle bynge  
 **Artoure** whi brot hit for ye shall understonde p<sup>r</sup> bynge  
 **Artour** y<sup>r</sup> the man in the worlde p<sup>r</sup> the gatyng moste  
 be cause he is moste of worship and of p<sup>r</sup>esse of any of  
 his bloode. Also she loveth me oute of mesure ad p<sup>r</sup>aino  
 and I hit a gayne and if she myggeth byng hit a bonte  
 to sle  **Artoure** by his craftio she wolde sle hit whi shoude  
 bynge  **Vryence** byggeth and than had she deysed to ha  
 ne me bynge in this londe and so to reigne and she to  
 be my quene. But that is now done seyde  **Accolon** for  
 am sure of my dett. Well seyde byng  **Artoure**. I fele  
 by you ye wolde have bene bynge of this londe yett  
 hit had be grete damage to have destroyed y<sup>r</sup> lorde  
 seyde  **Artoure** hit is trontge seyde  **Accolon** but now I  
 have tolde you the trontge wherefore I pray you tell  
 me of wher ye ar and of what coure. A  **Accolon**  
 seyde bynge  **Artoure** now y let the wete that I am  
 bynge  **Artoure** that p<sup>r</sup> haste done grete damage to  
 // when  **Accolon** herd that he cryed on lorde fayre  
 swete lorde have mycy on me for I knew you nat. A  
 sir  **Accolon** seyde bynge  **Artour** mycy p<sup>r</sup> shall have be can  
 se I fele be thy wordis at this tyme thou knowest me



natr // But I fele by thy wordis p<sup>t</sup> thou haste a greed  
to the dethe of my p<sup>r</sup>son and p<sup>r</sup> fore thou art a traytoure  
but I wyte the pe lesse for my sistr **gorgau le fay** by  
hir false craftis made the to a gre to hir fals lust  
but I be sore avenged vpon hir that all crystendom  
shall speke of hir god knowyth I have honoured hir and  
worshipped hir more than all my kyn st more have I  
trusted hir than my wyff and all my kyn astir // Then  
kyng **Artoure** called the bepo of the felde and seyde  
surred comyth hyder for here ar we .ij. knyghts that  
have foughten vnto grete damage vnto vo<sup>r</sup> bothe  
and lybly ecche of vo<sup>r</sup> to have slayne o<sup>r</sup> and had ony of  
vo<sup>r</sup> knowyn o<sup>r</sup> hir here had had bene no batayle not hir  
no stroke stryken // Then all a lowde cryed **adolon**  
vnto all the knyghts and men that were st seyde a  
lordis the knyghts p<sup>t</sup> I have foughten w<sup>t</sup> all w<sup>t</sup> the  
moste man of p<sup>r</sup>esse and of worship In the worlde  
for hir is hym self kyng **Artoure** ourre all byge  
lorde and w<sup>t</sup> myse happe and myse adventure have  
I done the batayle w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>lorde and kyng that I am  
w<sup>t</sup> goldyn w<sup>t</sup> all // Then all the peple felle downe  
on her knees and cryed kyng **Artoure** mercy mercy  
shall ye have seyde **Artoure** here may ye se what  
soddeyn adventures be fallyn oustyn of arraunte  
knyghts how that I have foughten w<sup>t</sup> a knyght of  
myne owne vnto my grete damage and hir bothe  
But syrd be cause I am sore hurt and he bothe  
and I had grete mede of a lytyll reste ye shall vnder  
stonde the shall be the oppynon be t<sup>r</sup>wypte you .ij. bre  
thirne ad to p<sup>r</sup> **Sir Damao** for whom I have bene  
champyon and wonne p<sup>r</sup> felde of the knyght yett

Woll / I jure be cause ye Sir **Dama** are called an ex-  
 gulno buyght and full of bylony and nat worth  
 of gbesse of youre dedis. Therefore woll / I that ye  
 gess vnto youre broþ all the hole man w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> apporte  
 namme vnder this fourme that sir **Outelake** golde  
 the man of you and yerely to gyff you a palfrey to  
 ryde vpon for p<sup>r</sup> woll be com you bettir to ryde on  
 than vpon a courser. Also I charge the sir **Dama**  
 vpon payne of detht that p<sup>r</sup> need distresse no buyght  
 warrante p<sup>r</sup> ryde on p<sup>r</sup> adventure. And also p<sup>r</sup> restore  
 this xx. buyght that you haste bepte longe p<sup>r</sup>soners  
 of all theire harmys that they be contente for and oyr  
 of them com to my courte and complayne on the be  
 my hede p<sup>r</sup> shall dye p<sup>r</sup> fore. Also sir **Outlake** ad to  
 you be cause ye ar named a good buyght and full of  
 gbesse and trew and fawtyll<sup>m</sup> youre dedis. this shall  
 be your charge I woll gyff you that in all goodly fass  
 ye com vnto me and my courte and ye shall be a buygt  
 of myne and if youre dedis be p<sup>r</sup> astir I shall so pferre  
 you by the grace of god p<sup>r</sup> ye shall. In shorte tyme be  
 In case ad for to lyve ad worshipfully ad youre broþ  
**Dama** God thoubt youre largenesse of youre grete  
 grete goodnesse and of youre bonnte I shall be frume  
 hend forewarde. In all tymes at p<sup>r</sup> comamudement  
 for sir **Outlake** ad god wolde I had herte but late  
 w<sup>t</sup> an advenured buyght thorow bothe the tpyghed  
 and ellys had I done this batayle w<sup>t</sup> you. God wolde  
 seyde sir **Artqure** hit had bene so for than had nat I  
 bene herte ad I am I shall tell you the cause why  
 for I had nat bene herte ad I am had nat bene my  
 ne owne swerde that was stolyu frume me by trefon



And this batayle was ordeyned a fore hande to have  
slayne me and so hit was broughte to p<sup>r</sup>ose by false  
treson and by enchauntment. Alas seyde sir **Outte**  
p<sup>r</sup>id greta pyte that eu so noble a man as ye ar  
of y<sup>e</sup> dedid and gvesse that ony man or woman  
myght fynde. In p<sup>r</sup> hertid to worche ony treson a zeif  
you I shall rewarde them seyde **Artquire** now telle me  
seyde **Artquire** how far am I frome **Camelot**. Sir ye  
ar. ij. dayes journey I wolde be at som place of worship  
seyde sir **Artquire** that I myght reste me. Sir seyde  
**Outlake** here by is a ryche abbey of youre elders  
foundation of fūnyd but. ij. myle hend. // So the  
kyng toke his leue of all the peple and mounted  
vpon horseback and sir **Accolon** w<sup>th</sup> hym and when they  
were com to the abbey he lette secc<sup>h</sup> lecc<sup>h</sup>id it secc<sup>h</sup>id  
his woundid and sir **Accolon** botte but sir **Accolon**  
deyed w<sup>th</sup> in ij. dayes for he had bled so much blood  
that he myght nat lyve. But kyng **Artquire**  
was well recond. So when **Accolon** was dede  
he lette sende hym in an horse bere w<sup>th</sup> ij. bygg<sup>h</sup>ts  
vnto **Camelot** and bade bere hym vnto my systir  
**Gorgan le fay** and sey p<sup>r</sup> I sende her hym to a p<sup>r</sup>sent  
and telle hir I have my swerde **Excalyber** and p<sup>r</sup>  
scamberde. so they depte w<sup>th</sup> the body. // The meane  
whyle **Gorgan le fay** had wente kyng **Artquire** had  
bene dede. So on a day she aspyed byng **Uryence** lay  
on slepe on his bedde than she callid vnto hir a may  
den of her counseyle and sayde go secc<sup>h</sup> me my lord  
swerde. for I sawe new bettir tyme to sle hym than  
now. A madame seyde the damself and ye sle my  
londe ye can ned a scape. Cane p<sup>r</sup> not sayde **Gor**

for now I se my tyme is beste to do this and yf fore thyze  
 the faste and seccche myt the swerde. Than the da  
 mesell depte and founde for **Wayne** slepyng upon  
 a bedde. In a notur chamber. So she wente vnto for  
**Wayne** and a waked hym and bade hym a ryse and  
 a wayte on my lady yowre moder for she wol fle  
 yf hyng your father slepyng on this bedde for I go  
 to seccche this swerde. Well seyde for **Wayne**. Go on yf  
 way and lette me dele. A none yf dammesell brought  
 yf quene the swerde w<sup>t</sup> qualyng/ qondur and lyghtly  
 she toke the swerde and pullyd it oute and wente  
 boldely vnto yf beddis syde and a waked hym and  
 where she myght sle hym beste and ad she leyd  
 up yf swerde to slepe for **Wayne** lepte vnto this  
 moder and caught hym by the honde and seyde. A fende  
 what wolte you do. And yf were nat my moder w<sup>t</sup>  
 this swerde I sholde slepe of thyne hede. A seyde  
 for **Wayne** men seyde yf her-lyon was he gotyn  
 of a fende but I may sey an evyle fende have me  
 a fayre son **Wayne** have my wyppon me I was  
 tempted w<sup>t</sup> a fende wherefore fore **Wayne**. I cry yf mercy  
 I wol ney more do so and save my worshipp it discom  
 me nat. On this covenaunte seyde for **Wayne** I wol  
 for gyff you so ye wol ney be a bonte to do such dedis  
 Ray son and that I make you assurance

Than come tydyngs vnto **gorgon le fay** yf  
**Accolon** was dede and his body brought  
 vnto the church and how kyng **Artoure**  
 had this swerde a yen. But when quene **gorgon**  
 wyte yf **Accolon** was dede she was so sorowfull yf  
 nye hym herte to braste. But by cause she wolde



nat/ qit/ were knowyn oure she bepte hir comitenance  
and made no sembelante of dole. But/ welles she  
wyste and she a bode tyll hir brop **Artquire** come  
thyn p' sholde no golde go for hir lyf // Than she  
wente vnto p' quene **Everybere** and asid hir  
love to ryde In to hir contrey // ye may a byde  
seyde p' quene tyll your brop p' bynge com to  
me // I may nat hadame seyde **ayorgan le fay** for  
I haue such qasty tpyngs // Well/ seyde the quene  
ye may depte when ye wolt // So ewely on p' morn  
or qit/ was day she toke hir horse and rode all pt  
day and moste pty of p' nyght and on the morn  
by none she com to the same abbey of Nonyswiche  
re ad lay bynge **Artquire** and she wiste nat that  
he was there. And a noue she asked where he was  
and they answerde and seyde how he was leyde  
hym on his bedde to slepe for he had but lytyll  
reste thys ny. nyght // Well/ seyde she I charge  
that none of you a wake hym tyll I do And than  
she a lyght of hir horse & thonght for to stele a  
way **Excaliber** his swerde and she wente streyte  
vnto his chambur and no man w' dmyste disobey  
hir comandement And there she found **Artqui**  
a slepe on his bedde and **Excaliber** In his ryght  
honde nabed // When she sawe p' she was passyng  
qery p' she myght nat com by the p'wee w' oute  
she had a waked hym and than she wiste welles  
she had bene dede. So she toke the scawberde and  
wenty hir way to horsebail // When the bynge  
a woke and myssid his scawberde he was wroth  
and so he asked who had bene there and they

seyde that first quene **Morgan le Fay** had bene þat and had  
 put þat stowberde <sup>in</sup> her mantell and is gone alas seyde  
**Artquire** falsly than ye wacched me Sir seyde they all  
 we must nat disobey þat fyrst comendement. A  
 seyde the bynge lette secc me þat beste horse that may  
 be founde and bydde þat **Outlake** done hym in all hast  
 and take a noter good horse it ryde w<sup>th</sup> me. So a none  
 the bynge and þat **Outlake** were well armys and rode  
 after the lady And so they com to a crosse it founde a colt  
 ferde and they asked þat pore man if þat cam any lady late  
 rydunge þat way. Sir seyde the pore man ryght late com  
 a lady rydunge the way w<sup>th</sup> a fourty horsed And so they  
 followed faste And w<sup>th</sup> in a while **Artquire** had a sygnt of  
**Morgan le Fay** than he chased ad faste ad he myght when  
 she assayed hym folowunge her she rode a grette pace the  
 row the foreste tyll she com to a playn And when she sawe  
 the myght nat astape she rode vnto a lake there by and  
 seyde what so ead com of me my bratþer shall nat thane þat  
 stowberde And than she lete throwe þat stowberde In the  
 deppyst of the watir. So hit saue for hit was qery of  
 golde and prions stony. Than she rode In to a valey  
 where many grette stony were. And when she sawe she  
 muste be on take she stole her self horse it man by encumbrance  
 vnto the marbyll stony. And a none w<sup>th</sup> all come  
 bynge **Artquire** and þat **Outlake** where ad the bynge  
 myght nat knowe that first and her men stony byngnt  
 frome a noþ. A seyde the bynge here may ye se þat ven  
 geance of god And now am I sory the my adventure is  
 be falle And than he lobed for the stowberde but hit wold  
 nat be founde. So he turned to the abbey there she come  
 fro. So when **Artquire** was gone they turned all ther



lyfnesse ad she and they were be fore it seyde first now  
may we go where we wyll. **Then** seyde **gorgon le**  
**far** saw ye of **Artur** my broþr yee seyde for men and  
that ye sholde have founde and we me myght a stered  
of one stede. for by this ambestyall contenance wolde  
have caused us to have fledde. I be love you seyde the  
quene. So anon aft as she rode she mette a byrght  
ledyrge and on byrght on horsebacke be fore hym bounde  
hande and foote blyndefelde to have drowned hym in  
a fontayne. **When** she saw this byrght so bounde she  
asked what wolt ye do w<sup>t</sup> that byrght. lady seyde  
he wolde drowne hym. for what cause she asked for  
I founde hym w<sup>t</sup> my wyff and she shall have þe same  
dethe anon. **That** were pte seyde **gorgon le far**  
now what sey ye byrght is hit trony þe sept of  
you. pray truly gadame he sept nat byrght on me  
Of wend he ye seyde þe quene and of what countrey  
I am of the courte of byrge **Artur** and my name  
is **ganesen** cosyn vnto **accolon** of **Gaulle** ye sey well  
and for þe love of hym ye shall be delvyde and ye shal  
have your adysary in the same case þe ye were in  
So this **ganesen** was loused and the of byrght bounde  
de. And anon **ganesen** was armed hym a armed  
hym self in his garnyse and so mounted on horsebacke  
and þe byrght a fore hym and so threw hym in the  
fontayne and so drowned hym and then he rode  
vnto **gorgon** a yen and asked if she wolde any thyng  
vnto **Artur**. Telle hym seyde she that I refused  
the nat for the love of hym but for þe love of **acco-**  
**lon** and tell hym I feare hym nat wyle I can ma-  
ke me and myne in lyfnesse of stony and lette hym

wete / I can do much more wthan / se my tyme. And so  
 she deþted /w to tþe contrey of **Bore** and þe was she  
 rycheþy receyved and made hir castel / A towneþ strong  
 ge for all wey she drad muche þyng **Artþure** wthan  
 þe þyng had welþ rested hym at þe abbey þe rode in  
 to **Camelot** and founde qis quene and qis baronnes  
 ryght glad of qis comyng. And wthan they herde of  
 qis stronge adventured ad qis w þe fore reherþed  
 they all had merveyll of þe falsþede of **Gorgan le fay**  
 many þyngs wyssþed qe brente. / **Wthan** come **ya**  
**nesser** to counþe and tolde þe þyng of qis adventured  
 wthan seþde þe þyng she w a þynde þis / I shall so be  
 avengid on qis and I hyde þe all crystendom shall speke  
 of qis. / So on tþe morn þe cam a damesell on mes  
 sage frome **Gorgan le fay** to þe þyng and she brougt  
 w qis þe rycheþe mantell þe w þe sene /w þe counþe  
 for qis w þe sette all full of þe cioud stonyd ad one myzt  
 stonde by a noþ and þe w þe þe rycheþe stonyd tþat  
 ad þe þyng saw and þe damesell seþde þe þe þe sendyt  
 þe tþis mantell and desyryt þe þe shold take tþis  
 gyfte of qis. And w qis tþyng she qat þe offened she wol  
 a mende qis at þe oone þeþure. / wthan þe þyng be  
 felde tþis mantell qis þe pleased hym muche þe seþde  
 but lytþe. / w tþat come þe damesell of þe lake wto  
 þe þyng and seþde Sir / I muste speke w þe in þe þe  
 þe on seþde þe þyng w qis þe wolt. / Sir seþde tþis  
 damesell þe nat vpon þe tþis mantell tþe þe  
 qis sene more and /w no wyse lat qis nat com on  
 þe a noþ on no þyng of þe wred tþe þe comande þe  
 þyng þe of to þe tþe vpon qis. / wthan seþde tþe  
 þyng qis shall be ad þe. / comþe me And tþan



he seyde vnto the damel selfe p<sup>r</sup> com frome his firste dame  
selfe the mantell p<sup>r</sup> ye hane brought me I wolt seke  
vpon you. Sur the seyde hit wolt nat be senne me to  
were a byngg garmente. Be my hede seyde **Artgume**  
ye shall were hit or hit com on my bal op on any ma  
my bal p<sup>r</sup> here is. And so the bynge made to putte  
hit vpon hir. And forth w<sup>t</sup> all she felt doome deede  
and new spole worde aft<sup>r</sup> and brente to colys. Then  
was p<sup>r</sup> bynge wondurly wrot more than he was to  
fore hande And seyde vnto bynge **byence** my sist<sup>r</sup>  
yo<sup>r</sup> wyff is all way a bonte to be tray me and welle  
I wote of ye or my neyewe yo<sup>r</sup> son is accomfeyle  
w<sup>t</sup> hir to hane me destroyed. But ad for you seyde p<sup>r</sup>  
bynge vnto bynge **byence** I denie nat gretly p<sup>r</sup> ye  
be of comfeyle for **Accolou** confessed to me his owne  
mowp p<sup>r</sup> she wolde hane destroyed you ad welle ad  
me p<sup>r</sup> fore y holde you excused. But ad for yo<sup>r</sup> son  
Sur **Wayne** I holde hym suspecte there fore I charge  
you putte hym oute of my courte. So fir **Wayne** was  
discharged. And again for **Gawayne** wyfte p<sup>r</sup> he made  
hym redy to go w<sup>t</sup> hym for who so banysht my co  
syn **Jarmayne** shall banyshe me. So they too depted  
a rode In to a grette foreste and so they com vnto an  
abbey of monkys and p<sup>r</sup> were well logged. But  
When p<sup>r</sup> bynge wyfte p<sup>r</sup> fir **Gawayne** was depted  
frome p<sup>r</sup> courte. There was made grette sorowe a  
monge all p<sup>r</sup> astatid. Now seyde **Sagerys Gawaynes**  
brop<sup>r</sup> we hane loste. y good byngg for p<sup>r</sup> love of one  
So on the morne they herde y massed In p<sup>r</sup> abbey so  
rode forth tyll they com to p<sup>r</sup> grette foreste. Then  
was fir **Gawayne** ware In a vale by a turrette

211. fayne damesele a. ij. byrghtf armed on grete hors  
 and þe damesele wente to and fro by a tre. And  
 than was þe **Gawayne** ware how þe kyng a wyght  
 shelde on that tre and en ad þe damesele com by  
 hit they spette vpon hit and sond threwe myre vpo  
 þe shelde // Than þe **Gawayne** and þe **Wayne** wente  
 and salowed them and asked why they did that dyspente  
 to þe shelde. Sir seyde þe damesele we shall telle you

There is a byrghtf in that contrey þe wyghtf that  
 wyghtf shelde and he is a passyng good man of his hou  
 do but he hatyth all ladyes and ladywomen and þe  
 fore we do all that dyspente to that shelde. I shall sey  
 you seyde Sir **Gawayne** hit be semptf wyll a good  
 byrghtf to dyspense all ladyes and ladywomen and  
 paventure thynge he hate you he hatth som cause and  
 paventure he loveth in son of placid ladyes and  
 ladywomen it be be lord a gayne // And he be such  
 a man of gresse ad ye speke of now what is his name  
 Sir they seyde his name is Sir **Marquand** the byngf son of  
**Freunde** I knowe hym well seyde þe **Wayne** he is a pass  
 yng good byrghtf ad ony on lyve. for I sawe hym ony  
 prebed at a justy where many byrghtf were gadred  
 at þe tyme þe myghtf no man w stonde hym. I seyde þe  
**Gawayne** damesele me thynke ye ar to blame for hit  
 is to suppose he þe kyng þe shelde þe wyll nat be longe  
 þe fro and than may the byrghtf make hym on horsebat  
 and þe id more your worschipp than tquid to do. for I  
 wyll a byde no longer to se a byrghtf shelde so dishonou  
 red. And þe w þe **Gawayne** and þe **Wayne** depte a  
 lytll fro them and than ware they ware where þe  
**Marquand** com rydunge on a grete horse strepte toward



hem and when pe. xij. damsel's sawe sir **arthur** they  
fledde to p<sup>r</sup> turret and they were wynde p<sup>r</sup> som of hem  
felle by p<sup>r</sup> way. Then p<sup>r</sup> one of p<sup>r</sup> knyghts of p<sup>r</sup> towre  
dressed his shylde and seyde on hye sir **arthur** defen-  
de the and so they ran togedyr p<sup>r</sup> the knyght brake  
his spere on sir **arthur** but **arthur** smote hym so  
harde p<sup>r</sup> the brabe his necke and his hors felle. Then  
sawe p<sup>r</sup> op<sup>r</sup> knyght of p<sup>r</sup> turret & dressed hym to **arthur**  
that so eagerly they mette p<sup>r</sup> the knyght of the turret  
was smyte downe for se p<sup>r</sup> man dede

**A**nd then sir **arthur** rode vnto his shylde and  
sawe how hit was defoyled and sayde of the dis-  
pyte of p<sup>r</sup>te I am avenged But yet for his love  
that gaff me the wyght shylde I shall were the and  
haunge myne where p<sup>r</sup> was And so he honged hit a-  
boute his necke. Then he rode streyte vnto sir **Ga-**  
**wayne** and to sir **wayne** and asked them what they  
dud p<sup>r</sup> they answered hym and seyde they come frome  
lynge **arthur** counte for to se adventured. Welke  
seyde sir **arthur** here am I redy an adventured knyght  
p<sup>r</sup> wolle fulfyll any adventure p<sup>r</sup> wolle desire And  
so deptyd frome hem to fecthe his namme late hym go  
seyde sir **wayne** vnto sir **Gawayne** for he is a passynge  
good knyght of ony lybynge I wolde not be my wyll  
p<sup>r</sup> ony of us were married w<sup>t</sup> hym Ray seyde sir **Gaway-**  
**ne** nat so hit were same to us it he were nat assayed  
were he not so good a knyght Welke seyde sir **wayne**  
I wolde assay hym be fore you for I am weyler than pe  
And yf he smyte me downe than may pe revenge me  
So the. ij. knyghts come togedyr w<sup>t</sup> grete ban-  
dom p<sup>r</sup> sir **wayne** smote sir **arthur** that his spere

braste in pecton on the shelde and sir **ayar-hand** smote hy  
 so sore p<sup>r</sup> horse st man he bare to p<sup>r</sup> enthe. And quyte sir  
**Wayne** on the leste syde. Than sir **ayar-hand** turned his  
 horse st rode tward ad he com fro st made hym redy w<sup>t</sup>  
 his spere. When sir **Gawayne** saw p<sup>r</sup> he dressed his  
 shelde and than they featurde p<sup>r</sup> sperryd st they com  
 to gedro<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all p<sup>r</sup> myght of p<sup>r</sup> horses p<sup>r</sup> exp<sup>r</sup> myght  
 smote op<sup>r</sup> so harde in myddis p<sup>r</sup> sheldis. But sir **Gaway-**  
**ne** spere brabe but sir **ayar-hand** speare helde st p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup>  
 sir **Gawayne** and his horse rusted downe to the enthe  
 And lyghtly sir **Gawayne** wan on his feete st pulde  
 oute his swerde st dressed hym toward sir **ayar-hand** on  
 foote And sir **ayar-hand** saw p<sup>r</sup> he pulde oute his swerde  
 st he gan to com to sir **Gawayne** on horseback. Sir **myght**  
 sayde sir **Gawayne** a lyght on foote or ell<sup>r</sup> I wolt sle  
 thyne horse. Grauncy sayde sir **ayar-hand** of y<sup>r</sup> Jentyl-  
 nesse ye teche me curtesy for qu<sup>r</sup> is nat<sup>r</sup> comendable  
 one myght to be on horseback and p<sup>r</sup> op<sup>r</sup> on foote And p<sup>r</sup>  
 w<sup>t</sup> sir **ayar-hand** sette his spere a gayne a tre st a lyght  
 and tyed his horse to a tre and dressed his shelde st exp<sup>r</sup>  
 com vnto op<sup>r</sup> egirly st smote to gedro<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> his swerde p<sup>r</sup>  
 p<sup>r</sup> sheldis flew in cantellyd and they bresed p<sup>r</sup> helmyd  
 st hambirke st woundid exp<sup>r</sup> op<sup>r</sup>. But sir **Gawayne** fro  
 hit was. w<sup>t</sup> of p<sup>r</sup> cloth weped en strengier st strengier. for  
 by than hit cam to the hounse of noone he had. w<sup>t</sup> tyme  
 his myght encreased. And all this a fpyed sir **ayar-hand**  
 st had grete wondir how his myght encreced st so they  
 wounded exp<sup>r</sup> op<sup>r</sup> passyng sore. So when hit was toward  
 evynsonge sir **Gawayne** strenght fpybled st woep passyng  
 faynte p<sup>r</sup> vnnep<sup>r</sup> he myght dure no longer. And sir **ay-**  
**hand** was than bygger st bygger. Sir **myght** sayde sir



**Charquand** I have wel felt þat ye ar a passynge goode  
knyght & a meruaylous man of myght as I felte  
our whyle hit lastyt and oure quarrells ar nat gte  
and þfore hit were ppte to do you quyte for I fele ye  
ar passynge speble. A seide sir **Gawayne** Iantyll knyght  
ye say þe worde þat I sholde sey it þat they toke of felmyd  
and epplyssed oþ and þat they swore to gedyr oþer to  
love oþ as bretayne. And Sir **Charquand** prayde Sir  
**Gawayne** to lodge wth hym þat myght. And so they toke þ  
horsis & rode towarde sir **Charquand** man & as they rode  
by þe way sir **Knyght** seide Sir **Gawayne** I have mer  
uayle of you so valpante a man as ye be of þesse  
þat ye love no ladyes and damesels. Sir seide sir **Charquand**  
they name me wrongfully for hit be the damesels of þ  
turret þat so name me and oþ such as they be. Now shal  
I telle you for what cause I hate them. For they be sorse  
red & Inquante many of them and be a knyght ned  
so good of his body & as full of þesse as a man may  
be they wolt make hym a starbe cowerde to have þe  
bettir of hym. And this is the pryncipall cause þat I  
hate them and all good ladyes and Iantyll women I  
owze them my knyght as a knyght ought to do for as þ  
booke requyrt In freynst þat was this many knyght  
þat on maced sir **Gawayne** for all his knyght double my  
te þat he had Sir **Lancelot de lake** Sir **Trystram** Sir  
**Bors de Gaynes** Sir **Percivale** Sir **Pelleas** Sir **Char**  
**quand** & oþ. Sir **Knyght** had þat bettir of sir **Gawayne**.

Then wth In a lytill whyle they come to sir **Charquand**  
place was In a lytill priory and þat they a knyght & ladyes  
and damesels vntuned them and hastily lobed to þat fyrst  
for they were all in quyte and so they had good lodgynge

Wyth Syr

w<sup>t</sup> f<sup>r</sup>

**Gargand** and good chere for **Whan** he wiste þ<sup>t</sup> they  
were kynges **Artgurd** syster sones. he made them all þ<sup>t</sup>  
chere þ<sup>t</sup> lay in his power. And so they sojourned there a. vii.  
nyghts and were well eased of þ<sup>t</sup> woundis. And at þ<sup>t</sup> laste de-  
parted. **Ray** sayde fir **Gargand** we woll nat depte so  
lyghtly for I woll brynge you thorow þ<sup>t</sup> foreste. So they  
rode forth a. iiij. And fir **Gargand** toke w<sup>t</sup> hym his gret  
tyste spere. And so they rode thorow þ<sup>t</sup> foreste and rode day be  
day well nyght a. vii. dayes. or they founde ony aventure. So  
at þ<sup>t</sup> laste they cam in to a grette foreste þ<sup>t</sup> was named  
þ<sup>t</sup> contrey of **Arroy** And þ<sup>t</sup> contrey is of stronge  
adventured. In this contrey seyde **Gargand** cam nevyn  
bryghte syn this was crystynde but he founde strange ad-  
ventured. And so they rode it cam in to a depe valey full  
of stonyes and þ<sup>t</sup> by they sawe a fayre streame of water a bo-  
ver þ<sup>t</sup> by was þ<sup>t</sup> fede of þ<sup>t</sup> streame a fayre fonteyne and  
iiij. damysels syttinge þ<sup>t</sup> by. And than they rode to them it  
app<sup>r</sup> salowed of hem. And þ<sup>t</sup> eldyest had a garlonde of golde  
a bonte for fede and she was iiij. score wynter of age or  
more and hir heyre was w<sup>t</sup> gylt vnder þ<sup>t</sup> garlonde. þ<sup>t</sup>  
secunde damysell was of xxx. wynter of age w<sup>t</sup> a  
Cerclet of golde a bonte for fede. The thyrde damysel  
was but. xv. yere of age and a garlonde of floures a  
bonte for fede. **Whan** thes bryghte had so be golde the  
they asked hem þ<sup>t</sup> cause why they late at þ<sup>t</sup> fonteyne.  
We be here seyde þ<sup>t</sup> damysels for this cause if we may  
se ony of **Arman**te bryghte to teche hem vnto stronge a  
ventured and ye be. iiij. bryghte adventured. And we be  
iiij. damysels it þ<sup>t</sup> fore ecche one of you muste chosse one of  
us. And **Whan** ye have done so we woll lede you vnto. iiij.  
gyze wayes it there ecche of you shall chosse a way and his

strange



damesell w<sup>th</sup> hym and th<sup>is</sup> day. xij. moneth<sup>is</sup> ye muste  
mete here a gayne and god sende you p<sup>r</sup> lyved it t<sup>he</sup>re  
to ye muste p<sup>r</sup>yggt<sup>is</sup> y<sup>e</sup> t<sup>he</sup>re. t<sup>he</sup>re is well seide seide  
**Sir charles** / Now shall enyche of w<sup>th</sup> chose a dame  
sell. I shall tell you seide. **Sir wayne** I am yongest  
a waybest of you bot<sup>is</sup> p<sup>r</sup> fore lette me hane p<sup>r</sup>eldyst  
damesell for she hat<sup>is</sup> sene much and can best helpe  
me w<sup>th</sup>an I hane nede. for I hane moste nede of helpe  
of you bot<sup>is</sup> / Now seide **Sir charles** I w<sup>th</sup> hane  
p<sup>r</sup> damesell of. xij. moneth<sup>is</sup> age for she fallyt<sup>is</sup> beste  
to me. Well seide **Sir wayne** I t<sup>he</sup>re you for ye  
hane loste me p<sup>r</sup> yongest and p<sup>r</sup> fayrest a q<sup>ue</sup>re is me  
moste leryste. Than eny damesell toke q<sup>ue</sup>re bynggt<sup>is</sup>  
by ye regne of q<sup>ue</sup>re bynggt<sup>is</sup> and brought<sup>is</sup> hem to t<sup>he</sup>re  
m<sup>ay</sup> wayed it t<sup>he</sup>re was made p<sup>r</sup>messe to mete at t<sup>he</sup>re  
fontayne p<sup>r</sup> day. xij. moneth<sup>is</sup> and t<sup>he</sup>re were bynggt<sup>is</sup>  
and so t<sup>he</sup>re bynggt<sup>is</sup> it depte and eny bynggt<sup>is</sup> sette q<sup>ue</sup>re lady  
be q<sup>ue</sup>re q<sup>ue</sup>re. And **Sir wayne** toke ye way t<sup>he</sup>re lay  
weste. And **Sir charles** toke p<sup>r</sup> way p<sup>r</sup> lay forw<sup>ard</sup>. And  
**Sir wayne** toke p<sup>r</sup> way p<sup>r</sup> lay north<sup>is</sup>. Now w<sup>th</sup>  
we be q<sup>ue</sup>re at **Sir wayne** t<sup>he</sup>re helde p<sup>r</sup> way t<sup>he</sup>re  
p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>he</sup>re com to a fayre maner w<sup>th</sup>ere dwelled an olde  
bynggt<sup>is</sup> and a good householder. And p<sup>r</sup> **Sir wayne**  
asked p<sup>r</sup> bynggt<sup>is</sup> if he knewe of any adventured. I  
shall shewe you to morne seide p<sup>r</sup> bynggt<sup>is</sup> merveled  
adventured. So on the morne t<sup>he</sup>re rode all in same  
to p<sup>r</sup> foreste of adventured t<sup>he</sup>re com to a lamde  
and p<sup>r</sup> by t<sup>he</sup>re founde a crosse it ad t<sup>he</sup>re stood it q<sup>ue</sup>re p<sup>r</sup>  
cam by t<sup>he</sup>re p<sup>r</sup> fayrest bynggt<sup>is</sup> and p<sup>r</sup> semelyst man  
p<sup>r</sup> en t<sup>he</sup>re sawe. but he made p<sup>r</sup> grettest dole p<sup>r</sup> en man  
made And t<sup>he</sup>re q<sup>ue</sup>re was ware of **Sir wayne** and

fulowed hym And prayde to god to sende hym muche  
worshipp. And for þat sayde sir **Gawayne** grauncy. Also  
may to god sende you honoure and worshipp. And sayde  
þe knyght I may lay þe on syde for sorow & shame comyng  
vnto me aftir worshyppe

**A**nd there wryt þe passed vnto þe one syde of þe  
laurde And on þe oþer syde saw sir **Gawayne**. &  
knyght þe loved and made hem redy w<sup>th</sup> hir  
sheldis & w<sup>th</sup> hir sperys a gaynste þe one knyght that  
cam by sir **Gawayne**. Whan t<sup>he</sup>id one knyght fea-  
tred a grette spere & one of þe. & knyghts encountred  
w<sup>th</sup> hym. But t<sup>he</sup>id wofully knyght smote hym so harde  
þe felle on his horse bayle. So t<sup>he</sup>id dolorous  
knyght fued t<sup>he</sup>m all þat t<sup>he</sup> leste way he smote  
downe horse & man And all he ded w<sup>th</sup> one spere. And  
so whan t<sup>he</sup>y were all. & on foote t<sup>he</sup>y wente to t<sup>he</sup>  
one knyght and he stode stonde styll & suffyrde hem  
to pulle hym downe of his horse & bounde hym hounde  
& foote and tyed hym vnder þe horse belly & so led hym  
w<sup>th</sup> hem. And t<sup>he</sup>n seyde sir **Gawayne** t<sup>he</sup>id is a dolefully  
hyght to se t<sup>he</sup> yondir knyght so to be entreted And t<sup>he</sup>  
semyt<sup>er</sup> by þe knyght þe sufferyt<sup>er</sup> hem to bynde hy  
so for he maynt<sup>er</sup> no resistance. Pro seyde hoste þe is  
trout<sup>er</sup>. For it he wolde t<sup>he</sup>y all were to weybe for  
hym. Sir seyde þe damysell vnto sir **Gawayne** me se-  
myt<sup>er</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y were. & worshipp to helpe þe dolorous  
knyght for me t<sup>he</sup>y wyl þe is one of þe beste knyghts  
þe en I sawe I wolde do for hym seyde sir **Gawayne**  
but t<sup>he</sup>y semyt<sup>er</sup> he wolde have no helpe. Pro seyde þe  
damysell me t<sup>he</sup>y wyl ye have no lyfte to helpe hym  
Whan ad t<sup>he</sup>y talbed t<sup>he</sup>y sawe a knyght on þe oþer



fyde of þe lamde all armed save the hede And anon the  
of fyde þe com a dwarff on horschab all armed save þe  
hede w<sup>t</sup> a grete mounþ & a shorte nose And w<sup>th</sup>an þe  
dwarff com nyze he seyde w<sup>th</sup>ere is the lady sholde  
mete w<sup>th</sup> here And þe w<sup>th</sup> all she com forth oute of the  
woode And then they be gan to stryde for þe lady for þe  
brygg<sup>t</sup> seyde he wolde hane hir w<sup>th</sup> we do welles  
seyde the dwarff yondir is a brygg<sup>t</sup> at þe crosse lette hir  
be putte wypon hym & as he demet<sup>t</sup> hir so shall hir be  
I w<sup>th</sup> well seyde þe brygg<sup>t</sup> And so they wente all my-  
vnto Sir **Gawayne** and tolde hym w<sup>th</sup>ere fore they  
strooff w<sup>th</sup> fered w<sup>th</sup> ye putte þe mater In myne  
honde ye sh<sup>al</sup> they seyde bothe From damessell seyde  
sh<sup>al</sup> **Gawayne** ye shall stonde be taryote them bothe  
and w<sup>th</sup>et<sup>t</sup>ir ye lyste better to go to he shall hane y<sup>e</sup>  
And w<sup>th</sup>an she was sette be twene hem bothe she  
leste þe brygg<sup>t</sup> & went to þe dwarff And then the  
dwarff toke hir up and wente his way syngyng And  
þe brygg<sup>t</sup> wente his way w<sup>th</sup> grete mounyng Then  
com there .ij. brygg<sup>t</sup> all armed & cryed on brygg<sup>t</sup> sh<sup>al</sup>  
**Gawayne** brygg<sup>t</sup> of þe comte of bryng **Artour** m<sup>ay</sup>  
be þe redy In haste & haste w<sup>th</sup> me So they ran to ge<sup>m</sup>  
þe exp<sup>t</sup> felte downe And then on foote they drew there  
swardis and dnd full actually The meane whyle  
þe of brygg<sup>t</sup> went to the damessell and asked hir  
why she a bode w<sup>th</sup> þe brygg<sup>t</sup> & seyde if ye wolde aby-  
w<sup>th</sup> me I wolde be y<sup>e</sup> fayt<sup>t</sup>esfull brygg<sup>t</sup> And w<sup>th</sup> you  
w<sup>th</sup> I be seyde þe damessell For I may nat fynde In  
my herte to be w<sup>th</sup> hym for rygg<sup>t</sup> now here was one  
brygg<sup>t</sup> þe stonfyte .x. brygg<sup>t</sup> and at þe laste he  
was cowardly ledde away And þe fore let w<sup>th</sup> .ij.

go w<sup>th</sup> hysle they fyggt And Sir **Gawayne** fouggt  
 w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ot<sup>r</sup> bnyggt longe but at p<sup>r</sup> laste they accor-  
 ded bothe. And than p<sup>r</sup> bnyggt prayde for **Gawayne**  
 to lodge w<sup>th</sup> hym p<sup>r</sup> nyggt. So ad for **Gawayne** wente  
 w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> bnyggt. he seyde w<sup>th</sup>at bnyggt w<sup>th</sup> he in t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup>  
 contrey p<sup>r</sup> smote downe t<sup>r</sup>e. x. bnyggt. for w<sup>th</sup>an  
 he had done so manfully he suffrde hem to bynde hys  
 hande & foote And so led hym a way. & sayde p<sup>r</sup> bnygt  
 p<sup>r</sup> id<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> beste bnyggt I trow in t<sup>r</sup>e worlde it p<sup>r</sup> moste  
 man of p<sup>r</sup>esse And hit w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> grettyst p<sup>r</sup>te of hym ad  
 of ony bnyggt bypunge for he hat<sup>r</sup> be fmed so ad he  
 wad t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> tyme more than. x. tyme. And his name  
 yggt for **Pelleas** and he lovpt a grette lady in  
 t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> contrey And hir name w<sup>th</sup> **Ettarde** And so w<sup>th</sup>an  
 he lobed hir p<sup>r</sup> wad cryed in t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> contray a grette  
 Justis. iij. dayes and all t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> bnyggt of t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> con-  
 trey were p<sup>r</sup> it Jantyl women And w<sup>th</sup>o p<sup>r</sup> fmed hys  
 p<sup>r</sup> beste bnyggt sholde have a passyng good and a  
 Cerclet of golde And p<sup>r</sup> Cerclet p<sup>r</sup> bnyggt sholde  
 gess hit to p<sup>r</sup> fayryste lady p<sup>r</sup> wad at p<sup>r</sup> Justis. And  
 t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> bnyggt for **Pelleas** wad far p<sup>r</sup> beste of ony p<sup>r</sup>  
 wad p<sup>r</sup> And p<sup>r</sup> were. v. bnyggt. but p<sup>r</sup> wad never  
 man p<sup>r</sup> en for **Pelleas** met but he stroke hym downe  
 of ellys frome his horse And eny day of. iij. dayes  
 he strake downe. xx. bnyggt And p<sup>r</sup> fore they gass  
 hym p<sup>r</sup> pryce And fmy<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> all he wente p<sup>r</sup> ad t<sup>r</sup>e lady  
**Ettarde** wad it gass her p<sup>r</sup> Cerclet it seyde oppnly  
 she wad p<sup>r</sup> fayryste lady p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> wad And p<sup>r</sup> wolde  
 he prebe vpon ony bnyggt p<sup>r</sup> wolde sey nay And  
 so he chose hir for his soverayne lady it nen to love  
 of but her. But she wad so proude p<sup>r</sup> she had storne



of hym and seyde she wolde never love hym thowgh  
wolde dye for hir wherefore all ladyes & ladyll  
women had storne of hir for she was so proude. for  
p were fairer than she and p was none p was p  
but a sir. **Pelleas** wolde have profyde hem love  
they wolde have shewed hym p fame for his noble  
pvesse and so this knyght pmyssed **Etan-de** to follow  
hir in to this contray and never to leve her tyll  
she loved hym and this he is here p moste party  
nyze her it logged by a priory & eyn webe she sen  
this knyght to fyght w hym and when he gat  
pntt hem to the worse than wold he suffer hem  
wylfully to take hym prisoner be cas cause he  
wolde have a fyght of this lady and all wayes she dot  
hym grete dyspyte for som tyme she mabyt hir knyght  
to tre hym to his horse tayle and som tyme bynde hym  
vnder p horse bealy. This in p moste shamfullste  
wyse p she can tynke he is brought to hir and all she  
dot hir for to cause hym to leve this contrey to  
leve his lovynge. But all this can nat make hym  
to leve for it he wolde a fonght on foote he myght  
have had p better of ithe. p knyght ad well on foote  
ad on horseback. Alas sayde sir **Gawayne** hir is grete  
pyte of hym and astur this knyght I wold seke hym to  
morow in this foreste to do hym all p helpe I can. So  
on p morow sir **Gawayne** toke his leve of his oste **Sir**  
**Carados** and rode in to p foreste and at p laste he  
mette w sir **Pelleas** malyng grete mone oute of  
mesure so ecche of hem salewed op and asbed hym why  
he made fucge sorow and ad hir a bove reherfyt. Sir  
**Pelleas** tolde sir **Gawayne**. But all wayes I suffer

her knyght to fare so w<sup>t</sup> me ad ye save yestir day in truste  
 at p<sup>r</sup> laste to wyne hir love for she knowe well all hir knyght  
 sholde nat lyghtly wyne me at me lyfte to fyght w<sup>t</sup> them  
 to p<sup>r</sup> vltimoste. Where fore and I loved hir nat so sore I  
 had leu<sup>d</sup> dye an. C. tymes. And I myght dye so ofte rather  
 than I wolde suffer p<sup>r</sup> dysp<sup>r</sup>te but I truste she wolde have  
 pyte vpon me at p<sup>r</sup> laste for love causyth many a good  
 knyght to suffer. to have hir entente but alas I am infor-  
 tunate. And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> she made so grete dole p<sup>r</sup> vnnethe she  
 myght holde hym on hir horseback. Now sayde Sir  
**Gawayne** lebe yo<sup>r</sup> mourninge and I shall p<sup>r</sup>myse you by p<sup>r</sup>  
 feyth of my body to do all p<sup>r</sup> lyet<sup>r</sup> in my powere to gete  
 you p<sup>r</sup> love of yo<sup>r</sup> lady and p<sup>r</sup> to I wolde p<sup>r</sup>lyze you my troupe  
 A seyd sir **Pelleas** of what courte ar ye. Sir I am of the  
 courte of kynge **Artoure** and his syster son and kynge **Lotte**  
 of **Orkeney** was my fadir at my name is sir **Gawayne** at  
 my name is sir **Pelleas** born in p<sup>r</sup> Iles. And of many Iles  
 I am lord and new loved I lady nor damesel tyll nowe  
 And sir knyght syn ye ar so nye to syn unto kynge **Artoure**  
 and ar a kynge son there fore be tray me nat but help me  
 for I may new com by hir but by som good knyght for she  
 is in a stronge castell here faste by w<sup>t</sup> in t<sup>r</sup>id. my. myle  
 and oyd all t<sup>r</sup>id contrey she is lady off. And so I may new  
 com to hir p<sup>r</sup>sence but ad I suffer hir knyght to take me And  
 but if I ded so p<sup>r</sup> I myght have a fyght of hir I had bene dede  
 longe ar t<sup>r</sup>id tyme and yet fayre worde had I new none  
 of hir. But when I am brought to fore hir she rebu<sup>r</sup>yth  
 me in fowlyst man<sup>r</sup> and than they take me my horse and  
 harneysse and puttyth me oute of p<sup>r</sup> patio and she wolde nat  
 suffer me to ete nor drynke and all wayes I offir me to be  
 her p<sup>r</sup>sone. But p<sup>r</sup> wolde she nat suffer me. for I wolde desire



no more what payned þe end I had so þat I myght have a  
lyght of hir dayly welþe þe þe þe **Gawayne** all tyme shall  
I amende and þe wolle do as I shall desire. I wolle have þe  
armoure and so wolle I ryde vnto hir castelle it tell hir that  
I have slayne you and so shall I com wth þe to cause  
hir to charyste me and than shall I do my trewe þe that  
ye shall nat fayle to have þe love of hir and there

**A**nd there wgan þe **Gawayne** plyght þe troutre  
vnto þe **Pelleas** to be trewe it feytfully vnto hym  
so eche one plyght þe troupe to oþer and so they chonge  
horse and harneysle and þe **Gawayne** deþted it com to þe castelle  
where stood þe pauplyond wthoute þe gate. And as þe  
as **Etarde** had a fpyed þe **Gawayne** she fledde þe towarde  
the castelle. But þe **Gawayne** spake on lyght and bade  
hir a lyde for þe was nat þe **Pelleas** I am a noþer þe  
þe have slayne þe **Pelleas** than do oþer þe helme þe þe  
lady **Etarde** þe may þe þe wyse. So wgan she saw þe  
þe was nat þe **Pelleas** she made hym a lyght it lad  
hym þe to hir castelle it asked hym feytfully what þe  
had slayne þe **Pelleas** and þe þe þe. Than þe tolde  
hir þe name was þe **Gawayne** of þe court of kynge  
**Artoure** and þe þe son. And than þe had slayne þe  
**Pelleas** Truly þe þe þe grete pyte for þe was  
a passyng good knyght of þe body. But of all men on lyne  
I hated hym moste for I conde neu be quyte of hym it for  
ye have slayne hym I shall be þe woman and to do any  
þe þe that may please you. So she made þe **Gawayne**  
ne good chere. Than þe **Gawayne** sayde þe he loved a  
lady and by no meane she wolde love hym. So þe to  
blame þe **Etarde** and she wolle nat love you for ye  
þe be so well borne a man it fucþe a man of þe þe

is no lady in this world to good for you. Wolt ye  
 seyde sir **Gawayne** promyse me to do what y<sup>e</sup> may do  
 be the fayth of y<sup>e</sup> body to gete me y<sup>e</sup> love of my lady.  
 yee sir & y<sup>e</sup> I promyse you be my fayth. Now seyde sir  
**Gawayne** hit is y<sup>e</sup> self y<sup>e</sup> I love so well. there fore golde  
 y<sup>e</sup> promyse. I may nat chese seyde y<sup>e</sup> lady **Ettarde** but y<sup>e</sup> I  
 holde be for sworne and so she granuted hym to fulfyll  
 all his desyre. So hit was in the monthe of may that  
 she and sir **Gawayne** wente oute of y<sup>e</sup> castell and forped  
 in a pavylyon and y<sup>e</sup> was made a bedde. And there sir  
**Gawayne** and **Ettarde** wente to bedde to gedye. And in  
 y<sup>e</sup> pavylyon she leyde hir damself. And in the thirde pa  
 vylyon she leyde y<sup>e</sup> of hir byggys. for than she had no  
 more of sir **Delleas** and y<sup>e</sup> sir **Gawayne** lay w<sup>th</sup> hir in y<sup>e</sup>  
 pavylyon. y. dayes and. y. nyghts. And on the thirde day  
 on the mornynge early sir **Delleas** arised hym for he hadde  
 ned slepte for sir **Gawayne** promysed hym by y<sup>e</sup> seynt  
 of his body to com to hym w<sup>th</sup>to his pavylyon by y<sup>e</sup> pry  
 vy w<sup>th</sup> in the space of a day and a nyght. Than sir  
**Delleas** mounted upon horse back & com to the pavyly  
 on & y<sup>e</sup> stood w<sup>th</sup> oute y<sup>e</sup> castell & founde in the fyrste pavy  
 lyon. y. byggys in. y. beddis and. y. spayred byggynge  
 at y<sup>e</sup> feete. Than wente he to the secunde pavylyon & foun  
 de. y. ladyll women byggynge in. y. beddis. And  
 than he rode to the thirde pavylyon and founde sir **Gaway**  
**ne** byggynge in the bed w<sup>th</sup> his lady **Ettarde** and exte  
 rlyng of his armys. And when he sawe that his heart  
 well myze braste for sorow. And sayde alas y<sup>e</sup> en a bygg  
 holde be founde so false. And than he toke his horse and  
 myght nat a byde no longer for pure sorow. And when  
 he had ryden myze half a myle he turned a gayne & thowt



for to sle hem bothe And whan he saw hem lye so bothe  
sleepyng faste þat vnnethe. he myght holde hym on horse  
bak for sorow þat seyde tquid to hym self. tþonght tquid  
þynggt be neu so false. I woll neu sle hym sleepyng  
for I woll neu dystroy the gyze ordur of þynggt gode it  
þat he deþted a gayne. And or he had rydden half a  
myle he returned a gayne it tþonght tquid to sle hem  
bothe/malyng þat grettyst sorow þat en man made. And  
whan he come to þat pabylyond he tyed his horse to a  
tre And pulled oute his swerde naked In his honde it  
wente to them there ad they lay and yet he tþonght ska  
me to sle hem it leyde þat naked swerde outqawte bothe  
þat tquid it so toke his horse it rode his way. And whan  
Sir **Pelleas** com to his pabylyond he tolde his þynggt  
it his knyght how he had spedde it seyde tquid vnto them  
ffor youre good it trow þyngt ye hane done me. I shall  
gyff you all my good for I woll go vnto my bedde it  
neu a ryse tyll I be dede. And whan þat I am dede I can  
ge you þat ye take the herte oute of my body it bere hit  
her be tþyngt. it syll dyssed and telle her how I saue  
her lye wyth þat false þynggt. Sir **Gawayne** þynggt so sir  
**Pelleas** unarmed hym self and wente vnto his  
bedde malyng inweplond dore it sorow. Whan sir  
**Gawayne** and **Etarde** a wofe of her slepe it founde  
þat naked swerde outqawte þat tquid. Whan she knew  
hit was þat swerde of sir **Pelleas** alas she seyde Sir  
**Gawayne** ye hane be trayde sir **Pelleas** and me  
but qas he bene so vncurteyse vnto you ad ye hane  
bene to hym ye had bene a dede þynggt but ye hane  
dissaybed me þat all ladyes it damels may be ware  
be you and me And þat sir **Gawayne** made hym

neddy and wente In to the foreste. So hit happed the  
 damysell of p<sup>r</sup> labe **Rynge** mette w<sup>th</sup> a byrght of **Sw**  
**Dellead** that wente on his foote In the foreste ma-  
 bynge grete doole and she asked hym p<sup>r</sup> cause. And  
 so the wofull byrght tolde her all how his mayster &  
 lorde was be trayed thorow a byrght & a lady & how  
 he wold neu<sup>r</sup> a ryse oute of his bedde tyll he be dede  
 Byrge me to hym seyde she anone & y wold w<sup>r</sup>a-  
 nte his lyfe he shall nat dye for love. And she that  
 gat caused hym so to love she shall be In ad evylle  
 plyte as he is or hit be longe to. For hit is no  
 joy of fuche a pronde lady p<sup>r</sup> wold nat have no my-  
 of fuche a valyante byrght anone p<sup>r</sup> byrght broute  
 hir vnto hym. And w<sup>th</sup>an she s<sup>r</sup>e hym lye on his bedde  
 she thonght she sawe neu<sup>r</sup> so lybly a byrght. And p<sup>r</sup>  
 w<sup>th</sup> she t<sup>r</sup>ew an enchanment vpon hym & he fell  
 on slepe. And t<sup>r</sup>an she rode vnto p<sup>r</sup> lady **Ettarde** and  
 charged p<sup>r</sup> no man sholde a wake hym tyll she come  
 a gayne. So w<sup>th</sup> In. y. o<sup>r</sup>red she brought p<sup>r</sup> lady **Et**  
**tarde** t<sup>r</sup>id<sup>r</sup> and bothe p<sup>r</sup> ladyes fonde hym on slepe  
 loo seyde p<sup>r</sup> damysell of p<sup>r</sup> labe ye onyte to be a shamed  
 for to murper fuche a byrght And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> she t<sup>r</sup>ew fuch  
 an Inchanment vpon him p<sup>r</sup> she loved hym so fore  
 that well nyze she was nere oute of his mynde. A  
 lorde Inu<sup>r</sup> seyde t<sup>r</sup>is lady **Ettarde** how is hit be fallen  
 vnto me p<sup>r</sup> I love now p<sup>r</sup> I have gatyd moste off any  
 man on lyve p<sup>r</sup> is p<sup>r</sup> ryghte bonse Ingemente off god  
 seyde p<sup>r</sup> damysell. And t<sup>r</sup>an a none fr<sup>r</sup> **Dellead** a  
 waked and lobed vpon **Ettarde** And w<sup>th</sup> she sawe him  
 he knew her & t<sup>r</sup>an he hated him more than any wond  
 on lyve. And seyde a way traytoured & com ned In my



fyrst. And when she herde hym say so she wepte and  
 made grete sorow oute of mynde // Sir bynght **pel-**  
**leas** seyde þe damysel of þe lake take yow horse and com  
 forth w<sup>t</sup> oute of this contrey & ye shall love a lady  
 þe wolle love you // I wolle wel seyde sir **Pelleas**  
 for this lady **Ettaude** that don me grete dyspyte  
 and shame and þe tolde hir þe begynnyng & endyng  
 of how he had new purposed to have ryssen a gayne  
 tyll he had bene dede. And now such grace god that  
 sente me þe I gate hir as much as I have loved hir  
 // Thanke þe fore seyde þe lady of þe lake // Anone  
 Sir **Pelleas** armed hym & toke his horse & commanded  
 his men to bryng aftir his pavyllions & his stuffe w<sup>ch</sup>  
 where þe lady of þe lake wolde assigne them // So this  
 lady **Ettaude** dyed for sorow and þe damysel of the lake  
 reioysed sir **Pelleas** and loved to gedyr during þe lyfe  
**N**ow turne we vnto sir **Charlaunte** that rode w<sup>t</sup> þe  
 damysel of xxxiij. wynt<sup>r</sup> of ayge Southwarde  
 And so they come in to a depe foreste and by fortune they  
 were myghted and rode longe in a depe way And at the  
 last they com vnto a courtlage & there they assted herbo-  
 row. But þe man of þe courtlage wolde nat logge them  
 for no trefse þe they coude trefe // But this much the  
 good man seyde and ye wolle take þe aduenture of yowre  
 herboage I shall bryng you þe ye may be herbourde w<sup>ch</sup>  
 aduenture w<sup>t</sup> I shall have for my herborow seyde Sir  
**Charlaunte** ye shall wete when ye com þe seyde þe good man  
 Sir w<sup>ch</sup> aduenture so hit be I pray the to bryng me  
 thidur. for I am wery my damysel & my horse botch // So  
 þe good man wente vpon his gate be fore hym in a lane  
 And w<sup>t</sup> in an houre he brought hym vntyll a fayre castel.

And than þe pore man called þe porter and auone he was  
 lette þu to þe castelle & so he tolde þe lorde how he had brought  
 hym a knyght arraunte and a damysell wolde be lodged  
 w<sup>th</sup> hym. Lette hym þu seyde þe lorde. For qu<sup>er</sup> may happen  
 he shall repente þe they toke there herborow here. So sir  
**Charlante** was let þu w<sup>th</sup> a torch lyght & there was a grete  
 lyght of goodly men þe welcomed hym. And than qu<sup>er</sup>  
 horse was lad þu to a stable and he & þe damysel were  
 brought þu to þe halle & there stode a myghty duke and  
 many goodly men aboute hym. Than qu<sup>er</sup> duke asked  
 hym what he lyght & fro whens he com & w<sup>th</sup> whom he  
 dwelte. Sir he seyde I am a knyght of kynge **Arturus**  
 and knyght of þe table rounde & my name is sir **Char-**  
**lante** and borne I was þu in **Irelande** that me repent  
 seyde þe duke for I love nat thy lorde nor none of thy felo  
 wys of þe table rounde And there fore ease thy self thy  
 knyght as well as þe mayste. For as to morne I and my  
 wyf shal make w<sup>th</sup> you. I do þe no remedy seyde sir  
**Charlante** but þe I muste gane a do w<sup>th</sup> you & y<sup>e</sup> wyf shal  
 at ony. So seyde þe duke for this cause I made myne  
 a vow. For sir **Gawayne** slew my serpant some some  
 þu a recomtre þe fore I made myne a vow þe þe sholde  
 ned knyght of kynge **Arturus** courte lodge w<sup>th</sup> me or  
 com þe as I knyght gane a do w<sup>th</sup> hym but I wolde reben  
 þe ame of my sonnes dethe. What is y<sup>e</sup> name seyde sir  
**Charlante** I requyre you telle me & qu<sup>er</sup> please you  
 wete þe well I am þe duke of Southe marquis. I sey  
 de sir **Charlante** I gane herde seyde þe ye gane bene longe  
 tyme a grete foo unto my lorde **Arturus** and unto qu<sup>er</sup>  
 knyght. That shall ye fele to morne seyde þe duke and  
 ye leve so longe. Shall I gane a do w<sup>th</sup> you seyde Sir



**M**argante ye seyde þe duke þe of schalt þe not cōse And  
þe fore let take hym to his chamber and lette hym have  
all þe tyll hym longis. So sir **Margante** deþted it was  
led vnto his chamber and his damysel. was led þe tyll his  
chamber. And on þe morne þe duke sente vnto sir **Margante**  
and bade hym make hym redy. And so sir **Margante** a  
nose it armed hym and tþan þe was a masse longe a fore hym  
it brake his faste it so mounted on horse bak þe þe court of  
of þe castell þe tþey sholde do batayle. So þe was þe denke all  
redy on horse bak it cleue armed and his. vij. sonys by hym  
it enyche had a spere þe his gonde it so tþey encountre  
where ad denke it his sonys brake her sperys vpon hym

But sir **Margante** kylde up his spere it touched none  
of hem. When come þe. iij. sonnes by couple and. ij. of  
tþem brake þe sperys and so and þe. ij. And all tþis wayle  
sir **Margante** towched hem nat. When sir **Margante** ran  
to þe denke it smote hym downe. And his speare tþat horse  
it man felle to þe erthe it so he serbes his sonnes. When  
sir **Margante** a lyght downe it bade þe denke yelde hym  
otþer he wolde sle hym. When som of his sonnes reco-  
vnde it wolde have sette vpon sir **Margante**. When sir  
**Margante** seyde sir denke Cese tþy sonys it ellys. I woll  
do þe wittunyst to you all. When þe denke þe he myzt  
nat asþape þe datþe he cryed to his sonnes it charged tþem  
to yelde tþem to sir **Margante** and tþan tþey kneled alle a  
downe it putþe þe pomels of þe fawendis to tþe kynge and  
it so he receyvid tþem and tþan tþey hove up þe fadir on  
his feete. And so by þe communal assent þe mysed to Sir  
**Margante** new to foor vnto kynge. And tþere And þe vpon  
at wytsunday next after to com he and his sonnes and  
þe to putþe tþem þe þe kynge grace. When sir **Margante**

[illegible]



kyn shw to a watir. but þe gyamte was so gye tghat he  
 myght nat wade aftir hym. And tghan sir **charlante** ma-  
 de tge erle **fergus** man to fecche hym stonyd. And  
 w<sup>t</sup> þe stonyd þe byrght gave þe gyamte many sore stro-  
 bis talle at þe laste he made hym falle downe in  
 þe watir. And so was he tghere dede. // Tghan sir **char-  
 te** wente to þe gyamtes castell. And þe he delyn-  
 drom byrghtf oute of þe gyamtes pson and þe lady-  
 es & þe he had grette rycheffe oute of nūbir þe dayed  
 of his lyff he was neww poore man. Tghan he re-  
 turned to þe erle **fergus** tge wghete tghanked hym  
 gretly þe wolde hane yebyn hym half his londys  
 but he wolde none take. So sir **charlante** dwellid  
 w<sup>t</sup> þe erle nye half a yere. for he was sore brused  
 w<sup>t</sup> þe gyamte. So at þe laste he toke his leve and  
 ad he rode by tge way w<sup>t</sup> his damysel he mette w<sup>t</sup>  
 sir **Barwayne** and wyth sir **Barwayne** so by adven-  
 ture he mette w<sup>t</sup> my byrghtf of **Artur** court  
 Tge fyrst was sir **Sagrano** le desyrnd Sir **Oz-  
 anna** le cure hardy Sir **Dodynas** le sabage and  
 sir **felotte** of lystynosse And tghere sir **charlante** w<sup>t</sup>  
 one spere smote downe tghese my byrghtf and quete  
 tghem sore and so depte to mete at his day

**I**n ow turne the vnto sir **Barwayne** tghat rode  
 westwarde w<sup>t</sup> his damysell of in store wy-  
 tir of agge and tghere was a turnemente nyze tge  
 marche of walys And at þe turnemente sir **Barwayne**  
 smote downe. xxx<sup>i</sup> byrghtf þe fore was gysyn hym  
 þe pryce And tghat was a **Jarfancon** And a wyght  
 stede trapped w<sup>t</sup> clotf of golde So tghan sir **Barwayne**  
 ded many strange adventures by tge meany of þe

Olde damysel.

olde dancel

And so she brought to a lady þat was called þe lady of þe roche  
 the wyche was cuntyse. So þat was in þe contrey. ij.  
 knyghts þat were brethrene and they were called. ij. ge-  
 lond knyghts. That one knyght was **Edward** of the rede  
 castell. And þat of þe **Red** of þe rede castell. And these. ij.  
 brethrene had dysceyted þe lady of þe roche of a Baron  
 meny of londow by þe extortion. And as tyme knyghte  
 was lodged w<sup>th</sup> tyme lady she made hym complaynte to  
 hym of tyme. ij. knyghts. Adam seyde for **Wayne** they  
 ar to blame for they do a yeste þe hye order of knyght  
 gode and þat þat they made and if q<sup>u</sup> lyke you I wolle  
 speke w<sup>th</sup> hem be cause I am a knyght of kyng **Artur**  
 and to entrete tyme w<sup>th</sup> fayrenesse. If tyme wolle nat  
 I shall do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hem for goddis sake and in þe de-  
 fence of þe knyght. Graunce seyde þe lady þat þat  
 I may nat acquyte you god shall. So on þe moene  
 þe. ij. knyghts were sente fore þat they sholde speke w<sup>th</sup>  
 þe lady of þe roche and wete you welle they sayed  
 nat for they com w<sup>th</sup> an C. horsed. But when tyme  
 lady sawe tyme in such a man so bygge she wolde  
 nat suffer for **Wayne** to go oute to tyme vpon no  
 surete ne of fayre langage. But she made hym to  
 speke w<sup>th</sup> tyme on a toure. But fynally tyme. ij.  
 brethrene wolde nat be entreted and answerde  
 þat they wolde kepe þat they had. Welle seyde **Wayne**  
**Wayne** tyme wolle I fyght w<sup>th</sup> one of you and give  
 þe ye do tyme lady wronge. That wolle we nat  
 seyde they for þat we do batayle we. ij. wolle fyght  
 bothe at onys w<sup>th</sup> one knyght. And þat fore yf ye  
 lyfte to fyght so we wolle be redy at what oure  
 ye wolle assygue. And yf ye wyne vor in batayle



the to have his lordship a gayne. ye say well sey  
de sir **Wwayne** There fore make you redy & p<sup>r</sup> ye  
be here to morne In p<sup>r</sup> defence of this ladyes ryght

So was p<sup>r</sup> sybernesse made on bothe p<sup>r</sup>tyes p<sup>r</sup> no  
treson shoulde be wronged. And so p<sup>r</sup>ed bynght deputed  
it made them redy. And p<sup>r</sup> nyght sir **Wwayne** had gte  
chere it on p<sup>r</sup> morne he a rose erly & harde masse and  
brake this faste & so rode In to p<sup>r</sup> playne w<sup>o</sup>nte p<sup>r</sup> ga  
tis where loved p<sup>r</sup>. y. Bretayne a bydyng hym So  
they ran to gedyns passyng sore p<sup>r</sup> sir **Edward** & sir  
**Rowland** brake p<sup>r</sup> sperryd vpon sir **Wwayne** And sir **Wwayne**  
smote sir **Edward** that he felle on his horse and yette  
his spere braste nat<sup>r</sup> And than he spurred his horse  
And com vpon sir **Rowland** And on t<sup>r</sup>quew hym. But they  
sone reconde and dressed p<sup>r</sup> shylde & drew oute p<sup>r</sup> swerd  
it bade sir **Wwayne** a lyzt it do his batayle to p<sup>r</sup> viteramce  
Than sir **Wwayne** devoyded his horse delynly & put his  
shylde be fore hym & drew his swerde and so they t<sup>r</sup>reste  
to gedyns and ext<sup>r</sup> gave of grete strolis And there p<sup>r</sup>ed  
y. Bretayne wounded sir **Wwayne** passyng grevously p<sup>r</sup> ye  
lady of p<sup>r</sup> rocche wente he shoulde have deyed. And thus they  
fought to gedyns. v. onred ad men outraged of of reson  
And at p<sup>r</sup> laste sir **Wwayne** smote sir **Edward** vpon the  
helme succe a stroke p<sup>r</sup> his swerde berbed vnto his canell  
bone. And than sir **Rowland** abated his courage. But sir **Wwayne**  
presed faste to have slayne hym. That saw sir **Rowland** and  
buelid a downe & yelded hym to sir **Wwayne** And he of this  
hantylness receyved his swerde & toke hym by p<sup>r</sup> honde &  
wente In to the castell to gedyns. Than this lady of p<sup>r</sup>  
rocche was passyng glad And sir **Rowland** made grete sorow  
for his brot<sup>r</sup> det<sup>r</sup>. But this lady was restored a yen

of all hir londis. And sir **Gem** was comanded to be at the  
courte of **Byng** **Artur** at þe next feste of Pentecoste

So sir **Wwayne** dwelled w<sup>th</sup> this lady nyze halfe a yere  
for hit was longe or he myght be hole of his grete hurtis  
And so w<sup>th</sup>an hit drew nyze þe terme day þe sir **Gawayne** sir  
**Charlante** and sir **Wwayne** made to mete at þe crosse way  
þan eyn þyngg<sup>t</sup> drew hym toholde his þynse þe  
they made. And sir **Charlante** and sir **Wwayne** brought þe  
damesels w<sup>th</sup> hem. But sir **Gawayne** had losse his damesel.

**R**yggt so at þe .xij. monthe ende they mette all .ij.  
þyngg<sup>t</sup> at þe fontayne and thence damesels. But  
the damesell þe sir **Gawayne** had conde sey but bytill wor-  
shipp of hym. So they depte frome þe damesels and rode  
thorow a grete foreste at there they mette w<sup>th</sup> a messynge-  
re þe com from **Byng** **Artur** courte þe had songgt hem  
well nyze a .xij. monthe. thorow onte all Ingelonde walis  
at Scotlonde and charged yf en he myght fynde sir **Gawayne**  
and sir **Wwayne** to haste hem wuto the courte agayne. And  
than were they all glad. And so they prayde sir **Charlante**  
to ryde w<sup>th</sup> hem to þe Byngs courte. And so w<sup>th</sup> in .xij. dayes  
they come to **Camelot** and þe Byng was passyng glad of  
þe comyng and so was all þe comte. þan þe Byng made  
hem to swere vpon a booke to telle hym all þe adventures  
þe had be falle thim þe .xij. monthe be fore it so they ded. And  
þe was sir **Charlante** was well known. for þe were þyngg<sup>t</sup>  
þe he had maced a fore tyme and he was named one of þe  
beste þyngg<sup>t</sup> lybyng. So agayne þe feste of Pentecoste  
cam þe damesels of þe laake it brought w<sup>th</sup> hem sir **Pelleas**

And at þe nyze feste of þe was grete ioustys of all þyngg<sup>t</sup>  
þe were at that Instis. Sir **Pelleas** had þe pryce and sir  
**Charlante** was named next. But sir **Pelleas** was so



stronge þat þe myght but fewe knyghts stonde agyn a bussette w  
 a spere And at þe next feste sir **Pelleas** and sir **Gahart**  
 were made knyghts of þe rounde table. for þe were .ij. Segid  
 word for .ij. knyghts were slayne þe .xxij. mony. And grette  
 Joy had kynge **Artur** of sir **Pelleas** and of sir **Gaharte**  
 But **Pelleas** loved neu aftir sir **Gawayne** But ad  
 he spared hym for þe love of þe kynge but oftyn tyme at  
 Justis at turnement Sir **Pelleas** quytte sir **Gawayn**  
 for so qit requerit In the booke of freyshe. So sir **Gryf**  
**tramo** many dayes aftir sought w sir **Gaharte** In an  
 Ilande And þe tye dnd a grette batayle But þe laste sir  
**Grystramo** slew hym. So Sir **Grystramo** was so won  
 ded þat wmethe he myght recon and lay at a founre  
 half a yere And sir **Pelleas** was a worfhyppfully  
 knyght And was one of þe .ij. þe encowred þe **Samle** great  
 and þe damsel of þe laabe made by her meane tthat neu  
 he had a do w sir **Lancelot de laabe** for where sir **Lance**  
**lot** was at ony Justis or at ony turnemente. she wolde  
 not suffir hym to be þe tthat day But yf qit were on þe syde  
 of Sir **Lancelot** here endyt tthat tale ad þe freyshe  
 booke seyt fro the marriage of kynge **Artur** unto kynge  
**Artur** tthat regned aftir hym it ded many batayles  
 And tthat booke endyt where ad sir **Lancelot** And  
 Sir **Grystramo** com to courte. wto tthat wot make  
 ony more lette hym feke of booke of kynge **Artur**  
 or of Sir **Lancelot** or Sir **Grystramo** for tthat was  
 drawyn by a knyght prisoner Sir **Thomas** **Mallore**  
 tthat god sende hym good recon Amen it of

Explicit





viij. dayes and shall calle vnto me my counceyle of my  
moste trusty buyggtf and deuys and kegeant byngf  
and erlyf and barownd and of my moste wyse doctours

And whan we shal take oure dyssement ye shall  
haue yo answere playnly fufill as I shall a byde by

Whan p noble kyng commanded Sir **Olegid** to lobe  
that thes men be seteled and fued w<sup>th</sup> p beste p<sup>th</sup> there be  
no deputies spared vpon them p<sup>th</sup> nor cyelde nor horse  
fauzt no tpyng. for they ar full Royall peple. And  
thouze they haue greved me at my counte yet we muste  
remembir on oure worschipp. So they were led In to  
chambyrd & serbed ad vycely of deputies p<sup>th</sup> myggtf be  
gotyn So p<sup>th</sup> romayned had p<sup>th</sup> of grete merwayle

Whan p<sup>th</sup> kyng vnto counsaile called his noble  
buyggtf. And w<sup>th</sup> In a towne there they assembled p<sup>th</sup>  
moste pty of p<sup>th</sup> buyggtf of p<sup>th</sup> rounde table Whan p<sup>th</sup>  
kyng commanded hem of there beste counceyle

Sir seide Sir **Cador of Cornuayle** ad for me I  
am nat hery of this message for we haue be many  
dayes rested flow p<sup>th</sup> lettys of **Lucius** the Emperoure  
lybid me well. for now shall we haue warre wor  
schipp. Be cryste I leue well seide p<sup>th</sup> kyng sir **Cador**  
this message lybid the but yet they may nat be so an  
swerde for p<sup>th</sup> spytebond speche grevyt so my herte  
that truage to roome wolt I neuil pay Where fore  
counceyle me my buyggtf for crystf love of helynd  
for this muche haue I founde In p<sup>th</sup> Cronycle of  
this londe p<sup>th</sup> sir **Belyne** and sir **Bryne** of my bloode  
elders that borne were In Breteayne and they hatf  
occupped p<sup>th</sup> Emperourschip. viij. store wyntys And after  
**Constantyne** oure kynnesman conquered hit and dame

**Elyne** yo son of **Ingelonde** was Empon of **Roome**  
and he receiued the crosse þat cryste dyed vpon. And  
that was þat Empyre kepte be my kynde elders & that  
gane we crydence I nowze to þat Empyre of hole Roome

Then answered **kyng** **Augwysschaunc** vnto **Arthure**  
Sir you onte to be a boven all other crysten kyngs for  
of byggstode and of noble conceple þat is all way  
in the And **Scotlonde** had new stathe kyng ye were  
crowned kyng And when þat Romaynes raynede  
vpon us they ransomed oure elders and raffe us of  
oure lybes. There fore I make myne abow vnto  
mylde **chary** and vnto **Isu cryste** that I shall be aven  
ged vpon the **Romaynes** and to fary the byggst I shall  
kyng þat ferse men of armys fully. xx. of of tyred  
men I shall yest hem my wages for to go and warre  
on the **Romaynes** & to dystroy hem and all shall be w  
in. ii. ayges to go where þat lybes. Then þat kyng of  
brytyn **Brytayne** sayde vnto kyng **Arthure** Sir an  
swere thes alpaunted and gyff them þat answere and  
I shall somen my peple and. xxx. of men shall ye  
gane at my cost and wages. ye sey well seyde þat  
kyng **Arthure** Then spake a myghty denbe that  
was lorde of weste walyes. Sir I make myne a vo  
we to god to be reuenged on the **Romaynes**. And to  
hane þat vawarde and þat to vnyquyshe w vctory þat  
vyscounte of Roome For onys ad I paste on pyl  
grymage all by the poynte **Bremble** than þat visco  
unte was in **Brytayne** and toke vp my byggst  
& ransomed them vnrasonable. And than I complay  
ned me to the potestate þat pope hym self but I had  
no thyng ellys but plesante wordys of reson at



Boome myght / none game and so / rode my way sore  
reubed and þ fore to be a venged I wolle a nere of my  
wyghteste walfhemyn and of myne owne fre wagn  
byrge gon. xxx. d. Then for **Ewayne** and for son  
**Idert** that were nere cosyns vnto þ conqueror yet we  
re they cosyns bothe twayne and they helde **Frecloude**  
**Ardayle** and all the oute fild. So seyde they vnto  
byrge **Artgane** here we make oure avowed vntoo  
Criste manly to ryde in to **Lunbardy** and so vnto **ye**  
**layne** wallys and so on the poynte **Bremble** in to þ  
vale of **Vyterbe** and þ to vntayle my byrge and for  
to be a venged on the Romayns we shall byrge the  
xxx. d. of good menys bodies. Then leep in yong  
Sir **Lancelot de laake** w a byrge herte þ seyde vnto  
byrge **Artgane** though my lordis marche wythe thyne  
enemyes yet shall I make myne a vow after my po  
wer þ of good men of armys after my bloode tyn  
many I shall byrge w me. xx. d. helmyd in haub  
berd attyred þ shall new fayle you wghyls oure ly  
ved lastyt. Then lowze for **Bandwyn** of **Bre**  
**tayne** and carpyd to þ byrge I make myne a vow  
vnto þ vernacle noble. for to byrge w me. x. d.  
good menys bodies þ shall new fayle wghyls there  
lyved lastyt. Now I thanke you seyde the byrge  
byrge w all my trew herte I suppose by þ ende be  
done & dalte þ Romayns had bene better to hane  
lesse þ pronde message. So when þ. vii. wyghte  
wad atte an ende the Senatours be songht þ byrge  
to hane an answer hit is well seyde þ byrge. Now  
sey ye to yourne Gynoun that I shall in all haste me  
vedy make w my leene byrge and by þ ben of Rome

holde my Rounde table and I wolt brynge w<sup>th</sup> me the  
beste peple of .xv. Realms. And w<sup>th</sup> hem ryde on p<sup>r</sup>  
mountayned In the mayne loundis and myne donne  
p<sup>r</sup> wallys of **ayrlande** the pronde and p<sup>r</sup> the ryderm  
to Roome w<sup>th</sup> my Royallyst knyghts // Now ye haue  
your answer. gyff you p<sup>r</sup> ye were hense it frome  
this place to the porte p<sup>r</sup> ye shall passe o<sup>r</sup>. And I  
shall gyff you .viij. dayes to passe vnto **Sandwyche**

**N**ow speke you I comeynte you it spare nat  
your horsis and lobe ye go by watlynge  
strete and no way ellys and where myght fallys  
on you lobe ye there a byde be hit selle o<sup>r</sup> towne  
I take no kepe for hit longytis nat to none alpaun  
tis for to ryde on myghts and may ony be founde a  
spere lengthe oute of p<sup>r</sup> way and p<sup>r</sup> ye be In p<sup>r</sup> wat  
by the .viij. myghts ende there shall no golde vnder  
god pay for your ransom. Sir seyde this **Se**  
**natome** this is an harde condypte we be seche y<sup>e</sup>  
that we may passe safely. Care ye nat seyde the  
lynge your Condyp<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> alle. And they passed  
fro **Carleyle** vnto **Sandwyche** w<sup>th</sup> alle that hadde  
but .viij. dayes for to passe thorow p<sup>r</sup> londe and so  
Sir **Cador** brought hem on her wayes. But the  
**Sauatome** feared for no horse but hyred hem ha  
bneyed frome towne to towne. And by p<sup>r</sup> some wad  
sette at .viij. dayes ende they com vnto **Sandwy**  
**che** so blythe were they new and so the same myght  
they toke p<sup>r</sup> watr and passed In to flammredst  
astw<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> on p<sup>r</sup> grete mountayne p<sup>r</sup> myght **Godarde**  
and so astw<sup>th</sup> thorow **lumbardy** and thorow **Unstayne**  
and sone astw<sup>th</sup> they come to the Emperour **Lucius** and



þ̄ they shewed hym þ̄ lettyr of kyng **Artoure** and  
how he was þ̄ gastyllyst man that en they on loke  
When þ̄ Empour **Incus** hadde redde þ̄ lettyr and  
vnder stood to hem wel of there credence he fared as  
a man were rased of his wyte I wente þ̄ **Artoure** wold  
have obeyed you & fured you vnto y<sup>o</sup> hounde. for so he be  
semed of ony kyng crystynde for to obey ony Senato<sup>r</sup>  
þ̄ is sente fro my pson. Sir sayde þ̄ Senato<sup>r</sup> lette  
be fuche wordis for þ̄ we have astaped on lyve we may  
thouke god en. for we wolde nat passe a yen to do that  
message for all y<sup>o</sup> brode londis. And þ̄ fore Dur<sup>e</sup>  
truste to oure sawys þ̄ shall fynde hym y<sup>o</sup> vttir ene  
mye and seke ye hym and ye lyfte for hi to t<sup>h</sup>is londis  
wolt he com & þ̄ shall ye fynde w<sup>t</sup> in t<sup>h</sup>is half yere  
for he thynk y<sup>o</sup> to be Empour hym self. for he seyth  
ye have occupped þ̄ empyre w<sup>t</sup> grete wronge for all  
his trew amercetysed samst his fadir **vtter** were Emp  
oures of Rome And of all þ̄ souayned that we sawe en  
he is the Royallyst kyng þ̄ lyveth on erthe for we  
sawe on **rewer** day at his rounde table. w<sup>t</sup> kyngis  
and þ̄ fayryst felshipp of kyngis arw<sup>t</sup> hym that durys  
on lyve and þ̄ to of wysedome and of fayre speche and  
all Royalte and bycesse they sayle of none. There  
fore Sir be my counsaile were up y<sup>o</sup> lyge peple and  
sende kyng and deup to lobe vnto y<sup>o</sup> marquis And þ̄  
the mountayned of **Almayne** be myghtyly kepte. Be  
Estir seyde the Empour I caste me for to passe **Almayne**  
And so forth In to fraunce and þ̄ be rebe hym his londis  
I shall bryng w<sup>t</sup> me many gyauntyd of Geene that one  
of them shall be wort<sup>h</sup> an. C. of kyngis and pleons pas  
sage shall be surely kepte w<sup>t</sup> my good kyngis. When þ̄

Empound sente forth his messengers of wyse olde knyght  
 vnto a Contrey callyd **Ambrage** and **Arrage** and vnto al  
**findir** to ynde to **Ermony** that the **Rever** of **Enfrate**  
 rennyd by. And to **Asy** **Anfryse** and **Europe** the large  
 and to **Ertayne** and **Elampe** to the oute yles to **Arabo**  
 to **Egypte** to **Danaaske** and to **Damyake** and to noble  
 denkis & erlys. Also þe kyng of **Cypydos** and þe kyng  
 of **Bar** and of **Turke** and of **Pomce** and of **Pampoy**  
**le** and oute of **Preter** **Isfuo** londe. Also þe fordon of  
**Smre** and frome **Pero** vnto **Plazaretz** and frome **Ge**  
**rese** to **Galely** there come **Saryfyn** and be com fudgettis  
 vnto Rome So they come glydyng in **Galys** Also ther  
 come þe kyng of **Cypred** and þe **Grekis** were gadrede  
 & goodly arayed wþ þe kyng of **Myacidony** and of **Calabe**  
 and of **Catelonde** bothe kyngs and denks. And the kyng  
 of **Portugale** wþ many thousande **Spaniards** & quod  
 all thes kyngs and denks and Admyrallys nobly assem  
 bled wþ xviij. kyngs at onys And so they com vnto Rome wþ  
 grete multytude of peple. When þe Empound understood  
 þe conynge he made redy all the noble Romaynes & all  
 men of warre be **Egypte** hym and **flamudyd** Also he  
 had gotyn wþ hym fyfty gyamtyd that were engendurde  
 wþ fendis And all thes he lete ordeyne for to a wayte on his  
 pson and for to breke þe batayle of þe frunte of **Artim**  
**kyng** But they were so muche of þe bodyes þe forsyd  
 myght nat bere thew. And thew þe Empound wþ all the  
 forryble peple drew to passe **Almayne** to dystroy **Artim**  
**ed** londys that he wold thorow warre of his noble  
 knyghts And so **Lucius** com vnto **Cullayne** and þe by a  
**Castelle** be **Degys** & wanne hit wþ in a wyyle & fessed  
 hit wþ **Saryfyn**. And thew **Lucius** wþ in a wyyle destroyed



many fayre contrayes *p<sup>r</sup> durture* had wome be fore of *p<sup>r</sup>*  
myghty kynge *Clenda* so t<sup>r</sup>is *lucius* h<sup>r</sup>is disposed a brode  
th<sup>r</sup>oste *Egypt* myle large and commaunde hem to mete  
w<sup>t</sup> hym *in Normandy* *in* the contray of *Constantyne* and  
at *Burfiere* t<sup>r</sup>ere ye me abyde for the donqery of  
*Bretayne* I shall t<sup>r</sup>orowly dystroy hit.

**D**ow leve we *Sir Lucius* And speke we of kynge *di*  
*tture* t<sup>r</sup>at commaunded all *p<sup>r</sup>* were vnder his obey  
saunce after the vtas of *Depute* *pyllary* *p<sup>r</sup>* all shulde be  
assembled for to holde a plement at yorke w<sup>t</sup> *in p<sup>r</sup>* wallys  
and *p<sup>r</sup>* t<sup>r</sup>ey concluded shortly to a reste all *p<sup>r</sup>* shippes of t<sup>r</sup>is  
loude and w<sup>t</sup> *in .xv. dayes* to be redy at *Sandwyck* *from*  
*hurry* *seyde durture* I purpose me to passe many pelled  
wayes and to occupye ye Emppre *p<sup>r</sup>* myne elders a fore  
gane claymed *p<sup>r</sup>* fore I pray you consyle me *p<sup>r</sup>* may  
be beste and moste workyp The kynge *p<sup>r</sup>* kyngh<sup>t</sup> ga  
darde hem vnto consayle *p<sup>r</sup>* were condecended for to  
make .ij. c<sup>r</sup>ysstayned. t<sup>r</sup>at was *Sir Bandwen of Bre*  
*tayne* an amcient *p<sup>r</sup>* an honorable kyngh<sup>t</sup> for to counsey  
le and comforte *Sir Cadore* son of *Cornuayle* *p<sup>r</sup>* was  
at *p<sup>r</sup>* tyme called *Sir Constantyne* t<sup>r</sup>at after was kynge  
after *durture* dayes And *p<sup>r</sup>* *in* the p<sup>r</sup>seuce of all *p<sup>r</sup>* lordis  
the kynge receyved all *p<sup>r</sup>* rule vnto t<sup>r</sup>is .ij. lordis and  
quene *Owenbere* and *Sir Gyrstimus* at *p<sup>r</sup>* tyme he left  
w<sup>t</sup> kynge *charle* of *Cornuayle* for *p<sup>r</sup>* lone of labeale  
*hode* w<sup>t</sup>ere fore *Sir lancelot* was passyng wrothe  
Than quene *Owenyn* made grete sorow t<sup>r</sup>at the  
kynge and all *p<sup>r</sup>* lordys sholde so be deptyed and *p<sup>r</sup>* the  
fett domie on a stoune and hir ladyes bare hir to her  
chambur Than *p<sup>r</sup>* kynge commaunded hem to god *p<sup>r</sup>* be  
leste *p<sup>r</sup>* quene *in* *Sir Constantynes* And *Sir Bandwens*

gondio And all / In gloude goly to rule ad t hem selfe  
 demed beste And wgan þ þynge was an hors bat  
 he seyde In herynge of all þ lordio / If þ I dye In t qid  
 Iurney here I make þ **Sir Constantyne** my trow dyre  
 for þ arte nepte of my byw save **Sir Cadore** tþy fadir  
 And þ fore if þ I dey I woll þ þe be crowned þynge  
 þyght so he songt it qid þyghtt towarde **Sande**  
**wyche** where he founde be fore hym many galyard  
 þyghtt for þ were þ moste pty of all þ rounde ta-  
 ble redy on po bank for to sayle wgan þ þynge lybed  
 wgan In all haste þ myghtt be tþey shpped þ qordio  
 t harneysse t all man of ordynamice þ fallyt for  
 þ werre t tentyd and pabylyond many were trussed  
 and so tþey shotte frome þ bank many grete caryclþ  
 and many shpped of forestage w coggid and galayes  
 t spynesse full noble w galayes t galvottys t wryng  
 w many Ored And t qid tþey strelyw fortþ In to  
 tþe strenys many sadde quident qes.

Here folowytt tþe dreame of þynge Antqwe.

**H**is tþe þynge was In qid Cog and lay In qid Ca-  
 ban he felle In a slumberyng t dremed how a  
 dredfull **Dragon** had dreuche muche of qid peple  
 t com fleynge one wyng oute of þ weste ptyed and  
 qid qede hym semed was exampled w **Asure** and qid  
 shuldys stone ad þ golde t qid wombe was lybe may-  
 led off a merweylond qew and qid tayle was full of  
 tatys t qid feete were floryssed ad qit were fyne  
 sable And qid clawys were lybe clene golde w an  
 qydeouse flame of fyre þ floure oute of qid mouth lybe  
 ad þ loude t þ watir had flawmed all on fyre wgan  
 hym semed þ com oute of þ oryent a grymly 2 Beare



all blak in a clowde and his partyes were as byg as a  
poste he was all to rouged w<sup>th</sup> lenger ande lokyng and he  
was the fowlyst beste p<sup>r</sup> any man sye he roured and  
roued so rudely p<sup>r</sup> merweyle hit were to telle. Then  
p<sup>r</sup> dredfull dragon dresyd hym a yeste hym it come  
in p<sup>r</sup> wynde lyke a **fancon** & freyshly stryde p<sup>r</sup> **Beare**  
and agayne p<sup>r</sup> gresly **Beare** luttis w<sup>th</sup> his gryssly tust  
p<sup>r</sup> his breste and his brayne was bloode it hit rapled  
all on p<sup>r</sup> see. Then p<sup>r</sup> worme wyndis away it fleid  
vpon hygghe and com downe w<sup>th</sup> such a souze it towched  
the beare on p<sup>r</sup> rydge p<sup>r</sup> fro p<sup>r</sup> toppe to p<sup>r</sup> tayle was 20  
foote large it so he rentyd the beare & breydyd hym  
vp clene p<sup>r</sup> all felle on p<sup>r</sup> ponder bothe p<sup>r</sup> flesch and the  
bonys and so hit slotered a brode on p<sup>r</sup> see. Anone the  
kyng waked of his dreme it in all haste he sente for  
a **Philosopher** and charged hym to telle what sygny-  
fyed his dreme. Sir sayde the **Philosopher** p<sup>r</sup> **Dragon**  
p<sup>r</sup> dremyste of be tokyng tyme owne p<sup>r</sup> some that  
thys here sayles w<sup>th</sup> thy syber kyngdome. And p<sup>r</sup> coloure  
of his wyngys w<sup>th</sup> thy kyngdome p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> haste w<sup>th</sup> thy  
kyngdome. And his tayle p<sup>r</sup> was all to tattered  
sygnifyed y<sup>e</sup> noble kyngdome of p<sup>r</sup> Romme table. And  
the **Beare** that p<sup>r</sup> dragon slawe a bove in the clowdis  
be tokyng som tyrante p<sup>r</sup> turmentid thy peple of  
p<sup>r</sup> art lyke to sygnt w<sup>th</sup> som **Gyante** boldely in Batay-  
le be thy self a lone. Where fore of this dredfull  
dreme drede p<sup>r</sup> but a lytyll and care nat now for con-  
querroure but comforte thy self. Then w<sup>th</sup> in a  
whyle tyme had a sygnt of p<sup>r</sup> banlys of Normandy  
and at p<sup>r</sup> same tyme p<sup>r</sup> kyng arybed at **Barfflete** it  
fonde p<sup>r</sup> nedy many of his grete lordis as he had

Comanded at **Cystrinasse** be fore hym selfe & c/  
**G**han come þan husbunde man oute of the  
 contrey and tallytq; vnto þe kyng wondurfull  
 wordys. And sayde fir here is a foule **Gyante** of  
**Gene** that turmentytq; thy peple mo than .v. & c. &  
 many mo of oure chyldren þat qatq; bene his sustynan-  
 ce all tyme. Wy. Wynter & yet is þe sothe neu celid but  
 In þe contrey of **Constantyne** he qatq; bylled all oure  
 Ename chyldren and tyme wyggt he qatq; cleyzte the  
 Duches of **Bretayne** as she rode by a ryver w<sup>th</sup> her  
 ryche byggst & ledde hir vnto yondur monute to by  
 by hir wyple hir byss lastytq; many folkyd folowed  
 hym mo than .v. quidur Barounes and bachelers  
 and byggst full noble but en she styfled wondurly  
 lowde þe þe sorow of þe lady cover shall we neu. She  
 was thy consynur wyff. **Sw. howell** the hende a man  
 þe we talke nyze of thy bloode. **Now** as þe arte oure  
 byggst wode bynge rewe on tyme lady and on thy lyege  
 peple & reuenge w<sup>th</sup> ad a noble conquerourne sholde  
 alas seyde bynge **Artur** tyme is a grette myschesse  
 I had leu. tyme all the Realms. I wolde vnto my  
 crowne þe I had bene be fore that fweybe a furlonge  
 way for to hane restowred that lady. And I wolde  
 hane done my payne. **Now** felow seyde **Artur**  
 woldist þe þen me where þe carle dwellyd. I trowe I  
 shall trete w<sup>th</sup> hym or I far passe. **Sw. conquerour**  
 seyde the good man be holde yondur. n. fyrp<sup>er</sup> for þe  
 shalte þe fynde þe carle be yonde þe colde strendur  
 and tresoure oute of m<sup>ur</sup> þe mayste þe fyberly fynde  
 de more tresoure as I suppose than is in all ffuance  
 after. **The** bynge seyde good man peed & carpe



to me no more thy sote sawys haue greved for  
 my herte. Than he turnyd towarde his tentys  
 it camys but lytle. Than þe kynge seyde vnto  
 Sir **Ray** In comyceple it to Sir **Bedwere** þe holde  
 this seyde he loke þe .ij. after wyntonge be sure  
 ly armed it þe beste horsis. for I woll ryde on  
 pylgrymage prayly and none but we. ij. and  
 when my lord is seruyd we woll ryde to seute  
**Mychaels** monnte where merbayles ar shewed. A  
 none Sir **Arture** wente to his wardrop & caste  
 on his armoure bothe his **Gesserante** and his **Bas-**  
**net** wth his brode shylde. And so he busyd hym tylle his  
 stede þe on þe beste hober. Than he stert vpon losse it  
 gentyl þe brydylle and sturred hym stontly it sone he  
 fyndis his byggys. ij. full clenly arayed. And than they  
 trotted on styll to gedir on a blythe contray full of ma-  
 ny myrry byrdis. And when they com to þe forlonde  
**Arture** and they a bygg on his foote. How fastenys  
 seyde **Arture** ouer horsis þe none nyze of. for I woll  
 secche this seute be my self a lone and speke wth this  
 mayster man þe þeppis this mountayne. Than the  
 kynge rode up to þe creste of þe Cragge. And than he  
 comforted hym self wth þe colde wynde and than he rode  
 forth by. ij. welk strenys. And þe he fyndys. ij. fyred  
 flama and full of fyre. And at þe one fyre he founde a care  
 full **Wydow** wryngande his handys sittande on a gra-  
 ve þe was new marled. Than **Arture** salued his it  
 se he hym a gayne and asked his why she sate sorowful  
 Alas she seyde carefull byggys þe camys on lowde  
 þe is a werlow woll despyr voboth I holde þe vnhappy  
 what doste þe on this mountayne. Than he here were

Ende fiftty

Inche fyrstye ye were to feyble for to make hym all at  
 onys! Where to berys p' armour hit may p' lytlyl a wayle  
 for he nedys none of wepyu but his bare fyte. Here is  
 a donked dede p' sayryst p' lyved he hatth murdered that  
 mylde w' oute any mercy he forced hir by fylth of hym  
 self and so astir flytte hir vnto p' nabyll. Dame seyde  
 p' bynge I com fro p' conqueror for **Artur** for to trete  
 w' p' tyrannite for his lyge peple. ffy on fuche turyse  
 she seyde pan for he settyd nonght by p' bynge nor by no  
 man ellys. But p' haue brought **Artur** wyff danc  
**Gwenivere** he wolle be more blyth of hir than pon  
 haddeste gessyn hym galsondels fraunce and but yf pon  
 haue brought hir prese hym nat to nyze lobe w'at he  
 hatth done vnto. xv. byngs he hatth made hym a coote full  
 of p'cions stonyd and p' bordoured p' of is the berdis. xv.  
 byngs and they were of p' grettyst blood p' dured on w'p  
 othir famerhad he none of xv realms. To his p'sente was  
 sente hym to this laste **Crystemasse** they sente hym in pay  
 the for sayng of p' peple. And for **Artur** wyff he lodgyd  
 hym here for he hatth more tresoure than eu had **Artur**  
 or any of his elders. And now p' shal fynde hym at souper  
 w' vi. knabe cpyldur. And p' he hatth made p'lyllt powder  
 w' many p'cions wynded and. iiij. fayre maydens p' turnys the  
 broche. That bydis to go to his bed for they. iiij. shal be dede  
 w' hi. iiij. omes or p' fylth is fulfyllid p' his fleysthe as he  
 wolle seyde **Artur** I wolle fulfyll my message for alle  
 yd grynd wordis. That fare p' to yonder fyre p' flamyd  
 so hye and p' shal fynde hym syberly for sethe. That he  
 paste forth to p' creste of p' hylle it fyze where he sate at  
 his souper a lone gadwying on a lyne of a large man it  
 there he bealyd his brode leudyd by p' byngs fyre and



brebelys hym sonys and. iij. damefeld turned. iij. broccas  
and þou was. xij. chylde but late borne and they were  
brocced in maid lyke burdis. When the kyng be hylde  
þæt hyght his herte was myge bledynge for sorow. When  
he daylesed hym w<sup>th</sup> augurfull wordys. þow he that all  
weldys gess þæt sorow tress þæt þæt fyt for þæt art þæt fowlyste  
frepte þæt end was foumed it fendly þæt fedyst tise. þæt devill  
hane thy soule. And by what cause þæt carle fast þæt bylled  
þæt crysten chylde þæt faste made many martyrs by mon  
theryng of t<sup>his</sup> londis. Wherefore þæt shalt hane thy male  
thorow **ayccael**. that omyt t<sup>his</sup> monite. And also why  
faste þæt slayne t<sup>his</sup> fayre donched. Wherefore dresse  
þæt doggyson for þæt shalt dye t<sup>his</sup> day thorow þæt dyte of my  
hondis. When þæt gloton gloored and grend full soule  
he had beet lybe a graysonde he was þæt fowlyste wyte  
þæt end man sye and þæt was new fuche one foumed on er  
for þæt was new devil. In helle more horrybler made for  
he was fro þæt hede to the foote. v. fadom longe and large  
And þæt stundely he sterte vpon t<sup>his</sup> leggis it cange a  
clubbe in t<sup>his</sup> sonde all of cleue iron. When he swappid  
at þæt kyng w<sup>th</sup> þæt byd wepyu he cryssed downe w<sup>th</sup> the  
club. the **Coronal**. donne to þæt colde er. the kyng conde  
hym w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>his</sup> shylde it reced a boye er in foumede in  
the myddis of t<sup>his</sup> forehede þæt þæt slypped blade unto the  
brayne reced. yet he shappid at fir **Artur**. but þæt  
kyng s<sup>h</sup>mutyd a lytill and reced hym a dyte gye  
vpon þæt gamme and þæt he swappid t<sup>his</sup> **Genytrout** in  
soudir. When he rored it brayed and yet augurly he stry  
led and fyled of fir **Artur** and þæt er qittid þæt he butte  
In to the swarffe a large swede longt and more. þan  
the kyng sterte up unto hym it rangst hym a buffette

and but his baly In fundir p<sup>t</sup>onte wente p<sup>r</sup>gore p<sup>r</sup>p<sup>r</sup>grasse  
 and p<sup>r</sup>gromde all foule was be gone. When he haste  
 away p<sup>r</sup>chubbe and caughte p<sup>r</sup>lyuge In his armyd p<sup>r</sup>haude  
 led p<sup>r</sup>lyuge so harde p<sup>r</sup>he crushed his rybbes. When p<sup>r</sup>  
 balefull maydyns wronge for bondis and buelod on p<sup>r</sup>  
 gromde p<sup>r</sup>to cryste called w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>p<sup>r</sup>warlow wratt. **Artfure**  
 vndir and so they waltyrde p<sup>r</sup>t mulyde on p<sup>r</sup>craggis and  
 bussys and extyr cleyggt of fult faste In p<sup>r</sup>armys and  
 op<sup>r</sup>wypled. **Artfure** was a boven and op<sup>r</sup>wyple vndir p<sup>r</sup>  
 so they new leste tyll they fylle p<sup>r</sup>ad p<sup>r</sup>floodde marled. But  
 en In p<sup>r</sup>walteryuge **Artfure** gytis hym w<sup>t</sup> a shorte dagger  
 up to p<sup>r</sup>thyltyd. and In his fallyuge p<sup>r</sup>braste of p<sup>r</sup>gyamnt  
 rybbys. In edyn at onys and by fortune they selle there  
 ad p<sup>r</sup>h luyggt a boode w<sup>t</sup> there horsis. When Sir **Ray**  
 saw p<sup>r</sup>lyuge and the gyamnt so p<sup>r</sup>cleyggt to gyder. Alas  
 sayd Sir **Ray** we are forfete for en yondir is our lorde on  
 fallen w<sup>t</sup> a fende gytis w<sup>t</sup> so seyde p<sup>r</sup>lyuge but helpe me  
 Sir **Ray** for this corseute hane p<sup>r</sup>clegged oute of p<sup>r</sup>you  
 dir clowys. In sayt seyde Sir **Bedwere** this is a  
 foule carle and caughte p<sup>r</sup>corseute oute of p<sup>r</sup>lyugf armyd  
 and there he seyde p<sup>r</sup>hane myl p<sup>r</sup>ll wondir and **aypae**  
 be of succa a makyng that en god wolde suffir hym to  
 a byde In gedyn. And if seyntis be succa that serbyd  
 In twoll new selbe for none be p<sup>r</sup>sayt of my body  
 When lyuge than longat **Bedwere** wordis p<sup>r</sup>seyde  
 this seynt hane p<sup>r</sup>songgt upre vnto my grete dam  
 gere. But stryke of his hede and sette hit on a troum  
 cheome of a speare and gess hit to thy gyamnt that is  
 foryste horsed and bere hit vnto Sir **Howell** p<sup>r</sup>is In  
 harde bondis and bydde hym be mery for his enemy  
 is destroyed. And after **Barflete** lette brace hit on a



**Barbycan** that all þe conynge of tþis contrey may hit  
be holde And tþan ye. y. go vp and secche me my  
shelde my swerde and þe boystonse clubbe of Iron. And  
yf ye lyfte oure tresoure take what ye lyst for þe may  
ye fynde tresoure oute of myn. So I gaue tþe Curtyll  
I kepe no more. for tþis was a freyssh Gyamte and  
myghty of strengtþ. for I mette nat wþ fucche one tþis  
y. wynter. Dausse onys In þe monthe of Apryle I mette  
wþ fucche and of. But tþis was ferfar that had I nere  
founden had nat my fortune be good. Then þe byrge  
secched tþe Clubbe and þe coote and all þe remenant  
and toke wþ hem what tresoure that hem lybed. Then  
þe byrge it tþey sterte vpon þe horsys. And so tþey rode fro  
tþen þe ad tþey come fro. And a none þe clamour was  
howge a bonte all þe contrey. And tþan tþey wente wþ  
one voyse to fore þe byrge and thanked god it hym þe  
þe enemy was destroyed. All tþanbe ye god seide **Ar**  
**ture** and no man ellys looke þe goodys be styfted  
that none playne of tþis pte. Then he commanded tþis  
colyn sw **Howett** to make a byrge on þe same cragge In  
þe worshype of seynt **Michael**. On þe morne frome  
**Barflete** remeryt þe byrge wþ all tþis grette batayle  
prondly arayed. And so tþey schoke on þe strempes In to  
a fayre campayne. And þe byrge downe In a valey tþey  
pyghte up In tentyes. And eyn at þe mete wþyle come  
y. messyngers that one was þe **Marchall** of ffraunce þe  
seyde to þe byrge how þe Empon was com In to ffraunce  
and that destroyed much of oure marchis and is com  
In to **Brugayne** and many borowys that destroyed and  
that made grette slangstir of y. noble people it where  
that he rydyt all he destroyed And now he is conyn

In to dowse fraunce And þe bremyd all clene Row all  
 the **Dowse leperys** bothe deuyd and op. And þe peeryd of  
**Parys** towne as fledde downe In to þe lowe contrey towarde  
**Roome** And but yf þe helpe them þe finer they muste yelde hem  
 all at onys bothe þe bodys and towys they can none other  
 succo But medys they muste yelde them in haste

**G**an þe kyng byddid þe **Boice** now bowste the  
 blythe. And **Sir Lyonel** and **Sir Bedwere** lobe þe  
 ye fare w<sup>t</sup> **Sir Gawayne** my neww w<sup>t</sup> you and take ad many  
 good knyghts and lobe þe ye ryde streyte vnto **Sir Lucius** and  
 sey I bydde hym In haste to remeue oute of my londys. And  
 yf the wyl nat so bydde hym dresse his batayle and lettere  
 redresse oure ryghts w<sup>t</sup> oure handis. And þe more wor  
 shyppes than than to ou ryde maystlesse men. Than a  
 none In all haste they dresse hem to horse batthe noble  
 knyghts. And w<sup>t</sup> gan they com to þe grene wood they sawe  
 be fore hem many proude parysion of sylke of dyverse  
 coloured þe were sette In a medow be syde a Ryber And the  
 Empoures parysion was In þe myddys w<sup>t</sup> an Eggle display  
 ed on losse. Than tforow the wood oure knyghts roode  
 tyll þe they com vnto the Empoures tence. But be  
 hynde them they leste stuff of men of armys In a boysshe  
 mente And þe leste In þe boysshemente **Sir Lyonel** And  
**Sir Bedwere** **Sir Gawayne** and **Sir Boice** wente w<sup>t</sup> the  
 message. So they rode w<sup>t</sup> they In to þe Empoures tence  
 and spoke bothe at onys w<sup>t</sup> harte wordys. Row geff þe  
 sorow **Sir Empour** it all thy swordys þe a bonte. Forcally  
 occupyst þou w<sup>t</sup> wronge the Emppresship of Roome that  
 is kyng **Artur**es herytage be hynde of the noble Elders  
 there labbed none but **ut** the quod padm. Thore fore þe kyng  
 comandyt þe to ryde oute of the londys op ellys to fyggt



for all and bryggely hit wryme. ye sey well seyde p<sup>r</sup> Emp<sup>r</sup>  
 ad yourre lorde thatt yon comanded But telle y<sup>e</sup> lorde  
 I sende hym gretynge. but I have no joy of yourre penyche  
 thatt to rebuke me at my lordys But sey yourre lorde  
 I wolle ryde dorene by Sayne and wryme all p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> to longe  
 and after ryde unto **Roone** and wryme hit wry clene. hit  
 be senyd p<sup>r</sup> ylle seyde. **En Garwayne** thatt ony fuch an  
 Elffe sholde bragge fuche wordys. for I had lebr than  
 all ffrance to fyght a yenste p<sup>r</sup> op<sup>r</sup> I seyde. **En Borce**  
 than to welde all Bretayne op<sup>r</sup> **Burgayne** the noble  
 Than a bryggely p<sup>r</sup> bryggely. **En Gayne** p<sup>r</sup> was cofyn  
 unto p<sup>r</sup> Emp<sup>r</sup> he seyde thed wordys. Thed englyshe  
**Bretoun** be braggard of bynde. for ye may see how  
 they bofte and bragge ad they durste bete all p<sup>r</sup> worlde  
 Than grevid **En Garwayne** at qid grete wordys  
 and w<sup>r</sup> qid boweryly bronde p<sup>r</sup> bryggely semed he strobe  
 of p<sup>r</sup> qede of **En Gayne** the bryggely and so they turned  
 p<sup>r</sup> horsis and rode on watrys and woodys In to they  
 com up p<sup>r</sup> busschment p<sup>r</sup> **En Lyonell** and **En Bedwere**  
 were sayng styll. Than p<sup>r</sup> Romaynes folowed faste  
 on horseback and on foote on a fayre champeyne unto  
 a fayre wood. Than turnyd hym **En Borce** wryt  
 a freyshe wyll and save a gay bryggely all floryshed In  
 golde p<sup>r</sup> bare dorene of **Artqued** bryggely wondrousfull ma  
 ny. Than **En Borce** aspyed hym he faste In feautir  
 a spere and gyrdid hym thorow oute p<sup>r</sup> body thatt qid  
 gnyd felle oute and p<sup>r</sup> bryggely to p<sup>r</sup> grounde p<sup>r</sup> gresly  
 ground. Than preceid In a bolde barowne all In pur  
 pull arayed he threste In to p<sup>r</sup> prece of byng **Artqued**  
 bryggely and fynyshed dorene many good bryggely and he  
 was called **Callesborne** the strengyste of paryned lordis

The dett of  
 En Gayne

And **Sir Borce** turned hym to it bare hym thorow the  
 brode schylde and þe brode of his breste þe he felle to þe erþe  
 as dede as a stone. Then **Sir Felde** the myghty þe  
 was a praysed man of armys he gunde to **Sir Gawayne**  
 for greff of **Sir Gayn** and his of felows. And **Sir Gawayne**  
 was ware and drew **Galantyne** his swerde and hyt hym  
 such a buffette þe he clebed hym to þe breste. And then he cam  
 to his coursar it wente to his ferys. Then a ryght man  
 of Rome one of þe Senatours called to his felows it bade  
 hem retorne for yondre as shewed messengers it bolde  
 boosted. If we follow them any farther þe harme shall be  
 ower. And so þe Romaynes returned byghtly to there  
 tentys and tolde þe Emperour how they had spedde. And how  
 þe marshall of Rome was slayne and mo than .v. of þe  
 felde dede. But yet one they wente and depte oure buffe  
 mente brake on bothe sydes of þe Romaynes. And þe  
 bolde **Bedwer** and **Sir Lionel** bare downe þe Romaynes on  
 eyn syde. There oure noble myghty of mery Jugelonde  
 bere hem thorow þe felmys it byghtly schelded it flew hem  
 downe. And þe þe longe returned vnto þe Emperour it  
 tolde hym at one worde his men were destroyed. x. of þe  
 batayle of tyred myghty for they ar þe bymyst men þe eny  
 we saw in felde. But all wayes **Sir Borce** and **Sir**  
**Gawayne** freysly folowed on the Romaynes vnto þe  
 Emperours tent. Then oute ran þe Romaynes on eyn  
 syde bothe on horse it on foote to many oute of mair. But  
**Sir Borce** and **Sir Berel** were forreste in þe frunte and  
 freysly fangt as end and on myghty. But **Sir Gawayne**  
 was on þe myghty honde it and what he myghty. But there  
 were so many hym a gayste he myghty nat helpe þe his fe  
 ry. But was fayne to turne on his horse other his lyffe.

The letty of  
 Sir Felde



muste he lese. **Sir Borce** and **Sir Berell** þe good barons  
ned forȝt ad. y. booryd þe myght no farþe passe. / But at þe  
laste tȝonze tȝey lotȝ. Were tȝey were yolden it tabyn and  
saled þe lyved yet þe stale stode a lytyll on ferd. **Sir Gawayne**  
ne þe made sorow oute of mesure for tȝed. y. lordys. But  
tȝan cam þu a freyssh knyght cleuly arayed. **Sir Jored** **Sir**  
**Waynes** son a noble man of armys he brought. v. c. good  
men þu hauburly attyred. And when he wyste **Sir Borce**  
and **Sir Berell** were cased of weyr alas he sayde tȝis is to  
muche shame it on muche losse. Forwyllynge **Arture** and  
he know þe tȝed. y. knyghts bene tȝis losse he wolli ned me  
be tyll tȝis be revenged. A fayre knyght sayde **Sir Gawayne**  
þu moſte nedis be a good man for so is tȝis fadir. I knowe  
full well tȝis modur þu þu gelonde was þe borue alas tȝed  
þu mayned tȝis day haue cased us ad wyldes garys tȝey  
haue oure noble cyfften tabyn þu tȝe felde þe was ned  
a better knyght þe strode vpon a stede. loo where tȝey lede  
oure lordys on yondur brode lande. I make myne a bove  
seyde **Sir Gawayne** I shall ned so my lord **Arture** but yf  
I restow hem þe so lyghtly ar ledde us fro. That is knyghtly  
þu þu seyde **Sir Jored** it pulde up her byrdys tȝe galowed  
on þe campayne. tȝere was rustynge of sperys tȝe swapp  
yng of swerdis. And **Sir Gawayne** wȝe galantyne qid swerde  
and many woundys. Then he tȝeſte tȝerow þe prece vnto  
hym þe lad **Sir Borce** and bare hym tȝerow up to þe qyltyd tȝe  
lad a way **Sir Borce** strayte vnto qid feryd. Then **Sir Jored**  
þe yonge **Sir Waynes** son he tȝeſte vnto a knyght þe had **Sir**  
**Berell** þe þe brayne and þe blode cleuid on qid swerde. þe  
was a proude. Venatoure precece after **Sir Gawayne** tȝe gass  
hym a grete buffet. That sawe **Sir Jored** and after wydyt  
it had slayne þe Venato but þe yelded hym þu haste yet

he was loth to be yoldyn but þe nedys muste And so þe  
**Jarvis** ledde hym oute of þe preece unto sir **lyonell** And unto  
 Sir **lovel** **Jarvis** knokt and comanded hem to kepe hym  
 on payne of thaire hedys. Then þe gan a passyng harde  
 stour. for þe Romaynes enwexed enbygger. When Sir  
**Gawayne** passyd he sente forth a byrght unto King **Artu-  
 re** And telle hym what sorow we endure & how we have  
 takyn þe chafe chanceler of Rome. And Petrus is prisoner  
 a Senatore full noble & oðer proude prynces we knowe  
 nat thaire names And pray hym as he is our lord to res-  
 couer us be tyme for our prisoners may pay rycchess oute of  
 myn And telle hym þe I am wounded wondrous sore When  
 þe messengers cam to þe King & tolde hym thes wordys the  
 Kinge thanked cryste clappynge his hondys And for the tress-  
 passys þe I may lyve many wyntys þe was ned no byrght bett  
 rewardid. But þe is no golde vnder god þe shall save þe lyfys  
 I make myne abow to god. And sir **Gawayne** be in my perel  
 of dethe for I had leuys þe þe Empour & all his chysse lordis wold  
 fynysh þe to selle than our lord of þe rounde table were byt-  
 tynly wounded So forth þe prisoners were brought be fore  
**Arture** And he comanded hem þe to kepyng of þe Conestablys  
 warde surely to be kepte as noble prisoners So w þe a why-  
 le com þe þe fore kyders that is for to say Sir **Rowe** Sir  
**Bedwere** Sir **lyonell** And sir **Gawayne** that was sore wom-  
 ded w all his noble felys þe they loste no man of worschyppe.  
 So anone þe King lete renfabe Sir **Gawayne** anone þe  
 his byrght And sayde fayre Cosyn me buye off thaire hurtys  
 and ys I wyste þe myght glad the hart of þe fine þe better w  
 þe I sholde plete þe w þe hedys thow wold pon dnt the  
 rebuked That were lytyle a wayle sayde sir **Gawayne** for  
 thaire hedys had they lorne & I had wold me self & the were



schame to fle knyghts wgan they be yolden. Thā was p<sup>r</sup>oy  
 t game amonge p<sup>r</sup> knyghts of rounde table and spobe of p<sup>r</sup> gte  
 p<sup>r</sup>esse p<sup>r</sup> messyngers ded p<sup>r</sup> day t<sup>r</sup>ow dedys of armys. So  
 on p<sup>r</sup> morne wgan q<sup>r</sup>it was day p<sup>r</sup> byng callyd vnto q<sup>r</sup>yn fir  
**Cador of Cornuayle** and fir **Clarrus of Clerevunte** a cleve  
 man of armys. And fir **Cloudred** **Sir Clegis** y. olde noble  
 knyght and fir **Bard** **Sir Berell** noble good men of armys  
 And also **Sir Bryan de lez ylyed** and fir **Bedwere** p<sup>r</sup> bolde  
 And also he called fir **Lancelot** in q<sup>r</sup>erung of all peple and  
 seyde I pray p<sup>r</sup> **Sir** ad p<sup>r</sup> lavyd me take hede to t<sup>r</sup>es of knyght  
 p<sup>r</sup> boldely lede t<sup>r</sup>es p<sup>r</sup>soners vnto **Parysse** towne p<sup>r</sup> for to be  
 bepte surely ad t<sup>r</sup>ey me love wolt hane. And yf ony bescorde  
 be falle moste I assye t<sup>r</sup>es in me ad I q<sup>r</sup> me helpe. Thā  
 fir **Lancelot** and fir **Cador** w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup>es of knyght attyned oute  
 of p<sup>r</sup> felchshyp. p. q<sup>r</sup> be tale of bolde men awayed of p<sup>r</sup> beste of  
 p<sup>r</sup> company. And thā t<sup>r</sup>ey vnsolde banners it let q<sup>r</sup> be displayed  
**I**n turne we to p<sup>r</sup> Empour of Rome p<sup>r</sup> wyste by assye  
 w<sup>t</sup>et q<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>es p<sup>r</sup>soners sholde wende. he callyd vnto  
 q<sup>r</sup>yn fir **Edolf** and fir **Edward** y. myghty byng. And **Sir**  
**Dextore of lybye** and **Benatoo** many. And p<sup>r</sup> byng of **Sir**  
**re** and p<sup>r</sup> **Benatoure** of Rome. **Sawtre** all t<sup>r</sup>es turned  
 towarde **Troyes** w<sup>t</sup> many q<sup>r</sup>ed knyght to be trappe p<sup>r</sup> byng  
 foundid men p<sup>r</sup> were charged w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>soners. Thā ar oure  
 knyghts passed towarde parysse a busskement lay be fore t<sup>r</sup>es  
 of **Sir** y. men of armys. Now lordis seyde fir **Lancelot**  
 I pray pon q<sup>r</sup>er ynd me a wyle I drede p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>es woodys  
 be leyde a fore w<sup>t</sup> many of oure enemyes. Thē fore  
 be myne advyse sende we. ny good knyght I assente me  
 seyde **Sir Cador** and all t<sup>r</sup>es seyde ye same p<sup>r</sup> were aggre  
 ed p<sup>r</sup> **Sir Claryon** and fir **Clement** y. noble p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>es sholde  
 dyscoun p<sup>r</sup> woodys bothe p<sup>r</sup> dalyd it p<sup>r</sup> downys. So forth rode

thed. my knyghte it assayed. In the woodis men of armys my  
 dyng on sterne for sye. **Then** Sir **Clegys** cryed on low  
 de is p' my knyghte byng of cyser p' dare for his lordis love  
 p' he sekyth reconiter w' a knyght of p' rounde table be he  
 byng of knyghte here is his reconiter redy. And Gyle he  
 answered angwly agayne and seyde thy lorde wenyd w'  
 his knyghte to wyne all p' worlde. I trow y' currageshal  
 be aswaged in shorte tyme. ffe on p' cowarde seyde Sir  
**Clegys** as a cowarde p' spekyte for by Ihu myne armys  
 ar knawyn thowte onte all Inglande and Bretayne and  
 I am com of olde Barounes of Duncetry noble and Sir  
**Clegys** is my name a knyght of p' table rounde. And frome  
**Troy Brute** brought myne elders. Then be semeste  
 well seyde p' byng to be one of p' good be thy knyghte browys  
 but for all p' p' causy comsomre of sey p' shall none p' is here  
 medyll w' p' t'is tyme. Then Sir **Clegys** returned fro p'  
 byche byng and rode streyghte to Sir **Lancelot** and unto  
 Sir **Cadore** and tolde hem what he had seyde seyne. In the  
 woodis of p' fayryste syggt of men of armys to p' imbir of  
 p'ry. And p' fore lordyng syggt you be hovyd of ellys  
 shunte for same chose w'gep ye lybyo. Pray be my fayt  
 seyde Sir **Lancelot** to turne is no tyme for here all olde  
 knyghte of olde grette worschyp p' were new shamed. And as  
 for me it my consyns of my bloode we ar but late made  
 knyghte yett wolde we be lot to lese p' worschyp p' our  
 eldys dane despyd. ye sey well seyde Sir **Cadore** and all  
 thed knyghte of your knyghtly wordis comfortis w' all  
 and I suppose here is none wolt be glad to retorne. And as  
 for me seyde Sir **Cadore** I had ben dye t'is day than onys to  
 turne my lab. ye sey well seyde Sir **Borice** lette w' set on  
 hem freysly and p' worschyp shall be oured and cause oure



byng to honoure vs for en and to gyff vs lordshipp  
 & landys for oure noble dedys And he þe fayned hym to  
 fyght þe deyl þane his bouys. & who save ony bynggys  
 for lycoure of goodys tyll alle be done & know who shal  
 þane þe better he dotz nat bynggys so I shal me helpe  
 anon. **Sir Lancelot** and **Sir Cadore** the .ij. myghty duke  
 dubbed bynggys worshyp to comyn **Joneke** was þe fyrste  
 a lusty full noble **Sir Hector** and **Sir Alydube** bothe  
 of Inglande borne and **Sir Hamerel** and **Sir Gardolf** full of  
 dy men of armys. Also **Sir Harry** and **Sir Harrygall** þat  
 good men were bothe. Now felowys seyde **Sir Lancelot**  
 and **Sir Cadore** the þe Comyn **Sir Bedwere** and **Sir Berel**  
 take wth you **Sir Raynolde** and **Sir Edward** that ar **Sir Konlon**  
 and chylde & lobe þe ye take þe to the noble þe soner what  
 chance so vs be tyde save them & þe self the comynment  
 we gess you as ye wolt. answer to oure souayne lorde  
 And for ony stowre þe en ye se vs be stadd stoundys In þe  
 stalle & sterte ye no fery. And yf qit be falle þe ye se oure charge  
 is to muche than recon þe self vnto som bydde castell & than  
 ryde you faste vnto oure bynge and pray hym of socor as he  
 is oure bynde lorde. And than they fynysshed forth all at  
 onys of þe bourelyest bynggys þe en. brabe brede wth mo than  
 v. C. at þe fornyss fruite & caste þe speared In fealiter all at  
 onys and save trunpette þe was no noyse ellys. Than the  
 romayned ofte remembred altyll and þe lorde þe was bynge  
 of **lye** that lad all þe fornyss route he beste his spere In fe  
 antr & bare his course vnto **Sir Berel** and strake hym  
 thorow þe gorge that he and his horse felle to þe grounde &  
 so he was brought oute of his lyff. Alas sayde **Sir Cadore**  
 now carefull is myne herte þe now lyet dede my cosyn þe  
 best loved he alyght off his horse and toke hym In his

The detty of  
 Sir Berel

armys. And þe comanded þynggys to kepe well þe corse. **Þan**  
 þe kyng crated grete wordys on lowde & seyde one of þou prou-  
 de þynggys is leyde full lowe. yowdr þyng seyde sir **Cador**  
 carpio grete wordis. But þe I may lybe or tþis dayes ende I  
 shall countre wþ yowdr kyng so dryste me helpe. **Þe** seyde sir  
**Lancelot** mebe yon nat to fore but take þe spear. In þe honde  
 þe shall yon not fayle. **Þan** sir **Cador**. **Þe** **Lancelot** and  
 sir **Bors**. **Þe** good men of armys tþes. m. feawtynd þe sperys  
 and tþeste In to þe myddys it ran tþorow oute þe grete oste tþy  
 se of. m. tymes. And **þan** þe sperys were brokyn tþey swange  
 oute þe swerdys & slowe of noble men of armys mo tþan an. C.  
 And tþan tþey rode a yen to tþere ferys. **Þan** a lowde tþe  
 kyng of lybe cryed vnto sir **Cador**. well þane ye rebenged  
 þe detþ of þe þynggys for I þane loste for one þynggys an. C. by  
 vij. score. And tþere wþ þe batayle be gan to soyne & grete  
 slanggys þe was on þe sarysens pty but tþorow þe noble þesse  
 of kyng **Arthur** þynggys. x. were takyn & lad fortþ ad þe  
 ners þe greved fore sir **Lancelot**. **Þe** **Cador** and **Þe** **Bors**  
 þe byrn. **Þe** kyng of lybe be helde þe dedis and sterte on  
 a sterne horse and umbely closed oure þynggys & drobe  
 downe to þe grounde many a good man. for þe was **Þe** **Aladin**  
**Þe** slayne and also sir **Alamo** þe wounded and **Þe** **Gerande**  
 and sir **Gerynge** þe wynn to pecis. And **Þe** **Robell** was takyn.  
 And **Þe** **Lyonell** als. And nere þad sir **Clegis**. **Þe** **Cleremon**  
**Þe** þad nat bene wþ þe þynggys of **Þe** **Lancelot** tþe newe  
 made þynggys þad be slayne enyþone. **Þan** sir **Cador** ro-  
 de vnto þe kyng of lybe wþ a swerde well stelyd & smote tþe  
 an hysse vpon þe hede þe þe brayne folowed. Row qaste tþow  
 seyde sir **Cador** corne boote a gaynewarde and þe deryll þane  
 tþe bouys þe ed þe were borne. **Þan** þe **Sowdan** of **Þe** **Þe**  
 was wood wrotþe. for þe detþ of þe kyng grend þyn at tþis

**Þe** detþ of. m.  
 þynggys **Þe** **Ala-**  
 dino **Þe** **Geran-**  
 de & **Þe** **Gerynge**  
 le

**Þe** detþ of  
 þe kyng of lybe



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Sir seyde Sir **Cador** there was none of us þat fayled oþer  
 But of þe knyghthode of Sir **Lancelot** hit were unmayle  
 to telle it of his bolde cosyns ar proved full noble knyght  
 But of wyse wythe it of grete strengthe of his arme Sir  
**Lancelot** hath no felowe. And þe knyght herde Sir **Cador**  
 sey such wordys he seyde hym be semyd for to do such dedys  
 And Sir **Cador** tolde **Artur** wyse of þe good knyghts  
 were slayn. The knyght of **lybye** and he slew the fyrste  
 knyght on oure syde þat was Sir **Berett** and Sir **Aladine**  
 was and of a noble man of armys and Sir **Chamuel** and Sir  
**More** that were. y. bretaynys and Sir **Chaduke** and Sir  
**Chadysse**. y. good knyghts. And þe knyght w<sup>t</sup> a benygost  
 wypped his swerd it sayde þe courage þe hardynesse were  
 gande had þou destroyed. for it ye had turned a gayne ye  
 had loste no worschipp. for I calle hit but foly to a byde wyth  
 knyghts bene on maced. For so sayde Sir **Lancelot**  
 the same sholde en gane bene oured. That is trouthe  
 seyde Sir **Olegis** and Sir **Bors** for knyghts and shamed  
 becomys hit new. Now leue Sir **Artur** and his no  
 ble knyghts and speke we of a Senatour þat asaped fro  
 þe batayle. And he com to **Lucius** the Emperour of Rome  
 he seyde Sir w<sup>t</sup> draw þe what doste þe here in this mar  
 chys and to oure poore peple þe shalt wyne þe knyght  
 allys. it is þe dele w<sup>t</sup> knyght **Artur** and his donghty knyghts  
 þe knyghts nanght allys but grete strobys oute of me  
 fure. for this day one of **Artur** knyghts was worth  
 in batayle an. C. of oures. Iye on þe seyde **Lucius** for  
 cowardly þe speyste yf my knyghts me grebe thy wor  
 dys grebet me muche more. And he called to hym  
 his counceyle men of noble bloode. So by all theire  
 adyse he sent forth a knyght þe knyght Sir **leome** he



**G**han þe kyng comanded Sir **Cadore** to take þe  
 de to þe reuerd and take rentys of þe rounde  
 table þe þe beste lybes faust Sir **Lancelot** & Sir **Bors**  
 w<sup>th</sup> many mo oþer Sir **Ray** Sir **Clegid** shall be þe p<sup>al</sup> and  
 Sir **Garroke** Sir **Garhaulte** shall be w<sup>th</sup> me In fere & all  
 tþes w<sup>th</sup> mo oþ shall a wayte vpon my p<sup>er</sup>one **Agnes**  
 kyng **Artoure** dysceled all þis ofte in dysse p<sup>er</sup>tyes tþat  
 tþey sholde nat a scape but to fyght tþem be govyd. Wþ  
 þe empow<sup>er</sup> was entyrd In to þe vale of **Bessoyne** þe myght  
 se wþere kyng **Artoure** hoves In batayle w<sup>th</sup> baners  
 dysplayed on eyn syde was þe be sette þe myght nat  
 a scape but oþ to fyght oþ to yelde hym þe was none oþ  
 boote **Now** I se well syde for **Lucynus** yonder traytoure  
 hatþ be trayed me. **Then** þe redressis þis bryght on  
 dysse p<sup>er</sup>tyes & sette up a dragon w<sup>th</sup> Eglys many one eue  
 wed w<sup>th</sup> **Babyl**. And tþan þe lete blow up w<sup>th</sup> trumpett  
 & w<sup>th</sup> tabour p<sup>er</sup> all þe vale dysndled and tþan þe lete crye  
 ow lowde w<sup>th</sup> trumpett and w<sup>th</sup> tabour p<sup>er</sup> all þe vale dyn  
 ned And tþan þe lete crye on lowde p<sup>er</sup> all men myght here  
**Syn** ye know well þe þe honoure & worship hatþ  
 en folowyd þe romayned. And tþis day let tþis new be  
 loste for þe defaunte of herte for I se well by yonder  
 ordynance tþis day shall dye much peple & þe fore

Do douztyly

do doughtly this day it p<sup>r</sup> felde is on y<sup>e</sup>. Then anon p<sup>r</sup>  
 welthe kyng was so wyse p<sup>r</sup> he herde. Sir **Lucynus** began  
 he dressed hym to the vycomte his arrow for to holde  
 his armys were full clene and p<sup>r</sup> he was a dolefull  
 dragon and so to p<sup>r</sup> barbarde he pplyd hym w<sup>t</sup> styff  
 spere in honde And p<sup>r</sup> he mette wyth p<sup>r</sup> valyante knyght  
 lere hym self p<sup>r</sup> was vycomte of Rome and p<sup>r</sup> he smote  
 hym thorow p<sup>r</sup> shorte rybbyd w<sup>t</sup> a speare p<sup>r</sup> the bloode  
 braste oute on eyn syde and so fylle to the erthe and  
 neu<sup>r</sup> spake no wordys after. Then p<sup>r</sup> noble Sir **bray**  
**ne** boldly approched it gyde thorow oute p<sup>r</sup> Empoured  
 batayle wherewas p<sup>r</sup> the best prece it flew a grette  
 lorde by p<sup>r</sup> Empours standard And then flow to p<sup>r</sup> Ba  
 ner it strake hit thorow oute w<sup>t</sup> his byggst swerde  
 it so takyt hit fro hem it rydyth w<sup>t</sup> hit a way vnto his  
 felystyp Then Sir **Lancelot** lepe forth w<sup>t</sup> his stede  
 evyn streyght vnto Sir **Lucynus** and in his way he  
 smote thorow a byrge p<sup>r</sup> stode althir nexte hym it  
 his name was **Jacombe** a Sarezen full noble. it then  
 he rushed forth vnto Sir **Lucynus** and smote hym on  
 p<sup>r</sup> helme w<sup>t</sup> his swerde p<sup>r</sup> he felle to p<sup>r</sup> erthe. And syth he  
 rode thryse on hym on a rowe and so toke p<sup>r</sup> Banner of  
 Rome it rode w<sup>t</sup> hit away vnto **Artur** hym self. And  
 all seyde p<sup>r</sup> hit sawe p<sup>r</sup> was neu<sup>r</sup> byggst and more  
 wysyp in his dayes. Then dressed hym Sir **Bond**  
 vnto a sterne byggst and smote hym on the umbrell  
 p<sup>r</sup> his necke braste. Then he joyned his horse vntyl  
 a sterne Gyante it smote hym thorow bothe sydes  
 And yet he stode in his way tynnyng. y. of byggst  
 be then p<sup>r</sup> bowe men of Inglonde it of Bretayne  
 be gan to shote. And these othir Comaynes it Sarezen



shotte w<sup>t</sup> dartis a w<sup>t</sup> crosse bowys. p<sup>r</sup> he gan a stronge  
batayle on eith<sup>r</sup> syde and muche slaught<sup>r</sup> on p<sup>r</sup> romay  
ned p<sup>r</sup>ty and p<sup>r</sup> donche men w<sup>t</sup> quarels and muche  
harme for they were w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> romayned w<sup>t</sup> hir bowys of  
horne. And p<sup>r</sup> grete gyantys of **Gene** kyled downe  
many knyghts w<sup>t</sup> clubbyd of stele crussyd onte hir  
brayned. Also they swatte onte p<sup>r</sup> brayned off many  
conserd. When **Artur** had assayed p<sup>r</sup> Gyantys worke  
he cryed on lowde p<sup>r</sup> knyghts myght here p<sup>r</sup> seyde say  
re lordys lobe y<sup>e</sup> name be nat<sup>r</sup> loste lese nat<sup>r</sup> poure  
worshyp for yondir bare legged knabyd and ye shal  
se what I shal do ad for my trow pte he toke there  
onte **Excalyber** and gurdyd towarde **Galapad** that  
greid hym moste he but hym of by the breid cleuly  
p<sup>r</sup> in sounir. / Now art<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> of a fyse seyde p<sup>r</sup> knyghte  
wuto omre feryd and than he strake off his hede fayst  
tely. / Than come in **Sir Cadore** and **Sir Ray** **Sir**  
**Gawayne** and good **Sir Lancelot** **Sir Bor** **Sir Ly**  
**onel** and **Sir Ector de Marys** and **Sir Ascamore** the  
good knyght p<sup>r</sup> new fayled his lorde **Sir Pelleas**  
and **Sir Marquart** that were fbed men of armys  
All thes knyghts sette vppon p<sup>r</sup> gyantys  
And by p<sup>r</sup> dnytyd were daltte and p<sup>r</sup> dome yoldyn  
they had felled hem starke dede off fyfth all to the  
bare erthe. So fowg they wente wyth p<sup>r</sup> knyge the  
knyghts of p<sup>r</sup> romide table was new knyng nor knyght  
and bettir syn god made p<sup>r</sup> worlde they leyde on w<sup>t</sup> longe  
fwerdyd p<sup>r</sup> swapped thowm brayned styldyd nor no stene  
armys myght hem nat<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> stonde tyll they leyde on the  
erthe. 20. a. at onys. Than p<sup>r</sup> romayned reled a lytl  
for they were som what rebuled. But knyng **Artur**

At his pryce buyggtt prececed sore after. **Began Sir Lay** **Sir**  
**Clegio** and **Sir Bedwere** the kyngs eunmytyr. w<sup>th</sup> then  
 by a chylf fyde & p<sup>r</sup> they. m. by good meanyo<sup>r</sup> flowe in p<sup>r</sup> face  
 mo t<sup>r</sup>an. v. c. And also **Sir Lay** boode vnto a byng of **Ethy-**  
**ope** and bare hym t<sup>r</sup>orow & ad<sup>r</sup> he turned hym a gayne  
 towarde his feryo<sup>r</sup> a tyrannite strafe hym be t<sup>r</sup>yppte  
 p<sup>r</sup> breste & p<sup>r</sup> bowellyo<sup>r</sup>. And ad<sup>r</sup> he was hunte yet he tur-  
 ned hym a gayne & smote p<sup>r</sup> todur on p<sup>r</sup> qede p<sup>r</sup> to p<sup>r</sup> breste  
 qut rante And seyde t<sup>r</sup>onge I dey of t<sup>r</sup>y dente t<sup>r</sup>y prayfing  
 shall be lytill. **Began Sir Clegio** and **Sir Bedwere** saw  
 t<sup>r</sup>at **Sir Lay** was hurt t<sup>r</sup>ey saved w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> romayned ad<sup>r</sup> gray  
 founde dot<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> haryo<sup>r</sup>. And t<sup>r</sup>an t<sup>r</sup>ey returned a yen vnto  
 noble bynge **Artur** and tolde hym how t<sup>r</sup>ey had spedde  
**Sir byng** sayde **Sir Lay** I hane serued p<sup>r</sup> longe now byng  
 me vnto som berpellyo<sup>r</sup> for my fadyr<sup>r</sup> sake And comande  
 me to dame **Gwenyvere** t<sup>r</sup>y goodly quene and grete wel-  
 my<sup>r</sup> worshypfull wyff p<sup>r</sup> arratged me neu<sup>r</sup> and byd hir for  
 my love to worche for my soule. **Began wepte bynge Ar-**  
**tur** for rontge at his qerte And seyde p<sup>r</sup> shall lyve for  
 eu<sup>r</sup> my herte t<sup>r</sup>ynul<sup>r</sup> And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> bynge hym self pulled  
 oute t<sup>r</sup>e truncheonne of p<sup>r</sup> speare & made lectur<sup>r</sup> to secche  
 hym sykerly And founde no<sup>r</sup> byn<sup>r</sup> nor lungy<sup>r</sup> no<sup>r</sup> bowelly<sup>r</sup>  
 t<sup>r</sup>at were attamed And t<sup>r</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> byng putte hym in t<sup>r</sup>y  
 owne t<sup>r</sup>ute w<sup>th</sup> syker buyggtt And sayde I shall rebenge  
 t<sup>r</sup>y herte & I may a ryggt rede. **Began p<sup>r</sup> bynge** In t<sup>r</sup>is  
 malyncoly mety<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> a bynge And w<sup>th</sup> **Excalybur** he smote  
 his lab<sup>r</sup> In fundur t<sup>r</sup>an In p<sup>r</sup> qaste he mety<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> a notur<sup>r</sup> &  
 garde hym In p<sup>r</sup> waste t<sup>r</sup>orow bothe sydes. **Began he ruffed**  
 here & there t<sup>r</sup>orow p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>y chylf p<sup>r</sup>ed more t<sup>r</sup>an. xxv. tymes  
**Began Sir Lancelot** **Sir Gawayne** and **Sir Lovel** y<sup>r</sup> son  
 gerde oute one p<sup>r</sup> one hant w<sup>th</sup> here **Lucyn** t<sup>r</sup>e Emperre



hym self In a launde stode. Anone ad **Sir Lucynus** sawe  
**Sir Gawayne** he sayde all on hyggst þat art welcom I wyll  
 ffor þe selyst aftir sorow here þe shalt be sone on mached  
**Sir Lancelot** was wroth at hyr gyfte wordys and  
 gunde to hym wth his swerde a bouen vpon hyr byggst  
 helme þat þe paylyng bloode felle donne to his fete And  
**Sir Gawayne** wroth his longe swerde leyde on faste þat  
 ny. Amerallyd seyde tforow þe dute of his hondis And  
 so **lobel** sayled nat In þe pured he flew a bynge at a denke þat  
 byggst were noble. Than þe Romaynes beleved wgan  
 they þe hir lorde so gampred they cased and choppedde  
 donne many of oure byggst good And In that rebulyng  
 they bare þe bolde **Bedwere** to the colde ertse þat wroth a  
 rante swerde he was merbeylously wounded yet **Sir**  
**Lancelot** and **Sir lobel** restowred hym blyde. wth þe come  
 In bynge **Artgure** wth þe byggst of þe table rounde and  
 restowred þe myght men that new were lyke to asape  
 at þe tyme for ofte tyme tforow eny grete hardnesse  
 is shewen þat qate bene þe detht of many byd byggst for  
 tforow they speke fayre many one vnto oþer yet wgan  
 they be In batayle exp wolde beste be prayd

**A**none ad bynge **Artgure** had a byggst of þe Emperour  
**Lucynus** ffor bynge nor for Captayne he tarped  
 no lenger And extir wth her swerde swapped at othir so  
**Sir Lucynus** wth his swerde hit **Artgure** outwarte þe nose  
 þat gaff hym a wounde nyze vnto þe tunge **Sir Artgure**  
 was wroth and gaff hym a nop wth þe myght þat In his  
 arme was leved that frome þe cresse of his helme vnto  
 þe bare pappys hit wente a donne And so ended þe Emperour  
 Than þe byng mette wth **Sir Cadore** his bene Cousyn  
 and prayde hym bylle donne clene for love of **Sir Kay**

How **Sir Gawayne**  
 he flew. ny. dmy  
 rallyd In batayle

How byng **Artgure**  
 he flew þe Emperour  
 of Rome **Sir Lucynus**

my foster broþ. And for þe love of Sir **Bedwyr** þe longe  
 gatt me þred. Þerefore save none for golde not for  
 sylu. For they þe well accompany them w<sup>th</sup> Sarzen<sup>e</sup> the  
 man þe wolde save them were lytill to prayse and þe fore  
 þe donne þe save not gettyn not for crystyw. Þan Sir  
**Adore** Sir **Allegio** canzte to þe frendys. And for **Lance**  
**lot** Sir **Bord** Sir **lyonel** Sir **Bord** Sir **Ector de marye**  
 they w<sup>th</sup>galed thorow many men of armys. And for **Gaway**  
**ne** Sir **Bakerye** Sir **lovell** and Sir **florant** q<sup>uo</sup> bnot for  
 þe was gotyn off Sir **Brandyke** fyst w<sup>th</sup> upon a mountay  
 ne. All the knyghts russhed forth in a fronte w<sup>th</sup> many  
 mo knyghts of the rounde table that þere be not requer  
 fid. They quiled on hyllys valeyed þe clowys and flow  
 downe on eery þonde wondurfull many that thousand  
 in an hepe lay t<sup>he</sup>ribelyng to gedw. But for all that the  
 Romaynes and þe Sarzen<sup>e</sup> coude do of speke to yelde  
 them self þe was none saved but all yode to the swerde for  
 ewe lyng. **Arture** rode in the t<sup>he</sup>che of þe p<sup>re</sup> and  
 ramped downe lyke a lion many Senatours noble he  
 wolde nat a byde upon no poure man for no man of  
 t<sup>he</sup>ng þe en he flow skily þe flyped to a nop tyll all wer  
 slayne to the n<sup>um</sup>ber of a. C. and yet many a thousande  
 ascaped thorow þe frendys. And þan Beledys the  
 lyng w<sup>th</sup> q<sup>uo</sup> noble knyghts þe rensabed on all þe feldis  
 for q<sup>uo</sup> bolde barouns and the þe were dede were bur  
 ryed ad þe bloode asked and they þe myght be saved there  
 was no salve spared not no deputed to dere þe myght  
 be gotyn for golde of sylu. And t<sup>he</sup>no he let save many  
 knyghts þe wente ned to recon. But for Sir **Rayed** reco  
 vir and of Sir **Bedwyr** the ryche was w<sup>th</sup> man in  
 þe god so glad ad hys self was. Þan þe lyng rode



streighte þ ad þ Empoure lay it garte byfte hym  
up lordely w baronnes full bolde And þ Salomon  
of **Snurre** and of **Ethiopia** the kyng. And of **Egypte**  
and of **Jude** y. byngs full noble wyth. xviij. of  
byngs were takyn up also. And also Byty Denatours  
of **Rome** that were honoured full noble men it all  
þ elders The kyng let barone all thes w many  
good gemyd and setten lette lappe hem In Byty folde  
of Bendell large And than lette lappe hem In lede þ  
for chausynge of chausynge thes sholde neu sabonne  
And setten lette close thes In chastyd full clenly a  
rayed it þ baund a bovy on þ bodyed and þ shylde  
turned upwarde þ evry man myght knowe off what  
contray they were So on the morne they founde  
In the getty. m. Senatours of off Rome. Whan they  
were brought to the kyng he seyde thes wordis  
Flow to save yō lyvyd I take no force grete w that  
ye wolle meve on my message vnto grete Rome and  
pseute thes corse vnto the pronde **Potestate** and  
astir hym my lettyr þ my hole entente it telle hem  
In haste they shall se me And I trow they wolle beware  
how they comde w me it my byngs Than þ Empour  
hym self was dressed In a charyot and evy. y. byngs  
In a charyot ~~sewed~~ <sup>sewed</sup> astir of And þ Denatours com astir by cow  
plyd In a corde Flow sey ye to the **Potestate** it all  
þ lordys astir þ I sende hem þ trybet that I owe to Rome  
for thes id þ trew trybet þ I and myne elders have  
loste thes. x. store wyntyr And sey hem ad me semed  
I have sent hem the hole some And yf they thynke it nat  
I owe I shall a mende geve whan þ I com for such trefou  
re muste they take ad happyns vō here So on þ morne

thes' Senato<sup>r</sup> payled vnto **Rome** And wh<sup>en</sup> in .xxviii. dayes  
 they come to the **Potestate** and tolde hym how they hadde  
 brought p<sup>r</sup> tape and p<sup>r</sup> trewage off .x. score wynters bothe  
 of Ingelonde Irelonde and of all p<sup>r</sup> est<sup>r</sup> londys for kyng  
**Artoure** comandyng you no<sup>t</sup> trybat<sup>r</sup> no<sup>t</sup> tape ye nei<sup>r</sup> no  
 ne affe vpon payne of your egedys. But yf y<sup>e</sup> tytil be  
 p<sup>r</sup> trewer than eny o<sup>r</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> elders. And for thes  
 causys we haue songhtyn in **france** and p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>r</sup>is poule  
 happed for all is copped to p<sup>r</sup> det<sup>r</sup> bothe p<sup>r</sup> bettir p<sup>r</sup> worse  
 there fore I rede you store you wyte stuff for war is at  
 honde. for in the moneth of **May** the myste<sup>r</sup> be felle  
 in the Contrey of **Constantyne** by p<sup>r</sup> clere stremyng and p<sup>r</sup>  
 he hyred w<sup>r</sup> w<sup>r</sup>is bynght<sup>r</sup> it heled than p<sup>r</sup> were quite p<sup>r</sup>  
 same day and to berey them that were slayne

**N**ow turne we to **Artoure** w<sup>r</sup>is noble bynght<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>  
 entreyt<sup>r</sup> streyght in to **Lustburne** and so thowore  
**flandris** and than to **Lorayne** he launte up all p<sup>r</sup> lordshipp  
 p<sup>r</sup> and sytten he drew hym in to **Almayne** and vnto  
**Lumbardy** the ryche and sette lawys in p<sup>r</sup> londe that dured  
 longe after. And so in to **Buskayne** and p<sup>r</sup> the tyrannys  
 destroyed and there were captayned full bene p<sup>r</sup> bepte  
**Artours** comyng and at streyght passaged slew muche of  
 the peple and p<sup>r</sup> they vytayled and garnysshed many good  
 towys. But p<sup>r</sup> was a cite bepte fure defence agaynst  
**Artoure** and the bynght<sup>r</sup> and p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>r</sup> angred **Artoure** and seyde  
 all on bynght<sup>r</sup> I wolle wyne the towne of ellys many a  
 donghty shall dye. And than p<sup>r</sup> kyng approached to p<sup>r</sup> wallis  
 w<sup>r</sup> onte shelde sauff the bare garneyd. Sir seyde sir **flor**  
**ence** foly p<sup>r</sup> workeste for to wyze so naked the pleouse cite  
 And thou be a ferde seyde kyng **Artoure** I rede p<sup>r</sup> faste fle  
 for they wyne no worshipp of me but to waste p<sup>r</sup> toolys



for þe shall nedd harlotz hane happe by the helpe of oure lord  
to bylle a crowned kyng þat **Creyme** is a noynted **Then**  
the noble knyght of þe rounde table approched vnto the cite  
and þe forhis leys. they hurled on a frunte streyght vnto  
þe barbycand þat they slewe downe all þe fore then stoundys  
and in þe bray þe brydge they cawme and had nat þe garryson  
bene they had wonne w<sup>t</sup> in þe petyr and þe cite wonne thorow  
wyghtnesse of goudys. And then oure noble knyght w<sup>t</sup>  
drew then a lytyle and wente vnto þe kyng þat prayde hym  
to take his baronage and then he pyght his paryshons of  
palle and plantys all a bonte the Sege and þe lette sett  
up sudderuly many engyned. **Then** þe kyng called vnto  
hym for **Florens** and seyde these wordys my follys wepen  
felle for wantynge of vytable and here by be forest full  
fayre and þe ad oure foemen many and I am sure they  
hane grete store of bests and thyder shall þe go to forrey  
that forestes. And w<sup>t</sup> þe shall go for **Gawayne** and **Sir**  
**Wysharde** w<sup>t</sup> **Sir** **Walcure** y worshypfull knyght w<sup>t</sup> all þe  
wyfeste men of þe weste marquis also **Sir** **Cleremount**  
and **Sir** **Olegio** that were comly in armys and þe Captay  
ne of **Cardyff** that is a knyght full good. Now go ye  
and warne all this felyshep þat qit be done as I comande  
So w<sup>t</sup> þe forth rode for **Florens** and his felyshep was  
sone redy and so they rode thorow goltyr and gethis the  
row foreste þat on hylls and then they com in to a lowe  
medow þat was full of swete flourd þat þe the noble knyght  
bayted her stedys. And in þe grekyng of þe day **Sir** **Gaw**  
**ayne** gentel his hors wondro for to seke. **Then** was he  
ware of a man armed walkynge a paase by a woodside  
by a reberd syde and his shelde braced on his sholdr þat he  
on a stronge horse ryde w<sup>t</sup> oute man wyth hym save a

boy a loue þ̄ bare a gyȝme ſpeare Þ̄ he byȝggt bare  
 In his ſhelde of golde glyſtrand. in Gryffond In Bablyſſe  
 and carbuclle þ̄ ceſſ of Syld. When ſir **Gawayne** was  
 ware of þ̄ gay byȝggt Þ̄ he griped a grete ſpeare and  
 rode ſtreȝggt towarde hym on a ſtronge horſe for to mete  
 w̄ þ̄ ſterne byȝggt where þ̄ ſhored. When ſir **Gawayne**  
 com hym nyȝe In englyſhe he aſked hym what he was.  
 And þ̄ of byȝggt anſwerde In his langage of **Truſtayne**  
 and ſayde w̄ þ̄ pryceþ̄ þ̄ pylloure þ̄ þ̄ ſerþ̄ þ̄ ſo large þ̄  
 no pray proue when þ̄ lytþ̄ for my þ̄ ſoner þ̄ ſhalt be for  
 all thy proude loþ̄. Þ̄ he ſpelyſte proude ſeyde ſir  
**Gawayne** but I counſeyle þ̄ for all thy gyȝme wound þ̄  
 þ̄ grette to the thy gere or more grame falle

**G**han his lannard they handylde by crauſſ of armys  
 And com on ſpedly w̄ full ſyber dyuted and there  
 they ſhotte thorow ſhyldys and mayled and thorow the  
 ſhene ſhuldris they were thorow borne the brede of an  
 haude. Þ̄ he were they ſo carot þ̄ away wolde they neu  
 but ratly ruſhed onte þ̄ ſwerdys and qyttyd on þ̄ hel  
 myd w̄ hatefull dyutyd and ſtabbid at his ſtomakys w̄  
 ſwerdys well ſteled ſo ſtreȝgly þ̄ ſe men ſyggt on the  
 grounde w̄ hyle þ̄ flamynge fyre flowe onte of his hel  
 myd. Þ̄ he ſir **Gawayne** was greved wondurly ſore  
 for þ̄ his ſwerde **Galantyne** and gyȝmly he ſtrykyd  
 and clebyd þ̄ byȝggt ſhyld In ſunder it thorow onte the  
 thycke ſhambur made of ſure mayled and þ̄ kubed that  
 were ryche. he ruſhed hem In ſunder þ̄ men myggt be hol  
 de þ̄ lyȝr and long Þ̄ he groved þ̄ byȝggt for his gyȝme  
 wound and gyrdid to ſir **Gawayne** and awlewarde hym  
 ſtrykyd and braſtyt the nere brace and þ̄ wam brace  
 bothe and but thorow a wayne þ̄ **Gawayne** ſore greved for



so wrought his wounde þat his wytte changed And þat all  
his armure was all bloody be rene. Then þat knyght tal  
ked to Sir **Gawayne** and bade hym bynde up his wounde  
or tye be sponge for þat he bledid tþis forse þat tye byzt  
wedpo. for all þat barbers of Bretayne shal nat tye blood  
stancþe. For wþo þat is quyte w tþis blaade bleed shal.  
he en. Be god sayde Sir **Gawayne** hit grevyd me but  
lytyll yet shal þat nat feare me for all tye grete wordid  
þow trowyste w tye talkyng to tame my herte But  
yet þat be tydys tene or þat pte qense but þat telle me in qas  
te wþo may stancþe my bledyng. What may I do and  
I wolle so þat wolle suet me þat I myght be fayre crystynde  
and be com nyke for my mysdedid. Now may I shal be  
secke and I shal be com crysten and in god stedfastly be  
leue þat þat mayste for tye manhode qane made to tye sonle  
I graunte seyde Sir **Gawayne** So god me helpe to full  
fyll all tye desyre þat qaste gretly hit desyrd. So þat say me  
þat sotþ wþat þat songat here tþis senglly tye self a lone and  
wþat lorde or legeaunte þat art vndir. Sir he seyde I qyt  
**Prinam** and a poryce is my fadir þat he hatþ bene þe  
bell vnto Rome and od redyn muche of his loudid. þat  
my fadir is com of **Alysandir** bloode þat was on lader of  
byng. And of **Ector** also was he com by þat ryght lyne  
þat many mo were of my byurede botþe **Judas macabens**  
and denbe **Josue** and ayre I am alþ nyxt of **Alysandir**  
and of **Anfryke** and of all þat outhled yet wolle I be leue  
on tye lorde þat þat belovyst on and take þat for tye labo tress  
I now for I was so qante in my herte I helde no man  
my pere. So was I sent in to tþis werre by þat assente  
of my fadir w. vii. score knyghts And now I have enco  
untred w one qatþ geedyu fyggyng my fylle. There

C f o g i v A

fore for byrght for thy byngf sake telle me thy name  
 Sir seyde Sir **Gawayne** I am no byrght but I have  
 be brought up in the Wardrobe w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> noble byng **Arthure**  
 wyntyr and dayes for to take hede to his armoure &  
 all his op<sup>r</sup> wedis and to poynte all p<sup>r</sup> paltoffys p<sup>r</sup> longe  
 to hym self and to dresse donblettis for deubyd & Erlyd  
 and at yole he made me yoman and gaff me good gyff  
 tyd more than an. C. pounde and horse & garnyse wyth  
 And yf I have happe my hede to sue my byge lorde  
 shall be well holpen in haste // A sayde Sir **Prinnyd**  
 and his bynarys be so bene his byrght ar passyng good  
 Now for thy byngf lone of heren and for thy byngf  
 love w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> be thave of byrght telle p<sup>r</sup> me thy name & be  
 god seyde Sir **Gawayne** Now w<sup>th</sup> I telle p<sup>r</sup> sote. I am kno  
 wyn in his court & byd in his chambur and tolled w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup>  
 byrdest of p<sup>r</sup> rounde table And I am a deube dubbed wyth  
 his owne hondis p<sup>r</sup> fore grunche nat good sir if me thyd  
 grace is be happened hit is p<sup>r</sup> goodnesse of god p<sup>r</sup> lente  
 me thyd strenght. Now am I better pleased sayde Sir  
**Prinnyd** than p<sup>r</sup> gaddest gyff me p<sup>r</sup> prouyue of pyse p<sup>r</sup>  
 p<sup>r</sup> wyse for I had leue hane be torn w<sup>th</sup> my wyld horse  
 than my yoman had succa a lose wone of me of eld my  
 page of pryche shold wyne of me p<sup>r</sup> pryce in thy felde  
 gotw<sup>th</sup> But now I warne p<sup>r</sup> fir byrght of p<sup>r</sup> rounde table  
 here is by p<sup>r</sup> deube of **Lorayne** w<sup>th</sup> his byrght and p<sup>r</sup> dongg  
 tyeste of **Dolphyn** landys w<sup>th</sup> many hyze duche men &  
 many lordis of **lumbardy** and p<sup>r</sup> garneson of godarde &  
 men of westwalle worshypful byng And of **Sysoyne**  
 and of **Sontglonde** haveyng many unbrde and there  
 named ar in Collyd. Syti. of hyer men of arnyd  
 There fore but p<sup>r</sup> hyze p<sup>r</sup> fro thyd gett hit w<sup>th</sup> harme

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Val r d . . . . . R i k l m n o p



The Winchester Manuscript (Add. 60.18.57.75), digitized by the [National Library of Medicine](#)

Wygghet wyne And than they lete a noynte tgen at Camme  
 on t on and goler men than they were at In an honred space  
 was nen lhyng syn god p worlde made So when they  
 were clenfed & gole they broched barrellys & brouggh tgen  
 p wyne wyth brede & brabne & many ryche byrdys And  
 when they had etyn Sir **Gawayne** seyde lordynge go to an  
 myd And when they were armed & assembled to gedyn at  
 a cleve Clarpon callys tgen to gedyn to comuceple And sir  
**Gawayne** of p case hem tellys Now tell us sir **Pryamus**  
 all p hole purpose of yondir pryce bynggh Sir seyde  
 Sir **Pryamus** for to rescow me they have made a vowe  
 of ellys manfully on tgis molde to be marred all at onys  
 Tgis was p pure purpose when I passed tgen at qir pel  
 lys to press me wypon payne of p lrys Now good men  
 seyde Sir **Gawayne** grysse up yd qert & yf we gylted  
 go tgis a way qir wolt gresse oure bynge And Sir **floreus**  
 In tgis fynght shall here a byde for to bepe p stale ad a bynght  
 noble for he was chosyn & charged In camber w p bynge  
 chyssten of tgis tcelle and chysst of us all And whetqr he  
 wolt fynght of fle we shall folow after For ad for me for all  
 yondir follys faare for sake hem shall I uen A fadyr seyde  
**floreus** full fayre now ye speke for I am but a fantebyn  
 to fraysted men of armys and yf I ony folys do p fangte mus  
 te be yowred There fore lese nat yowre worschyp my wyth  
 is but simple & ye ar oure all p governoure p fore worbe  
 ad ye lyls Now fayre lordys seyde Sir **Pryamus**  
 Cese yowre wordys I warne you be tyme for ye shall fynde  
 In yondir woodys many pellus bynggh they wolt putte  
 furth beystys to bayte you oute of mubir and ye ar frayld  
 In tgis fyrth nat paste wy. C. and p id feythfully to fere  
 to fynght w so many for harlotts and haynemen wolt helpe



bo but a lytill. for they wold hyde them in haste for all y<sup>e</sup> hyze  
wordys ye sey well seyde. **Dir Gawayne** so god me helpe  
Now fayre sone sayde **Dir Gawayne** unto **fflorence** wold  
ye take youre selyshyp of y<sup>e</sup> beste provyd men to y<sup>e</sup> unbr of a  
C. knyght and p<sup>er</sup>stly prove y<sup>e</sup> self & yonder pray wyne. I as  
sent me w<sup>th</sup> good gert seyde **fflorence**

**T**han sir **fflorence** called unto hym **Dir ffloreydas** w<sup>th</sup>  
v. score knyght & forth they flynge a faste trolle  
and y<sup>e</sup> folke of y<sup>e</sup> best drybys. Than folowed after sir **fflo-**  
**rence** w<sup>th</sup> noble men of armyd fully. vii. C. And one **Dir fe-**  
**rannte** of Spayne be fore on a fayre stede y<sup>e</sup> was fostred  
in farmagot y<sup>e</sup> fende was q<sup>uo</sup> fadir he flettyd towarde  
**Dir fflorence** and sayde w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>er</sup> flyest y<sup>e</sup> false knyght. Than  
**Dir fflorence** was fayre and in feautyr castid q<sup>uo</sup> spere  
p<sup>er</sup> rydyd towarde y<sup>e</sup> wrongt & restyd no lenger and full  
but in y<sup>e</sup> foregedde he flettyd **Dir fferrante** and brabe  
q<sup>uo</sup> necke bone. Than **fferrante** q<sup>uo</sup> cosyn had guete ca  
ne and cryed full lowde y<sup>e</sup> haste slayne a knyght & lunge  
a noynted p<sup>er</sup> or t<sup>er</sup>me tyme founde new frayle y<sup>e</sup> myght &  
byde hym a buffette y<sup>e</sup> fore ye shall dey y<sup>e</sup> shall none of y<sup>e</sup>  
astape. ffeye on y<sup>e</sup> seyde ffloreydas y<sup>e</sup> eregued wreache and  
p<sup>er</sup> to hym he flynge w<sup>th</sup> a fawnde p<sup>er</sup> all y<sup>e</sup> flaysshe of q<sup>uo</sup>  
flaube he flappyd in funder p<sup>er</sup> all y<sup>e</sup> fyllt of y<sup>e</sup> freybe and  
many of q<sup>uo</sup> guttyd folke to y<sup>e</sup> entte. Than lyghtly rydyd  
a raynbe for to ref<sup>er</sup>re y<sup>e</sup> Barowne y<sup>e</sup> was borne in y<sup>e</sup>  
rodid & rebell unto Cryste he preceid in prondly and  
after q<sup>uo</sup> pray wyndyd. But y<sup>e</sup> Raynbe **kycharde** of  
y<sup>e</sup> rounde table on a rede stede rode hym a gayuste and  
t<sup>er</sup>este hym t<sup>er</sup>orow y<sup>e</sup> shylde cryd to y<sup>e</sup> gerte. Than he  
wored full rudely but rose he new more. Than alle  
q<sup>uo</sup> feetyd mo than. v. C. felle vppon **Dir fflorence** and

For Sir fflo-  
rence slew Sir  
fferrante —

on his .v. score knyghts. Then Sir **Flourant** and Sir **Flory**  
**da** In feantir bothe castys p' spearyd and they felled .v. at  
 p' frunte at p' fyrste entre and fore they assayled om' folle  
 and brake browys st brestys and felde many a downe

When Sir **Pryamus** p' pryse knyght perceyved p' gamys  
 he yode to Sir **Gawayne** and thes wordys seyde thy pryse  
 men ar fore be gone and put vnder for they ar on sette  
 w' Sarezend mo than .v. C. now wolde p' suffir me for the  
 lone of thy god w' a small pte of thy men to succoure hem  
 be tyme Sir gyncet ye nat seyde Sir **Gawayne** p' gre  
 is there onne for they more haue gystys full grete I gra  
 nted of my lorde there fore lette them fyght w' thylyd hem  
 lyst p' freyht knyght for som of hem fonght nat p' sylle of  
 all the .v. wyntyr there fore I wol nat styue w' thy my  
 stale half my steede lengt. But yf they be stadd w' thy mo  
 re stuff than I se hem a gayuste So by p' tyme was Sir  
**Gawayne** ware by p' woodys fyde men compuge woodly  
 w' all man of wepon. For p' rode p' Erle of **Etchelwolde**  
 haryng on eyr half many hole thousandys and p' denke  
 of donchenen drestys hym hym astir p' passid at **Pryamus**  
 knyght. Then **Gawayne** the good knyght he asered his  
 knyght and sayde greue you nat good men for yondir gte  
 fyght and be nat a bayssed of yondir boyes In hir knyghte  
 weedid for it we fonght In sayt p' felde w' omys Then  
 they galed up p' brydyls and be gan walop and by p' they  
 com yngt by a loundys lengt they rowbed downe w' her  
 gedys many hantyll knyghts a more solhan soustygge was  
 neid sene on ertge. Then p' ryche men of p' romnde table  
 ran thorow p' thybleste w' hir stronge sperys p' many a  
 rayute for p' probesse ran In to p' grebyd p' dnrste no bna  
 yd but knyght bene of herte fyght more In the felde



but fledde. Be god seyde. **Sw** **Galwayne** thyng gladyd my  
 herte þat yowdr gadlyngs be gone for tþey made a grette  
 nūber. Now ar tþey seper. In þe felde wþan tþey were  
 fyrst nūberd by. xx<sup>th</sup> of. In feyter for all þe grette losse

Then **Inbeaunce of Geane** a myghty gyamite he fean  
 tres his speare to **Sir Garrarde** a good myght of walys  
 he smote p<sup>r</sup> wayleshe myghte byn to p<sup>r</sup> herte. Then our  
 myghty myghtly meddeled wyth his myddylwarde.  
 but a none at all assemble many Saresynd were destro  
 yed for p<sup>r</sup> sonayned of **Bessoyne** were salued for en. By  
 p<sup>r</sup> tyme **Sir Pryamur** the good pryncce In p<sup>r</sup> presence  
 of lordys Royall to his penourne he rode and lyghtly  
 his gentyl and rode w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> Royall vouggt of p<sup>r</sup> rounde  
 table and streyte all his retynen folowed hym astyr  
 oute of p<sup>r</sup> woode they folowed ad stepe oute of a folde  
 and streyte they rode to p<sup>r</sup> felde and stood by p<sup>r</sup> lunde lor  
 de and sythyn they sente to p<sup>r</sup> denke thed same wordis  
**Sir** we have bene thy Sowdard all this wy wynt and  
 now for sake p<sup>r</sup> for p<sup>r</sup> love of our hege lorde **Artur**  
 for we may at our worllype wende where we lytys  
 for garneson nor golde have we none resteybed. sye  
 on you p<sup>r</sup> deryll have yo bound. for such Sowdard  
 sette but a lytyll. Then p<sup>r</sup> denke dresyd his dowel  
 men streyte unto **Sir Gawayne** and to **Sir Pryamur**  
 So they. y. gnypped p<sup>r</sup> speare and at p<sup>r</sup> gaynyste In he  
 gurdyd wyth his noble myght and p<sup>r</sup> **Sir Pryamur**  
 metytat p<sup>r</sup> **Marquesse of Moyses** londe at smyttyt  
 hym thorow. Then **Castelayne** a chyld of kyng  
**Artur** of cambur he was a ward of **Sir Gawayne**  
 of p<sup>r</sup> weste marcho he chasid to **Sir Cheldrake** that  
 was a chysteyne noble and w<sup>t</sup> his spere he smote thorow

Geldstraße





**D**ow thanked be god sayde þe noble kynge but þe mer  
 vayne myghte of þe hounrely kynge þe stondeste by þe  
 for hym semyd to be a straungere for þe sounere wʰe none  
 lyke þe seyde þe **Gawayne** tʰis is a good man of armys  
 he maad me sore tʰis day in þe monyng and had natʰer  
 helpe bene þe had þe founde. And now wʰe yolden vnto  
 god it to me þe kynge for to be com Crysten and on good  
 beleve. And wʰan he is Crystynde and in tʰe faytʰe be  
 lioyd þe here lyveth natʰe a better kynge nor a nobler of  
 tʰis honde. þe wʰan þe kynge in haste crystynde hym fayre  
 and lette conferme hym **Prinans** ad he was a fore and  
 lyghtly lette dubbe hym a denke wʰtʰis honde. And made  
 hym kynge of þe table rounde And a none þe kynge lette cry  
 a sawte vnto þe towne and þe was everyng of laddys it  
 brekynge of wallys þe payne þe þe peple had was pyte  
 to se þe wʰan þe duced þe dressed wʰtʰe damysels ryche and  
 þe counted of **Clarysyn** wʰtʰe clere maydyn tʰey kneled in  
 þe byrtyls þe þe kynge hobyte and be songt hym of socoure  
 for þe sake of oure lord and seyde som good worde And  
 Cetyl tʰe peple or þe cite sudderly be wʰtʰe sawte wʰonne  
 for tʰan shall dye many a soule þe greid þe neu. þe  
 kynge of wallys lyfte up tʰis wyse wʰtʰe kynge lyghtly com  
 tenaunce and kneled to hym myldely wʰtʰe full meke word

and seyde schall none mysse do you madam þ<sup>t</sup> to me longio  
for I graunte the Martyr and to thy chesst maydyn vnto  
to thy chylde and to thy chysst men in chamb<sup>r</sup> that to  
þ<sup>e</sup> longio. But thy denke is in danger my drede ys  
þ<sup>e</sup> lesse. But ye shall haue lybelode to leue by ad to thyne  
astate fallys. **Then** **Autume** sendyt on ecche syde wyth  
stayne lordis for to cese of þ<sup>e</sup> sawte for þ<sup>e</sup> cite was yolden  
and þ<sup>e</sup> w<sup>t</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> denke is eldyt some com w<sup>t</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> beyed it eueled  
downe vnto þ<sup>e</sup> bynge and he songgt hym of his grace

And þ<sup>e</sup> he cased þ<sup>e</sup> sawte by assente of his lordis and the  
denke was dressed to don w<sup>t</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> byngs dere buyggt. for to  
dwelle in danger and dole dayed of his lyf. **Then** þ<sup>e</sup>  
bynge w<sup>t</sup> his crowne on his hede reconde þ<sup>e</sup> cite and the  
castell and þ<sup>e</sup> Captayned & conestabyls knew hym for lorde  
and þ<sup>e</sup> he delynde and dalte by fore dyse lordis a dowre  
for þ<sup>e</sup> denched and his chylde. **Then** he made wardes  
to welde all þ<sup>e</sup> lordis and so in **Lorayne & Lumbardy** he lodged  
as a lorde in his owne and sette lawys in þ<sup>e</sup> lordis & hym  
beste lybed. And then at launmas he rode vnto **Lusarne**  
he songgt and lay at his leyser w<sup>t</sup> lybyngs now. **Then**  
he medyd on þ<sup>e</sup> mountaynes and doth many mayles  
and so gott in by **Godarte** that **Barret** sone wynnys

**Then** he lobyd in to **Lumbardy** and on lowde spelytt  
in yondur lybynge lordis as lorde wolt. I dwelle fir **fflo**  
**rence** and **ffloridas** that day passed w<sup>t</sup> w. c. good men  
of armyd vnto þ<sup>e</sup> cite of **Vubyn** they songgt at þ<sup>e</sup> gaynyste  
and leyde þ<sup>e</sup> a buyssment as hem beste lybed. So þ<sup>e</sup> com  
onte of þ<sup>e</sup> cite many hundrett and styrmyssed wyth  
oure fore ryders as hem beste semed. **Then** broke onte  
oure buyssment and þ<sup>e</sup> brydge wynnys and so rode  
vnto þ<sup>e</sup> borowys w<sup>t</sup> band up dysplayed **Then** fledde



much folke oute of mber for ferde of **Sir Florence** and  
his ferde knyght. **Then** they busked up a band a boby p  
gatio and of **Sir Florence** in faytys so fayne were they  
neid. **The** kynge than hobytyd on an hylle and lobyt  
to p wallys and sayde / se be yonder hygne p cite is wone  
**Then** he lete make a cry thowow all p oste that bypou  
payne of lyff & tyme and also lesynge of his goodys  
p no lyege man p longyt to his oste sholde lye be no  
maydens ne ladyes nor no burgesse wyff p to the cite  
longid. **So** wgan this Conqueror com in to p cite he pas  
sed in to p castell and p he lendid and comfortid p cawe  
full men w many knyghtly wordis & made there a  
Captayne a knyght of his owne contrey & p comod  
accorded p tyme. **Wgan** p sonayned of **Gyllayne** her  
de p p cite was wome they sente into kynge **Artur**  
guete sounys off. **Syld** **Syrtz** horsys well charged &  
be sought hym as sonayne to hane mytse of p peple  
and seyde they wolde be subiect vntyll hym for eu  
and yelde hym fnyse & seute surely for his loundys  
botse for **Plesance** and **Petresaynte** and for p porte  
**Trembyll** and so mekly to gyff for **Gyllayne** a mylly  
on off golde and make homage vnto **Artur** all his  
lyff tyme. **Then** p kynge by his comcepte a conduyte  
hem sendys so to com in and know hym for londe. **Then**  
in to **Duffayne** he turned wgan he tyme semed & there  
he wympys to wryd and towmys full of pyze and all he  
wasted in his warrys p he a way ryddys. **Then** he  
spedys towarde **Spolite** w his spedfull knyghtys  
and so vnto **Byterbe** he bytayled his knyghts and to p  
vale off **Bysecounte** he delysed p to bygge in p vertuose  
vale amonge wympys full. And p he suggeonyd that

sonaig ne w<sup>t</sup> solace at q<sup>u</sup>id<sup>e</sup> q<sup>u</sup>arte for to wete w<sup>h</sup>er<sup>e</sup> t<sup>h</sup>e  
**Senatour** wolde hym of succ<sup>e</sup> be seke. But sone aft<sup>r</sup>  
 on a Saturday song<sup>g</sup>t vnto byrge **Arthure** all<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> Sena-  
 tour<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> were on lyve and of p<sup>r</sup> cūnyngyst **Cardynall**  
 that dwelled in p<sup>r</sup> cōrte and prayde hym of pece and  
 p<sup>r</sup> fū<sup>r</sup>d hym full large and be song<sup>g</sup>t hym ad<sup>e</sup> a sonaig  
 moſte goimour vnder god for to gyff t<sup>h</sup>em lyceuce  
 for. w<sup>h</sup>er<sup>e</sup> w<sup>h</sup>er<sup>e</sup> large p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>h</sup>ey myg<sup>g</sup>t be assembled all<sup>e</sup>  
 and t<sup>h</sup>an in p<sup>r</sup> cite of **Dyon** t<sup>h</sup>at is **Rome** call<sup>l</sup>d to  
 crowne hym p<sup>r</sup> byndly w<sup>h</sup> Cryste med<sup>e</sup> q<sup>u</sup>ondy<sup>r</sup> w<sup>h</sup> **Septu-**  
**re** for s<sup>u</sup>l<sup>e</sup> ad<sup>e</sup> an **Empour** sholde. I assente me sey-  
 de p<sup>r</sup> byrge ad<sup>e</sup> ye hane deysed and comly be Cryste med<sup>e</sup>  
 to be crowned here aft<sup>r</sup> to reigne in my aſſtate and to  
 bepe my rounde table w<sup>h</sup> p<sup>r</sup> reuty<sup>r</sup> of **Rome** to rule  
 ad<sup>e</sup> me lytyl. And t<sup>h</sup>an ad<sup>e</sup> I am d<sup>e</sup>ysed to gete me  
 on p<sup>r</sup> ſaltee ſee w<sup>h</sup> good men of army<sup>r</sup> to deme for q<sup>u</sup>id<sup>e</sup>  
 det<sup>h</sup> that for w<sup>h</sup> al<sup>l</sup>th<sup>o</sup> p<sup>r</sup> boode dyed. W<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> **Senatour**  
 had t<sup>h</sup>is anſwere vnto **Rome** t<sup>h</sup>ey t<sup>u</sup>rn<sup>e</sup>d and  
 made rydy for q<sup>u</sup>id<sup>e</sup> coronement<sup>e</sup> in p<sup>r</sup> moſte uoble  
 wyſe and at p<sup>r</sup> day aſſigned ad<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> Romayned me tel  
 ly<sup>r</sup> he was crowned **Empour** by t<sup>h</sup>e **Docty<sup>r</sup>** q<sup>u</sup>ondy<sup>r</sup>  
 w<sup>h</sup> all<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> Royalte in p<sup>r</sup> worlde to welde for en<sup>e</sup> pere  
 t<sup>h</sup>ey ſuggeoned p<sup>r</sup> ſelon tyll aft<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> tyme and ſtablyſ  
 ſhed all<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> londy<sup>r</sup> frome **Rome** vnto **ffraunce** t<sup>h</sup> gaff  
 londy<sup>r</sup> t<sup>h</sup> reuty<sup>r</sup> vnto byrge t<sup>h</sup>at had q<sup>u</sup>en wel<sup>e</sup> deſ  
 ned p<sup>r</sup> was none p<sup>r</sup> playned on q<sup>u</sup>id<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>te ryche not<sup>h</sup>er  
 poore. W<sup>h</sup>an he comanded **Sir Lancelot** and **Sir**  
**Bors** to take bepe vnto p<sup>r</sup> ſadyr<sup>e</sup> landy<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> byrge  
**Ban** t<sup>h</sup> byrge **Bors** welded t<sup>h</sup>er ſadyr<sup>e</sup> loke p<sup>r</sup> ye  
 take ſeynge in all<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> brode londy<sup>r</sup> and cauſe y<sup>e</sup>oure  
 lyege men to know y<sup>e</sup>on ad<sup>e</sup> for p<sup>r</sup> byrde lord<sup>e</sup> t<sup>h</sup> ſuff<sup>r</sup>



meid y<sup>e</sup> sonayute to be alledged w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> subiects nor t<sup>he</sup>  
sonaygne of y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>er</sup>son and londys. Also y<sup>e</sup> myghty  
kyng **Edward** I gyff you for to p<sup>er</sup>te be t<sup>he</sup> wyte you  
elven for to mayntene y<sup>e</sup> bynrede y<sup>e</sup> be noble byngt  
So y<sup>e</sup> and t<sup>he</sup>y to y<sup>e</sup> rounde table make y<sup>e</sup> repyre  
**Sir Lancelot** and **Sir Bors de gaynes** thanked  
y<sup>e</sup> kyng fayre and sayde y<sup>e</sup> gentyl & byse sholde en  
be hys owne. Where art y<sup>e</sup> **Priamus** t<sup>he</sup>y fee w<sup>th</sup> yet  
be kynde. Here I make y<sup>e</sup> and gyff y<sup>e</sup> denbedom of  
**Louayne** for en onto y<sup>e</sup> and t<sup>he</sup>yne ayred. And w<sup>th</sup>an  
we com m to Jugelonde for to purvey t<sup>he</sup> of horse  
mete and a af. li quarterly for to mayntene t<sup>he</sup>y  
bynntys so y<sup>e</sup> leve not my felyschyp t<sup>he</sup>y gyfte y<sup>e</sup>  
t<sup>he</sup>yne owne. **Th**e byngt thanked y<sup>e</sup> kyng w<sup>th</sup>  
a kynde wyll and sayde ad longe ad I lyve my f  
y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> yourre owne. **Th**us y<sup>e</sup> kyng gaff many  
londys t<sup>he</sup>re was none y<sup>e</sup> wolde aske y<sup>e</sup> myghte  
playne of hys p<sup>er</sup>te. For of bychesse & welth t<sup>he</sup>y  
had all at her wyll. **Th**an t<sup>he</sup> byngt & lordys  
y<sup>e</sup> to y<sup>e</sup> kyng longw<sup>th</sup> Called a counseyle w<sup>th</sup>pon a  
fayre morn and sayde **Sir** kyng we be seche  
t<sup>he</sup> for to here w<sup>th</sup> all we ar w<sup>th</sup>in yourre lordshyp  
well stuffid blyssed be god of many t<sup>he</sup>yngs and also  
we have wyffid weddid we w<sup>th</sup> be seche yourre  
good grace to keled w<sup>th</sup> to sporte w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>th</sup> our wyffid  
for worschyp be Cryste t<sup>he</sup>y journey w<sup>th</sup> well oncom  
ye say well seyde y<sup>e</sup> kyng for I nowze w<sup>th</sup> ad good  
ad a feste for to atteunte god on mynce I holde  
hit not wysedom. And y<sup>e</sup> fore make you all redy  
and turne we m to Jugelonde. **Th**an t<sup>he</sup>re was  
trussyng of harneys w<sup>th</sup> carpage full noble and y<sup>e</sup>

Kyng toke his leve of þe holy fadir þe **Pape** and **Pa**  
**triarke** and Cardynals and Senatours full  
 ryche and leste good gouernance in þe noble cite and  
 all þe contrays of **Rome** for to warde and to kepe on  
 payne of dethe þe in no wyse his comendement be  
 brokyn. And he passyth thorow þe contreyes of all  
 ptyes and so kyng **Artur** passed on þe see vnto  
**Sandwyche** haven. And when quene **Gwenyvere** her  
 se of his comyng she mette w<sup>th</sup> hym at **London** so  
 doo all oþer quenes and noble ladyes for þe was  
 new a solempner metyng in one cite to gedys for  
 all man of kyche thei brought w<sup>th</sup> hem at þe full  
 here endyth þe tale of þe noble kyng **Artur**  
 that was Empour of self thorow dygnyte of his  
 honours. And here folowyth after many noble  
 talys of **Sir Lancelot de lake**

**Explicit the noble tale be taryt kyng**  
**Artur and Lancelot the Empour of Rome**

**S**one after that kyng **Artur** was com from  
**Rome** he to Ingelonde than all þe knyghtes  
 of þe rounde table resorted vnto þe kyng it made  
 many ioustes and turnementes. And som þe were þe  
 were but knyghtes encreased in armys and worship  
 þe passed all oþer of her felows in ptesse and noble  
 dedys and þe was well proved on many. But in  
 especiall he was prysed on **Sir Lancelot de lake**  
 for in all turnementes iustys it dedys of armys both  
 for byss and dethe he passed all oþer knyghtes. And at  
 no tyme was he overcom but yf he were by treson



of Incomitment / So this Sir **Lancelot** encreased so mer-  
vaylously in worship and honoure. There fore he is the  
fyrste knyght of the freyssh booke mabyth mecon of Astur  
kyng **Arture** com frome **Rome** where fore quene **Gwe-  
nyvere** had hym in grette favour a bodeu all of knyghtis  
and so he loved þ quene a gayne a bodeu all of ladyes dayes  
of his lyff and for hir he and many dedys of armys it saved  
her frome þ fyre thorow his noble chivalry. And Sir  
**Lancelot** rested hym longe w<sup>t</sup> play & game and than he  
thonght hym self to prebe in straunge adventures. And  
bade his newe Sir **Lyonel** for to make hym redy for we  
muste go seke adventures. So they mounted on þ horsed  
armed at all ryggt and rode in to a depe foreste and so  
in to a playne. So the wedir was hote a bonte noone. And  
Sir **Lancelot** had grette luste to slepe. Than Sir **Lyonel**  
assayed a grette appyll tre þ stode by an hedge and seyde  
Sir yondir is a fayre shadow þ may we reste w<sup>t</sup> it oure  
horsys hit is trontge seyde Sir **Lancelot** for this vij. yere  
I was so slepy as I am now. So þ they alyted it tyed there  
horsys vnto sondry treis. And Sir **Lancelot** layde hym  
downe vnder this appyll tre and his helmet vnder his hede  
and Sir **Lyonel** waked wpyles he slepte. So Sir **Lancelot**  
slepte passyng faste & in þ meane whyle com þ. iij. knyghts  
rydunge ad faste slepyng ad they myght ryde þ þ folowed  
hem. iij. but one knyght. And when Sir **Lyonel** hym  
sawe he thonght he sawe men so grette a knyght nor so well  
farynge a man and well appareyld vnto all ryggt. So  
in a whyle this stronge knyght had on takyn one of þ. iij.  
knyghts & þ he smote hym to the colde erth. that he lay styll  
and than he rode vnto þ secunde knyght & smote hym so þ  
man & horse felle downe and so strepte vnto þ thirde knyght

and smote hym be hynde his horse and a spere lengthe  
 And than he alyggtt downe it rayned his horse on the  
 brydyls it bounde all. m. bryggtt faste w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> rayned off the  
 owne brydelys // When Sir **Lyonel** had sene hym do p<sup>r</sup>us  
 he t<sup>r</sup>onggtt to assay hym and made hym redy and prydely  
 he toke his horse and t<sup>r</sup>onggtt nat<sup>r</sup> for to awake Sir **Lancelot**  
**Lot** and so mounted upon his horse it oide toke p<sup>r</sup> strong bryggtt  
 he bade hym turne and so he turned it smote Sir **Lyonel** so  
 harde p<sup>r</sup> horse it man he bare to the erth. And so he alyggtt  
 downe it bounde hym faste it t<sup>r</sup>ew hym outwarte his  
 owne horse ad he had fured p<sup>r</sup> op. m. and so rode w<sup>t</sup> hem tyll  
 he com to his owne castell // Than he unarmed t<sup>r</sup>em and  
 bete t<sup>r</sup>em w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup>ornyd all naked and after put t<sup>r</sup>em in depe  
 p<sup>r</sup>son where were many mo bryggtt p<sup>r</sup> made grete dole  
 So when Sir **Ector de marys** wyfte p<sup>r</sup> Sir **Lancelot**  
 was paste oute of p<sup>r</sup> counte to seke ~~ad~~ adventured he was  
 wroth w<sup>t</sup> hym self it made hym redy to seke Sir **Lancelot**  
 And ad he had redy longe in a grete foreste he mette  
 a man was lyke a foster. fayre felow seyde Sir **Ector**  
 doste p<sup>r</sup> know t<sup>r</sup>is contrey or omy adventured p<sup>r</sup> bene nyze  
 here honde. Sir seyde t<sup>r</sup>e foster t<sup>r</sup>is contrey know I well  
 and here by w<sup>t</sup> in t<sup>r</sup>is myle is a stronge man and well  
 dybed. And by p<sup>r</sup> man on t<sup>r</sup>e lyfte honde p<sup>r</sup> is a fayre fowde  
 for horse to drybe off and on p<sup>r</sup> fowde p<sup>r</sup> growyd a fayre  
 tre and p<sup>r</sup> on hongyt many fayre shydys p<sup>r</sup> welded som  
 tyme good bryggtt and at p<sup>r</sup> body of p<sup>r</sup> tre hongyd a basyn  
 of Coux and latyne and stryke upon p<sup>r</sup> basyn w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> butte of  
 t<sup>r</sup>e spere. m. tymes it sone after p<sup>r</sup> shaltt hyre new tydyng  
 and ellyd hasty p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>e fayreste bryggtt p<sup>r</sup> en had bryggtt  
 t<sup>r</sup>is many yered t<sup>r</sup>at passed t<sup>r</sup>ow t<sup>r</sup>is foreste // Gram  
 cy seyde Sir **Ector** and depte it com unto t<sup>r</sup>is tre it sawe



many fayre knyghts And a monge them all he sawe knyght  
brother knyghte Sir **Lyonell** and many mo þe knew that  
were of his felowshipe of þe rounde table þe whiche greved  
his herte it promysed to revenge his broþer. Then a none  
Sir **Ector** bete on the basyn ad he covere woode And then  
he gaff his horse drynke at þe founde And þe com a knyghte  
be knyghte hym and bade hym com oute of þe wat it make  
hym redy. Sir **Ector** turned hym shortly and in feadwre  
caste his spere it smote þe knyghte a grete buffette þe  
his horse turned twyse a bowte. That was welldone  
seyde þe stronge knyghte it knyghte þe faste strylynne  
And there w he myghted his horse on Sir **Ector** and caught  
hym and his knyghte arme and bare hym cleue oute of  
þe saddle. And so rode w hym a way in to his castell it  
threw hym downe in myddyll of þe floure. Then this  
seyde **Tracyn** seyde unto Sir **Ector** for þe fast done this  
day more unto me than any knyghte And this. xij. yere  
Now wol I graunte þe thy lyff so þe wol be for me to  
be my trewe prisoner. Ray sayde Sir **Ector** that wol I  
weld promysse the. But þe wol do myne advantage. pat  
me repent is seyde Sir **Tracyn** Then he gad vnan  
me hym and bete hym w tformyd all naked it syt hym  
put hym downe in to a depe dongeon it þe knewe  
many of his felowshipe. But when Sir **Ector** saw Sir  
**Lyonell** then made he grete sorow. Alas broþer seyde Sir  
**Ector** how may this be it where is my brother. Sir  
**Lancelot** sayre broþer I lesste hym on flepe when that  
I froume hym yode vnder an apyl tre. And what is be  
com of hym I can nat telle you. Alas seyde þe prisoner  
But yf Sir **Lancelot** helpe us we shall ned be delvyde  
for we know now no knyghte þe is able to make w

oure mayster *Barquyne*

**I**n ow lebe we thes knyghts psoners and speke we  
 of *Sir Lancelot de lake* that lyette vnder þe apple  
 tre slepyng a bonte þe none. So þe com by hym. my queene  
 myd of a grette astate and for þe grette sholde nat myze  
 hem þe rode. my. knyghts a bonte hem & bare a clothe of  
 grene fylde on. my. spere þe twayne hem & þe sone and  
 þe quene rode on. my. wyghte mylde. // Thow ad they  
 rode they herde a grette horse be syde them grynnyng  
 myze // Thow they loke þe were ware of a slepyng  
 knyght lay all armed vnder an apple tre. And a no  
 ne ad they loke on his face they knew well that was  
*Sir Lancelot* and he gan to stryde for þe knyght and  
 vny of hem seyde they wolde hane hym to hir love. we  
 shall nat stryde seyde *chorgau le fay* that was byng  
*Artours* syster. I shall put an encasment vpon  
 hym þe shall nat a wake of all thes. my. ower. &  
 than I woll lede hym a way vnto my castell. // And  
 when he is surely wþ in my golde I shall take þe encan  
 tement frome hym and than lette hym chose wyght  
 of wþ he woll hane vnto pany. So the encasme  
 nte was caste vpon *Sir Lancelot* and than they  
 leyde hym vpon his shyld & bare hym so on horse bak  
 be twayne. y. knyghts & brought hym vnto þe castell  
 Carpot & there they leyde hym in a chambur colde  
 & at myght they sente vnto hym a fayre damyselle  
 wþ his soup redy & dyght. be that þe encasment  
 was paste // And when she com she salewed hym  
 & aske hym what chere I can not sey fayre dame  
 sel. seyde *Sir Lancelot* for I wote not how I com into  
 thes castell but that be by encasmente // So seyde



ſhe ye muſte make good chere ſt yf ye be ſicke a bryggt  
as id ſeyde ye be I ſhall telle you more to morrow be  
pryme of þe day Grauncy fayre dameſel. ſeyde **Sir**  
**Lancelot** of yow good wyll and ſo ſhe deſted. And there  
ſhe laye all þe nyght w<sup>th</sup>oute ony comforte. And on  
þe morrow early com t<sup>he</sup>ed. iij. queneſſe paſſyngly well  
be ſene and all t<sup>he</sup>y byddynge hym good morrowe & ſhe  
them a gayne. **Sir** bryggt t<sup>he</sup>. iij. queneſſe ſeyde  
þe muſte vnderſtonde þe art oure p<sup>er</sup>ſonere. And we  
know þe well þe art. **Sir Lancelot** in lake bynge  
**Ban** id ſone and be cauſe þe we vnderſtonde yowre  
worthynneſſe þe art þe nobleſt bryggt bydynge and  
alſo we know well þe can no lady haue t<sup>he</sup>y love but  
one and þe id quene **Gwenyvere** & now þe ſhall her love  
loſe for eu<sup>er</sup> & ſhe t<sup>he</sup>yne. For hit be godyt þe now to  
choſe one of w<sup>th</sup>. iij. for I am quene  **Morgaule fay**  
quene of þe londe of Gore. And here id þe quene of  
**North galys** and þe quene of **Estlond** and þe quene  
of þe **Onthe** **flod** Now choſe one of w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>th</sup>che t<sup>he</sup>at þe  
wolte haue to t<sup>he</sup>y p<sup>er</sup>ſon<sup>er</sup> of ellyd to dye in t<sup>he</sup>id p<sup>er</sup>ſon  
ſon. **Sir** id an garde caſe ſeyde **Sir Lancelot** t<sup>he</sup>at  
of I muſte dye of to choſe one of you. yet had I leyd  
dye in t<sup>he</sup>id p<sup>er</sup>ſon w<sup>th</sup> worſchyp t<sup>he</sup>an to haue one of  
you to my p<sup>er</sup>ſon<sup>er</sup> magre myne ſede. And þe fore ye  
be anſwered I woll none of you for ye be falſe en  
chamterd and as for my lady dame **Gwenyvere**.  
were I at my lyberte as I was I wolde proue hit on  
yowre þe ſhe id þe trueſte lady vnto her lorde bynge  
well ſeyde þe queneſſe yow t<sup>he</sup>id yow anſwere þe ye woll  
refuſe w<sup>th</sup>. ye on my lyſt ſeyde **Sir Lancelot** refuſed  
ye bene of me. So t<sup>he</sup>y deſted & leſte hym þe a lone þe

made grete sorow. So after that noone com þe damysel  
unto hym w<sup>th</sup> hir d<sup>yn</sup>er & asked hym what chere. Truly  
damysel seyde. Sir **Lancelot** need so ylle. Sir she seyde  
þe me repentid but if ye wolt be ruled by me I shall  
helpe you oute of this dystresse and ye shall have no  
shame nor velony so þe ye wolt my promyse. Sayre  
damysel. I guarantee you but sore I am of this queneys  
craufte a ferde for they have destroyed many a  
good knyght. Sir seyde she þe is sotte and for the  
renowne it comite that they have of you they wolt  
have y<sup>e</sup> love. And Sir they sey youre name is sir  
**Lancelot du lake** the floure of knyghts & they be passyng  
wrote w<sup>th</sup> you þe ye have refused hem. But sir and  
ye wolde promyse me to helpe my fadir on terys-  
day next comynge þe that made a turnemente be-  
twixt hym & þe bynge of **Portygale** for þe laste  
teryday past my fadir loste þe felde thowow. my  
knyghts of **Antur** counte. And yf ye wolt be there  
on terysday next comynge & helpe my fadir and  
to morne be pryue by þe grace of god I shall delyn  
you clene. Now sayre damysel seyde sir **Lance-**  
**lot** telle me y<sup>e</sup> fadyr's name and than shall I  
gyff you an answer. Sir knyght she seyde my  
fadyr's name is bynge **Bagdemagus** that was  
foule rebuted at þe laste turnemente. I knowe  
y<sup>e</sup> fadir well seyde. Sir **Lancelot** for a noble byng  
and a good knyght and by þe fayt of my body y<sup>e</sup>  
fadir shall have my servyse and you bothe at that  
Sir she seyde guarney & to morne lobe ye be redy  
be tynys & I shall delyn you & take you y<sup>e</sup> armonre  
y<sup>e</sup> horse shelde & spere & here by wyte in this. p.



mylde is an abbey of wyggst monke and y pray you to a  
hyde me & thyng shall I brynge my fadir conto you & all thyng  
shall be done seyde Sir **Lancelot** ad I am trewe bryggst & so  
she depte it come on y morne early & founde hym re ly pa  
she bryngst hym oute of py. lockyd and toke hym qid armo  
and qid owne house & lygthly he sadyls hym & toke qid spere  
in qid honde and so rode forth and sayde damself I shall  
nat fayle by y grace of god And so he rode into a grette  
foreste all y day and nen coude fynde no hyze way and so  
y wyggst felt on hym and than was he ware in a shade of a  
panyloun of rede sundele Be my seyth seyde Sir **Lancelot**  
In y pabyloun wolt I lodge all thyng wyggst and so he y a lygthly  
downe & tyed qid horse to y pabyloun And y he unarmed hym  
& y he founde a bed & layde hym y in and felle on slepe fastly  
Than w<sup>m</sup> an owre y com that bryggst yongst y pabyly  
on he wente y qid leman had layne in that bed & so he leyde  
hym a downe by Sir **Lancelot** and toke hym in qid armo & it  
be gan to bysse hym. And w<sup>m</sup> Sir **Lancelot** felte a rough  
berde byssing hym he sterte oute of y bedde lygthly & y otter  
bryggst aft hym and opter of hem gate y fowendyd in y qondid  
and oute at y pabyloun dove wente y bryggst of y pabyloun  
And Sir **Lancelot** folowed hym and y by a lytyll flead Sir  
**Lancelot** wounded hym fore wyze vnto y dett. And than he  
yelded hym to Sir **Lancelot** and so he grannted hym so y he  
wolde telle hym why he com in to y bed Sir seyde y brygte  
the pabyloun is myne owne And ad thyng wyggst I had assig  
ned my lady to have slepte w<sup>m</sup> And now I am lytly to dye  
of thyng wounde That me repentyt seyde Sir **Lancelot**  
of yourte but I was a drad of trefon. for I was late be  
gyled and y fore com on y way in to yourte pabyloun and  
take yourte veste and ad I suppose I shall stamcke y bloode

And so they wente bothe In to þe pabylyon. And a none **Sir**  
**Lancelot** stamyched his bloode. Therfore w<sup>t</sup> all com þe knyght  
 lady þe was a passynge fayre lady And when assayed þe  
 lorde **Bellens** was sore wounded she cryed oute on sir **Lan-**  
**celot** and made grette dole oute of mesure. Deafe my lady  
 þe my love seyde **Sir Bellens** for thou knyght is a good man  
 and a knyght of aventured. And þe tolde hir all þe case how  
 he was wounded. And when þe yelded me vnto hym he lasste  
 me goodly and hath stamyched my bloode. **Sir** seyde þe lady  
 I requere the telle me what knyght þe art and what is youre  
 name. Fayre lady he seyde my name is **Sir Lancelot**. In  
 labe so me thouggt en be youre speche seyde þe lady for I have  
 sene you oftyr or tyme and I know you better than ye were. But  
 now wolde ye gnyse me of youre curtesye for the harmys  
 þe ye have done to me and to my lorde **Sir Bellens** þe when  
 ye com vnto kynge **Artours** court for to cause hym to be ma-  
 de knyght of þe rounde table for he is a passynge good man  
 of armys and a myghty lorde of londys of many oute shes.  
 Fayre lady seyde **Sir Lancelot** latte hym com vnto the  
 court þe next tyme feste and loke ye com w<sup>t</sup> hym þe I shal do  
 my power þe he preve hym donghty of his his gouds he shal  
 have his desyre. So w<sup>t</sup> In a wyle þe knyght passed þe þe day  
 shone. Then **Sir Lancelot** armed hym and toke his horse  
 and so he was taryte to þe abbey. And as sone as he come tery-  
 hir þe donght of kynge **Bagdemagus** herde a grette horse  
 trotte on the pamente and she teryn a rose þe rode to dorynde  
 we þe þe sawe **Sir Lancelot** and a none she made men faste  
 to take his horse frome hym and lette lede hym into a stable  
 and hym self vnto a chambir and unarmed hym. And teryn  
 lady sente hym a longe gowne and com hir self þe made hym  
 good chere and she seyde he was þe knyght in þe worlde that



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ad þe turnemente sholde be. And there were staffoldys  
and towrys þe lordys and ladyes myght be holde þe gyff  
the pryse. Then com þu to þe fylde the bynge of **Portygaly**  
w<sup>th</sup> .x. score helmys And then p<sup>r</sup>. iij. byngtis of  
byng **Arturus** stood by them self. Then com þu to þe felde  
byng **Bagdemagus** w<sup>th</sup> .iij. score helmys And then they  
feantred þe sperryd and come to gydyrd w<sup>th</sup> a grete daysshe  
and þe was slayne of byngtis at þe fyrste recontur. þij.  
byngtis of byng **Bagdemagus** pte and .viij. of þe byng  
of **Portygaly** syde and party And byng **Bagdemagus**  
his party were ferre sette a syde. And a bat

**W**yt þe com þu **Sir Lancelot** and he tqueste þu w<sup>th</sup>  
his spere in þe tquest of the p<sup>r</sup>. and þe smote  
downe w<sup>th</sup> one spere v. byngtis and of .iij. of them he brabe  
þe backys and þu that tfrage he smote downe þe byng of  
**Portygaly** and brabe his tfrage in þe falle. All this sawe  
doynge of **Sir Lancelot** saw p<sup>r</sup>. iij. byngtis of **Arturus** and  
seyde yondur w<sup>th</sup> a squere geste there fore hane here ond at  
hym. So they encountred and **Sir Lancelot** bare hym dow  
ne horse and man that his holdur wente oute of Joynte

Now hit be fallyt þe me seyde **Sir Goredred** to sturre me  
for **Sir Gador** gat a sore falle. And then **Sir Lancelot**  
was ware of hym and gate a spere in his honde and mette  
w<sup>th</sup> hym. And **Sir Goredred** brabe his spere vpon hym and  
**Sir Lancelot** gaff hym fuche a buffette þe þe arson of þe sadle  
brabe and so he drove on þe horse taye that his helme  
smote þu to the erthe a foote þe more þe myze his neke was  
broke and þe lay longe in a swoore. Then com þu **Sir Ga  
lactyne** w<sup>th</sup> a grete spere and **Sir Lancelot** a gayuste hym  
in all þe tquest myght drybe that botte his sperryd to braste  
w<sup>th</sup> to þe honds And then they flange oute w<sup>th</sup> der sword



and gaff many fore strobys. **Then** was **Sir Lancelot** wrot  
oute of mesure. And **then** he smote **Sir Bagdadyne** on þe  
me þe his nose cryd a mowthe braste oute on bloode & there  
w<sup>th</sup> his hede hyngge low & w<sup>th</sup> þe his horse ran a way w<sup>th</sup> hym  
and he felle downe to þe erthe. **None** w<sup>th</sup> all **Sir Lancelot**  
gate a speare in his honde and on en þe speare braste he bare  
downe to þe erthe. **xij.** knyghts som horse & man and som pe  
man & nat þe horse and þe was none þe hitte surely but þe  
he bare none armo<sup>r</sup> t<sup>he</sup>at day. And **then** he gave a spere  
and smote downe. **xij.** knyghts and þe moste pty of hem neu  
throoff astir. And **then** þe knyght of þe kyng of **Portygale**  
pty wolde souste no more and þe tye gre was gedyu to kyng  
**Bagdemagus**. So extir pty depte vnto his owne and **Sir**  
**Lancelot** rode fort w<sup>th</sup> kyng **Bagdemagus** vnto his castel  
and þe he had passyng good chere bot þe w<sup>th</sup> þe kyng & w<sup>th</sup> his  
dought and tye p<sup>er</sup>fynde hym grete yest. And on þe mor  
ne he toke his leve & tolde tye kyng þe he wolde sele his  
brother **Sir Lyonell** t<sup>he</sup>at wente frome hym w<sup>th</sup>an he slepte  
So he toke his horse & be tanzte hem all to god And there  
he seyde vnto þe kyng dought yf þe he have nede ony tyme  
of my knyght I pray you let me have knowleche & I shall  
nat fayle you as I am trewe knyght. And so **Sir Lancelot**  
depte and by adventure he com in to þe same foreste t<sup>he</sup>er  
was talyngge his slepe be fore And in tye myddys of an  
hyze way he mette a damysel. rydyngge on a wyggher gal  
fray and þe extir salewed of ffayre damysel. seyde **Sir**  
**Lancelot** know you in t<sup>he</sup>is contrey ony adventured nere  
gande. **Sir** knyght seyde þe damysel here ar adventured  
nyze and þe durste preve hem. W<sup>th</sup> sholde I not preve  
seyde **Sir Lancelot** for for þe cause com I hydr. Welle  
seyde she þe sempst well to be a good knyght. And yf you

dare mete w<sup>t</sup> a good knyght / I shall brynge p<sup>r</sup> where is p<sup>r</sup>  
 beste knyght & p<sup>r</sup> myghtyeste p<sup>r</sup> en p<sup>r</sup> fonde // So p<sup>r</sup> wolte  
 telle me thy name and what knyght p<sup>r</sup> art / damselfe as  
 for to telle you my name I take no grette force. truly my  
 name is **Sir Lancelotte du lake**. Sir p<sup>r</sup> be semys welly he  
 we is adventured fast by p<sup>r</sup> fallytq for tye // For here by  
 dwellytq a knyght p<sup>r</sup> wolt nat be on mached for no ma  
 I know but ye do on mached hym. And his name is **Sir**  
**Gargyn** And as I vnderstonde he gatq in his prison of  
**Artgurd** courte good knyght. m. score and. m. tqt he  
 gatq wome w<sup>t</sup> his owne hondys. But w<sup>t</sup> qan ye have  
 done p<sup>r</sup> journey ye shall pmyse me as ye ar a trew knyght  
 for to go & helpe me & of damselfe p<sup>r</sup> ar dystressed dayly  
 w<sup>t</sup> a false knyght. All your entente damselfe & desyre  
 I wolt fulfill so ye wolt brynge me vnto t<sup>r</sup>is knyght  
 // Now fayre knyght com on your way and so she brongt  
 hym vnto p<sup>r</sup> fonde and p<sup>r</sup> tre where hyge p<sup>r</sup> basyn // So  
**Sir Lancelot** lette his horse drybe & lytten he bete  
 on t<sup>r</sup>e basyn w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> butte of his spere tyll p<sup>r</sup> bottm felle  
 onte and longe and he so but he fye no man // Then  
 he rode endlonge p<sup>r</sup> gatq of p<sup>r</sup> man nyze halfe an hond  
 And t<sup>r</sup>an was he ware of a grette knyght p<sup>r</sup> droffe  
 an horse a fore hym and outgawte p<sup>r</sup> horse lay an ar  
 med knyght bounden And en as t<sup>r</sup>ey com nere and  
 nere **Sir Lancelot** t<sup>r</sup>ouggt he sholde know hym // pan  
 was he ware p<sup>r</sup> qit was **Sir Gargyn Gawayne** bro  
 t<sup>r</sup>ir a knyght of p<sup>r</sup> table vunde // Now fayre dame  
 selfe seyde **Sir Lancelot** I se yondr a knyght faste  
 bounden t<sup>r</sup>at is a felow of myne and brop he is vnto **Sir**  
**Gawayne** and at p<sup>r</sup> fruste be grynge. I pmyse you by t<sup>r</sup>e  
 love of god for to restore p<sup>r</sup> knyght. But yf his mayster



lytte þæt bettir. In god sadyl. I schall delyn all þæt þæt soner þæt he  
 hath oute of dangeere for I am sure he hath. y. breyn  
 of myne þæt soner. w. hym. But by þæt tyme þæt exten had  
 sene of tþey grypped tþeyre sperys into them. Now  
 fayre knyght seide. Sir **Lancelot** put þæt wounded kny  
 ghte of þæt horse and lette hym reste a while & lette  
 us too prebe oure strenght for ad hit is enformmed  
 me þæt doyste and haste don. me grete despyte & shame  
 unto knyght of þæt rounde table and þæt fore now defen  
 de þæt. And þæt be of rounde table seide. **Derquyn** I desyre  
 þæt & all tþy felyschyp. That is on myche seide sir **Lance  
 lot** seide of tþe at tþy tyme

**A**nd than tþey put tþere sperys in þæt restyd and  
 come togedys. w. þæt horse ad faste ad tþey  
 myght ren and aytyn smote of in myddys of þæt schylde  
 that botte þæt horse backe braste vnder them & þæt knyght  
 were botte a stoned and ad þæt ad tþey myght tþey  
 a voydes þæt horse & toke þæt schylde be fore them & drew  
 oute þæt sword. And com togedys eynly and eyn gatt  
 of many stronge stroys for tþere myght nottyn schylde  
 nor harnyse holde þæt stroff. And so w. in a while  
 tþey had botte many geyme woundys & bledde passyng  
 grevously. That tþey fared. y. oured & more trasyng  
 & rasyng eyn othyr. where tþey myght hitte ony bare  
 place. Than at þæt laste tþey were bretteled botte  
 and stode lonyng on þæt sword. Now felow seide  
 Sir **Derquyn** holde tþy hounde a while and telle me  
 that I shall aske of tþe. Sey on seide Sir **Lancelot**. Than  
 Sir **Derquyn** seide þæt art þæt byggest man þæt en I mette  
 w. all & þæt beste bretteled and ad lyke one knyght þæt I hate  
 a bodyn all of knyght so be hit þæt þæt þæt not he knowt

lygghy a corde w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>he</sup> And for t<sup>hy</sup> love I woll delyn all  
 p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>soner<sup>s</sup> t<sup>hat</sup> I haue **That** is. iij. score and. iij. so pon  
 wolde telle me t<sup>hy</sup> name And p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>hat</sup> I woll be felowys to  
 gedyr<sup>s</sup> and uen to fayle p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>h</sup>yle p<sup>r</sup> I lyue. ye sey well seyde  
**Sir launcelot** but syt<sup>th</sup>en q<sup>u</sup>it is so t<sup>hat</sup> I haue t<sup>hy</sup> frēde  
 stypp<sup>e</sup> and may haue. What bryggt is t<sup>hat</sup> p<sup>r</sup> pon q<sup>u</sup>  
 tyste a bobyw all t<sup>hy</sup>ng<sup>e</sup> feyt<sup>h</sup>fully seyde **Sir** **Barquyn**  
 q<sup>u</sup>it name is **Sir launcelot de lake** for q<sup>e</sup> slowe my bro  
 th<sup>r</sup> **Sir Caradoc** at p<sup>r</sup> dolorous towne p<sup>r</sup> was one of p<sup>r</sup>  
 beste bryggt on lyue and p<sup>r</sup> fore hym I excepte of alle  
 bryggt for may I hym ony<sup>s</sup> mete t<sup>he</sup> tone shal<sup>l</sup> make  
 an ende I make myne a vow. And for **Sir launcelot**  
 sake I haue slayne an. C. good bryggt t<sup>at</sup> ad<sup>o</sup> many I ha  
 ve maymed all v<sup>th</sup>ly t<sup>hat</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y myggt uen a<sup>ft</sup>r helpe  
 t<sup>he</sup>m self<sup>s</sup> and many haue dyed in pryson t<sup>at</sup> yette haue  
 i. iij. score t. iij. and all be delyn<sup>d</sup> so pon wolte telle  
 me t<sup>hy</sup> name so be q<sup>u</sup>it t<sup>hat</sup> pon be nat. **Sir launcelot**  
 Now se I well seyde **Sir launcelot** t<sup>hat</sup> fuc<sup>ke</sup> a man I  
 I myggt be I myggt haue pease and fuc<sup>ke</sup> a man I mygt  
 p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>he</sup>re sholde be mortall warre be t<sup>h</sup>wyte w<sup>th</sup> and  
 now **Sir** bryggt at t<sup>hy</sup> requeste I woll t<sup>hat</sup> pon wete  
 t<sup>at</sup> know p<sup>r</sup> I am **Sir launcelot de lake** bryng<sup>e</sup> **Bamys** son  
 of **Bennyke** and werry bryggt of p<sup>r</sup> table Rounde and  
 now I desyre p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>at</sup> do t<sup>hy</sup> beste. A seyde **Sir** **Barquyn**  
 pon arte to me mo<sup>st</sup>e welcom of ony bryggt for we shal<sup>l</sup>  
 uen depte tyll<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> tone of w<sup>th</sup> be dede. Than t<sup>he</sup>y quyte  
 led to gedyr<sup>s</sup> ad<sup>o</sup> iij. wyde bullys mustyng<sup>e</sup> t<sup>at</sup> layssyng<sup>e</sup>  
 w<sup>th</sup> q<sup>u</sup>ir schyldis t<sup>at</sup> swerdys p<sup>r</sup> som tyme t<sup>he</sup>y felle bot<sup>h</sup>e on  
 p<sup>r</sup> nosys. Than t<sup>he</sup>y song<sup>te</sup> styll<sup>e</sup>. ij. o<sup>u</sup>red and more  
 and uen wolde haue reste and **Sir** **Barquyn** gaff f<sup>r</sup>  
**launcelot** many woundys p<sup>r</sup> all p<sup>r</sup> grounde p<sup>r</sup> ad<sup>o</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y



Trise Jettis of  
Derquyne by  
sir Lancelot

fanste was all be spawled w<sup>th</sup> bloode. Than at y<sup>e</sup> laste Sir  
Derquyne weyed faynte and gaff som w<sup>th</sup>att a bakke & bare  
his shylde low for very. That aspyed Sir Lancelot and  
lepte vpon hym fersly and gate hym by y<sup>e</sup> babonne of his  
helmette & plucked hym downe on his kneis & anon he  
raced of his helme & smote his necke in fundir. And when  
Sir Lancelot had done this he rode vnto the damesell & seyde  
damesell I am redy to go w<sup>th</sup> you where ye woll haue me but  
I haue no horse. Sayre sir seyde this wounded buyght take  
my horse. And than lette me go into this man and deliuer all  
this p<sup>er</sup>soners. So he take Sir Gaheris horse and prayde  
hym nat to be greued. Say sayre lorde I woll y<sup>e</sup> ye haue hym  
at y<sup>e</sup> com<sup>ma</sup>ndement for ye haue bothe sabel me & my horse  
And this day I sey ye ar y<sup>e</sup> beste buyght in y<sup>e</sup> worlde for ye  
haue slayne this day in my syght y<sup>e</sup> myghtyeste man and y<sup>e</sup>  
beste buyght excepte you that en I sawe. But sayre Sir  
seyde Sir Gaheris I pray you telle me y<sup>e</sup> name Sir my na  
me is Sir Lancelot du lake that ought to helpe you of ryght  
for kynge Arturus sake and in especiall for my lorde Sir Gau  
ayne his sake your owne brop<sup>er</sup>. And when y<sup>e</sup> ye com w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> yonder  
man I am sure ye shall fynde there many buyghts of y<sup>e</sup> bounde  
table for I haue sene many of y<sup>e</sup> shylde y<sup>e</sup> I knowe hongyd on  
yonder tre. There is Sir Kaye's shylde and Sir Gahyguddy's  
shylde and sir Bryan de lyte noyse his shylde and sir Alidulio's  
shylde w<sup>th</sup> many mo<sup>re</sup> y<sup>e</sup> I am nat now a wyld off and Sir Armand  
and also my too bretayne shylde Sir Ector de maris and sir  
Lyounell where fore I pray you grete them all frome me &  
sey y<sup>e</sup> I bydde them to take such stuff y<sup>e</sup> ad they fynde that in  
ony wyse my too bretayne go vnto y<sup>e</sup> comte and abyde me  
there tyll that I com ffor by y<sup>e</sup> feste of Pentecoste I caste me  
to be y<sup>e</sup> ffor ad at this tyme I muste ryde w<sup>th</sup> this damesell for

to save my pmyse And so they deyped frome **Gaquerys** And **Ga**  
**qerys** yode in to the man and þe he founde a yoman porter  
 keepyng many keyes. Then Sir **Gaquerys** threwe þe porter on  
 to þe grounde and toke þe keyes frome hym & hastily he oppynde  
 þe prison dore and þe he lette all þe þsoners oute and evy ma  
 lowsed op of þe bondys. And when they sawe Sir **Gaquerys**  
 all they thanked hym for they wente þe he had slayne Sir  
**Dermyne** be cause þe he was wounded. For so hyr seyde  
 Sir **Gaquerys** hit was Sir **Lancelot** that slew hym wor  
 thyfully wth his owne hondys. And he gretys you all well  
 and prayeth you to haste you to þe court. And ad vnto you  
 Sir **lyonell** and Sir **Ector de marys** he prayeth you to  
 a hyde hym at þe court of kynge **Artoure**. That shall we  
 nat do seyde his breynne we woll fynde hym and we may  
 lyve. So shall I seyde Sir **Kay** fynde hym or I com to þe court  
 ad I am trewe knyght. Then they sought þe house þe ad þe armys  
 was and then they armed them and evy knyght founde his  
 owne horse and all that longed vnto hym. So forth wth they  
 com a foster wth my horsys lade wth fatte venyson. And a no  
 ne Sir **Kay** seyde here is good mete for us for one meale  
 for we had not many a day no good repaste. And so þe veny  
 son was rosted sodde and bakyd and so after soup som a boode  
 þe all knyghts. But Sir **lyonell** and Sir **Ector de marys** and  
 Sir **Kay** rode after Sir **Lancelot** to fynde hym yf they myght.  
 Now tyme we to Sir **Lancelot** that rode wth þe damysel.  
 In a fayre hyze way Sir seyde þe damysel here by this way  
 hanntys a knyght þe dystressis all ladyes and ladyes women  
 and at þe leste he robbeth them of lyeth by hem. What seyde  
 Sir **Lancelot** is he a theff and a knyght and a rabysshers of wo  
 men he dotis shame vnto þe order of knyghthode & contrary  
 vnto his oth hit is pyte þe he lyveth. But fayre damysel



ye shall ryde on be fore your self And I woll kepe my self in  
 conte and yf þe trouble you of dystresse you shall be re-  
 restore and leue hym to be ruled as a knyght. So the  
 mayde rode on by the way a soufste amblyng pace And  
 in a whyle com onte a knyght on horse bat oute of þe woode  
 and his page with hym and þe put the damysell frome hir  
 horse And than she cryed. What com Sir **Lancelot** as  
 faste as he myght tyl he com to þe knyght sayng a false knyght  
 and traytoure vnto knyghthode. Who dnd lerne þe to dystresse  
 ladyes damysels and Iantyl women. When þe knyght  
 sy **Sir Lancelot** thow rebuynge hym he answered nat  
 But drew his swerde and rode vnto **Sir Lancelot** And **Sir**  
**Lancelot** thow thow spere frome hym it drew his swerde  
 and strake hym suche a buffette on þe helmette þe claffe  
 his hede and necke vnto þe throte. Now haste you thy  
 paymente þ longe þe haste defned that is trontq seyde þe  
 damysell. For lyke as **Derquyn** was to dystresse good  
 knyghts So dnd thow knyght attende to destroy and dystresse  
 ladyes damysels and Iantyl women and his name was **Sir**  
**Perce de foreste** sange Now damysell seyde **Sir Lancelot**  
 woll ye ouy more synse of me. Pray for she seyde at that  
 tyme but all myghty Ihu xpus you wqere som en ye ryde  
 or goo for þe curtesy knyght þe arte and meyste vnto all  
 ladyes and Iantyl women þe now lhytq. But one thyng  
**Sir** knyght me thynk ye lab. ye that ar a knyght wybe  
 led. that ye woll nat love som mayden of Iantyl woman  
 for I coude neuere here sey þe en ye loved ouy of no man of  
 degre and þe is grete pyte. But qit is noyfed that ye  
 love quene **Gwenyvere** And þe she that ordeyned by ena-  
 temente þe shall neuere love none of but qit noy none of dame  
 sell ne lady shall reioyce you where þe be many in this londe

Here Sir Lancelot  
 slew Perce de foreste  
 the sange

of hye astate and lowe þ make grete sorow. þayne Ja  
 mesell seide **Sir Lancelot** I may nat warne peple to  
 speke of me wȝat hit plaashtȝ hem. But for to be a wed  
 dyd man I tȝyue hit nat for tȝan I muste concē wȝ hir  
 and leue armys & tñamentis batellys and adventured.  
 And ad for to sey to take my plesance wȝ þamoo þ wolt  
 I refuse in pñcipall for drede of god. for byrgȝt þ bene  
 adventured sholde nat be ~~adventured~~ about nens notȝir  
 lecherous for tȝan tȝey be nat happy nor fortunate unto þ  
 weerryd for oþ tȝey shall be oncom wȝ a sympler byrgȝt tȝan  
 tȝey be hem self oþ ellys tȝey shall ste by unqapye and qir  
 cursednesse bettir men tȝan tȝey be hem self. And so wȝo  
 þ wyltȝ þamours shall be unqapye and all tȝyng unqapye  
 þ wȝ a bonte tȝem. And so fir **Lancelot** and she deþted. And  
 tȝan he rode in a depe foreste. .ij. dayes & more and hadde  
 strayte lodgyng. So on tȝe tȝirde day he rode on a longe  
 brydȝe and þ sterte wypon hym suddely a passyng foule  
 carle and he smote his horse on tȝe nose þ he turned a  
 bonte and asked hym wȝ he rode on þ brydȝe wȝoute lycen  
 ce wȝ he sholde I nat ryde tȝis way seide **Sir Lancelotte**  
 I may not ryde be hyde þon shalt not chȝse seide þ carle  
 and layssed at hym wȝ a grete club shodde wȝ iron. Tȝan  
**Sir Lancelot** drew his fowarde and put þ strobe a bacbe  
 and cleave his hede into tȝe pappys and at þ ende of tȝe  
 brydȝe was a fayre vyllage and all peple men and wo  
 men cryed on **Sir Lancelot** and sayde fir byrgȝt a worse  
 dede dūdyt þ neu for tȝy self for þ qaste slayne tȝe  
 chȝeff porter of oure castell. **Sir Lancelot** lete hem  
 sey wȝat tȝey wolde and freyte he rode in to tȝe castelle.  
 And wȝan he come in to tȝe castell he a lȝȝt & tȝed his  
 horse to a ryng on tȝe walle & þ he sawe a fayre grene



counte and terydr he dressid hym for þe hym tþougþt was a  
fayre place to ferygþt In So he lobed a bonte hym and fre  
muche peple In doryo and In Wyndowpo that sayde  
fayre knyghte you arte comþappy to com here

**A** fione w all þe com vpon hym .ij. grete Gyamutis  
well armed all save tþere hede w .ij. horryble club  
byd in þe hondys Dr **launcelot** put qid fþylde be fore  
hym þe put þe strobe a way of þe one gyamutis and w tþys  
fwerde he clabe qid hede in funder wþan qid felowe  
saw þe he ran a way ad he were woode And Dr **launce**  
**lot** astir hym w all qid mygþt and smote hym on tþe  
fþuldr and clabe hym to þe nabyll Dr **launce**  
**lot** wente In to þe halle and þe com a fore hym .ij. score  
of ladyes þe damesels and all kneled vnto hym þe than  
ked god and hym of qid delvþamnce ffor tþey seyde tþe  
moſte pty of vs þane bene here tþis .viij. yere þsoners  
And we þane worþed all man of fþylde worþys for our  
mete and we ar all grete sentyl women borne and  
blyſſed be þe tyme þyngþt þe en þou were borne for þou  
haſte done tþe moſte worþþ þe en ded þyngþt In tþis  
worlde þe wolle we beare recorde . And we all pray  
þou to telle vs þe name þe we may telle our frendis  
wþo delvþe vs oute of þreſon . fayne damedellys  
he seyde my name is Dr **launcelot** **du laake** A Dr seyde  
tþey all well mayſte þe be he for ellys save þe ſelf ad we  
demed þe mygþt neid þyngþt þane þe bettir of tþes þyngutis  
for many fayre þyngþt þane aſſayed and here þane ended  
And many tymes þane we here wyſſed astir þou þe tþes .ij.  
Gyamtis dredde neid þyngþt but þou frow may þe ſay  
ſeyde Dr **launcelot** vnto þe frendys and gretþ tþem all  
fro me And yf þe com In ony of þe marchys ſþew me ſuct

Here Sir launce  
lot flew .ij. G  
amutis in þe air  
tel of tþe

chere ad ye game cause. And what tresoure þ þ is in this  
 castel. I yess hit for a reward for yō gubamond And  
 þ lorde þ is owne of this castel. I wolde he respyed hit  
 ad is his ryght. fayne Sir they seyde the name of this cas-  
 tel is called **Byntagyll** and a denbe onght hit som tyme  
 that had wedded fayne **Igrayne** And so aftir þ she was wed-  
 ded to **Utter pendragon** And he gate on his **Artur** well  
 seyde Sir **Lancelot** I vnderstonde to whom this castel longht  
 And so he depyed frome them and he tanght hem vnto god  
 And than he monited vpon his horse and rode In to many  
 stronge contreyed and thorow many watyr and valeys and  
 wyll was he lodged And at þ laste by fortune hym hap-  
 pynd a yeste ryght to com to a fayne courtelage and there  
 In he founde an olde lady woman þ lodged hym w goode  
 wyll & þ he had good chere for hym and his horse. And wæt  
 tyme was his othe brought hym into a garret on þ gate to  
 his bedde. There Sir **Lancelot** unarmed hym and set his  
 harnyse by hym and wente to bedde & anon he felle on sle-  
 pe. So aftir þ com one on horse bak and knolled at þ gate  
 in grete haste wæt Sir **Lancelot** herde this he a rose cap  
 and lobed oute at þ wyndowe and syght by þ moone lyght  
 in. Byggt com rydyng aftir þ one man And all in layssy-  
 nge on hym at onys w fwerdys and þ one byggt turned  
 on hem byggtly a gayne and defended hym. truly seyde Sir  
**Lancelot** yowder one byggt shall I helpe. for hit were  
 shame for me to se. in byggt on one And yf be þ flayne  
 I am pteuer of his dett And þ he toke his harnys and  
 wente oute at a wyndowe by a ssete downe to þ. in byggt  
 And than Sir **Lancelot** seyde on byggt turne you byggt  
 vnto me and leue this seygyng w that byggt. And than  
 they in leste Sir **Kay** and turned vnto Sir **Lancelot** and



Here fir lanne  
fir betwixt a 189  
1899 1899

golpyn hym twyse frome þe Jetz. Þu he seyde I þane no tþyng  
 done but þe me ougħt for to do And ye ar welcom and here  
 shall ye repose you it take yō reste. Wgan fir **Ray** was un-  
 armed he asked after mete Anone þe was mete sette for hym  
 and he ete strongly. And wgan he had sorped they wente to þe  
 beddyd and were lodged to gydyd in one bed. So on þe morne  
 þe **Lancelot** arose erly and lefte þe **Ray** slepyng And þe  
**Lancelot** toke þe **Ray**'s armoure and his sylde and armed  
 hym And so he wente to the stable it sadylde his horse it toke  
 his lede of his oste and deþted. Wgan sone after arose þe  
**Ray** and myssid þe **Lancelot** And than he aspyed þe he had his  
 armoure and his horse. Now be my saytz I know wel  
 þe he wolt greue som of þe coure of þyng **Artur** for on  
 hym byggt wolt be bolde it deme þe hit is I and þe wolt be  
 tye them And by cause of his armoure it sylde I am sure  
 shall ryde in pease And than sone fir **Ray** deþted it tēked ofte  
**N**ow turne we vnto þe **Lancelot** that had ryddyn  
 longe in a grete foreste and at þe laste he com in  
 to a low contrey full of fayre kynd and fayre meedyd it  
 be fore hym he sawe a longe bydye and .ij. pabylyond stood  
 þe on of sylbe and sendell of dyse gew And wōnte þe pabyly-  
 ond hyng. .ij. wgyt sylde on tromeqcomd of sperryd it  
 grete longe sperryd stood vpynggt by the pabylyond and at  
 eny pabylyon dore stoode. .ij. freyft bynggt And so fir **Lance**  
 it passed by hem and spake no worde. Be wgan he was  
 paste þe .ij. bynggt knew hym and seyde hit was þe pronde  
 þe **Ray** he wenytz no bynggt so good as he and þe contrary  
 wostyn proved. Be my saytz seyde one of þe bynggt his  
 name was þe **Gawtere** I wolt ryde after hym it assay hym  
 for all his pryde And ye may be holde how that it ppede. So  
 þe **Gawtere** armed hym and hyng his sylde vpon his



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of his horse to the grounde And than he caste to þ<sup>e</sup> other .ij.  
 breynne and at .ij. strobys he strake hem downe to the erthe  
 Wyth that Sir **Raynolde** gan up starte w<sup>th</sup> his hede all bloody  
 and com streyte vnto Sir **Lancelot** flow let be seyde Sir  
**Lancelot** I was not far frome the wayn þ<sup>e</sup> were made byght  
 Sir **Raynolde** and also I know þ<sup>e</sup> arte a good byghter A lot he  
 I were to sle the Gawayne seyde Sir **Raynolde** of þ<sup>e</sup> goodnesse  
 And I dare say ad for me it my breynne wolt nat be lot to  
 yelde w<sup>th</sup> vnto you w<sup>th</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> we know your name. for welke we  
 know ye ar not Sir **Ray** ad for that be ad be may. for ye  
 shall yelde you vnto dame **Gwenivere** And loke that ye  
 be þ<sup>e</sup> on Wyltsonday and yelde you vnto hir ad þ<sup>e</sup>soners And  
 sey þ<sup>e</sup> Sir **Ray** sente you vnto hir Than they swore hir sholde  
 be done and passed forth Sir **Lancelot** and eccone of the  
 breynne halpe of ad well ad they myght So Sir **Lancelotte**  
 rode in to a depe foreste it þ<sup>e</sup> hym in a flade he sey. my byghter  
 hobyng vnder an oke And they were of **Arthurs** comte one  
 was Sir **Sagramour le desyrus** And Sir **Ector de marys**  
 and Sir **Gawayne** and Sir **Wayne** And auone ad these  
 my byghter had aspyed Sir **Lancelot** they wende by his  
 armys that hit had bene Sir **Ray** flow be my fayth seyde  
 Sir **Sagramoure** I wolt prebe Sir **Ray** myght and gate  
 his spere in his honde it com towarde Sir **Lancelot** than Sir  
**Lancelot** was ware of his comynge and knew hym well and  
 feautred his speare a gaynste hym it smote Sir **Sagramoure**  
 so sore þ<sup>e</sup> horse it man wente botte to the erthe lo my felo-  
 wyse seyde Sir **Ector** yonder may ye se what a buffette he  
 hath gyffen me thyng byt þ<sup>e</sup> byghter is muche bygger than  
 eu was Sir **Ray** flow shall ye se what I may do to hym  
 So Sir **Ector** gate his spere in his honde it walepte  
 towarde Sir **Lancelot** and Sir **Lancelot** smote hym vnto

Here Sir Lancelot  
 on com in  
 breynne upon  
 a bydye --



thow þe ffolde and his ffolde that man þe horse wente to  
 þe ertre and en his ffolde. Be my ffolde sayde Sir  
**Lancelot** wayne yowder is a stronge knyght and I am  
 sure he hath slayne **Ray** and I se he his grete strengthe  
 hit wold be garde to make hym And þe all for **Wayne**  
 gate his speare and rode towarde Sir **Lancelot** And Sir  
**Lancelot** knew hym well þe lette his horse renne on the  
 playne and gaff hym such a buffet þe was a stoned  
 þe longe he wiste nat where he was. Now se I welle  
 seyde Sir **Gawayne** I muste encountre w þe knyght þe dressed  
 his ffolde þe gate a good speare in his hand þe late renne  
 at Sir **Lancelot** w þe all his knyght þe exp knyght suota of  
 in myddys of þe ffolde But Sir **Gawayne** speare braste  
 and Sir **Lancelot** charged so fore vpon hym þe his horse  
 reised vp so downe and muche sorow had Sir **Gawayne** to  
 avoide his horse And so Sir **Lancelot** passed on a pace and  
 fupled þe seyde god gyff hym hym joy that his speare made  
 for þe cam ned a better in my hand. Than þe knyght  
 wente eccone to of and comforted eccone of and seyde what  
 sey ye by this geste seyde Sir **Gawayne** that w one speare  
 hath felde w all my. we comande hym to þe dore. they  
 seyde all for he is a man of grete knyght. ye may say hit  
 well seyde Sir **Gawayne** that he a man of knyght for I  
 dare ley my hede hit is Sir **Lancelot** I know hym well  
 by his ryding latte hym go seyde Sir **Wayne** for when  
 we com to þe court we shall wete. Than had they much  
 sorow to gete þe for his a gayne. Now leve we þe þe  
 we of Sir **Lancelot** that rode a grete while in a depe fo-  
 reste þe ad he rode he sawe a blak braccette seying in man  
 ad hit had bene in the feaute of an quete dere þe there w  
 he rode aftir þe braccette And he sawe hye on the grounde

Here Sir Lancelot  
 w one speare in  
 his hand Sir  
 Gawayne þe  
 Sir Lancelot  
 Gawayne

A large

A large feaute of bloode And than Sir **Lancelot** rode  
 faster and en þe bracquette loled be hynde qir and so she  
 wente thowow a guete marye And en Sir **Lancelot** solo-  
 wed And than was he ware of an olde man þe tithir  
 ran þe bracquette and so on a brydge So Sir **Lancelot**  
 rode on þe brydge that was olde þe felle þe wgan he com  
 in þe myddys of a guete halle þe he seye he dede a knyght  
 þe was a fowely man and þe bracquette lyched his woundis  
 and þe w<sup>t</sup> all com oute a lady wepyng and wryngyng  
 hir hondys And sayde knyght to muche sorow hasti þou  
 brought me why sey ye so seyde Sir **Lancelot** I dede  
 neu thys knyght no harme for qydr by the feaute of  
 blood thys bracquet brought me And þe fowre fayre lady  
 be nat dyspleased w<sup>t</sup> me for I am full sore a greved  
 for y<sup>e</sup> grevance Truly Sir she seyde I trowe qit  
 be nat ye þe qat slayne my husbonde for he þe þe  
 þe dede is sore wounded and is neu lytly to be hole  
 that shall I ensue hym what was youre husbonds  
 name seyde Sir **Lancelot** Sir thys name was called  
 Sir **Gylbert** the bastarde one of the beste knyghtys  
 of the worlde and he that qat slayne hym I know  
 nat thys name Now god sende you bettir comferte seyde  
 Sir **Lancelot** and so he depte þe wente in to the foreste a  
 gayne þe þe mette w<sup>t</sup> a damysell þe whiche knewe hym  
 well þe she seyde on lowde well be ye fownde my lorde  
 And now I requyre you of y<sup>e</sup> knyghtode helpe my broþ  
 þe is sore wounded þe neu styntyt bledyng for thys day he  
 fonght w<sup>t</sup> Sir **Gylberte** the bastarde þe slew hym in play  
 ne batayle and there was my broþ sore wounded And  
 þe is a lady a Dorserved þe dwellyt in a castel here by hyde  
 And thys day she tolde me my broþs woundys sholde neu



be hole tyll I conde fynde a byrght wolde go in to þe chapel  
 þelno and þe he sholde fynde a swerde & a bloody clotþe þe  
 woundid byrght was lapped in and a pece of þe clotþe & þe  
 swerde sholde geþe my broþer w<sup>th</sup> þe q<sup>uo</sup> woundid were serched  
 w<sup>th</sup> þe swerde & þe clotþe. *Þis is a mibelonse tþing seyde sir*  
*lancelot* but what is þe broþer's name. *Þu seþe seyde sir*  
*gelyot de logys* that me repent þe seyde. *Þu lancelotte*  
 for þe is a felow of þe table rounde and to q<sup>uo</sup> helpe I woll  
 do my power. *Þan seþe seyde* *Þu* folow þe evyn t<sup>h</sup>id q<sup>uo</sup>  
 ze way & q<sup>uo</sup> woll byryng þe to t<sup>h</sup>e chapel. þelno & q<sup>uo</sup>ere I  
 ffall a byde tyll god sende þe a gayne and yf þe spede nat  
 I know no byrght byryng t<sup>h</sup>at may encheve þe adventure  
**R**yght so *Þu lancelot* deþted & w<sup>hen</sup> he com to t<sup>h</sup>e  
 chapel þelno he a lyght dome & tyed q<sup>uo</sup> horse on  
 to a lytll gate and ad some ad he was w<sup>th</sup> in þe chyrche yerde  
 he sawe on t<sup>h</sup>e frunte of t<sup>h</sup>e chapel many fayre ryche shylde  
 turned up so dome and many of t<sup>h</sup>e shylde. *Þu lancelot*  
 had sene byrght be by forehande w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>h</sup>at he sawe by hym  
 þe stonde a .xxx. grete byrght more by a yerde t<sup>h</sup>an any  
 man þe en he had sene & all t<sup>h</sup>e gremmed & gnafted at *Þu*  
*lancelot* and w<sup>hen</sup> he sawe þe countenance he drede þe  
 fore and so put q<sup>uo</sup> shylde be fore hym and toke q<sup>uo</sup> swerde  
 in q<sup>uo</sup> honde redy unto batayle & t<sup>h</sup>e all were armed all  
 in blak harnyse redy w<sup>th</sup> q<sup>uo</sup> shylde and q<sup>uo</sup> sword redy  
 drawyn. and ad *Þu lancelot* wolde hane gone t<sup>h</sup>orow  
 t<sup>h</sup>em t<sup>h</sup>e skaterd on eny syde of hym and gaff hym þe way  
 and þe w<sup>th</sup> he wexed bolde & entrede in to t<sup>h</sup>e chapel. & t<sup>h</sup>ere  
 he sawe no lyght but a dyne lampe brenyn and þan was  
 he ware of a Corpnus hylled w<sup>th</sup> a clotþe of sylbe. *Þan sir*  
*lancelot* stonped dome & lute a pece a way of þe clotþe and  
 t<sup>h</sup>an q<sup>uo</sup> fared vnder hym ad þe grounde had quaked a lytll

there w<sup>t</sup> all he feared And than he sawe a fayre fownde lye  
 by þ<sup>e</sup> dede knyght And þ<sup>e</sup> he gate in his honde and hved hym  
 oute of the chapel. Anone ad<sup>e</sup> en he was in the chapel  
 yerde all þ<sup>e</sup> knyghts spake to hym w<sup>t</sup> grynly voyces And sey-  
 de knyght Sir **Lancelot** lay þ<sup>e</sup> fownde frome þ<sup>e</sup> or þ<sup>e</sup> shalt dye  
 wher þ<sup>e</sup> lybe of dye seyde Sir **Lancelot** w<sup>t</sup> no wordys grete  
 gete ye hit a gayne þ<sup>e</sup> fore syght for hit it ye lyst. Than  
 ryght so he passed thorow oute thern þ<sup>e</sup> by yonde þ<sup>e</sup> chapel yau-  
 de þ<sup>e</sup> mette hym a fayre damself it seyde Sir **Lancelot** leve  
 þ<sup>e</sup> fownde be hynde the of þ<sup>e</sup> wolt dye for hit I leve hit not seyde  
 Sir **Lancelot** for no treftyng. So seyde she And þ<sup>e</sup> dyddyste  
 leve þ<sup>e</sup> fownde quene **Gwenivere** sholde þ<sup>e</sup> nev<sup>e</sup> se. Than were  
 I a fool þ<sup>e</sup> I wolde leve this fownde. Now lantyll knyghte  
 seyde þ<sup>e</sup> damself I requyre þ<sup>e</sup> to bysse me but onys. Pray seyde  
 Sir **Lancelot** that god me for bede. Well Sir seyde she and þ<sup>e</sup>  
 gaddyst byssed me thy lyf dayes had be done And now alas she  
 seyde I have loste all my labour for I ordeyned this chapel  
 for thy sake þ<sup>e</sup> for Sir **Gawayne** And onys I had hym w<sup>t</sup> in me  
 þ<sup>e</sup> at þ<sup>e</sup> tyme he songt w<sup>t</sup> this knyght þ<sup>e</sup> lyet he dede in yondir  
 chapel Sir **Gylberte** the bastarde And at þ<sup>e</sup> tyme he smote  
 þ<sup>e</sup> lyfte honde of Sir **Gylberte** And Sir **Lancelot** Now I telle  
 þ<sup>e</sup> I have loved þ<sup>e</sup> this vii. yere þ<sup>e</sup> may no man have thy love  
 but quene **Gwenyver** And sytther I myght nat reioyse the nor  
 thy body on lybe I had kepte no more joy in this worlde but  
 to have thy body dede. Than wolde I have balmed hit and  
 bered hit þ<sup>e</sup> so to have kepte hit my lybe dayes þ<sup>e</sup> dayly I shol-  
 de have clypped þ<sup>e</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> byssed þ<sup>e</sup> dyspyte of quene **Gwenyvere** ye  
 sey well seyde Sir **Lancelot** I sh<sup>e</sup> presue me frome þ<sup>e</sup> subyle  
 craftys And þ<sup>e</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all he toke his horse þ<sup>e</sup> so deyped frome hit  
 and ad<sup>e</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> booke seyth. When Sir **Lancelot** was deyped she  
 toke sucche sorow þ<sup>e</sup> she deyde w<sup>t</sup> in a fourtentyte þ<sup>e</sup> her name was



called **Gallewe** the forfered lady of þe castell. **Lygmon** And a no  
 me **Sir Lancelot** mette w<sup>th</sup> þe **James**. **Sir Gelyott** is fystir And  
 w<sup>an</sup> she sawe hym she clapped hir hondys & wepte for joy and  
 t<sup>an</sup> they rode in to a castell þe by where lay **Sir Gelyot** and  
 a none ad **Sir Lancelot** sye hym he knew hym but he was  
 passyng pale ad þe t<sup>er</sup> for bledynge. w<sup>an</sup> **Sir Gelyot**  
 saw **Sir Lancelot** he kneled vpon his knees & cryed on hyz  
 a lorde **Sir Lancelot** helpe me anone // w<sup>an</sup> **Sir Lancelot**  
 lepe vnto hym & toweyed his woundys w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Gylbardo**  
 swerde And t<sup>an</sup> he wyped his woundys w<sup>th</sup> a pte of þe bloody  
 clot & **Sir Gylbardo** was wrapped in And anone an holer  
 man in his lyff was he new And t<sup>an</sup> þe was grette joy be twene  
 hem and they made **Sir Lancelot** all þe chere þe they myghte  
 And so on the morne **Sir Lancelot** toke his leve and bade  
**Sir Gelyot** hye hym to the counte of my lorde **Artur** for  
 his draughte wyze to the feste of pentecoste & þe by the grace of  
 of god ye shall fynde me and þe w<sup>th</sup> they deputed // And so **Sir**  
**Lancelot** rode t<sup>er</sup>ow many stronge contrayes on mores  
 & vales t<sup>ill</sup> by fortune he com to a fayre castell & ad he  
 paste be yonde þe castell hym t<sup>er</sup>onght he herde bellys rynge  
 & t<sup>an</sup> he was ware of a faucon com on his hede fleyng to  
 warde an hye elme & longe lmed a bonte her feete and she  
 floure vnto the elme to take hir perche the lmed on cast a  
 bonte a bowze // And w<sup>an</sup> she wolde hane tyme hir flyght  
 she hyng by þe leggis faste And **Sir Lancelot** sye how he  
 hyng & he helde þe fayre faucon **Perygot** And he was sorry  
 for hir // The meane whyle cam a lady oute of a castell &  
 cryed on hye a **Lancelot** **Lancelot** ad t<sup>er</sup>ow arte floure of  
 all buyght helpe me to gete me my haube for & my haube  
 be loste my lorde wolde destroy me for I kepte þe haube and  
 she slepped fro me And yf my lorde my husbunde wete hit

Here Sir Lancelot  
 ledeled for Gelyot  
 of the logyns of  
 Gylbardo þe bas-  
 tendie friende

111  
he is so faste þat he wyll sle me / What is þo lordis name  
seyde Sir **Lancelot** Sir sȝe seyde his name is Sir **Phelot**  
a knyght þat longyt to vnto þe þynge off fountygalyd / Welk  
fayre lady syn þat ye know my name & requyre me off knyght  
hode to helpe I wolt do what I may to gete your haubte & yet  
god knowyt I am an evyll chymber and þe tre is passynge  
hye & fewe bowys to helpe me w<sup>th</sup> all / And þe w<sup>th</sup> Sir **Lance-**  
**lot** a knyght & tyed his horse to the same tre and prayde þe lady  
to on arme hym / And so when he was unarmed he put off  
all his clatys vnto his squere & his brecche and w<sup>th</sup> myght &  
grette force he clumbe up to the fancon and tyed þe lamed to  
a grette rotyu boyss & tȝewe þe haubte downe w<sup>th</sup> þe knyght And  
anow þe lady gate þe haubte in his honde / And þe w<sup>th</sup> all com  
oute Sir **Phelot** oute of þe greyd fuddeply þe was his hus-  
bonde all armed & w<sup>th</sup> his naked sward in his honde & sayde  
a knyght Sir **Lancelot** now I have founde þe as I wolde  
he stondyng at þe boole off the tre to sle hym / A lady seyde  
Sir **Lancelot** what have ye be trayed me / Sȝe hatȝe done  
seyde Sir **Phelot** but as I comanded him & þe fore þe none  
otȝer boote but tȝyne oure is com þe þe muste dye / What  
were sȝame vnto þe seyde Sir **Lancelot** þe an armed knyght  
to sle a naked man by treson þe gettyste none of grace seyde  
Sir **Phelot** and þe fore helpe tȝe self and þe can / Truly  
seyde Sir **Lancelot** tȝat sȝatȝ be tȝe sȝame but syn þe wolt  
do none of take myne harneys w<sup>th</sup> the and hange my sward  
þe vpon a bowze tȝat I may gete hit and tȝan do tȝe beste  
sle me & þe can / Pray seyde Sir **Phelot** for I know þe bettir  
tȝan þe wenyte þe fore þe gettyste no wepyu & I may bepe  
þe þe fro / Alas seyde Sir **Lancelot** tȝat en a knyght sholde  
dye wepyled & tȝere w<sup>th</sup> he wayted above hym and vnder  
hym and on hym a bove his hede he sawe a rowzȝyke a



bygge lowe leveled and put he brabe hit of by the body and  
than he com lowe and a wayted how his owne horse stode  
and suddenly he lepe on þe fawtþer syde of his horse forward  
þe knyght. And than Sir **Phelot** layssed at hym egerly to  
hane slayne hym. But Sir **Lamucelot** put a way þe stroke w<sup>t</sup>  
the rowyspyke and þe w<sup>t</sup> toke hym on þe hede þe downe he felle  
in a sorwe to the grounde. So than Sir **Lamucelot** toke his  
fwerde oute of his honde and strake his necke in .ij. pecys.

Alas than cryed þe lady why haste þe slayne my husbonde I  
am nat cause seyde Sir **Lamucelot**. But w<sup>t</sup> fulshede ye wolde  
hane had me slayne w<sup>t</sup> treson and now hit is fallyn on  
you bothe. And than she sowned ad tþongg she wolde dey. And  
þe w<sup>t</sup> Sir **Lamucelot** gate all his armoure ad well ad he  
myght. And put hit upon hym for duede of more vesseite  
for he dredde hym þe the knyghts castell. And so nyze hym  
and ad sone ad he myght he toke his horse and deþted at  
thanbed god that he had escaped þe hane adventure. So Sir  
**Lamucelot** rode many wyld wayes tþorow oute moyn  
it mared it many wyld wayes and ad he rode in a valley  
he sey a knyght cþasþng a lady w<sup>t</sup> a naked fwerde to hane slay  
ne hit. And by fortune ad the knyght sholde hane slayne the  
lady she cryed on Sir **Lamucelot** and prayde hym to rescowe  
her. When Sir **Lamucelot** sye that myght he toke his horse  
it rode be. twene hem sayþng knyght sye for shame why  
wolte þe sle the lady shame unto þe at all knyght. What  
haste þe to do be tþypte me it my wyff. I wot þe her magre  
thynne hede. That shall ye nat sayde Sir **Lamucelot** for na  
than we wot hane a do to gydþro. Sir **Lamucelot** seyde þe  
knyght þe doste nat tþy pte for the lady that be trayed  
me. hit is not so seyde þe lady truly he seyt þe wronge on  
me. And for by cause I love cherysshe my consyn Iarmayne

and he is folowse be tarypte me and hym and ad I mitte  
 answere to god þ' was ned fene be tarypte w' none fuche  
 taryng. But sir seyde þ' lady ad þ' arte called þ' worschyp  
 fullpest knyght of t'he world. I requyre þ' of trewe knyght  
 gode bepe me & save me ffor what som en he sey he wolt sle  
 me for he is w'oute mcy. Hane ye no doute hit shalle  
 nat lye in his power. Sir seyde þ' knyght in þ' syght  
 I wolt be ruled ad ye wolt hane me And so Sir **Lancelot**  
 rode on þ' one syde & she on þ' oþ' syde And he had nat redyn  
 but a wyple but þ' knyght bade Sir **Lancelot** turne hy  
 & lobe be hynde hym and seyde Sir yonder com men of armys  
 after hym rydynge And so sir **Lancelot** turned hym and  
 thougth no treson and þ' w' was t'he knyght and þ' lady  
 on one syde & sudderly he swapped of þ' ladyes hede. And  
 when Sir **Lancelot** had aspyed hym what he had done he  
 seyde And so called hym traytoure þ' haste shamed me for  
 eny and sudderly Sir **Lancelot** a lyght of his horse  
 & pulde oute his swerde to sle hym and þ' w' all he selle  
 to þ' erthe & grypped Sir **Lancelot** by t'he thyghes & cry-  
 ed mercy. Hye on t'he seyde Sir **Lancelot** pou shamefull  
 knyght pou mayste hane no mcy þ' fore aryse & lyghte  
 w' me. Pray sayde þ' knyght I wolt ned aryse tyll ye  
 graunte me mercy. How wolt I proffyr þ' fayne I  
 wolt vname me vnto my knyghte and my swerde in my  
 honde And yf þ' can sle me quyte be þ' for en pray sir þ'  
 wolt I ned. Wolt seyde Sir **Lancelot** take t'his lady and  
 þ' hede and bere vpon t'he and here shalt þ' swere vpon  
 my swerde to bere hit all wayed vpon t'hy bak & ned  
 to reste tyll þ' com to my lady quene **Gwenyn**. Sir that  
 wolt I do by t'he feyth of my body. How what is your  
 name. Sir my name is Sir **Pedynere** in a shamefull



our were þ<sup>e</sup> borne seyde Sir **Lancelot** So Sir **Pedynere**  
 deþted w<sup>th</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> lady dede and þ<sup>e</sup> dede to gydn<sup>r</sup> and founde the  
 quene w<sup>th</sup> bynge **Artoure** at wyndesore and þ<sup>e</sup> he tolde alle  
 þ<sup>e</sup> trouthe. Sir **Byggt** seyde þ<sup>e</sup> quene t<sup>h</sup>is is an horryble  
 dede & a shamefull and a grette rebuße vnto Sir **Lance**  
**lot** But nat<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup>standyng þ<sup>e</sup> woulfpyr w<sup>th</sup> knowyn in  
 many dynse contreid. But t<sup>h</sup>is shall I gyff you in pe  
 nanncie make ye ad good styfte ad ye can ye shall bere  
 t<sup>h</sup>is lady w<sup>th</sup> you on horse bak vnto the Pope of Rome &  
 of hym resseyve yowre penanncie for y<sup>e</sup> foule dedis &  
 ye shall never reste one nyght þ<sup>e</sup> ad ye do an oþ and ye  
 go to ony bedde þ<sup>e</sup> dede body shall lye w<sup>th</sup> you. **Wh**is oþ  
 he þ<sup>e</sup> made it so deþted and ad q<sup>u</sup>it tellyth in the frensche  
 booke w<sup>th</sup>an he com vnto Rome. **Th**e Pope þ<sup>e</sup> bade q<sup>u</sup>  
 go a gayne vnto quene **Gwenyn** and in Rome was þ<sup>e</sup>  
 lady buryed by þ<sup>e</sup> Poppes comanndement and aft<sup>r</sup> t<sup>h</sup>ys  
 byggt Sir **Pedynere** fell to grette goodnesse it was  
 an holy man and an hermyte. **Now** turne we in  
 to Sir **Lancelot** in lake t<sup>h</sup>at com home. y. dayes be  
 fore þ<sup>e</sup> feste of Pentecoste and the bynge and all the  
 counte were passyng fayne. And w<sup>th</sup>an **Gawayne**  
**Sir** **Wayne** Sir **Saghamore** and Sir **Ector de**  
**mares** lye Sir **Lancelot** in bayes arm<sup>o</sup> t<sup>h</sup>an they  
 wyfte well þ<sup>e</sup> q<sup>u</sup>it was he t<sup>h</sup>at smote hem downe all  
 w<sup>th</sup> one spere. **Wh**an þ<sup>e</sup> was lawzyng & smyllyng  
 a mounge t<sup>h</sup>em and en now and now com all þ<sup>e</sup> byggt  
 home þ<sup>e</sup> were psonis w<sup>th</sup> Sir **Benquyn** and they all ho  
 noured Sir **Lancelot**. **Wh**an Sir **Gaherys** herde  
 hym speke he sayde I sawe all þ<sup>e</sup> batayle from þ<sup>e</sup> begy  
 nyng to þ<sup>e</sup> endyng and þ<sup>e</sup> he tolde bynge **Artoure**  
 all how q<sup>u</sup>it was and how Sir **Benquyn** was þ<sup>e</sup> strongest

knyght þe en he saw excepe **Sir Lancelot** and þe were  
 many knyghts bare hym recorde. **ij. score** // **Then**  
**Sir Kay** tolde þe **kyng**. **kyng** how **Sir Lancelot** res-  
 cowed hym when he sholde have bene slayne & how  
 he made þe. **ij. knyghts** yelde hem to me & nat to hy  
 and þe they were all. **ij.** & bare recorde and by þe  
 seyde **Sir Lancelot Kay**. **Sir Lancelot** toke my gar-  
 nysse and lesste me **quo** & I rode in goddys pece &  
 no man wolde have a do w<sup>t</sup> me // **anone** þe w<sup>t</sup> com  
**ij. knyghts** that fought w<sup>t</sup> **Sir Lancelot** at þe longe  
 brydge and þe they yelded them unto **Sir Kay** and **Sir**  
**Kay** for soþe them and seyde he fought w<sup>t</sup> hem  
**But** I shall ease yo<sup>r</sup> hert seyde **Sir Kay** yondn. is **Sir**  
**Lancelot** that ou cam yon // **When** they wyste þe they  
 were glad // and **then** **Sir chelyot** de lognyo<sup>r</sup> com ho  
 me and tolde hym and the **kyng** how **Sir Lancelot** had saved  
 hym from þe deth and all **his** dedys was knowyn how þe **quene**  
**Sorserer**. **ij.** had hym in prison and how he was delvyde by  
 þe **kyng** **Bagdemagus** donght. Also þe was tolde all þe grette  
 armys that **Sir Lancelot** had be wypte the. **ij. knyghts** that yo<sup>r</sup>  
 for to say þe **kyng** of **Portygaly** and **kyng** **Bagdemagus**  
 all the trowth. **Sir Babilantyne** and telle and **Sir chador de**  
**la porte** And **Sir goudred** for they were at þe same turnemet  
**Then** com in þe lady þe knew **Sir Lancelot** when that he wou  
 ded **Sir Belles** at þe **Babylon** and þe at þe requeste of **Sir Lancelot**  
**Sir Belles** was made knyght of the Rounde table. And  
 so at that tyme **Sir Lancelot** had the grettyste name of any  
 knyght of þe worlde & moſte he was honoured of hye & lowe

**Explicit** a noble tale of **Sir Lancelot du lake** Here folowyth  
**Sir Gareth** is tale of **Orkeney** þe was callyd **Beauvain** by  
**Sir Kay**



**F**orthward dayes When he helde þe rounde table moſte plenu  
 re hit fortunied the kyng comanded that þe hyge feſte of pen  
 tecoste ſholde be holden at a cite and a caſtell. In the dayes that  
 was called **lynke benadonne** vpon þe ſondys þe marched nyge wa  
 yd. So evn þe kyng had a custom that at þe feſte of pen  
 teoste in eſpeciall a fore of feſtyd in the yere he wolde nat go  
 þe day to mete vnto that he had hende of ſawe of a grette mer  
 vaille. And for þe custom all man of ſtrange adventured com  
 by fore **Artur** ad at þe feſte be fore all of feſt. And ſo ſir  
**Gawayne** a lityll to fore þe none of the day of pentecoste a  
 ſpyed at a wyndowe .ij. men vpon gorse bak and a dwarf  
 vpon foote and ſo the .ij. men a lycht and þe dwarf ſepte þe  
 gorse and one of þe .ij. men was lycht than the totur tweyne by  
 a foote and an galf. When **Sir Gawayne** wente vnto þe kyng  
 and ſayde ſir go to þe mete for here at hande comyt þe ſtrange  
 adventured. So þe kyng wente vnto the mete w many of  
 kyngs and þe were all þe lychts of þe rounde table ouled that  
 ony were þe ſonerd of ſlayne at recountyd. When at þe hyge  
 feſte en more the ſholde be fulfilled the hole moun of an .v.  
 it fifty for than was þe rounde table fully compleyſſed. Lycht  
 ſo com in to the halle .ij. men well be ſayne and ryche and  
 vpon þe ſholdys þe leued þe goodlyeſt yonge man and þe fay  
 neſte þe en the all ſawe and he was longe and longe it brode  
 In the ſhuldys well byſaged and the largyſte it þe fayreſte  
 handid þe en man ſye. But he ſared ad he myght nat go no  
 tur bere hym ſelf but þe leued vpon þe ſhuldys. Anone  
 ad þe kyng ſaw hym þe was made pead and home it ryght  
 ſo the yode w hym vnto the hyge deyeſe woute ſeypunge of ony  
 wondys. When the yonge uncke man pulled hym a bak  
 and eaſyly ſtrenghte vp ryght ſeypunge þe moſte noble kyng  
 kyng **Artur** god þe blyſſe and all þe fayre fellyſſyp it

In especiall the felyschyp of þe table rounde. And for this cause  
 I come hither to pray you and requyre you to gyf me .iiij. gyf-  
 tyng. And they shal nat be vnreasonable asked but thatt ye  
 may worschypfully graunte hem me and to you no grette  
 quite nor losse. And þe firste dome and gyfte I wolle aske  
 now at þe totter .iiij. gyftes I wolle aske this day .xxij. monethes  
 fore som end ye holde þe hyge feste. Now aske ye seyde byng  
**Artgine** and ye shal haue þe asbyrge. Now for this is my  
 peticion at this feste thatt ye wolle geff me mete & drynke  
 sufficiantly for this .xxij. monthes and at þe day I wolle aske  
 myne op .iiij. gyftes. My fayre son seyde byng **Artgine** aske  
 battyr I counseyle þe for this is nat but a simple asbyrge for  
 myne herte gyfeth me to the gretly þe þe arte com of men  
 of worschyp. And gretly my conceyte fayleth me but þe shal  
 preue a man of ryght grette worschyp. Sir he seyde þe of be  
 ad be may for I haue asked þe I wolle aske at this tyme. Well  
 seyde þe byrge ye shal haue mete & drynke I nowre I nebr  
 for bade hit my frende nor my soo. But whatt is thy name  
 I wolde wete. Sir I can nat tell you. Thatt is may be  
 seyde þe byrge þe þe knoweste nat thy name and þe arte one  
 of þe goodlyest yonge men þe eu I saw. Than þe byng be toke  
 hym to Sir **Ray** the steward and charged hym þe he had of all  
 man of metys & drynke of the beste and also þe he had all man  
 of fyndunge ad thoughtt he were a lordys sone. Thatt shal  
 lptyll nede seyde Sir **Ray** to do such costes vpon hym for I  
 vnder take he is a wyllayne borne & new wolle make man for  
 he had be com of iantyll men he wolde haue axed horse &  
 armo. but ad he is so he asbyrge. And sythen he hath no na-  
 me I shal gyff hym a name whiche shal be called **Beau-**  
**mayned** thatt is to say fayre handys. And in to þe byrge I  
 shal byrge hym and þe he shal haue fatte browed euery day



that he shall be ad' fatte at .j. .xij. monys ende ad' a porbe hog  
byggt so tye .ij. men depte d' leste hym w<sup>t</sup> Sir **Lay** p<sup>r</sup> scorned  
and mocked hym. Thene at was Sir **Gawayne** wrot q<sup>t</sup> t  
in especia<sup>l</sup> Sir **Lancelot** bade Sir **Lay** leve q<sup>is</sup> mockyng for  
I dare ley my hede qe shall prebe a man of grette worstyp  
lette be seide Sir **Lay** q<sup>is</sup> may not be by resou for ad' qe is  
so qe qatq<sup>r</sup> asked. yett be ware seide Sir **Lancelot** So ye  
gast p<sup>r</sup> good byggt. **Brimor** Sir **Dynadans** brot q<sup>r</sup> a name  
p<sup>r</sup> ye called hym **la cote male taile** and p<sup>r</sup> turned yon to aug<sup>r</sup>  
asturwande. do for p<sup>r</sup> seide Sir **Lay** t<sup>is</sup> shall new p<sup>r</sup>ve none  
fucse ffor Sir **Brimor** despyed en worstyp and t<sup>is</sup> despytyt  
en mete p<sup>r</sup> dryube p<sup>r</sup> brot q<sup>r</sup> vpon payne of my lyff qe was  
fosterde up in som abbey And how som en q<sup>it</sup> was t<sup>is</sup> say  
led mete p<sup>r</sup> dryube p<sup>r</sup> so q<sup>id</sup> qe is com for q<sup>is</sup> sustynance  
And so Sir **Lay** bade gete hym a place p<sup>r</sup> fyte downe to  
mete So **Bermyned** wente to t<sup>is</sup> galle dove p<sup>r</sup> sette hym  
downe amonge boyes p<sup>r</sup> laddys p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> qe ete sadly And t<sup>is</sup>an  
Sir **Lancelot** astur mete bade hym com to q<sup>is</sup> chamber and  
p<sup>r</sup> qe sholde hane mete p<sup>r</sup> dryube I nowre And so ded Sir **Ga-**  
**wayne** but qe refused t<sup>is</sup>em all for qe wolde do none op  
but ad' Sir **Lay** comanded hym for no p<sup>r</sup>for But ad' tow  
c<sup>r</sup>pyng Sir **Gawayne** qe had resou to proffer hym lodgyng  
mete p<sup>r</sup> dryube for p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ffer com of q<sup>is</sup> bloode for qe was  
nere byn to hym t<sup>is</sup>an qe wyste off But p<sup>r</sup> Sir **Lancelot**  
ded was of q<sup>is</sup> grette jantylnesse p<sup>r</sup> curtesy. So t<sup>is</sup> qe  
was putt in to p<sup>r</sup> byc<sup>r</sup>yn p<sup>r</sup> lay myghtly ad' p<sup>r</sup> broken boyes  
dede And so qe endured all p<sup>r</sup> .xij. mont<sup>is</sup> p<sup>r</sup> neid dyspleased  
man nor c<sup>r</sup>plede but all wayes qe was mebe p<sup>r</sup> mylde But  
en w<sup>r</sup>gan qe saw ony justyng of byggt p<sup>r</sup> wolde qe se p<sup>r</sup>  
qe myght And en Sir **Lancelot** wolde gyff hym golde to  
spende p<sup>r</sup> clot<sup>r</sup>id And so ded Sir **Gawayne** And w<sup>r</sup>geve p<sup>r</sup>

were ony masteyed Jopuge þat wolde he be And þat myght  
 none caste barre nor ston to hym by. y. yardys. **B**egan  
 wolde **Sir Ray** sey how lythlyt þou my boy of the byschyn So  
 tqu paste on tyll þat feste of **Wysytsonnyde** And at þat tyme  
 þat þynge hylde hit at **Carlyon** In the moste royallyst wyse  
 þat myght be lyde ad he dnd yerely But þat þynge wolde no  
 mete ete wypon **Wysytsonday** vntyll he harte of som adven-  
 tured **B**egan com þat a knyght vnto þat þynge and seyde sir ye  
 may go to þat mete for here comyt a damessell w som strange  
 adventured **B**egan was þat þynge glad þat sette hym donne  
 byght so þat cam a damessell vnto þat harte þat salowed þat þynge  
 and prayde hym of succoure for whom seyde the þynge  
 what is þat adventure **S**ir she seyde I haue a lady of gte  
 worshyp to my sustir þat she is be seged w a tyrannite þat she  
 may nat oute of hir castell And by cause <sup>here</sup> þat dr called the  
 noblyst knyght of þat worlde I com to you for succoure  
 what is youre lady called þat where dwellyt þat she And also  
 is he þat what is his name þat harte be seged her **S**ir þynge  
 she seyde ad for my ladyes name þat shall nat ye know for  
 me ad at that tyme But I lette you wete she is a lady off  
 grete worshyp þat of grete londys And ad for þat tyrannite  
 þat be segyt her þat destroyet hir londis he is battyd þat rede  
 knyght of þat rede landys I know hym nat seyde þat þynge  
**S**ir seyde **Sir Gawayne** I know hym abell for he is one  
 of the pelest knyght of the worlde men sey þat he harte my  
 menyng strengthe And from hym I astaynd on þat full garde  
 w my lyff **S**irre damessell seyde þynge there bene knyght  
 here that wolde do hir power for to rescowe þat lady But  
 by cause ye wolt not telle hir name nor where she dwellyt  
 þat fore none of my knyght þat here be nowre shall go w you  
 be my wyll **B**egan muste I seke forther seyde þat damessell



So w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>h</sup>e wordys com **Beaumaynes** he fore p<sup>r</sup> byng  
 w<sup>h</sup>yle p<sup>r</sup> Jamesell was p<sup>r</sup> And t<sup>h</sup>us he sayde Sir byng  
 god thabe you I hane bene t<sup>h</sup>is. xij. mon<sup>th</sup> in y<sup>e</sup> byng  
 & hane had my full sustynance And now I woll aske  
 my op<sup>r</sup>. ij. gyf<sup>t</sup>ys p<sup>r</sup> bene be h<sup>u</sup>nde // Aske on now vpon  
 my pett<sup>r</sup> seyde p<sup>r</sup> byng. // Sir t<sup>h</sup>is shall be my fyrst ij.  
 gyf<sup>t</sup>te of p<sup>r</sup>. ij. gyf<sup>t</sup>tyd p<sup>r</sup> ye woll grante me to hane  
 t<sup>h</sup>is adventure of t<sup>h</sup>is Jamesell for q<sup>u</sup>it be longyt<sup>r</sup>  
 vnto me // Thon shall hane q<sup>u</sup>it seyde p<sup>r</sup> byng I gran  
 te q<sup>u</sup>it t<sup>h</sup>e // Thon fir t<sup>h</sup>is id<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> op<sup>r</sup> gyf<sup>t</sup>te p<sup>r</sup> ye shall gra  
 nte me p<sup>r</sup> Sir **Lancelot du lake** shall make me byng  
 for of hym I woll be made byng & allyd of none And  
 w<sup>h</sup>an I am paste I pray you lette hym ryde astir me  
 & make me byng w<sup>h</sup>an I requyre hym // All t<sup>h</sup>ys  
 shall be done seyde p<sup>r</sup> byng. // If on p<sup>r</sup> seyde p<sup>r</sup> Jamesell  
 shall I hane none but one p<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> byng knave Thon  
 she wexed angry and anone she toke hir horse And w<sup>h</sup>  
 p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> com one to **Beaumaynes** & tolde hym t<sup>h</sup>is horse & arm<sup>or</sup>  
 was com for hym & a dwarf<sup>sh</sup> had brought hym all t<sup>h</sup>ys  
 p<sup>r</sup> neded hym in p<sup>r</sup> ryche<sup>st</sup>e wyse // There at p<sup>r</sup> comte  
 had muche merdayle from w<sup>h</sup>end com all p<sup>r</sup> gere So  
 w<sup>h</sup>an he was armed p<sup>r</sup> was none but fewe so goodly a  
 man ad he was And ryg<sup>ht</sup> so he cam in to p<sup>r</sup> halle & toke  
 t<sup>h</sup>is leve of byng **Arthur** and Sir **Gawayne** and of Sir  
**Lancelot** and prayde hym to fyze astir hym And so he  
 departed and rode astir t<sup>h</sup>e Jamesell

**B**ut p<sup>r</sup> wente many astir to be holde how wellly he  
 was horsed and trapped in cloth of golde but  
 he had ney<sup>r</sup> speare nor sylde Thon Sir **Ray** seyde all  
 oppuly in p<sup>r</sup> halle I woll ryde astir my boy of p<sup>r</sup> byng  
 to wete w<sup>h</sup>er he woll know me for t<sup>h</sup>is bettir // yet seyde

Sir **Lancelot** and Sir **Gawayne** a lyde at home. So  
 Sir **Kay** made hym redy & toke his horse & his speare  
 & rode astir hym. And ryght ad **Beawmaynes** on toke  
 þe damesell. Ryght so com Sir **Kay** and seyde **Beawmaynes**  
 What sir know ye nat me. Then he turned his horse &  
 knew hit was Sir **Kay** that had done all þe dyspyte to hym  
 ad þe same herde be fore. Then seyde **Beawmaynes**  
 yee I know you well for an vnfantylle knyght of þe comte  
 & þe fore be ware of me. There w<sup>t</sup> Sir **Kay** put his spe  
 re in þe vrest & ran streyght vpon hym. And **Beawmay**  
**nes** com ad faste vpon hym w<sup>t</sup> his swere & w<sup>t</sup> a forne  
 tqueste hym to grow þe syde þe Sir **Kay** felle doune ad he  
 had bene dede. Then **Beawmaynes** a hyght doune and  
 toke Sir **Kayes** shyelde & his speare & sterte vpon his  
 owne horse & rode his way. All þe saw Sir **Lancelot**  
 & so dnd þe damesell & tgan he bade his swaust sterte vp  
 pon Sir **Kayes** horse & so he ded. By þe Sir **Lancelot** was  
 com. And anone he proforde Sir **Lancelot** to iuste & app  
 made hem redy & com to gyde so ferly þe exp bare of doune  
 to the erthe & fore were they brused. Then Sir **Lancelot**  
 a rose and halpe hym frome his horse and tgan **Beawmay**  
**nes** to grow his shyelde frome hym & proford to fyght w<sup>t</sup> þe  
 Sir **Lancelot** on foote. So they rusted to gyde lybe. y.  
 boryd trasung & trasung & foryung þe mountenance of  
 an houre. And Sir **Lancelot** felle hym so bygge that he  
 merbayled of his strengthe for he fougt more lyber a  
 gyante than a knyght. And his fyghting was so passung  
 durable & passung peloud. For Sir **Lancelot** had so much  
 a dowt hym þe dred hym self to be shamed. And seyde  
**Beawmaynes** fyght nat so fore þe quarrell & myne is nat  
 grete but we may sone leue of. Truly þe is tront & seyde

Here **Beaw**  
**maynes** had  
 all moste slay  
 he Sir **Kay**



**Beaumayned** but hit dotz me good to fele y<sup>e</sup> myght and  
yet my lord I shewed nat y<sup>e</sup> utterance In goddyd name  
seyde **Sir Lancelot** for I prayse you be y<sup>e</sup> fayt of my body  
I had ad' muche to do ad' I myght have to save my self fro  
you vnscamed and y<sup>e</sup> fore have ye no donght of none  
ertely knyght hope ye so y<sup>e</sup> I may ony wyple stonde a  
pved knyght Do ad' ye have done to me seyde **Sir**  
**Lancelot** and I shall be y<sup>e</sup> warranute When I pray  
you seyde **Beaumayned** gess me y<sup>e</sup> order of knyghtgod  
Sir than muste ye tell me y<sup>e</sup> name of knyght and of  
what byn ye be borne Sir so y<sup>e</sup> wolt nat dyscon me  
I shall tell you my name / pray sir seyde **Sir Lancelotte**  
and y<sup>e</sup> I prayse you by y<sup>e</sup> feyt of my body vutyl hit be  
oppuly knowyn When he seyde my name is **Gareth**  
and brot hir vnto **Sir Gawayne** off fadir syde it modir sy  
de A sir I am more gladder of you than I was for ever  
me tought ye sholde be of grete bloode it that ye cam  
nat to y<sup>e</sup> courte noy for mete noy drynke When **Sir La**  
**ancelot** gass hym y<sup>e</sup> order of knyght gode And When **Sir**  
**Gareth** prayde hym for to depte and so he to folow the  
lady So sir **Lancelot** depted frome hym it com to **Sir**  
**Kay** and made hym to be borne home vpon his seylde it  
so he was geled garde w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> lyff And all men scorned sir  
**Kay** and in especiall **Sir Gawayne** and **Sir Lancelot** seyde  
y<sup>e</sup> hit was nat his pte to rebuke no yonge man for full  
lytill knowe ye of what byrt he is com of it for what  
cause he com to y<sup>e</sup> courte And so we leve of **Sir Kay** and  
turne we vnto **Beaumayned** When y<sup>e</sup> he had on tabyn  
y<sup>e</sup> damessell anone she seyde what doste y<sup>e</sup> here y<sup>e</sup> styntyst  
all of y<sup>e</sup> byrtyn thy clotur bene barody of y<sup>e</sup> grece and  
talow / what wenyfte y<sup>e</sup> seyde y<sup>e</sup> lady y<sup>e</sup> I wolt a low the

The for

the for yowder byrght pat pou bylde pray truly for pou  
 flemyst hym unghaply st cowardly p fore turne a gay  
 ne p bawdy bycryn knave I know p well for **Our Lay** na  
 med the **Beaumayned** wqat art p but a luste st a turner  
 of brocquid st a ladyll waysher Damefett seide sir **Be**  
**aumayned** sey to me wqat ye wolt yet wolt nat I go fro  
 yon wqat som en ye sey ffor I have vnder take to bynge  
**Artquire** for to encheve yo adventur e st so shalt I synysst qit  
 to the ende of ellys I shalt dye p fore ffre on p bycryn  
 knave wolt p synysst myne adventur e pou shalt anone  
 be mette w<sup>t</sup> all p pou woldst nat for all p brotch p en pou  
 souped ony to lobe hym in the face ad for p I shalt assay  
 seide **Beaumayned** So ryght tquid ad tsep rode in p wood  
 p com a man fleynig all p en he myght wqop wolt p seide  
**Beaumayned** a lorde he seide helpe me for here by in a  
 flade id. w. tgeffid p have takyn my lorde st bounde hym  
 fore st I am a ferde left p tsep wolt fle hym Brynge  
 me tquid seide **Beaumayned** and so tsep rode to gynd  
 vnto tsep com p ad wad p byrght bounden st strepte he rode  
 vnto tsep st strabe oue to the detch And tgan an op st at p  
 tquid strobe he flew p tquid And tgan p op. in. fledde and  
 he rode astir tsep st on toke tsep And tgan tsep. in. turned  
 a gayne and assayled **Our Beaumayned** harde but at p  
 laste he flew tsep st retuned st vnbounde p byrght And p  
 byrght thanbed hym st prayde hym to ryde w<sup>t</sup> hym to his  
 castell p a lytyll be fyde And he sholde worshypfully re  
 warde hym for his good dedis **Our** seide **Beaumayned**  
 I wolt no rewarde have. **Our** tquid day I wad made byrght  
 of noble **Our Lancelot** And p fore I wolt no rewarde ga  
 ve but god rewarde me And also I muste folowe tquid  
 Damefett So wgan he com nyze to his ffe bade hym



ryde vnto for pon smellyst all of p lychyn what wemst pon  
 p<sup>t</sup> I haue joy of p for all this dede for p<sup>t</sup> pon haste done id but  
 myse happe But p<sup>t</sup> shall se sone a lyght p<sup>t</sup> shall make the to  
 turne a gayne p<sup>t</sup> lyghtly // Then p<sup>t</sup> same knyght rode  
 after p<sup>t</sup> damselfe it prayde hir to lodge w<sup>t</sup> hym all p<sup>t</sup> myght  
 And be cause hir was nere myght p<sup>t</sup> damselfe rode w<sup>t</sup> hym  
 to his castell p<sup>t</sup> they had grete chere And at souper p<sup>t</sup> knyght  
 sette Sir **Beawmayned** a fore p<sup>t</sup> damselfe // By the than  
 seyde she for knyght ye ar vncourtysse to sette a lychyn  
 page a fore me hym sempt<sup>t</sup> better to stybe a fayne than  
 to sette a fore a damselfe of hye parage // Then p<sup>t</sup> knyght  
 was a shamed at hir wordys p<sup>t</sup> toke hym up p<sup>t</sup> sette hym  
 at a hyde boude p<sup>t</sup> sate hym selfe be fore hym So all that  
 myght they had good chere p<sup>t</sup> myrry reste // And on p<sup>t</sup> morn  
 the damselfe toke hir leue p<sup>t</sup> thanked p<sup>t</sup> knyght p<sup>t</sup> so deputed  
 p<sup>t</sup> rode on hir way vntill they come to a grete foreste p<sup>t</sup>  
 p<sup>t</sup> was a grete ryver p<sup>t</sup> but one passage p<sup>t</sup> were redy //  
 knyght on the farther syde to lette p<sup>t</sup> passage // What sey  
 pon seyde p<sup>t</sup> damselfe wolt ye make yond<sup>r</sup> // knyght  
 op<sup>t</sup> allys turne a gayne pray seyde for **Beawmayned** wolt  
 nat turne a yen and they were wy mo And p<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all he ruffled  
 vnto p<sup>t</sup> watr p<sup>t</sup> in myddys of p<sup>t</sup> watr ext<sup>r</sup> brake her spe  
 ryd vpon op<sup>t</sup> to p<sup>t</sup> gondys And than they drew p<sup>t</sup> sword  
 p<sup>t</sup> smote egwly at oth<sup>r</sup> And at p<sup>t</sup> laste Sir **Beawmayned**  
 smote p<sup>t</sup> oth<sup>r</sup> vpon p<sup>t</sup> helme p<sup>t</sup> his hede stoned and p<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup>  
 all he felle doune in the watr p<sup>t</sup> was he drowned and  
 than he spored his horse vpon the londe p<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all p<sup>t</sup> top  
 knyght felle vpon hym brake his speare And so they drew  
 hir sword p<sup>t</sup> fonght longe to gydys // But at p<sup>t</sup> laste  
 Sir **Beawmayned** cleuid his helme p<sup>t</sup> his hede doune to  
 p<sup>t</sup> shuldrys and so he rode vnto p<sup>t</sup> damselfe p<sup>t</sup> bade hir ryde

Here Sir **Beaw**  
**mayned** flew  
 p<sup>t</sup> knyght at a  
 passage -

furtþ on hir way alad þe seide þe en fucte a bycþyn  
 payge sholde have þe fortune to destroy fuct. ij. byggt  
 yet þe wenyte þou haste done donghtly tþat is nat so  
 for tþe fyrste byggt qd horse stumblid þe þe was drow-  
 ned in þe watir þe new qit was be tþe force nor be tþe myte  
 And þe laste byggt by myd qappe þou camyste be bynde  
 hym þe by myse fortune þe flewst hym. Damesell  
 seide **Beawmayned** ye may sey wþat ye woll. But  
 wþom som en I have a do wþ all I trust to god to save  
 hym or I and he depte and þe fore I recbe nat wþat ye  
 sey so þe I may wynnne þe lady. ffy fy foule bycþyn bndre  
 þou shalt se byggt þe shall a bate tþy boste. flayne  
 damesell gyff me goodly langgag þe tþan my care is  
 paste for wþat byggt som en tþey be I care nat ne  
 I doute hem nonght. Also seide she I sey qit for tþyne  
 adwayle for yett mayste þou turne a yen wþ tþy wor-  
 schipp for þe þou folow þe arte but flayne for I se all þe  
 en þe doste is by myse aventure þe nat by gred of  
 tþy hondys. Well damesell ye may sey wþat ye woll  
 But wþere som en ye go I woll folow þou. So þe  
**Beawmayned** rode wþ þe lady tyll evynsonge þe en she  
 cþyde hym þe wolde nat reste. So at þe laste tþey com  
 to a blak lamde þe þe was a blak qautorne þe þe on hyge  
 a band þe on tþe of hyde þe hyge a blak skylde þe by qit  
 stoode a blak speare quete þe longe and a quete blak  
 horse coned wþt þe felt and a blak stone faste by. Also  
 þe late a byggt all armed in blak harnyse and qd  
 name was called þe byggt of þe blak lamdis. And  
 damesell wþan she sawe þe byggt she bade hym fle  
 doome þe wale for qd qord was nat fadeld. Gra-  
 ncy seide **Beawmayned** for all way ye wolde have



me a colwarde So when þe blabþ knyght saw qu. he seyde  
damesell hane ye brought tþis knyght frome þe court  
of kyng **Artur** to be þe champion. Nay fayre knyght  
tþis is but a bycþyn knave þat was fedde in kyng **Artur**'s  
bycþyn for almyght. Then seyde þe knyght why comyest  
he in such aray for hit is shame þat he be rydtyg  
you comyng. Sir I can not be deluded of hym for w<sup>t</sup> me he rydtyg  
magre my hede God wolde seyde she þat ye wolde putte  
hym from me oþ to sle hym it ye may for he is an unkyt  
py knave þat unkytly he hath done tþis day thorow myse  
take for I saw hym sle. y. knyght at þe passage of þe water  
it oþ dede he ded be forne ryght mēpaylonse þat thorow  
unkytynesse. That unkytly me seyde þe blabþ knyght  
þat ony man of worship wolde hane a doct hym. Sir theye  
we hym nat seyde þe damesell. And for þe cause he rydtyg  
w<sup>t</sup> me theye were þat he be som man of worship borne. That  
may be seyde þe blabþ knyght how be hit as ye say þat he is  
no man of worship borne he is a full lybly þsone þat full  
lybly to be a stronge man but tþis muche shall I guarantee  
you seyde þe knyght I shall put hym downe on foote þat  
horse þat harneys he shall leve w<sup>t</sup> me. for hit were shame  
to me to do hym ony more harme. When Sir **Beaumay**  
**nes** harde hym sey tþis he seyde for knyght þat arte full lar  
ge of my horse þat harneys I lat þe wete hit coste þe nought  
þat w<sup>t</sup> þe þou lybly wett oþir w<sup>t</sup> tþis launde wett I passe  
magre tþyne hede þat horse ne harneys gettyst þe none of  
of myne but yf þe wyne hem. w<sup>t</sup> tþy hond þe fore latse  
w<sup>t</sup> þat þe canste do. Seyste þat tþat seyde þe blabþ knyght. Now  
yelde tþy lady fro tþe for hit be semed new a bycþyn knave  
to ryde w<sup>t</sup> such a lady. Then lyste seyde **Beaumaynes**  
I am a fawtyll man borne þat of more kyze lynage than

you and that wolle I prebe on thy body // When he grete  
 wretche they depte d p horsis & com to gedyrd ad hit had be  
 ne thundir & p blab bynggtt speare brate And **Beowmay**  
**nes** tqueste hym thow botte sydw & p w qid speare  
 brate & p tmmatou was left styllle in qid syde But ne  
 vnpeled p blab bynggtt drew qid fwerde & smote many  
 egr strolv of grete myggtt & qure **Beowmaynes** full fore  
 but at p laste p blab bynggtt w in an owre & an galf he  
 felle downe of qid horse in a fowne & p dyed // And tgan fir  
**Beowmaynes** by hym so welle horsed & armed tgan he a lyzt  
 downe & armed hym in qid armis and so toke qid horse and  
 rode afir p damessell // When she sawe hym com she seyde a  
 way bycryn thave onte of p wynde for p smelle of thy bar  
 dy clatid gredyt me // Alas she seyde p end fuch a thave  
 sholde by myse thappe she so good a bynggtt ad p qast done  
 but allis thynne unhappynesse // But here by id one p shall  
 pay p all thy paymente And p fore yett I rede p flee hit may  
 thappyn me seyde **Beowmaynes** to be betyn of flayne But  
 I warne you sayre damessell I wolle nat fle a way not qir  
 lebe yd company for all p ye can sey for end ye sey p they  
 wolle fle me othr bete me but how som end hit thappynyt  
 I ascape & they lye in the grounde // And p fore hit were  
 ad good for you to holde you styllle thud all day rebubryng  
 me for a way wylt I nat tylt I se p wll muste of thid jour  
 nay of ell yd I wolle be flayne othr thowoly betyn p fore  
 ryde on yd way for folow you I wolle what som end thappyn me  
**G** And ad they rode to gedyrd they sawe a bynggtt come  
 drybande by them all in grene botte qid horse & qid  
 tharneyse And when he com nye p damessell he asbed hir id  
 p my brotqr p blab bynggtt p ye thane bronggtt w you flay  
 nay she seyde thid unghapp bycryn <sup>Engre</sup> that flayne thy brotqr

The detch of p  
 blab bynggtt slay  
 ne by p thundir  
 of Beowmaynes



thorow vngappyned. Alas seyde þe grene knyght id grete  
pyte þe so noble a knyght ad he was sholde so vngappely be  
slayne & namely of a knavis hende ad ye say þe is. A  
traytoure seyde þe grene knyght þe shalt dye for sleynge of  
my brotþer he was a full noble knyght And his name was  
**Sir Perceval** I desye þe seyde **Sir Beowmayned** for I lette  
þe wete I slew hym knyghtly & nat shamfully. There wyth  
all þe grene knyght rode vnto an horne þe was grene and  
his hynge vpon a thorne And þe blew. m. dedly motis And  
anone þe cam. y. damysels & armed hym lyghtly And than  
he toke a grete horse & a grene slyde & a grene spere and  
than they ran to gyrdys wath þe myght & brabe þe speryd vnto  
þe houndis and than they drewe þe fowrdys & gaff many sad  
strokes & epp of them wounded of full ylle And at þe laste at  
an aboutwarte stroke **Sir Beowmayned** wath his horse strabe  
þe grene knyght horse vpon þe syde þe he felle to þe erthe  
And than the grene knyght worded his horse delyly and  
dressed hym on foote. Than saue **Beowmayned** and þe wath  
he a lyght and they ruffed to gyrdys lyke. y. myghtly ben  
pyd a longe wyple & fore they bledde bothe. Wyth that  
come þe damysels & seyde mylorde þe grene knyght wyth  
for shame stonde ye so longe syngynge wath þe lychyn brabe  
Alas his is shame þe enye were made knyght to se fuche  
a lad to macthe you ad þe wede growyth on þe corne þe  
wath þe grene knyght was a shamed & þe wath he gaff a grete  
stroke of myght & clabe his slyde thorow. Than **Beow  
mayned** saw his slyde cloyn a fundir he was a lytlyll a  
shamed of þe stroke and of his langage. And than he gaff  
hym fuche a buffette vpon þe helme þe he felle on his kneid  
And so sudderly **Beowmayned** pulde hym on the grounde  
grobelynge And than the grene knyght cryed hym may

And yelded hym Outo **Beowmayned** And prayde hym nat  
 to sle hym. // All is in wayne seyde **Beowmayned** for þou  
 shalt dye but yf tþis damefelle þat cam w<sup>t</sup> me pray me to  
 save tþy lyff And þat all þe unlaced þis helme lybe ad  
 þe wolde sle hym // ffre wypon tþe false bycþyn payge  
 I woll ned pray tþe to save þis lyff for I woll nat be so  
 mynche in tþy danger // þan shall þe dye seyde **Beow  
 mayned** þat so hardy þat barðy þuabe seyde þat damefelle tþat  
 þat sle hym // Alas seyde þat grene byrght suffir me nat to  
 dye for a fayre worde spekyng // fayre byrght seyde tþe  
 grene byrght save my lyfe & I woll for gyff tþe þat detþ of  
 my brotþer and for en to be com tþy man // And xxxi. byrght  
 tþat hold of me for en shall do you serbyse // In þat debyl  
 name seyde þat damefelle þat fuche a barðy bycþyn þuabe þol  
 de þane. xxxi. byrght þynse & tþyne // þat byrght seyde  
**Beowmayned** all tþis a waylyt þat nougþt but yf my dame  
 fell speke to me for tþy lyff And tþere w<sup>t</sup> all þe made a fem  
 blante to sle hym // þat be seyde þat damefelle þat barðy bycþyn  
 þuabe sle hym nat for and þat do þat shall repente þis // Dame  
 fell seyde **Beowmayned** þat charge is to me a plesure and  
 at þoure comendement þis lyff shall be saved & ellis nat  
 // þan þe seyde þat byrght w<sup>t</sup> þat grene armyd I releys þat  
 quyte at tþis damefelle requeste for I woll nat make þis  
 wrotþ for I woll fulfyllle all þat þe chargyt me // And  
 þan þat grene byrght bueled downe & dnd hym homage  
 w<sup>t</sup> þis swerde // þan seyde þat damefelle me repent w<sup>t</sup> of  
 tþis grene byrght damage and of þat brotþer detþ tþe  
 blab byrght for of þat helpe I had grete mystr // for I dre  
 de me fore to passe tþis foreste // pray drede you nat seyde  
 þat grene byrght for ye all shall lodge w<sup>t</sup> me tþis nyght  
 and to morne I shall helpe you tþorow tþis foreste // So tþy

Here is **Beowma  
 ned** on come þat gre  
 ne byrght



to be p<sup>r</sup>ouyde it rode to q<sup>u</sup>id<sup>e</sup> man t<sup>h</sup> was faste by And en t<sup>h</sup>is  
damesell rebuked **Bermyned** and wolde nat suffer hym  
to sitte at hir table But ad p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght to be hym it site  
w<sup>th</sup> hym at a syde table damesell meruayle me t<sup>h</sup>ynlyt<sup>h</sup>  
seyde p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght w<sup>h</sup>y ye rebuke t<sup>h</sup>is noble byrghte  
ad ye do for I warne you qe id a full noble man it I knowe  
no byrght p<sup>r</sup> id able to macc<sup>e</sup> hym t<sup>h</sup>ere fore ye do grete  
wronge so to rebuke hym for qe schall do you byrght goode  
byrse. for w<sup>h</sup>at som en qe makyt<sup>h</sup> hym self qe schall p<sup>r</sup>ve  
at p<sup>r</sup> ende p<sup>r</sup> qe id com of full noble blood it of byrght lyna  
ge // Ify fy seyde p<sup>r</sup> damesell q<sup>u</sup>id id schame for you to sey q<sup>u</sup>  
succe w<sup>o</sup>rshipp truly seyde p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght q<sup>u</sup>id were schame  
to me to sey hym ony dysw<sup>o</sup>rshipp for qe qat<sup>h</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ebid hym  
self a bettir byrght t<sup>h</sup>an I am And many id p<sup>r</sup> noble byrght  
p<sup>r</sup> I schame mette w<sup>th</sup> all in my dayes And nen or t<sup>h</sup>is tyme  
founde I no byrght q<sup>u</sup>id macc<sup>e</sup> And so p<sup>r</sup> byrght t<sup>h</sup>ey poode  
vnto veste And all byrght p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght comandede  
p<sup>r</sup> byrght p<sup>r</sup>ebly to wacche **Bermyned** for to kepe  
hym from all treson t<sup>h</sup>ey all arose and qerde p<sup>r</sup> masse and  
brake p<sup>r</sup> faste And t<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>h</sup>ey toke p<sup>r</sup> qor<sup>h</sup>id it rode p<sup>r</sup> way  
And p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght conuayed hem t<sup>h</sup>orow p<sup>r</sup> foreste // pan  
p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght seyde my lorde Sir **Bermyned** my body  
it t<sup>h</sup>is p<sup>r</sup> byrght schall be all way at y<sup>o</sup> somond bot<sup>h</sup>e  
erly it late at y<sup>o</sup> callynge and w<sup>h</sup>ot<sup>h</sup>ir p<sup>r</sup> en ye w<sup>o</sup>ll sende  
w<sup>o</sup>l ye sey w<sup>o</sup>ll seyde Sir **Bermyned** w<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> I calle vp  
you you ye muste yelde you vnto byrge **Ant<sup>h</sup>ure** And all  
y<sup>o</sup> byrght if p<sup>r</sup> I so comande you // We schall be redy at  
all tymes seyde p<sup>r</sup> greue byrght // Ify fy w<sup>h</sup>pon p<sup>r</sup> in  
t<sup>h</sup>e deryl<sup>o</sup> name seyde p<sup>r</sup> damesell p<sup>r</sup> en eny good byrght  
scholde be obedyent vnto a byr<sup>h</sup>ym brave // So t<sup>h</sup>an depte  
t<sup>h</sup>e greue byrght it p<sup>r</sup> damesell And t<sup>h</sup>an she seyde vnto

**Bermynes** why folowyste þu me bycryn þuabe castre  
 way thy skylde & thy spere and fle away yett I comseyle  
 þe tyme or þu shalt sey ryght sone alad. for it þu were ad  
 ryght ad **Sir Lancelot** **Sir Brytraud** or the good knyght  
**Sir Lamerok** þu shalt not passe a pace here þu is called þu pace  
 pelud. **Damesell** seyde **Bermynes** who is a ferde  
 let hym fle for hit were shame to turne a gayne syt. I  
 shane ryddyn so longe w<sup>th</sup> you. Well seyde she/ye shall sone  
 w<sup>th</sup> þe yo w<sup>th</sup> or w<sup>th</sup> not. So w<sup>th</sup> in a wyple they saw  
 a wyrght towre ad ony floure well macolde all a  
 bonte & donble dybed it on þu towre gate þu hyng a fyfth  
 skylde of dynt colourd And vnder þu towre þu wast  
 a fayre medow And þu was many knyghts & squyres  
 to be holde scaffolds & pabylons for þu wypon the morne  
 sholde be a grette turnemente And þu lorde of þu towre  
 was w<sup>th</sup> in his castell & lobed onte at a wyndow & saw  
 a damesell a dwarff and a knyght armed at all popy-  
 tyo. So god me helpe seyde þe lorde w<sup>th</sup> þu knyght w<sup>th</sup>  
 I muste for I se þu he is a knyght arramte And so he armed  
 hym & horsed hym hastily When he was on horseback  
 w<sup>th</sup> his skylde & his spere hit was all rede bot þe his  
 horse & his harnesse & all þu to hym be longed. And  
 when þu he com nyge hym he wente hit had be his broþ-  
 þu blak knyght. And than lowde he ry cryed & seyde bro-  
 þu. What do ye here in this marciot. Pray nay seyde  
 þu damesell hit is nat þe for this is but a bycryn þuabe  
 þu was brought up for almyd in bynge **Artur** court  
 þu þu lesse seyde þe rede knyght I w<sup>th</sup> speke w<sup>th</sup> hym  
 on þe depte. A seyde this damesell this þuabe gat þe  
 slayne þu broþ And **Sir Ray** named hym **Bermynes**  
 And this horse & this harnesse was thy brotþu þu blak



Euyggt. Also I sawe thy brotqr tqr grene Euyggt on  
 com of qid qondyd. But now may ye be revenged on  
 qym for I may never be quyte of qym. Wytq tqr eny  
 Euyggt deptyd in fundir it cam to qydm all tqr tqr myzt  
 drybe. And aytqr of p qorfo fell to tqr ertqr. Than  
 tqr awoyde tqrre qorfo it put p shylho be fore qem  
 it drew p fowndyd it extqr gaff op sad strobys now here  
 now p trasynng trasynng it forynng rasyng p qurlyng  
 lybe. ii. borys p space of ii. ovyrs. Than she cryde ou  
 Euyggt to p rede Euyggt alas pon noble rede Euyggt ppu  
 be wqat worstyr qatq en more folowed p lette new a  
 Euyggt knave endure p so longe as qe dotq. Than p  
 rede Euyggt weped wroth it doubled qid strof it quite  
**Bewmayned** wondirly fore p tqr bloode ran downe to  
 p grounde p qit was wondir to see p stronge batayle yet  
 at p laste **Bewmayned** strale qym to p ertqr. And as qe  
 wolde qane slayne p rede Euyggt qe cryed myc noble  
 Euyggt fle me nat it I shall yelde me to tqr wyth syffty  
 Euyggt w me p be at my comandement it for gyff tqr  
 all p dyspyte p pon qaste done to me and p detq of my  
 brotqr tqr blab Euyggt and p wrynyng of my brotqr  
 p grene Euyggt. All tqr a waylytq nat seyde **Beaw**  
**mayned** but if my damessell pray me to save tqr lyff  
 And p w qe made semblante to strybe off qid qede. let  
 be p **Bewmayned** and fle qym nat for qe is a noble Euygt  
 And nat so hardy vppon tqr weqede but p p save qym  
 Than **Bewmayned** bade p rede Euyggt to stonde vp  
 and tqainke tqr damessell now of tqr lyff. Than p rede  
 Euyggt prayde qym to se qid castell and to repose tqr  
 all p nyggt. So p damessell gramte qym it p tqr qid  
 good chere. But all wayed tqr damessell seyde many

Here sir Bew-  
 mayned oncom  
 p rede Euyggt

foule wordys vnto **Bermynyed** where of þe rede knyght  
 had grete merchaunce And all þe knyght þe rede knyght made  
 in score knyghts to wacche **Bermynyed** that he shoulde ha-  
 ve no shame nor vylony And vpon þe morne they herde  
 masse and dyed it þe rede knyght com be fore **Bermynyed**  
 w<sup>th</sup> his in score knyghts it þe quene proford hym quene omage and  
 feaute at all tymes he it quene knyghts to do hym servyse  
 I thanke you seyde **Bermynyed** but t<sup>h</sup>is ye shall gra-  
 nte me when I culle vpon you to com be fore my lord  
 kynge **Artoure** and yelde you vnto hym to be quene knyght  
 So seyde þe rede knyght I wolle be redy it all my felyschyp  
 at yowre s<sup>er</sup>mon<sup>de</sup> So for **Bermynyed** depte and þe da-  
 mesell and en she rode chydyn<sup>g</sup> hym in the foulest ma-  
 ner wyse that she coude

**D**amesell seyde **Bermynyed** ye ar vncourteys so  
 to rebuke me as ye do for me semp<sup>er</sup> I haue done  
 you good servyse it en ye t<sup>h</sup>etyn me I shall be betyn wyth  
 knyghts that we mete but en for all y<sup>e</sup> beste they all  
 all lye in the duste or in the myre And þe fore y pray  
 you rebuke me no more And when ye se me betyn or  
 yoldyn as recreaunte than may you bydde me go from  
 you shamyfully but erst I let you wete I wolle nat depte  
 from you for than I were worse than a foole And I wolde  
 depte from you all the wyyle þe I wyne worschyp Well  
 seyde she knyght some shall mete the a knyght þe shall pay  
 the all thy wygys for he is þe moste man of worschyp  
 of þe worlde excepte kynge **Artoure** I wolle well seyde  
**Bermynyed** the more he is of worschyp þe more shall  
 be my worschyp to haue a do w<sup>th</sup> hym So than anone  
 they were ware where was a fore them a Cyte w<sup>th</sup>  
 and fayre and be troypte them and þe Cyte a myle and



more there was a fayre medow þat serued new mowyn &  
þin was many parylous fayre to be holde // lo seyde  
þe damysell yondir is a lorde þat ovytþe yondir Cyte &  
his custom is wgan þe wedir is fayre to lye in this  
medow to iuste and to turnay and er þis a bonte hym  
v. C. byggt & iantyll men of armye And þis all ma-  
ner of gamp þat ony iantyll man can deuyse // That  
goodly lorde seyde **Bewmayned** wolde I fayne se // þou  
shalt se hym tyme I nowe seyde þe damysell // And so  
as she rode nere she a spyed the pabelon where the  
lorde was // lo seyde she freste þe yondir pabylyon þe  
is all of þe coloure of Jude and all man of teryng that  
þis a bonte men & women & horsis trapped schyldis &  
sperryd was all of þe coloure of Jude and his name is  
**Sir Parfaunte of Jude** the moste lordlyest byggt þe  
er þe lobyd on // hit may well be seyde **Sir Bewmay-**  
**ned** But he he ned so stonde a byggt in this felde I  
shalt a lyde tyll that I se hym vnder his schyld // A  
foole seyde she þe were better to flee be tyned // Why  
seyde **Bewmayned** and he he fuche a byggt as ye ma-  
ke hym he wolle nat sette vpon me w<sup>t</sup> all his men  
for and þe com no more but one at onys I shall hym  
nat fayle whytyd my lyff may laste // He þe seyde þe  
damysell þe er fuche a stynging bycryn buade scholde  
blowe fuche a boste // Damysell he seyde ye ar to bla-  
me so to rebube me for I had led do. v. batayled than  
so to be rebubed // lat hym com and than lat hym doo  
his worste // Sir he seyde I mayle what thou art  
and of what byw þou arte com for boldely þou frelyst  
and boldely þe haste done þe game I sene before þou  
pray þe save thy self and þe may for thyne horse & þou

game had grete travayle & I drede þat we dwelle over  
 longe frome the sege. For hit is qene but. viij. myle  
 and all pelous passage we ar paste saufft all only þat  
 passage and here I drede me sore last ye shall cacche  
 som hurte þat fore I wolde ye were qene þat ye were nat  
 brused notur hurte w<sup>th</sup> this stronge byggit. But I  
 lat you wete this. **Þer samte** of þide is no tpyng  
 of myggit nor strenght vnto þat byggit þat lyet at the  
 sege a bonte my lady. ad for that seyde. **Beu mayned**  
 be ad be may for sytten I am com so nye this byggit  
 I woll preve this myggit or I depte frome hym & ellis  
 I shall be shamed and I now w<sup>th</sup> drawe fro hym. And  
 þat fore damesell game ye no doute by the grace of god  
 I shall so dele w<sup>th</sup> this byggit þat in. ij. wyke aft none  
 I shall delyn hym and than shall we com to þat sege  
 be day byggit. And þan merbayle game I seyde þat dame  
 sell what man a man ye be for hit may neu be op  
 but that ye be com of Jantyll bloode. For so forwe st  
 shanfully dud neu woman redyle a byggit ad I game  
 done you and en cinterfly ye game suffyrde me and  
 þat com neu but of Jantyll bloode. Damesell seyde  
**Beu mayned** a byggit may lytill do þat may nat suffer  
 a Jantyll woman for what som en ye seyde vnto me  
 I toke none qede to þat wordys for the more ye seyde  
 the more ye angred me And my wretche I wretid  
 vpon them þat I had a do w<sup>th</sup> all the mysseyng that  
 ye mysseyde me in my batayle firtgered me much  
 and causid me to tpyke to shew & preve my selfe  
 at þat ende what I was for paventure tponze hit  
 lyst me to be fedde in bynge **antymed** coure I  
 myggit game had mete in of place but I ded hit



for to prebe my frendys and þat shall be knowyn a noþ  
day wher þe a iantyll man borne or none for latte  
you wete fayre damesell I have done you iantyll many  
gnyse And pabenture bettir gnyse yet woll I do or I depte  
frome you. Alas the seide fayre **Bewmayned** for gyff  
me all þat I have myse seide or done a yeuste you w<sup>t</sup> all my wylle  
seyde he I for gess hit you for ye and no tpyng but ad ye shol  
de do for all your eoyll wordys pleased me. Damesell  
seyde **Bewmayned** hyt hit lyfytz you to sey tquid fayre vn  
to me wote ye well hit gladdytz myne herte gretly and  
now me semytz þat is no bnyggtz hyrnyng but I am able I now  
for hym. Wytz tquid Sir **Perfainte of Jude** had assyred  
tqem ad tgez qobed in þe fylde and bnyggtz he sente vnto tqem  
Wher he cam in wad or in pece. Sey to tgy lorde I take no  
force but wher ad hym lyfte. So þe messyngere wente a  
yeu vnto Sir **Perfainte** and tolde hym all qid answere. Well  
than I woll have a do w<sup>t</sup> hym to tpe utteraunce and so he pur  
veyde hym a rode a yeuste hym. Whan **Bewmayned** sawe  
hym he made hym vedy a mette w<sup>t</sup> all tqene myggtz to gedir  
ad faste ad þe horse myggtz ven and braste þe spearys extir in  
my. pecio and þe horsio felle downe to tpe ertge and delynly tgez  
adwyded þe horsio and put þe shylde be fore tqem and drew þe  
fowerdys and gass many grete strolys þe som tyme tgez qurled  
so to gydir þe tgez felle grobelynge on tpe grounde. Tquid tgez  
fouggtz. y. owred a more þe tqere shyledes a qamburys were all  
for qewyn and in many placio wounded. So at þe laste Sir  
**Bewmayned** smote hym tqorow þe coste of tpe body þe than  
he refyed hym here a þe and bnyggtz maynteyned qid batayle  
longe tyme. And at þe laste tqonggtz hym lotz were **Beau  
mayned** smote Sir **Perfainte** a hobyw vpon þe helme þe he  
felle grobelynge to tpe ertge and than he lepte vpon hym

out of the ante and unlaced his helme to have slayne hym. **Sir Persaunte** yelded hym and asked hym mercy. Wytth þat  
 com þe damessell & prayde hym to save his lyff. I wolte welte he  
 seyde for hit were pyte thos noble knyght sholde dre Gram  
 cy seyde. **Sir Persaunte** for now I wote welte hit was ye that  
 flew my broþr the blak knyght at þe blak thorne he was a full  
 noble knyght his name was **Sir Perarde** also I am sure þe  
 ye ar he that wan myne oþ broþr þe grene knyght his name is  
**Sir Ptolepe** also ye wan my broþr þe rede knyght **Sir Perry**  
**moned** And now sir ye have wonne me. To what shall I do for to  
 please you ye shall have homage and feawte of me & of an  
 C. knyghts to be alwayes at þe comaimdement to go and  
 ryde where ye wolte comaimde us And so they wente unto sir  
**Persaunte** parlyson and dranke wyne & ate spycio And afterwar  
 de **Sir Persaunte** made hym to reste vpon a bedde vntyll supper  
 tyme and after souper to bedde a yen. So when **Sir Bewmay**  
**ned** was a bedde **Sir Persaunte** had a donght a fayre lady  
 of. xviij yere of ayge and þe he called hir unto hym & charged  
 hir & comaimded hir vpon his blyssing to go vnto þe knyghts  
 bed & lye downe by his syde and make hym no strange chere  
 but good chere and take hym in þe armye & bysse hym & love  
 þat he be done I charge you as ye wolte have my love and my  
 good wyll. So **Sir Persaunte** donght And as his fadir bade  
 hir and so she yode vnto **Sir Bewmayned** bed and pryvly  
 she dyspoyled hir and leyde hir downe by hym And than he  
 a woote & save her and asked her what she was. **Sir** she  
 seyde I am **Sir Persaunte** donght þe by the comaimdement  
 of my fadir I am com hydr. Be ye a prysell or a wyff. **Sir** she  
 seyde I am a clene maydyn. God deffende me seyde he than  
 þe I sholde defoule you to do **Sir Persaunte** swete a shame  
 where fore I pray you fayre damessell aryse oute of this bedde

Here sir Bew  
 mayned oncom  
 Sir persaunte  
 of Jude --



of ellys I woll. Sir she seyde I com nat hyder by myne owne  
 wyll but as I was comanded. Alas seyde sir **Bewmay-  
 ned** I were a shamesull knyght & I wolde do yowre sadw  
 ony dysworshyp but so he byste her & so she depyed & com  
 unto sir **Perseunte** whi sadw and tolde hym all how she  
 had sped. Truly seyde Sir **Perseunte** what som en he  
 be he is com of full noble bloode and so we love hem p  
 tyll on the morne. And so on the morne p JAMESSELL  
 and Sir **Bewmayned** herde masse & brabe there faste &  
 so toke p leve. Ffayre JAMESSELL seyde Sir **Perseunte** whi  
 twhi warde ar ye away ledyng twhi knyght. Sir she sey-  
 de twhi knyght is goyng to p castell damngerous p as  
 my syster is beseged. Alas seyde Sir **Perseunte** p is  
 the knyght of the rede lande whiche is the moste pe-  
 lyse knyght p I know now lydyng and a man that is  
 wyth outen mercy And men sey that he hath vii. me-  
 ned strength god save you Sir **Bewmayned** frome that  
 knyght for he doth grete wronge to p lady and p is grete  
 pyte for she is one of p fayreste ladyes of p worlde &  
 me semyth p p JAMESSELL is hir sister. yd nat yd name  
**lyouet**. Sir so I hyght and my lady my sister hyght dame  
**lyouet** & now shall I tell you seyde Sir **Perseunte** twhi  
 rede knyght of p rede lande hath layne longe at p  
 sege well ny twhi. y. yerys and many tymes he myght  
 have had hir & he had wolde but he plongyth the tyme  
 to twhi entente ffor to have Sir **Lancelot du lake** to do ba-  
 taye wth hym or wth Sir **Trystram** otwhi Sir **Lamer-  
 de galys** or Sir **Garwayne** and twhi is whi taryng so  
 longe at the sege. Now my lorde seyde Sir **Perseunte**  
 of Jude be ye stronge and of good herte for ye shall ha-  
 ve a do wth a good knyght. let me dele seyde sir **Bewmayned**

Sir seyde.

Sir seyde thio damessell **lyouet** I requyre you þat ye wolle  
 make thio Iautylly man knyght or erl þe fyght w<sup>t</sup> ye  
 rede knyght I wolle w<sup>t</sup> all myne herte seyde sir **Psainte**  
 and hit please hym to take the order of knyghthode of so  
 symple a man as I am / Sir seyde **Bermynges** I trowe  
 you for I am bettir spedde for fertyly þat noble knyghte  
 Sir **Lancelot** made me knyght / a seyde Sir **Psainte**  
 of a more renowned man knyght ye nat be made knyghte  
 of for of all knyghts he may be called cheff of knyghthode  
 and so all þat wolde fyghte that be knyghte. my knyghte is de  
 pted clevely knyghthode That is Sir **Lancelot** du lake  
 Sir **Trystram** de lyones And sir **Lamur** de galys tged  
 bere now þat renowned yet þat be many of noble knyghts  
 as Sir **Palomides** the dariesyn And Sir **Sapfir** the bro  
 ther also Sir **Bleobrys** And sir **Blamo** de garys the bro  
 ther also Sir **Bors** de garys And Sir **Ector** de mayes  
 And Sir **Percivale** de galys tged þat many mo bene noble  
 knyghts but þat be none þat bere the name but tged. my a  
 bovyd seyde there fore god spede you welle seyde Sir **per**  
**saunte** for and ye may make þat rede knyght ye shall be  
 called the. my. of the worlde Sir seyde **Bermynges**  
 I wolde fayne be of good fame and of knyghthode And I  
 latte you wete I am com of good men for I dare say my  
 fadir was a noble man And so that ye wolle bepe hit in  
 cloce and thio damessell I wolle tell you of what kyne  
 I am com of We wolle nat discon you seyde they bothe  
 tyll ye comande us by the sayt we owe to Ihu Cru  
 ly than seyde he my name is Sir **Gareth** of Orkenay  
 knyght **lott** was my fadir and my modir is **kyng** **arthur**  
 syster hir name is dame **Gorgawse** And sir **Gawayne** ys  
 my brotther And sir **dygtrayne** and Sir **Gaherys** and I



am yongeſte of hem all And yette wote nat bynge  
**Artour** nor **Sir Gawayne** what I am. So the booke  
ſayth þat the lady that was he ſeget had worde of hir fiſter  
comynge by the dwarff þat a knyght w<sup>t</sup> hir and how he had  
paſſed all þe pelnd<sup>r</sup> paſſages. What maid a man is he  
ſeyde þe lady he is a noble knyght truly madam ſeyde  
þe dwarff and but a yonge man but he is ad<sup>r</sup> lybly a  
man as en ye ſaw ony. What is he & of what byme  
ſeyde þe lady is he com & of whom was he made knyght  
adam ſeyde þe dwarff he was byng<sup>r</sup> ſon of **Oufene**  
but his name I wolt nat tell you as at this tyme but  
wete you well of **Sir Lancelot** was he made knyght  
for of none op wolde he be made knyght And ſir **Ray**  
named hym **Bermynes** how a ſtaped he ſeyde the lady  
frome þe breth<sup>r</sup> of **Sir Perſamite** adam he ſeyde  
as a noble knyght ſholde. Firſt he ſlew .ij. breth<sup>r</sup>  
at a paſſage of a watir. A ſeyde ſhe they were .ij. good  
knyghts but they were murd<sup>r</sup>ers. That one knyght  
**Sir Garande le Breuse** And that op knyght **Sir Arnolde**  
**le Breuse** That madam he recom<sup>r</sup>nd at þe bla<sup>r</sup> knyght  
and ſlew hym in playne batayle and ſo he toke his hord  
and his armoure and fought w<sup>t</sup> þe greue knyght &  
wonne hym in playne batayle and in lyke wyſe he  
ſlew þe rede knyght & aſtir in þe ſame wyſe he ſlew  
þe blew knyght and wonne hym in playne batayle  
That ſayde þe lady he hath oncom **Sir Perſamite** of  
Inde that is one of the nobleſt knyghts of þe worlde  
Drewh<sup>r</sup> madam ſeyde þe dwarff he hath wonne all  
the .iiij. breth<sup>r</sup> and ſlayne þe bla<sup>r</sup> knyght and yet  
he dnd more to fore he onthrew **Sir Ray** & leſte  
hym nye dede vpon the grounde. Also he dnd a

grette batayle wyth **Sir Lancelot** and they depected  
on eryn hondis. And than **Sir Lancelot** made hym brygg

**Dwarff** seyde þ lady I am gladd of thy þyngs. Ther  
fore go þ vnto an hermytage of myne here by and bere  
w<sup>t</sup> the of my wyne in too flagons of sylu they ar of .ij. ga  
lons. And also .ij. caste of brede w<sup>t</sup> the fatte venyson I babe  
þ depute foules. And a cuppe of golde here I delyn þ that  
w<sup>t</sup> ryche of þcions stony. And bere all this to myne her  
mytage and putt hit in þ hermytis hondis. And hyt hym  
go þ to my sistr and grette her welles and comaunde me  
vnto that Iautyll brygg and pray hym to ete þ dymbe  
and make hym stronge. And say hym I thanke hym of his  
cuntesy and goodnesse that he wolde take vpon hym suche  
labur for me þ neu ded hym bonite nor cuntesy. Also pray  
hym that he be of good herte and corrage hym self for he  
shall mete w<sup>t</sup> a full noble brygg. But he is nor of cuntesy  
bonite nor Iautylness for he attendyt to vnto no thyng but  
to myn. And that is þ cause I can nat prayse hym nor love  
hym. So the **Dwarff** depected it com to **Sir Persant** where  
he founde þ damesell **lynnet** and **Sir Berniaunes**. And þ  
he tolde hem all as ye hane herde. And than they toke þ leue  
But **Sir Persant** toke an amblyng haberey and convey  
ed them on þ wayes and than he toke he them vnto god and  
so w<sup>t</sup> in a lytill whyle they com to the hermytage and there  
they draunke þ wyne and ete þ venyson and the foules baby  
And so when they had repasted them well the **Dwarff** reto  
ned a yen w<sup>t</sup> his vessel vnto the castell and þ mette wyth  
hym þ rede brygg of þ rede lambyd and asked hym from  
whend he com and where he had bene. **Sir** seyde þ **Dwarff**  
I hane bene w<sup>t</sup> my ladyes sistr of þ castell and she hath bene  
at bynge **Arthurs** comte þ brought a brygg w<sup>t</sup> her. Than



A comyte qeū trauayle but lorne for tēgngt, fte qad/brout  
 w<sup>t</sup> qm. **Sir Lancelot**, **Sir Trystram**, **Sir Lameroket** qm  
**Sir Gawayne** wolde tēpntē my self good I nowē for tēm  
 all qm may well be seyd p<sup>r</sup> dūarff but tēd bnyggt qat qe  
 passed all p<sup>r</sup> pelonse passaged and flayne p<sup>r</sup> blak bnyggt  
 and op. ij. mo and womē p<sup>r</sup> grene bnyggt tē vrede bnyggt  
 and p<sup>r</sup> blew bnyggt tēan w<sup>t</sup> qe one of tēd. my tēat I qane be  
 fore regefyd. qe w<sup>t</sup> none of tēd seyd p<sup>r</sup> dūarff but qe  
 w<sup>t</sup> a bnyggt son w<sup>t</sup> qat w<sup>t</sup> qm name seyd p<sup>r</sup> vrede bnyggt of  
 p<sup>r</sup> vrede lāmdid tēat w<sup>t</sup> I nat tēll yon but **Sir Ray** on for  
 me named qm **Bermyne** I care nat seyd p<sup>r</sup> bnyggt  
 w<sup>t</sup> qat som evn qe be for I ffallt some delyū qm and p<sup>r</sup> on  
 maccē qm qe ffallt qane a fhamfull detē ad many othē  
 qane qad. Tēat wēre p<sup>r</sup>te seyd p<sup>r</sup> dūarff and qm w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>te  
 p<sup>r</sup> ye mabe fuche fhamfull warre vpon noble bnyggt  
**N**ow lere we tē bnyggt and p<sup>r</sup> dūarff it ftebe we of  
**Bermyne** tēat all bnyggt lay in tē qemnta  
 ge and vpon p<sup>r</sup> morne qe and p<sup>r</sup> dūarff **lyuet** qande p<sup>r</sup>  
 masse and brabe p<sup>r</sup> faste and tēan tēy tobe p<sup>r</sup> qonfio it rode  
 tēprow oute a fayre foreste and tēan tēy com to a playne  
 and saw w<sup>t</sup>ere wad many pabyldō and tentyd and a fay  
 re castell and p<sup>r</sup> wad muche fmohe it grete noyse and  
 w<sup>t</sup> qm tēy com mēre p<sup>r</sup> sege **Sir Bermyne** affpyed on  
 grete treed ad qe rode qow p<sup>r</sup> qyngē full goodly armed  
 bnyggt by tē necke and p<sup>r</sup> fpyldō a bonte p<sup>r</sup> neckyō w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>  
 fwardid and gylte fporpō vpon p<sup>r</sup> qelyō. And so p<sup>r</sup> qyngē  
 nyze a forty bnyggt fhamfully w<sup>t</sup> full rycē armyō. Tēan  
**Sir Bermyne** a bated qm comtenaunce and seyd  
 w<sup>t</sup> qat mēntē tēd. ffare **Sir** seyd tēe dūarff a bate  
 nat yowre chere for all tēd fyggt for ye mste corrage  
 yowre self op ellyō ye bene all ftebe. ffor all tēse





to me. For and he were as good a knyght as eu was  
my I shall neu fayle hym In this moste knyght for op  
I wol wyne wouspys wouspysfully othw dre knyght  
in p felde And p w he spored his house streyte to p By  
gamonure tre and so blew p horne egirly that all p sege  
and the castell range p off And than p lepe oute ma  
ny knyghts oute of p tentys and pabylyous And they w  
in p castell lobed ouer p wallys and oute at wyndowis  
Than the rede knyght of p rede lammis armed hy  
qastely and too baroun sette on his sporys on his helys  
and all was blood rede his armis spere and shyld  
and Erle buckled his helme on his hede and than they  
bronght hym a rede spere and a rede stede and so he rode  
in to a lytill vale vnder the castell p all that were in  
p castell and at p sege knyght be holde p batayle

Dr seyde p damesell **lyneth** vnto Sir **Bewmaynes**  
lobe ye be glad and lyght for yond is yo dedly ene  
my and at yond wyndow is my lady my syster dame  
**lyones** where seyde **Bewmaynes** yond seyde the  
damesell and poynted at her syngir That is trouthe  
seyde **Bewmaynes** she be femyt a fawne p fayryst lady  
that eu I lobyd wypon and truly she seyde I aske no bett  
quarer than now for to do batayle for truly she shall  
be my lady and for this wol I fyght & eu she lobed up  
to the wyndow at glad countenance And this lady  
dame **lyones** made curtesy to hym downe to the erth  
holdyng up bothe her hondys Wytth p the rede  
knyght calle vnto **Bewmaynes** And seyde sir knyght  
leve thy be holdyng and lobe on me I counsaile the  
for I warne p well she is my lady & for this I have  
done many stronge batayles Gessy you so have

done seyde **Bewmayned** me semyt qit was but waste  
 labour for she lovyt q none of thy felyschyp and you to  
 love that lovyt nat the id but guete foly for p vnder  
 stood that she were nat ryght glad of my comynge wol  
 de be adysed or I dnd batayle for hir But I vnderstonde  
 by p segynge of this castell she may for bere thy felyschyp  
 and p fore wete p well you rede bynggt I love hir and  
 woll rescow hir othir ellys to dye p fore Sayst p that  
 seyde p rede bynggt me semyt you onghtste of reson  
 to be ware by yondir bynggt that p fawste gange on  
 yondir treis ffy for same seyde **Bewmayned** that  
 en p sholdst sey so or do so evyl for in that p shamest thy  
 self and all bynggt gode and p mayste be fure p woll no  
 lady love the that knowyt the it thy wyllbed custom  
 And now you wenyte that p synggt of the songed bynggt  
 shulde feare me f say truly nat so p shamefull synggt cau  
 syt me to have courage and hardynesse a yent p muche  
 more than I wolde have a gaynste the and you were  
 a well ruled bynggt thake p redy seyde p rede bynggt  
 and talke no more w me / Then they put p sperys  
 in p rest it com to gedyn w all the mynggt p they had  
 bothe and aytir smote op in the myddys of p sheldid p  
 the paytrelo furynghys and crowperd braste and felle  
 to the ertre bothe and the raynyd of p byrdys in there  
 gonyd / And so they lay a grete wyple sore a stoned  
 that all that were in the castell and in the sege wente  
 p necht had bene broste Then many a strannger it  
 othir seyde p the strange bynggt was a bygge man  
 and a noble luster for or now we save nen no bynggt  
 maccge the rede bynggt of p rede landys thys they  
 seyde bothe w in and w oute Then lyghtly it delynly



they avoyded þe horsis and put þe scheldis a fore them and  
drew them forward and ran to gydyng lyke .ij. ferd hond  
and exten gaff otter fuche .ij. buffetted wpon þe helmyd  
that they reled half wande botte .ij. stredys and than they  
reconde botte and few grete pecys of otterd qarneyse  
and þe scheldys þa grete parte felle in the fyled

**A**nd than tqud they songat tyll qnt was paste none  
and neu wolde stynte tyll at þe laste they lacked  
wynde botte and than they stode wagging stagerunge  
pautunge blowunge <sup>& blowunge</sup> that all that be helde them for the  
moste pty wepte for pte So wgan they had rested  
than a wyle they rode to batayle a gayne trasung tran  
sunge forynge and rasunge ad .ij. boryd and at som tyme  
they tobe þe bere ad qnt had bene .ij. ranyd and howled to  
gydyng that som tyme they felle grovelunge to the erthe  
and at som tyme they were so a mated that ayter tobe  
oþer fownde in the stede of his owne and tqud they endu  
red tyll evynsonge That þe was none that be helde  
them myght know wqetqnt was lyke to wynde þe batay  
le and theire armoure was so for qewyn that men myht  
se þe naked fydys and moþ placid they were naked but  
ei þe nabyd placid they dnd defende and þe rede knyghte  
was a wyle knyght in fyggtunge and that tangat **Ben**  
**mayned** to be wysse but he abongat qnt full fore on he did  
asspye his fyggtunge And tqud by assente of them botte  
they graunted ayter otter to reste and so they sette hem  
downe wpon .ij. molle hyllyd there be fydys þe fyggtunge  
place and exten of them unlaced otter helmyd & tobe  
þe colde wynde for ayter of þe pagis was faste by them  
to com wgan they called them to unlace þe qarneyse & to  
sette hem on a gayne at there comandement And

than **Sir Beuymayned** when his helme was off he  
 lobed up to the Wyndow and þe he sawe þe fayre lady  
 dame **Lyones** and she made hym suche countenance that  
 his herte waxed lyght and soly and þe he bade þe rede  
 knyght of þe rede laundis make hym redy and lette wold  
 omie batayle to the utterance **Woll** **Woll** seyde þe knyght  
 and than they laced on þe helms and a voyded þe pagge  
 it rede to gydyn and fougth freysly But þe rede knyght  
 of þe rede laundis a wayted hym at and outwarte and  
 smote hym w<sup>th</sup> that his swerde felle oute of his honde  
 and yette he gaff hym a nop busselte vpon the helme þe  
 he felle grovelynge to the erthe and þe rede knyght  
 felle on hym for to holde hym downe Than cryed the  
 maydyn **lynnet** on knyght and seyde a **Sir Beuymayned** when  
 w<sup>th</sup> thy couraige be com alas my lady my syster be holdyth  
 the and she screib<sup>is</sup> and wepp<sup>is</sup> so that hit makyth myne  
 herte quy When **Sir Beuymayned** herde this sey so he a  
 brayded up w<sup>th</sup> a grete myght and gate hym vpon his  
 feete and lyghtly he lepe to his swerde and gryped hit in  
 his honde and doubled his pace vnto þe rede knyght and þe  
 they fougth a new batayle to gydyn But **Sir Beuymayned**  
 than doubled his strolpe and smote so thyebe that his swerde  
 felle oute of his honde and than he smote hym on the helme  
 that he felle to the erthe And **Sir Beuymayned** felle vpon  
 hym and unlaced his helme to hane slayne hym and than  
 he yelded hym and asked mercy And seyde w<sup>th</sup> a loude voyce a  
 noble knyght I yelde me to thy mercy Than **Sir Beuymayned**  
 be t<sup>h</sup>nght hym on his knyght that he had made to be  
 fougth shamesfully And than he seyde I may nat w<sup>th</sup> my worship  
 to save thy lyff for the shamesfull dedys þe thou haste caused  
 many full good knyght to dye Sir seyde þe rede knyght

Here Sir Beuymay  
 ned oncom þe rede  
 knyght of þe rede  
 laundis



holde yourre hande & ye shall knowe the cause why I putte  
you to so shamefull a dethe. Sey on seide Sir **Bertram**  
Sir I loved onys a lady fayre & she had hir bresne slayne  
and she tolde me hit was Sir **Launcelot du lake** othir ellys  
Sir **Garwayne** and she prayed me ad I loved hir qertely that  
I wolde make hir a promyse by the saynt of my body I myght  
goe for to labour in armys dayly untill I had mette w  
one of them and all that I myght on com I sholde put them  
to vylain dethe. And so I ensured her to do all y<sup>e</sup> vylain vnto  
**Artur** I myght And y<sup>e</sup> I sholde take vengeance vpon all  
these knyghts and Sir now I woll telle the y<sup>e</sup> eu<sup>e</sup> day my  
strengthe encreaseth tyllle none untill I have vij. menyng  
strength. Than cam y<sup>e</sup> many knyghts and barouns & noble  
knyghts and prayde that knyght to save his lyff & take hym  
to y<sup>e</sup> presoner And all they selle vpon y<sup>e</sup> bren and prayde  
hym of mercy y<sup>e</sup> he wolde save his lyff And sir they all seyde  
hit were fayrer of hym to take omage and feaute and lat  
hym holde his londys of you than for to sle hym for by  
his dethe ye shall have none advantage And his mysse  
dede that be done may not be vndone And y<sup>e</sup> fore make  
ye a menyng for all thyng and we all woll be com yourre  
men and do you omage and feaute. ffare lordys seide  
**Bertram** wete you well I am fullyl to sle this knyght  
wentelesse he hath done passyng pille and shamefully. But  
in so muche all y<sup>e</sup> he And was at a ladyes requeste I blame  
hym y<sup>e</sup> lesse and so for y<sup>e</sup> sake I woll relece hym y<sup>e</sup> he shall  
have his lyff vpon this covenante y<sup>e</sup> he go in to this castell  
and yelde hym to the lady And yf she woll for gyff & quyte  
hym I woll well w<sup>t</sup> this he make hir a menyng of all y<sup>e</sup> tres  
passe y<sup>e</sup> he hath done a peny<sup>t</sup> hir and hir landys. And also  
whan that is done that he goo vnto y<sup>e</sup> court of kyn **Artur**

And that he aske Sir **Lancelot** mercy at Sir **Gawayne** for þe  
 evyll wyll he hatte had a yerst then. Sir seyde the rede  
 knyght all the wold I do as ye comande me at syker assu-  
 ranche and borowd ye shall have. So when þe assurance  
 was made he made his omage and feante and all the erlyd  
 þe baronns w<sup>t</sup> hym And then þe mayden **lynct** com to Sir  
**Bermynges** and unarmed hym and serched his woundis  
 and stannet the blood and in lye wyse she dnd to þe rede  
 knyght of the rede lannet And þe they suggeoned. x. dayes  
 in there tentys And en þe rede knyght made all his lordis  
 and swamtyd to do all the plesure unto Sir **Bermynges**  
 that they myght do. And so w<sup>t</sup> in a wyple þe rede knyghte  
 yode unto þe castell and putt hym in her grace And so she  
 resseybed hym vpon suffyciantte surete. So that all her  
 hertys were well restored of all þe she conde complayne.  
 And then he depte unto the court of kynge **Artour** and  
 there appyly the rede knyght putt hym self in þe mercy of  
 Sir **Lancelot** and of Sir **Gawayne** and þe he tolde appyly  
 how he was on com at by whom And also he tolde all the  
 batayles frome þe begynnyng to the endyng. And then  
 seyde kynge **Artour** and Sir **Gawayne** we merbayle  
 myghte of what bloode he is com for he is a noble knyght  
 have ye no merbayle seyde Sir **Lancelot** for ye shall  
 myght well know that he is com of full noble bloode And  
 as for his myght at handpesshe þe bene but full few now  
 byrnyng þe is so myghty as he is and of so noble probesse  
 that semyt by you seyde kynge **Artour** that ye know his  
 name and frome whens he com. I suppose I do so seyde Sir  
**Lancelot** or ellis I wolde not have yessyd hym the knyge  
 order of knyghtode but he gaff me such charge at þe tyme  
 that I wold nedr discon hym outyll he requyre me or ellis



that he knowen oppuly by son of **Now turne we vnto Sir**  
**Bermyayne** that desired dame **Lyonesse** that he myght see hir  
lady // **So** she seyde / Wolde ye saw hir fayre // **Then** Sir  
**Bermyayne** all armed toke his horse & his spere and rode  
streight vnto the castell / And when he com to the gate he  
founde þ men armed and pulled up þ draw brygge and  
drew þ portcolyse // **Then** he meruayled why they wolde  
nat suffer hym to enter. And then he lobed up to a wyndow  
at þ he sawe fayre dame **Lyonesse** that seyde ou brygge go thy  
way Sir **Bermyayne** for as yet þ shalt nat haue goly my  
love vnto the tyme þ þou be called one off þ nymbr off the  
worthy brygge. And there fore go to labour in worshipp  
thid. xij. monthe and then ye shall haue newe tydingis  
// **Alas** fayre lady seyde Sir **Bermyayne** / I haue nat de-  
serued þ ye shoulde know me thid strangenesse And I hadde  
wente / I shoulde haue had myght good chere w þou & vnto  
my power I haue deserued thanke and well / I am sure I  
haue bought þ love w þte off the beste bloode w in my  
body // **Fayre** cunteyse brygge seyde dame **Lyonesse** be nat  
displeased nor be nat ou hasty for wete þou well þoume  
grette trauayle nor þ good love shall nat be loste for I  
confider þ grete labour & þ hardynesse þ bounte & þ  
goodnesse as me ougth to do // And there fore go on your  
way and lobe þ ye be off good comforte for all shall be for  
þ worshipp & for the best / And þde a. xij. monthe wolle þou  
be done And trust me fayre brygge I shall be trewe to  
þou and new be tray þou but to my dethe I shall lobe þou  
and none off And þ w all she turned frome þ wyndowe  
And Sir **Bermyayne** rode a wayward frome þ castell  
mabyngre grete dole And so he rode now here now there  
he wiste nat w þp tyll hit was dwbe myght And þan

hit happened hym to com to a pore manys house and þe  
 was harboured all that nyght. But Sir **Bertram**  
 had no reste but walowed & wrytled for the love of the  
 lady of þe castell. And so vpon the mornynge he toke his  
 horse & rode vntyll vnder and than he com to a brode  
 watir & þe a lyght to slepe & leyde his hede vpon his  
 shylde and he toke his horse to the dwarff & comanded the  
 dwarff to waite all nyght. Now turne we to þe lady  
 of þe same castell þat longyt muche vpon **Bertram**  
 and than she called vnto hir Sir **Gryngamore** hir broþer  
 and prayde hym in all maner ad he loved hir gentely þat  
 he wolde ryde awith Sir **Bertram** and en hane ye  
 wayte vpon hym tylle ye may fynde hym slepyng for I  
 am sure in his helynesse he wolde a lyght a dorne in som  
 place and lay hym dorne to slepe & þe fore hane ye your  
 wayte vpon hym in prey maner & take his dwarff and  
 com þe way wrytled hym ad faste ad ye may. For my  
 syster **Lynet** tellyt me þat he can telle of watir byrede he  
 is com of & in þe meane tyme I and my syster wolde ryde  
 vntyll þe castell to wayte when ye Gryngamore & you the  
 dwarff and than wolde I hane hym in exampnacion my  
 self for tylle þat I know what is his nyght name and of  
 what byrede he is comyn shall I neu be myrry at my  
 gentel. Syster seide for **Gryngamore** all that shall be done  
 awith þe entente And so he rode all that of day and the  
 nyght tylle he had lodged hym And when he sawe Sir  
**Bertram** faste on slepe he com styllly stallyng be  
 hynde þe dwarff & plucked hym faste vnder his arme  
 and so rode his way wrytled hym vntyll his owne castell  
 And thid Sir **Gryngamore** was all in blak his armo  
 & his horse & all þat tylle hym longyt. But en ad he rode





And this madam is sister to **King** **Byng** **Artquire** And he  
 is broþr to **Sir** **Gawayne** and his name is **Sir** **Gareth**  
**of Orkenay** And now I have tolde you his myght name  
 I pray you fayre lady lat me go to my lord a gayne  
 for he woll ned oute of this contrey tyll he have me  
 a gayne and yf he be angry he woll do harme on þe  
 he be stynted it wolle you wrake in this contrey do  
 for that he ad be may / þay seyde **Sir** **Grynhamour**  
 ad for þe treferynge we woll go to dyner it so they may  
 fed and wente to mete it made hem mery & well at  
 ease by cause þe lady **lyonesse** of the castell pelnd was  
 þe they made þe gretter joy / Truly madam seyde **lady**  
 unto his sister well may he be a byngyd son for he hath  
 many good taccid for he is curtyse & mylde and the  
 moste sufferynge man þe en I mette w all for I dare  
 sey þe was nedantyll woman rebyled man in so foule  
 a man a I have rebuked hym And at all tymes he gaff  
 me goodly & meke answer a gayne And ad they sate  
 this talkynge þe cam **Sir** **Gareth** in at þe gate w this  
 swerde drawyn in his honde and cryed a loud þe all  
 þe castell myght hyre þe trayto byngyd **Sir** **Grynhamour**  
**monne** delyn me my swarff a gayne or by the saytt  
 þe I owze to god and to the hygh order of byngyde I  
 shall do the all þe harme þe may lye in my power / þan  
**Sir** **Grynhamour** loket oute at a wyndow And seyde for  
**Gareth** **of Orkenay** leve thy bestyng wordys for þe  
 gettyst nat thy swarff a gayne / þan com the  
 byngyd seyde **Gareth** bynge hym w the and com  
 it do batayle w me & wyne hym it take hym / So  
 well I do seyde **Sir** **Grynhamour** and me lyfte but  
 for all thy grette wordys þe gettyst hym nat a fayre



lady seide dame **lynet** wolde he hadde his swaſſe a gayne for  
 wolde he were nat wroth for now he hath tolde me all my  
 desyre I kepe no more of þe swaſſe And also broþ he hath some  
 myche for me & deliuered me frome þe rede byrght of the rede  
 lamudis And þe fore broþ I owe hym my byrse a fore all byrght  
 byrge And wete you well that I love hym by fore all oþer  
 byrght byrge and full fayne I wolde speke w<sup>th</sup> hym But in  
 no wyse I wolde nat þe wyſe what I were but as I were  
 a notyn strange lady Well hystir seide Sir **Gryngamo** hystir  
 that I know no þe wyll I wolt obey me now vnto hym And so þe  
 w<sup>th</sup> he wente downe And seide Sir **Garett** I cry you mercy  
 and all þe I haue myſſe done I wolt a mende hit at þe wyll &  
 þe fore I pray you þe ye wolde a lyght & take ſuche chere as I  
 can make you in this caſtell Shall I haue my swaſſe seide  
 Sir **Garett** yee Sir & all þe plesure þe I can make you for as  
 ſone as þe swaſſe tolde me what ye were & of what bynde  
 ye ar com & what noble dedys ye haue done in this marchis  
 than I repented me of my dedys Then Sir **Garett** a lyght  
 and þe com his swaſſe & toke his hors & a my felow seide Sir  
**Garett** I haue had myche adventured for thy sake And so Sir  
**Gryngamo** toke hym by the honde & ledde hym in to þe halle  
 where his owne wyff was And than com forth dame **lynet**  
 a rarde bye a prynces & þe ſhe made hym paſſyng good chere &  
 he hir a gayne And they had goodly langage & lovely countenance  
 And Sir **Garett** thought many tyme I ſh<sup>d</sup> wolde þe þe lady of  
 this caſtell & helme were ſo fayre as ſhe is And þe was all man  
 of gamys & played of damysyng & ſyngyng And en more Sir  
**Garett** be helde þe lady and þe more he lobed on her þe more he  
 breued in love & he paſſed hym ſelf fayne in his reſon & forth  
 towarde þe byrght they rode vnto ſupper And Sir **Garett** myght  
 nat ete for his love was ſo doote þe he wyll nat where he was

All this lokid

All thes' lordys' assayed Sir **Gryngam** And than after souper  
 he called his syster dame **lyoness** vnto a chamber and seyde  
 fayre syster I haue well assayed your countenance be thyngte you  
 & this knyght And I wolt syster if ye wete he is a full noble  
 knyght & if ye can make hym to a hyde here I wolt do hym all  
 p'pleasure if I can for and ye were better than ye are ye were  
 well be rewarded vpon hym fayre brop seyde dame **lyoness**  
 I understonde well p' the knyght is a good knyght & com he  
 is oute of a noble house natwistondyng I wolt assay hym better  
 how he hit I am moste be holde to hym of myn outgely man for  
 he hath had grete labo' for my love and passed many dangerous  
 passagis. Knyght so Sir **Gryngam** wente vnto Sir **Garet**  
 seyde Sir make ye good chere for ye shall haue none o' cause  
 for this lady my syster is yowred at all tymes qm' worschyp  
 labed for wete you well she loveth you as well as ye do her  
 & better if better may be And I wyte p' seyde Sir **Garet**  
 there lybed nat a gladder man than I wolde be vpon my  
 worschyp seyde Sir **Gryngam** I truste vnto my promysse  
 and as longe as hit lybeth you ye shall suggeourne w' me  
 and this lady shall be wyte you dayly & nyghtly to make you  
 all p' chere that she can I wolt well seyde Sir **Garet** for  
 I haue promysed to be nyge this contray this. you mounte it well  
 I am sure byng **Arthure** and o' noble knyght wolt fynde  
 me where p' I am wyte in this. you mounte for I shall be forgt  
 & fowiden if p' I be on lybe And than Sir **Garet** wente  
 vnto the lady dame **lyoness** and byssed her many tymes and  
 exten' made grete joy of o' and p' she promysed hym her love  
 sentynly to love hym and none o' dayes of her lyff. Than  
 this lady dame **lyoness** by the assent of her brop tolde Sir  
**Garet** all p' trouth what she was & how she was p' same  
 lady that she and batayle fore and how she was lady of p' castell



pelnd And þe she tolde hym how she causid hir broþr to take a way  
his swarff for this cause to know the stayne what was þe  
name and of what kyn ye were com And than she lette sette be  
be fore hym hir syster **lynet** that had ryddyn w<sup>t</sup> hym many  
a wylsom way. Than was Syr **Gareth** more gladder þan  
he was to fore and than they throughte plynge of to love and ned  
to fayle while þe byss lastyt. And so they brente botte in goote  
love þe they were acorde to a bate þe lusty secretly. And there  
dame **lyonesse** conceyved Syr **Gareth** to slepe in none of place  
but in þe halle & þe she promysed hym to com to his bed a lityll  
a fore mydnyght. This conceyve was nat so pryvely kepte  
but it was vnderstode for they were but yonge botte & tender  
of age and had nat used such craft to forne. Where for  
þe damessell **lyonett** was a lityll dyspleased & she thoght hir syster  
dame **lyonesse** was a lityll on hasty þe she myght nat a byde  
hir tyme of marriage and for sawynge of hir worschyp she thoght  
to a bate þe goote lusty And she lete ordeyne by hir subyle craft  
that they had nat there intent neyther w<sup>t</sup> oþer ad<sup>m</sup> her delys  
untill they were marryed And so hir paste on at after supper  
was made a clene abyrdance þe chy lorde & lady sholde go  
unto his reste. But Syr **Gareth** seyde playnly he wolde  
go no farther than the halle for in such place he seyde was  
convenyente for an arrante byng to take his reste in  
And so þe was ordayned grete comynge & þe on fettyrbeddys  
and þe he leyde hym downe to slepe And w<sup>t</sup> in a while came  
dame **lyonesse** wrapped in a mantell furred w<sup>t</sup> Ermyne and  
leyde hir downe by the helpe of Syr **Gareth** And þe all he be  
gan to chyppe hir & to bysse hir And þe all he loled be fore  
hym & sawe an armed byng w<sup>t</sup> many lyghts a bonte hym &  
that byng had a longe gyfaine in his honde & made a gryme  
comtenaunce to smyte hym. When Syr **Gareth** sawe hym

com In that wyse he lepte oute of his bedde and gate In  
 his hande a swerde & lepte towarde þe knyght And whan  
 þe knyght sawe sir **Gareth** com so ferly upon hym he smote  
 hym w<sup>th</sup> a forue thorow the thye off þe thye that þe wounde  
 was a ffasshemonde brode & had cutte a too many wayned &  
 fynerys And þe w<sup>th</sup> all Sir **Gareth** smote hym upon þe helme  
 fuche a buffette that he felle grobelynge And than he lepe on  
 hym & unlaced his helme & smote off his hede fro the body  
 And than he bled so faste þe knyght not stonde but so he ley  
 de hym downe upon his bedde and þe he fownded and lay ad  
 he had bene dede Than dame **lyouesse** cryed a lowde þe  
**Grynganoure** harte hit & com downe And whan he sawe sir  
**Gareth** so shamefully wounded he was fore dyspleased & seyde  
 I am shamed þe thys noble knyght w<sup>th</sup> thys dishonoured Sir  
 seyde Sir **Grynganoure** how may this be þe thys noble knyght w<sup>th</sup>  
 thys wounded Broter she seyde I can nat telle you for hit  
 was nat done by me nor be myne assente for he w<sup>th</sup> my lord  
 and I am his And he myste be myne husbonde // There fore  
 broter I wolle þe wete I shame nat to be w<sup>th</sup> hym nor to do  
 hym all þe plesure þe can Bister seyde **Grynganoure** and I  
 wolle that ye wete hit and **Gareth** bothe that hit was neu  
 done by me nor be myne assente thys unquypp dede was neu  
 done And þe they stamched his bledynge ad welle ad they myzt  
 & grete sorow made Sir **Grynganoure** and dame **lyouesse** And  
 forth w<sup>th</sup> all com dame **lyouett** and toke up the hede in the  
 fyggt of them all and a noyted hit w<sup>th</sup> an oynamente þe ad  
 hit was smytyn off And In the same wyse he ded to the othir  
 parte þe ad the hede stabe And than she sette hit to gydw  
 & hit stabe ad faste ad en hit ded and þe knyght a rose lyghtly  
 up & ye damessell **lyouett** put hym in her chambir all thys saw  
 Sir **Grynganoure** and dame **lyouesse** And so ded Sir **Gareth** and



well she a fpyed that hit was dame **lyonett** that rode w<sup>th</sup> hym  
thorow p<sup>r</sup> pelonse passages // A well damesell seyde fir **Garet**  
I wente ye wolde nat have done as ye have done thy lord  
Sir **Garet** seyde **lyonett** all that I have done I wot a wome  
hit and all shall be for yo<sup>r</sup> worshyp & w<sup>th</sup> all And so w<sup>th</sup> in a  
waggle Sir **Garet** was myge hole and waxed lycht and  
I comide and fange & damed. That a gayne Sir **Garet**  
& dame **lyouesse** were so goothe in breynge love that they  
made p<sup>r</sup> ~~covenant~~ <sup>covenant</sup> at t<sup>he</sup>. x. myght after that  
she sholde com to his bedde And be cause he was wounded  
a fore he leyde his arm<sup>o</sup> & his swerde myght his beddis hode  
And myght as she pmyssed she com And she was nat so  
sone in his bedde but she a fpyed an armed knyght comynge  
towarde t<sup>he</sup> bed and anon she awaked Sir **Garet** & lytly  
thorow t<sup>he</sup> good helpe of dame **lyouesse** he was armed and  
they fowled to g<sup>o</sup> d<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> grette hve & malyce all aboute t<sup>he</sup>  
halle And p<sup>r</sup> was grette lycht as hit had be p<sup>r</sup> m<sup>o</sup> of p<sup>r</sup>  
torow botte by fore and be hpyde. So Sir **Garet** stray  
ned hym so that his olde wounde braste a yen on bledynge  
but he was hote and corragyous and toke no kepe but w<sup>th</sup>  
his grette forse he strake downe t<sup>he</sup> knyght & woyded his  
helme and strake of his hede. That he heu p<sup>r</sup> hede upon  
an. C. pecio And w<sup>th</sup>an he had done so he toke up all t<sup>he</sup> pecio  
and t<sup>he</sup> w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>he</sup> onte at a wyndow in to t<sup>he</sup> d<sup>r</sup> of t<sup>he</sup>  
castell And by t<sup>he</sup> done he was so faynte that unmetis he  
myght stonde for bledynge and by t<sup>he</sup> he was all moste  
unarmed he felle in a dedly fowne in t<sup>he</sup> floure. That  
dame **lyouesse** cryed that Sir **Gryugamon** herde her  
And w<sup>th</sup>an he com and founde Sir **Garet** in p<sup>r</sup> lycht  
he made grette sorow and p<sup>r</sup> he a waked Sir **Garet** and  
gaff hym a drynke p<sup>r</sup> releved hym wondirly well. But

the sorow that dame **lyoness** made þi may no tynge telle  
 for she so fared w<sup>t</sup> hir self as she wolde hane dyed // **kyt**  
 so come t<sup>is</sup>o damessell **lyoness** be fore hem all and she had  
 sette all the gobbetis of þi hede þ<sup>t</sup> **Sir Gareth** had t<sup>o</sup>rowe  
 oute at the wyndow and þi she a noyted hit as she dnd to  
 fore and put t<sup>o</sup>hem to the body in þe syght of hem all // well  
 damessell **lyoness** seyde **Sir Gareth** I hane naty defned all  
 t<sup>is</sup>o dyspyte þi ye do vnto me **Sir bryggt** she seyde I hane  
 no t<sup>o</sup>unge done but I wolle a vow hit And all þ<sup>t</sup> I hane  
 done shall be to þo worschyp and to do all // **þan** was  
**Sir Gareth** stannoged of his bledynge but þi lechis seyde  
 þi was no man þi hane þi lyff holde heale hym t<sup>o</sup>rowly of  
 of his womde but þi they heled t<sup>o</sup>hem t<sup>o</sup>at caused þi stroke  
 by encasmentente // So love we **Sir Gareth** t<sup>o</sup>ere w<sup>t</sup>th  
**Sir bryngamo** and his Sisters and turne we vnto bryng  
**arture** t<sup>o</sup>at at þi nexte feste of **Pentecoste** t<sup>o</sup>ere cam  
 þi grene bryggt þi fyf bryggt w<sup>t</sup> hym and yeldyd t<sup>o</sup>em all  
 vnto bryng **arture** **þan** t<sup>o</sup>ere com the rede bryggt  
 and his broþ and yelded t<sup>o</sup>em to bryng **arture** w<sup>t</sup>th  
 in score bryggt w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>o</sup>em // also þi com þi blew bryggt  
 his broþ and yelded hem to bryng **arture** and þi grene  
 bryggt name was **Sir Dantolype** and þi rede brygt  
 name was **Sir Derymoned** and þi blew brygt name  
 was **Sir Dersamte of Jude** t<sup>o</sup>ed. in bryne told bryng  
**arture** how they were on com by a brygt þi a damessell  
 had w<sup>t</sup> hir þi she called hym **Sir Berrymayned** I t<sup>o</sup> seyde  
 þi bryng I mayle w<sup>t</sup>at brygt he is þi of w<sup>t</sup>at bryng  
 he is com here he was w<sup>t</sup> me a. xij. monthes þi poorly  
 and shamefully he was fostred and **Sir Kay** I scorne named  
 hym **Berrymayned** // So ryggt as þi bryng stode so talkyng  
 w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>o</sup>ed. in bryne þi com **Sir lancelet du lake** and tolde



the kynge þat tere was com a goodly lorde W. B. C. knyght  
w<sup>th</sup> hym. Then the kynge was at **Canhyon** for þat was þe feste  
golde And t<sup>he</sup>idur com to hym t<sup>he</sup>idur lorde and salowed þe kynge  
w<sup>th</sup> goodly man. What wolde ye seide kynge **Arture** And  
What is þo Grande Sir he seide I am called þe rede knyght  
of þe rede landis but my name is Sir **Trousyde** And Sir  
wete you well hydr I am sente vnto you frome a knyght  
þat is called Sir **Bermynes** for he wanne me in playne  
batayle **gand** gande for gande And so ded ned knyght but he  
that en had þe better of me t<sup>he</sup>idur. **xxi** w<sup>th</sup> putur And I am com  
maunded to yelde me to you at þo wyll. ye ar welcom  
seide þe kynge for ye hane bene longe a grette foo of o<sup>ur</sup>  
red to me þat to my courte and now I truste to god I shall  
so entrete you that ye shall be my frende Sir bothe I  
þat t<sup>he</sup>idur W. B. C. knyght shall all wayes be at þo somond to  
do you such þynge as may lye in oure power. **gva**  
mercy seide kynge **Arture** I am muche be holdyng vnto  
þe knyght þat qat so put q<sup>uod</sup> body in deboure to worshyp  
me at my courte. And ad to t<sup>he</sup> Sir **Trousyde** þat is called  
þe rede knyght of þe rede landis þat arte called a pelouse  
knyght And ys þe wolte golde of me I shall worshyp t<sup>he</sup>  
þat make þe knyght of t<sup>he</sup> table rounde but than þe muste  
be no man myghter. Sir ad to that I hane made  
my pmyse vnto Sir **Bermynes** ned more to use such  
custom. for all t<sup>he</sup> gamefull custom þat I used I ded q<sup>uod</sup>  
at þe requeste of a lady þat I loved And þe fore I muste goo  
vnto Sir **Lancelot** and vnto Sir **Gawayne** and aske  
t<sup>he</sup>em for gyffnesse of t<sup>he</sup> wyll. wyll I had vnto t<sup>he</sup>em  
for all t<sup>he</sup>o þat I put to det<sup>er</sup> was all only for þe love of  
Sir **Lancelot** and of Sir **Gawayne** They bene here  
seide þe kynge be fore þe now may ye se to t<sup>he</sup>em what

ye woll. And than he kneled doorne vnto **Sir Lancelot**  
 and to **Sir Gawayne** and prayde them of forgeffnesse  
 of his enmyte þat he had a yenste them. Than goodly  
 they seyde alþat at onys god for gyff þou it we do and we  
 pray þou þat ye woll telle vs where we may fynde **Sir**  
**Bewmayned** fayre lorde seyde **Sir Tronsyde** I can nat  
 telle þou for hit is full garde to fynde hym for such þou  
 ge bygget ad he is whan they be in þat aduentured bene  
 ned a bydyng in no place. But to sey the worschyp þat the  
 rede bygget of þat rede lannys. And **Sir Persamite**  
 and his breþre seyde by hym hit was merwayne to hy  
 re. Well my fayre lordys seyde bynge **Artchur** bete  
 þou well I shall do þou good for the love of **Sir Bew**  
**mayned** and ad sone ad en I may mete wth hym I shall  
 make þou all vpon a day bygget of þat table rounde  
 And ad to the **Sir Persamite of Jude** þat fast bene en  
 called a full noble bygget and so that en more thy  
 ny. breþre bene called. But I merwayne seyde the  
 bynge þat here nat of þat blak bygget þat broþ he was  
 a full noble bygget. **Sir** seyde **Parolype** the grene  
 bygget. **Sir Bewmayned** flew hym in a recommitir  
 wth his spere his name was **Sir Perarde** that was  
 grete pyte seyde þat bynge and so seyde many bygget for  
 the. ny. breþre were full well knowyn in bynge  
**Artchur** coure for noble nob bygget for longe tyme  
 they had holdyn were a yenste the bygget of þat rounde  
 table. Than **Parolype** the grene bygget tolde þat byng  
 that at a passage of the watir of Jortayse þat encountred  
**Sir Bewmayned** wth too breþre that en for the moste py  
 tepte that passage and they were. ny. dedly bygget and þat  
 he flew the elyft broþ in the watir it smote hym vpon



the gode knyght a buffette þat he felle downe in þe watir and  
þat was he drowned and his name was **Sir Garraude le**  
**Brewse** and aftir he flew to þe op broþr upon þe londe his  
name was **Sir Arnolde le Brewse**. So than the kynge  
wente to mete and were þus in the beste man and  
ad they sate at the mete þat com in the quene of **Orkenay**  
wif ladyes and knyghts a grette moun. And than **Sir**  
**Gawayne** **Sir Aggravayne** and **Sir Gaherys** a rose þat  
wente to his moder þat salowed him upon þe londe and asked  
him blyssunge. for of. xii. yere be fore they had not sene  
him. Than she spake vpon hym to his broþr kynge **Ar**  
**thur** where have ye done my yonge son **Sir Gareth** for  
he was here a monyght yow a. xii. monthe. And ye made  
a byschop knabe of hym þat whiche is shame to yow all.  
Alas where have ye done my nowne dere son þat was  
my joy and blyss. A dere moder seyde **Sir Gawayne** I  
knew hym nat. forþin I seyde þat kynge that now me re  
pentys but thankes be god he is þus a worstyppfull  
knyght ad ony þat is now lyving of his yow. And I schall  
now be glad tyl þat I may fynde. A broþr seyde þat quene  
ye dnd yow self grette shame when ye a monyght yow bepte  
my son in the byschop and fedde hym lybe ad dogge. ffare  
fistir seyde kynge **Arthur** ye schall myght well wete that I  
knew hym nat nor no more and **Sir Gawayne** notþin his  
brefne. but fynde that is so seyde þat kynge that he tquid  
is gone frome us all. we muste schape a remedy to fynde  
hym. Also Sistir me semyt þat ye myght have done me  
to wete of his comyng and than I had nat done well to  
hym ye myght have blamed me for when he com to þis  
countre he cam lemyng vpon too meny scholdys ad  
thoughe he myght nat have gone and than he asked

me. *iii.* gyfftyd And one he asked that same day it that  
 was that I wolde gyff hym mete I nowze *ij.* mony  
 And the oþ. *ij.* gyfftyd he asked that day. *ij.* mony And  
 that was that he myght have þe adventure of þe damysel  
**lyonett** And þe tene that **Sir Launcelot** sholde make hym  
 myght when he desired hym And so I granted hym all  
 my desire and many in that court merdayled that he  
 desired his sustynance for a. *xij.* mony And þe by we de-  
 med many of wot that he was nat com oute of a noble  
 house. **Sir** seyde the quene of **Orkenay** unto kynge **Artur**  
 her broþer Wete you well that I sente hym unto you ryght well  
 armed and horsed and cowyschypfully be sene of his body and  
 golde þe sylu plenty to spende. **But** may be so seyde þe kynge  
 but þe of sarme we none save that same day that he deþted  
 frome wot myght tolde me þe þe com a dwarff hyder sudde-  
 nely and brought hym armo<sup>r</sup> and a good horse fully well  
 and ryche be sene And þe all we had merdayle frome  
 when þe ryche com **Then** we demed all that he was  
 com of men of cowyschyp. **Broþer** seyde þe quene all that  
 ye seye we be love hit for en synner he was growyn he was  
 feythfull and trew of his promyse. **But** I merdayle seyde  
 he that **Sir Kay** dnd moþ and scorne hym and gaff hym to  
 name **Bermyne** yet **Sir Kay** seyde þe quene named  
 hym more ryghtebously than he wende for I dare sey he  
 was a fayre and handid man and he be on lyve as ony ly-  
 vinge. **Sir** seyde **Artur** lat that langage now be  
 stille and by the grace of god he shall be founde and he  
 be wot in that. *vij.* realmys and lette all that passe and  
 be myrry for he is gbed to a man of cowyschyp and that  
 is my joy. **Then** seyde **Sir Gawayne** and his breþer  
 unto kynge **Artur** **Sir** and ye wot gyff wot love we wot



go seke oure broþr. Pray sayde **Dr. Lancelot** that shal not  
uede. And so seyde **Dr. Baudry** of **Brytayne** for ad by  
oure adyſe the byrge shal ſende vnto dame **lyoneſſe** for  
ad by oure adyſe a meſſyngere and pray for that ſhe wolde  
com to the counte in all haſte þat ſhe may it doute ye nat. ſhe  
wolde com And than ſhe may gyff you þat beſte counceyle where  
ye ſhall fynde **Dr. Gareth** that is well ſeyde of you ſeyde þat  
byrge. So than goodly lettyres were made þat þat meſſyngere  
ſente forth þat nyght þat day wente tyll he com to the caſtell þe  
lond And than þat lady dame **lyoneſſe** was ſente fore þat ad ſhe  
was w<sup>t</sup> **Dr. Gryngamo** her broþr and **Dr. Gareth** And when  
ſhe vnderſtoode that meſſyngere ſhe bade hym ryde on his  
way vnto byrge **Arture** And ſhe wolde com aſter in all  
þat moſte goodly haſte. Than ſhe com vnto **Dr. Gryngamo**  
and to ſir **Gareth** and tolde hem all how byrge hadde  
ſente for her. That is be cauſe of me ſeyde **Dr. Gareth** Now  
adyſe ye me ſeyde dame **lyoneſſe** what ſhall ſey þat in what  
man ſhall rule me. My lady þat my love ſeyde **Dr. Gareth**  
I pray you in no wyſe be ye a knowyn where I am. But well  
I wote my modur is þat and all my breþre þat they wolde take  
vpon hem to ſeke me I wolde þat they do. But that madam I  
wolde ye ſey þat adyſe þat byrge when he queſtyond w<sup>t</sup> you of  
me. Than may ye ſey that is þat adyſe that and that lyke that  
good grace ye wolde do make a cry a yeuſt the aſſuſcion of  
of oure lady that what byrge þat pryncyple hym beſte he ſhal  
welde you and all þat lande. And yf ſo be þat he be a wedded  
man that wyued þat degre he ſhall haue a coronall of golde  
ſette w<sup>t</sup> ſtony of vertu to the water of a. d. li. and a wygge  
ſarſawcon. So dame **lyoneſſe** deſted and to com off. And to  
breſt that tale. When ſhe com to byrge **Arture** ſhe was  
nobly reſpected and þat ſhe was fore queſtyonde of the byrge þat

of the queene of **Orbeney** and she answered where **Sir Gareth**  
 was she coude not tell. But this muche she seyde vnto  
 kynge **Artoure** Sir by y<sup>e</sup> adyse I wolle let cry a turnemente  
 that shall be done be fore my castell at y<sup>e</sup> assumpcion of oure  
 lady and y<sup>e</sup> cry shall be this that yon my lord **Artoure** shall  
 be there and y<sup>e</sup> knyghts and I wolle pmyt that my knyghts  
 shall be a yeste yownd And than I am sure I shall hyre of  
**Sir Gareth** this is well a vyse seyde kynge **Artoure** and so  
 she deptyed and the kynge and she made grete ppyshion to the  
 turnemente. When dame **lyoness** was com to the sle of  
**Awylyon** that was y<sup>e</sup> same sle there as q<sup>ue</sup>n brop sir **Gryngan**  
 dwelled than she tolde hem all how she had done at what pmyse  
 she had made to kynge **Artoure** alas seyde **Sir Gareth** I haue  
 bene so fore wounded w<sup>ith</sup> vnqappyneffe sittyn I cam in to this  
 castell that I shall nat be able to do at that turnemente lyke  
 a knyght for I was neu<sup>er</sup> thorowly hole syn I was hurt. Be  
 ye of good chere seyde y<sup>e</sup> damessell **lyonett** for I vnderstode w<sup>ith</sup>  
 in this. y<sup>e</sup> dayes to make yon a hole and as lusty as en ye  
 were. And than she leyde an oynement and salve to hym  
 as q<sup>ue</sup>n pleased q<sup>ue</sup>n that he was neu<sup>er</sup> so freyshe nor so lusty as  
 he was t<sup>he</sup>. Then seyde the damessell **lyonett** sende yon vnto  
**Sir Persaunte of Inde** and assynue hym that he be redy y<sup>e</sup>  
 w<sup>ith</sup> hole assomond of knyghts lyke as he made q<sup>ue</sup>n pmyse.  
 Also that ye sende vnto **Trousyde** that is knyght of y<sup>e</sup> rede  
 laundy and charge hym y<sup>e</sup> he be y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>ith</sup> yon wyth q<sup>ue</sup>n hole  
 souer of knyghts and than shall ye be able to make wyth  
 kynge **Artoure** and q<sup>ue</sup>n knyghts. So this was done and  
 all knyghts were sente fore vnto the castell pelous. Pan  
 the rede knyght answered and sayde vnto dame **lyoness** it  
 to **Sir Gareth** ye shall vnderstonde y<sup>e</sup> I haue bene at y<sup>e</sup> counte  
 of kynge **Artoure** and **Sir Persaunte of Inde** and q<sup>ue</sup>n bropne



and þ̄ we haue done oure omage as ye comanded. v̄o also  
seyde **Sir Gareth** I haue takyn vpon me w̄ **Sir Persaunte**  
**of Inde** and q̄id breue to holde p̄ty a gaynste my lord **si**  
**Lancelot** and t̄he knyght of þ̄ court and t̄his haue I done  
for t̄he love of my lady dame **lyonesse** and you my lord **si**  
**Gareth** ye haue well done seyde **Sir Gareth** Butt wete  
ye well we shall be full sore macthed w̄ t̄he moste nobleste  
knyght of t̄he worlde þ̄ fore we muste p̄uuey v̄o of good  
knyghts where we may may gete hem ye sey well seyde  
**Sir Persaunte** and wofully and so t̄he cry was ma-  
de in Ingelonde Walpo Scotlande Irelande & Corin-  
ayle And in all t̄he oute Iles And in Breteyne and  
many contrayes that at oure lady day t̄he assumpcion  
next folowynge sholde com to t̄he castell pelud be sy-  
de t̄he Ise of Dylou And þ̄ all knyghts whan t̄hey  
com þ̄ sholde chose whet̄er t̄hem lyfte to be on þ̄ tone  
p̄ty w̄ t̄he knyght of þ̄ castell or to be w̄ kyng **Artur**  
on þ̄ totur p̄ty And .ij. montis was to t̄he day that þ̄  
turnamente sholde be And so many good knyghts  
þ̄ were at q̄ir large helde hem for t̄he moste p̄ty all  
t̄his tyme a yeste kyng **Artur** and þ̄ knyght of t̄he  
ronde table and so t̄hey cam in t̄he syde of castell And  
**Sir Eppynogryp** was þ̄ fyrste & he was þ̄ kyngs son of  
Portymburgh And **Sir Palampdes** t̄he saresyn  
was a noþ And **Sir Bafere** and **Sir Segwarydes** q̄y  
breue butt t̄hey bot̄he were cryst yude And **Sir Halegry-  
ne** and **Sir Bryan de les Iles** a noble knyght And **Sir**  
**Grinnor & Grinnor son** .ij. noble knyghts of Scotland And  
**Sir Carados** of t̄he dolowred towre a noble knyght And  
**Sir Berquyne** q̄id broþ And **Sir Arnolde** and **Sir Gaunter**  
.ij. breue good knyghts of Corinayle also þ̄ com **Sir**

**T**ristram de lyones And w<sup>t</sup> hym Sir Dynad p<sup>r</sup> Benesci  
all and Sir Sadur But t<sup>r</sup>is Sir Tristram was nat<sup>r</sup> at  
p<sup>r</sup> tyme knyght of p<sup>r</sup> rounde table but he was at t<sup>r</sup>at tyme  
one of p<sup>r</sup> beste knyght of p<sup>r</sup> worlde And so all t<sup>r</sup>es noble  
knyght accompanied hem w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> lady of p<sup>r</sup> castell At w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> rede  
knyght of p<sup>r</sup> rede laundys But ad for Sir Gareth he wol  
de nat take vpon hym but ad o<sup>r</sup> m<sup>r</sup> meane knyght

**G**han turne we to kyng Artur e t<sup>r</sup>at brought wyth  
hym Sir Galwayne Aggravayne Gaherys his breyn  
And t<sup>r</sup>an his nebrys ad Sir Wayne le blannche maynes  
and Sir Agglobe Sir Bor Sir Percivale de galys Sir  
Lancelot de galys And com Sir Lancelot du lake w<sup>t</sup> his  
breyn nebrys It cosyns ad Sir Lyonell Sir Ector de ma  
rys Sir Bors de gaynes And Sir Bleobrys de gaynes  
Sir Blans de gaynes And Sir Galysodun Sir Galysud  
and many mo of Sir Lancelots tyme And Sir Dyna  
dan Sir Lacote male taylor his bro<sup>r</sup> a knyght good And Sir  
Bagramoure le desyns Sir Dodynas le Sabeage And all  
p<sup>r</sup> moste p<sup>r</sup>ty of p<sup>r</sup> rounde table Also p<sup>r</sup> cam w<sup>t</sup> kyng Artur  
t<sup>r</sup>es kyngs t<sup>r</sup>e kyng of Irelande kyng Augurysanus t<sup>r</sup>e  
kyng of Scotlande kyng Carados And kyng Bryens of  
t<sup>r</sup>e londe of Gore and kyng Bagdemagus and his son  
Sir Agellragans and Sir Galahalte t<sup>r</sup>e noble prynces all  
t<sup>r</sup>es prynces and Erlys Barons t<sup>r</sup>e noble knyghts ad  
Sir Brandylys Sir Wayne les Abontres And Sir Ray  
Sir Bedybere Sir Agelot de logres Sir Petypace of wy  
chylse Sir Gotlake all t<sup>r</sup>es com w<sup>t</sup> kyng Artur and mo  
p<sup>r</sup> be nat here requerd Now leve we of t<sup>r</sup>es knyghts and  
kyngs and lette us speke of t<sup>r</sup>e grete aray p<sup>r</sup> was made w<sup>t</sup>  
In t<sup>r</sup>e castell and a bonte p<sup>r</sup> castell for t<sup>r</sup>is lady dame Lynesse  
ordayned grete aray vpon hir p<sup>r</sup>ty for hir noble knyghts



for all man of lodgyng and vytayle that cam by londe and  
 by watir that p lacked no thyng for hir pty nor for pottyr  
 pty but p was plente to be had for golde & sylu for bynge  
**Arcture** and all his bynggys and than p cam the herbygeound  
 frome bynge **Arcture** for to herborow hym & his byngys  
 Jentyl Erlyd Barond bynggys. Then Sir **Gavett** ppyde  
 dame **lyouesse** and p rede bynggys of p rede landys and  
 Sir **Perfynne** and his byngys and Sir **Gryngamo** that  
 in no wyse p sholde noue off them telle his name & make  
 no more of hym than of p leste bynggys p p was for he sey-  
 de I woll nat be knowyn of nyxtyr more ne leste not for  
 at p begynnyng nor at p endyng. Then dame **lyouesse**  
 seyde unto Sir **Gavett** Sir I wolde love w you a ryng  
 of myne but I wolde pray you ad ye love me hertely  
 lette me have hit a gayne wgan the turnemente is done  
 for p ryng encreysyt my beaute muche more than hit  
 is of my self and the vertu of my ryng is to p that is  
 grene woll turne to rede and that p is rede woll turne  
 in lyfnesse to grene and that p is blew woll turne to  
 whyyte and that p is whyyte woll in lyfnesse to blew  
 and so hit woll do of all man of colour. Also wgo p bearyng  
 this ryng shall lose no bloode and for grete love I woll  
 gyff you this ryng. Grauncy seyde Sir **Gavett** myne  
 owne lady for this ryng is passyng mete for me for  
 hit woll turne all man of lyfnesse that I am in and p  
 shall cause me p I shall nat be knowyn. Then Sir  
**Gryngamo** gaff Sir **Gavett** a bay coursor p was a pas-  
 syng good horse also he gaff hym good armys & sure and  
 a noble swerde p som tyme Sir **Gryngamo** fadir wgan  
 vppon and gettyn tyrannite and so eny bynggys made  
 hym redy to p turnemente and bynge **Arcture** was

tquis

comyn .ij. dayes to fore the assumpcion of oure lady and þ  
 was all man of (royalte of all man of mynstralsy þ myzt  
 be founde Also þ can quene **Bwenybere** and the quene  
 of **Orkeney** **Sir Gareth moþ** And vpon þ assumpcion  
 day whan masse & matyns was done there was herodye  
 & trumpettis comanded to blow to the felde And so þ com  
 onte **Sir Epyuogryd** the byngt son of **Portgumbir-londe**  
 frome þ castell and þ encountre w<sup>th</sup> hym **Sir Sagramond**  
**le desyro** and extir of thew brabe there speryd to thewe  
 gaudis And than com in **Sir Palomyled** onte of þ castell  
 and þ encountre w<sup>th</sup> hym **Sir Gawayne** And extir of thew  
 smote of so harde þ bothe good knyghts & þ horsis felle to the  
 erthe And than the knyghts of extir pty rescorwed of þan  
 cam in **Sir Safer** and **Sir Segwarped** brepne to **Pal-**  
**myled** And þ encountre **Sir agyrabayne** w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Safer**  
 And **Sir Gagerd** encountre w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Segwarped** So **Sir**  
**Safer** smote downe **Sir agyrabayne** And **Sir dyalegryue**  
 a knyght of þ castell encountre w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Wwayne le blannet**  
**maynes** And smote downe **Sir dyalegryue** that he had all  
 moste broke his necke Then **Sir Bryan de leos Jled** and  
**Grumor** and **Grumorson** knyghts of þ castell encountre  
 w<sup>th</sup> **Sir agylobale** and **Sir Gor** and smote thew of þ castell  
 downe Then com in **Sir Carados** of þ dolorred towre  
 and **Sir Terquyne** knyght of þ castell And þ encountre  
 w<sup>th</sup> thew **Sir Percivale de gylis** and **Sir lamerok** his broþ  
 and þ they smote downe eche othir hors & man to the erthe  
 & extir ptyed rescorwed of & horsed thew a gayne And **Sir**  
**denolde** and **Sir Gantier** knyghts of þ castell encountre  
 w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Brandyled** and **Sir Ray** and thew .iiij. knyghts  
 encountre myghtely & brabe þ speryd to thewe gaudis  
 Then com in **Sir Trystraun** **Sir Sadne** and **Sir Dynas**



byrght of þe castell and þe encounterd w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Grystrand**  
**Sir Bedyvere** and **Sir Bedyvere** was smytyn to the erthe  
 bothe horse & man and **Sir Sadole** encountred wyth **Sir**  
**Petypace** and þe **Sir Sadole** was outquowyn and þe **Sir**  
**Wayne** led about red smote downe **Sir Dyras** þe **Seneschal**  
 all t<sup>he</sup> gan com in **Sir Persaunte** of Jude a byrght of the  
 castell & þe encounterd w<sup>th</sup> hym **Sir Lamcelot** du lake  
 and þe he smote **Sir Persaunte** horse and man to þe erthe  
 Then come in **Sir Pertolype** frome þe castell and þe  
 encounterd w<sup>th</sup> hym **Sir Lyonell** and þe **Sir Pertolype** the  
 greue byrght smote downe **Sir Lyonell** brotyn to **Sir Lam**  
**celot** and all t<sup>he</sup> was marbled wyth noble herrodis who  
 bare hym beste & þe namp<sup>er</sup> and t<sup>he</sup> gan com in to the felde for  
**Permoned** the greue byrght **Sir Persaunte** brotyn þe  
 was a byrght of þe castell and he encounterd wyth **Sir**  
**Ector de marvo** and aytyn of hem smote of so harde that  
 he speryde and horsyde and thep felle to the erthe and  
 t<sup>he</sup> gan com in the rede byrght of the rede landis and for  
**Garety** frome the castell and þe encounterd w<sup>th</sup> hem **Sir**  
**Boro de gayvo** and **Sir Bleobryd** and þe þe rede byrght  
 and **Sir Boro** smote of so harde þe speryde braste and  
 þe horsyde felle grovelynge to the erthe Then for **Blamo**  
 brabe and of spere wypon **Sir Garety** but of that stroke  
**Sir Blamo** felle to the erthe That same **Sir Galynddu**  
 and bade **Sir Garety** kepe hym and **Sir Garety** smote hym  
 anon to the erthe Then for **Galynd** gate a spere to  
 avenge his broþ and in the same wyse **Sir Garety** ser  
 ved hym and in þe same man **Sir Garety** fmed for **Dy**  
**nadan** and his broþ **Sir lakote** male tayle and for **Bagra**  
**moure le desyr** and **Sir Doupas** le siveage all these  
 byrghts he bare hem downe w<sup>th</sup> one spere w<sup>th</sup> gan bynge

Inguyshamer of

**Anguyssanne** of Irelonde sawe **Sir Gareth** fare so he mer-  
 vailed what knyght he was for at one tyme he seemed gre-  
 ne and anoth tyme at his gayne compunge hym seemed blewe  
 And thow at eny couyse þe rode too þe fro he chenged whyght  
 to rede & blab that þe myght nepp þynge nor knyght have  
 no redy cognyssement of hym. **Then** þynge **Anguyssance**  
 the þynge of Irelonde encomyturde w<sup>t</sup> **Sir Gareth** and ther  
**Sir Gareth** smote hym frome his horse sadyl and all And  
 than com þe þynge **Carados** of Scotlonde and **Sir Gareth**  
 smote hym downe horse and man And þe same wyse he  
 fmed þynge **Bryen** of þe londe of **Gore** And than come þe  
**Sir Bagdemagus** and **Sir Gareth** smote hym downe horse  
 and man to the erthe And þynge **Bagdemagus** son **Sir**  
**Jellygarn** brake a spere vpon **Sir Gareth** myghtyly  
 and knyghtly And than **Sir Galaad** the noble prynce  
 cryed on knyght knyght w<sup>t</sup> þe many colourd welkaste pon  
 Justed. Now make þe redy þe I may Juste w<sup>t</sup> the **Sir Gareth**  
 herde hym þe gate a grete spere and so they encomyturde to  
 gydir & þe prynce brake his spere But **Sir Gareth** smo-  
 te hym vpon þe buffe syde of the helme þe he reled here and  
 þe and had falle downe had nat his men reconde hym. So  
 god me helpe seyde þynge **Artoure** that same knyght w<sup>t</sup> þe  
 many colourd is a good knyght where fore þe þynge called  
 vnto hym **Sir Lancelot** and prayde hym to encountre w<sup>t</sup> þe  
 knyght **Sir** seyde **Sir Lancelot** I may well fynde þe myne  
 herte for to for here hym as at this tyme for he hath had  
 travayle I nowre this day. And when a good knyght doth so  
 well vpon som day hit is no good knyght pte to lette hym  
 of his worschyp and namely when he seyth a good knyght  
 hath done so grete labur for pabenture seyde **Sir Lancelot**  
 his quarell is here this day And pabenture he is beste beloved



W<sup>t</sup> this lady of all þ<sup>t</sup> bene here for I se well þe paynytþ<sup>t</sup> hym  
 it enforcytþ<sup>t</sup> hym to do grete dedys And þ<sup>t</sup> fore seyd<sup>e</sup> Sir  
**launcelot** ad for me this day he shall have þ<sup>t</sup> howe t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup>  
 this lay in my power to put hym frome this yet wolde I  
 nat. Then when this was done þ<sup>t</sup> was in almyng of  
 fowerys And then þ<sup>t</sup> he gan a fore turnemente And þ<sup>t</sup> And  
 Sir **lamerok** merbaynd dedys of armys it by t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup>  
 Sir **lamerok** and Sir **frousyde** that was þ<sup>t</sup> rede knyght  
 of þ<sup>t</sup> rede laundys þ<sup>t</sup> was a stronge batayle And Sir **Palo**  
**mydes** and Sir **Bleobryd** be t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup>  
 batayle And Sir **Gawayne** and Sir **Brystrum** mett<sup>t</sup> it þ<sup>t</sup>  
 Sir **Gawayne** had þ<sup>t</sup> worfe for he pulled Sir **Gawayne**  
 frome his horse And þ<sup>t</sup> he was longe upon foote it defouled  
 Then com in Sir **launcelot** and he smote Sir **Berquyn**  
 and he hym And then cam in Sir **Carados** his broþ<sup>r</sup> and  
 bothe at onys they assayled hym and he ad þ<sup>t</sup> moste noblyst  
 knyght of þ<sup>t</sup> worlde worshypfully fonght w<sup>t</sup> hem bothe it  
 helde them fote þ<sup>t</sup> all men wondred of þ<sup>t</sup> nobles of Sir **lanc**  
**celot** And then com in Sir **Gareth** and knew that this was  
 Sir **launcelot** that fonght w<sup>t</sup> the pelous knyghts it parted  
 them in funder and no stroke wolde he smyte Sir **launcelot**  
 That aspyed Sir **launcelot** and deemed this sholde be þ<sup>t</sup> good  
 knyght Sir **Gareth** And then Sir **Gareth** rode here and þ<sup>t</sup>  
 and smote on þ<sup>t</sup> ryggt<sup>t</sup> honde and on þ<sup>t</sup> lyfte honde That  
 all follys myght well aspyre where þ<sup>t</sup> he rode And by fortune  
 he mette w<sup>t</sup> his broþ<sup>r</sup> Sir **Gawayne** and þ<sup>t</sup> he put hym to the  
 word for he put of his helme it so he fued. v. or. vi. knyghts  
 of þ<sup>t</sup> rounde table that all men seyd he put hym in moste  
 payne it beste he And his deber. For when Sir **Brystrum**  
 be hylde hym how he fyrste iusted and after fonght so welles  
 w<sup>t</sup> a fwerde. Then he rode vnto Sir **frousyde** and to Sir

**Perisamite of Inde** and asked hem be þe fayrte what man a  
 man þyngget yowur þyngget is þe sempit in so many dyberd  
 coloures. Truly me sempit seide **Sir Brystramo** that  
 he puttyt hym selfe in grete payne for he wold sepyt wo-  
 te nat ye what he is seide **Ironsyde** no seide **Sir Brystramo**  
 than shall ye knowe that tith is he þe lord þe lady of the  
 castell at the hym a gayne And tith is he þe wane me than  
 he seged the lady of the castell And tith is he that wane **Sir**  
**Perisamite of Inde** and his .ij. brethirne what is his name  
 seide **Sir Brystramo** and of what blood is he com **Sir**  
 he was called in the counte of bynge **Artoure**. **Benmay**  
**nes** But his ryght name is **Sir Gareth of Orbeney** brop  
 unto **Sir Gawayne** By my dede seide **Sir Brystramo** he  
 is a good þyngget and a bygge man of armys And þe he be  
 yonge he shall prove a full noble þyngget. **Sir** he is but  
 a chylde he seide and of **Sir Lancelot** he was made þyngget  
 There fore is he muche þe better seide **Sir Brystramo**  
 And than **Sir Brystramo** **Sir Ironsyde** and **Sir Perisamite**  
 and his brethirne rode to gedyrd for to helpe **Sir Gareth** at  
 than þe was many sadde strobis And than **Sir Gareth** rode  
 oute on the tene syde to a mende his helme. Than seide  
 his dwarff take me to ryng þe ye lose hit nat why þe  
 ye drynke And so wgan he had drunke he gate on his  
 helme and egwly toke his horse and rode in to the felde  
 and leste his ryng to his dwarff for the dwarff was  
 glad þe ryng was frome hym for than he wiste well  
 he shoulde be knowyn And wgan **Sir Gareth** was in the  
 felde all folkyd sawe hym well at playnly þe he was in  
 yealow coloures and there he rased of his helme at pulled  
 downe þyngget That bynge **Artoure** had merdayle what  
 þyngget he was for the bynge sawe by his horse that hit was



the same byrght but by fore he was so many coloured and  
now he is but in one colour and that is yelow. Now goo  
seyde byrge **Arctur** unto dyward herowdys and bede hem  
de a bonte hym and a spye yf ye can se what man of byrght  
he is. for I have spered off many byrght this day that is up  
pon his party and all sey that they knowe hym nought. But  
at y laste an herowde rode nyze **Sir Gareth** as he coude  
and y he sawe wryten a bonte his helme in golde seyng  
this helme is **Sir Gareth** of **Orkeney**. Than y herowde  
cryed as he were woode and many herowdys w<sup>t</sup> hym. This is  
**Sir Gareth** of **Orkeney** in the yelow armo<sup>r</sup> there by all y  
byrght and byrghts of byrge **Arctur** p<sup>r</sup>ty be helde t<sup>r</sup> a wayted  
and than they presed all byrghts to be holde hym. And en the  
herowdys cryed t<sup>r</sup> seyde this is **Sir Gareth** byrge **lott**  
son of **Orkeney** and than **Sir Gareth** aspyed that he was  
disconde than he doubled his strokys t<sup>r</sup> smote downe y **Sir**  
**Bagramoure** and his broy<sup>r</sup> **Sir Gawayne** a broy<sup>r</sup> seyde **Sir**  
**Gawayne** I wente ye wolde have smyttyn me so. And he  
herde hym sey so he t<sup>r</sup>ange here and there and so w<sup>t</sup> grete  
payne he gate oute of the p<sup>r</sup>ed t<sup>r</sup> y he mette w<sup>t</sup> his d<sup>r</sup>warff  
A boy seyde **Sir Gareth** you have be gyled me fowle this  
day of my byrge. Gess hit me faste that I may h<sup>r</sup>de my  
body w<sup>t</sup> all and so he toke hit hym. And than they all w<sup>r</sup>ste  
where he was be com. And **Sir Gawayne** had in man a  
spyed where **Sir Gareth** rode and than he rode after w<sup>t</sup>  
all his myght. That aspyed **Sir Gareth** and rode wyghtly  
in to the castell for all that **Sir Gawayne** coude do he w<sup>r</sup>ste  
nat<sup>r</sup> where he was be com t<sup>r</sup> than **Sir Gareth** w<sup>r</sup>ste that  
**Sir Gawayne** was paste he asked y<sup>e</sup> d<sup>r</sup>warff of beste comfayle  
"Sir seyde y<sup>e</sup> d<sup>r</sup>warff me semyt<sup>r</sup> hit were beste now that  
ye ar escaped frome spyrge y<sup>e</sup> ye sende my lady dame **Lyones**"

of the castell that ryng. that is well delysed seyde **Sir Gareth**  
 Now have that here & here that her & sey þat I recomande  
 me vnto that good grace and sey that I wolde com wgan I may  
 & pray that to be trewe & faythfull to me ad I wolde be to that  
 Sir seyde the dwars that shall be done ad ye comande me  
 and so he rode that way and and that erande vnto þat lady þat  
 seyde she where is my knyght **Sir Gareth** madam he bade me  
 sey þat he wolde nat be longe frome you. And so lyghtly the  
 dwars com a gayne vnto **Sir Gareth** that wolde full fayne  
 have had a lodgyng for he had nede to be reposed. And than  
 fell þat a temur and a rayne ad he bynd & er the sholde go to  
 gydw. And **Sir Gareth** was nat a lytill wery for of all  
 that day he had but lytill reste nor that horse nor he. So  
 than **Sir Gareth** rode longe in that foreste vntill knyght  
 cam and en that lyghtned & temurde ad that had bene wylde  
 at þat laste by fortune he cam to a castell & þat he herde þat way  
 twi vpon the wallys. Than **Sir Gareth** rode vnto the  
 barbycan of þat castell & prayed þat porter fayre to lette hym in  
 to the castell. The porter answered ungoodyly a gayne &  
 sayde þat gettyste no lodgyng here fayre sir sey not so for  
 I am a knyght of kynge **Arturus** and pray þat lorde and þat lady  
 of that castell to gyff me herborow for the love of kynge **Arturus**  
 Than þat porter wente vnto þat doncead & tolde that how that  
 was a knyght of kynge **Arturus** wolde have herborow latte  
 hym in seyde þat doncead for I wolde se that knyght and for kynge  
**Arturus** love he shall nat be herborowled. Than she rode  
 up in to a towne on a gate w<sup>t</sup> touncead I lyght wgan **Sir Ga**  
**retth** saw that lyght he cryed on hye wgethir you be lorde or  
 lady Gyante of Champpon I take no forse so that I may have  
 herborow ad for that knyght and yf that be so that I muste ne  
 do that knyght spare me nat to morne wgan I have rested me for



bothe I and myne horse be wey, Sir Ryngart seyde þat lady ye  
speke Ryngartly and boldely but wete you well, the lord of  
this castell loveth nat bynge **Artur** nor none of god's com-  
te for my lord hath en bene a yeste hym And þat fore tyme  
were better nat to com w<sup>t</sup> þis castell. for if you com þis  
tyme Ryngart you muste com vnder this forme that where  
som en þat mete hym by fylde or by strete þat muste yelde þat to  
hym ad presouere chadun seyde Sir **Garett** what is þat  
lord and what is his name Sir my lord þat name is the  
denke de la rouse well chadun seyde Sir **Garett** I shall  
pmyse you in what place I mete your lord I shall yelde  
me vnto hym þat to his good grace w<sup>t</sup> þat I vnderstonde that  
he woll do me no shame And yf I vnderstonde þat he woll  
woll relece my self þat I can w<sup>t</sup> my spere þat my swerde. ye  
say well seyde the denke de la rouse. Thā she sette þat draw bygge  
downe þat so he rode þis to the halle þat þat he a lyght And þat horse  
was laded þis to the stable þat in the halle he armed hym  
þat seyde madam I woll nat oute of this halle this Ryngart  
And whā þat is day lyght lat he w<sup>t</sup> woll hane a do w<sup>t</sup>  
me thā he shall fynde me redy. Thā was he sette  
vnto souper and had many good dysshes Thā Sir **Garett**  
lyste well to ete and full Ryngartly he ete his mete þat egirly  
Also þat was many a fayre lady by hym þat som seyde they ne-  
vir sawe a goodlyer man not þat so well of etyng. þat  
they made hym passyng good chere and shortly whā  
he had souped his bedde was made þat so he rested hym  
all Ryngart þat in the morn he herde masse þat brake his  
faste þat toke his leue at þat douches þat at them all þat thā  
bed þat goodly of his lodgyng and of his good chere. And  
thā she asked hym his name Truly madam he seyde  
my name is Sir **Garett of Outeney** And som men call

me **Bennuaynes** t<sup>h</sup>an knew she well hit. was p<sup>r</sup> fame  
 bryght p<sup>r</sup> fanght for dame **lyonesse**. So sir **Garett** depar-  
 ted and rode up vnto a mountayne & p<sup>r</sup> mette hym a bryzt  
 wh<sup>o</sup> name was **Sir Bendalayne** and he seyde to sir **Ga-  
 ret** p<sup>r</sup> shalt nat<sup>r</sup> passe t<sup>h</sup>is way for op<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> shalt. Juste w<sup>t</sup>  
 me o<sup>t</sup>her ellys be my presonere. I<sup>h</sup>an well. I Juste seyde  
**Sir Garrett** and so they lette p<sup>r</sup> horsis ren & p<sup>r</sup> **Sir Garrett**  
 smote hym t<sup>h</sup>orow onte p<sup>r</sup> body and sir **Bendalayne** rode  
 forth to wh<sup>o</sup> castell p<sup>r</sup> be fyde and there dyed. So sir **Ga-  
 ret** wolde have rested hym fayne. so hit happed hym  
 to com to **Sir Bendalaynes** castell t<sup>h</sup>an wh<sup>o</sup> bryghtys  
 & f<sup>r</sup>namytys assayed p<sup>r</sup> hit was he p<sup>r</sup> had slayne there lor-  
 de. I<sup>h</sup>an they armed. xx. good men & com onte & assay-  
 led **Sir Garrett** and so he had no spere but wh<sup>o</sup> swerde &  
 so he put wh<sup>o</sup> swerde a fore hym & p<sup>r</sup> they brake. x. sperys  
 vpon hym & they assayed hym passyngly fore but sir  
**Garett** defended hym as a bryght. So w<sup>h</sup>an they sawe  
 they myght nat<sup>r</sup> on com hym they rode frome hym and  
 toke p<sup>r</sup> conncycle to sle wh<sup>o</sup> horse and so they cam in vpon  
**Sir Garrett** and so w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>r</sup> sperys they slewe wh<sup>o</sup> horse &  
 t<sup>h</sup>an they assayed hym harde. But w<sup>h</sup>an he was on  
 foote p<sup>r</sup> was none that he ranght but he gass hym such  
 a buffette that he dnd new recon. So he flew away by one  
 & one tyll they were but. iiii. and p<sup>r</sup> they fledde. And  
**Sir Garrett** toke a good horse that was one of theiues &  
 rode wh<sup>o</sup> way. I<sup>h</sup>an he rode a grete pace tyll that he  
 cam to a castell and p<sup>r</sup> he herde muche mourning of lady-  
 es and ladyll women. So at the laste p<sup>r</sup> cam by hym a  
 payge. I<sup>h</sup>an he asked of hym what noyse is t<sup>h</sup>at  
 I<sup>h</sup>yre w<sup>t</sup> in t<sup>h</sup>is castell. Sir bryght seyde the payge  
 here be w<sup>t</sup> in t<sup>h</sup>is castell. xxx. ladyes and all they be



Henricus Savetij  
flew y' Bronne  
Ene outte

and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde and bade Sir **Garett**  
 a lyght and fygght w<sup>th</sup> hym. So he drew a lyght and they drew grete  
 batayle togedyr more than an houre & eyther quyte of full  
 fore but at y<sup>e</sup> laste Sir **Garett** gate y<sup>e</sup> denke to the entye and  
 wolde have slayne hym & than he yelded hym. Than myste  
 ye go seyde Sir **Garett** vnto kynge **Artoure** my loude at y<sup>e</sup>  
 nexte knyghte feste & sey that I Sir **Garett** sente you t<sup>he</sup>yd<sup>r</sup>. We  
 shal do t<sup>he</sup>is seyde y<sup>e</sup> denke & I wolt do you omage & feaute w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>he</sup>  
 an **son** of. C. som of knyghts w<sup>th</sup> me & all y<sup>e</sup> dayes of my lyff  
 to do you knyghte where ye wolt comande me. So y<sup>e</sup> denke de  
 pted and Sir **Garett** stode y<sup>e</sup> a lone and as he stode he sey an  
 armed knyght on horsseback comynge towarde hym. Than Sir  
**Garett** mounted vpon horsseback and so w<sup>th</sup> oute any wordis  
 they ran togedyr as t<sup>he</sup>ynedr and y<sup>e</sup> t<sup>he</sup>at knyght quyte Sir **Garett**  
 vnder y<sup>e</sup> syde w<sup>th</sup> his spere and than they a lyght & drew there  
 swerds & gaff grete strolch y<sup>e</sup> t<sup>he</sup> bloode trayled downe to the  
 ground & so they fougght y<sup>e</sup> owerd. So at the laste there com  
 y<sup>e</sup> damessell **Lyouette** that som men calle the damessell sabrage &  
 she com vpyng vpon an ambelyng mule & y<sup>e</sup> she cryed all  
 on knyght Sir **Gawayne** leve thy fygghtynge w<sup>th</sup> thy brot<sup>er</sup> Sir  
**Garett** and than he herde hir sey so he t<sup>he</sup>rewe away his shyl  
 de & his swerde and ran to Sir **Garett** and toke hym y<sup>e</sup> his  
 armp<sup>s</sup> and sytten bueled downe & asked hym mcy. What ar  
 ye seyde Sir **Garett** that knyght now were so stronge and so  
 myghty and now so sodeynly is yelde to me. A Sir **Garett**  
 I am yo<sup>r</sup> brop Sir **Gawayne** that for youre sake have had grete  
 labour & trabyale. Than Sir **Garett** unlaced his helme  
 and bueled downe to hym and asked hym mcy. Than they a rose  
 botte and braced eyther oth<sup>er</sup> in there armp<sup>s</sup> & wepte a grete  
 wyple on they myght speke and eyther of t<sup>he</sup>en gaff op the pryse  
 of y<sup>e</sup> batayle & there were many knyghts w<sup>th</sup> be t<sup>he</sup>ene t<sup>he</sup>em.



Alas my fayre broþr seide **Sir Gawayne** Ioughest of ryght to  
worshipp you and ye were nat my broþr for ye hane worshipte  
kyng **Artoure** and all his comite for ye hane sente mo wor-  
shippfull byrght tith. xij. montis tith. v. the beste off þe wounde  
table that done excepte **Sir Lancelot** That cam þe lady sir  
aige that was the lady **Lyonesse** that rode w<sup>th</sup> **Sir Gareth** so long  
and þe she and stamethe **Sir Gareth** woundid and **Sir Gaw-  
ayne** Now what wolt ye do seide þe damessell save aige me  
semyt þe were beste þe kyng **Artoure** had wetyng of þe  
bothe for þe horsis ar so brused that they may not beare. Now  
fayre damessell seide **Sir Gawayne** I pray you ryde vnto  
my lorde myne uncle kyng **Artoure** and tell hym what  
adventure is be tyde me here and I suppose he wolt nat  
tary longe. That she toke hir mule and lyghtly she rode  
to kyng **Artoure** that was but ij. myle tith. And when  
she had tolde hir tyding to the kyng the kyng bade gete  
me a palfrey and when he was on horse bak he bade the  
lordys and ladyes com aftir þe they wolde and þe was fadelyng  
þe byrdelyng off quene þe prynces horsis and well was he  
þe formeste myght be redy. So when the kyng cam þe he saw  
**Sir Gawayne** and **Sir Gareth** sitt upon a lytill hyll þe seide  
That the kyng a worded his horsis and when he cam nye  
to **Sir Gareth** he wolde a spokyn þe myght nat and þe wylt  
he saube doune in a sorwe for gladnesse and so they sterte vnto  
to theire uncle and requyred hym of his good grace to be of  
good comforte wete þe well þe kyng made grette joy and  
many a petebond complaynte he made to **Sir Gareth** and en  
he wepte as he had bene a chylde. So w<sup>th</sup> that com his mo-  
der the quene of **Orkeney** dame **Morgawse** and when she  
saw **Sir Gareth** redyly in the wysage she myght nat wepe  
but sodaynly felle doune in a sorwe and lay þe a grette wyple

lyke as she had bene dede. And than Sir **Gareth** recomforted  
 hir in such wyse that she recorde & made good chere, þa  
 the kynge comanded þat all man of knyght þat were vnder his  
 obeyssaunce shoulde make þe lodgyngs ryght þe for the love of  
 his neibour. And so hit was done þat all man of purveyaunce  
 purveyde þat there lacked no thyng that myght be gotyn for  
 golde nor sylver nor of wynde nor tyme. And than by the  
 meyns of the damesell saveaige Sir **Gawayne** and Sir  
**Gareth** were heled of þe woundes þat they suggeorned. viij.  
 dayes. Than seyde kynge **Artoure** vnto the damesell save-  
 aige I merchaunte that your syster dame **Lyonesse** comyteth nat-  
 hyr to me and in especiall that she comyteth nat to wysste  
 hir knyght my neibour Sir **Gareth** that that had so muche  
 trawaile for hir love. My lord seyde þe damesell **Lyonesse**  
 ye muste of þe good grace holde hir excused for she knowyth  
 nat that my lord Sir **Gareth** is here. Go ye than for hir  
 seyde kynge **Artoure** that we may be a poynted what is beste  
 to done accordyng to the plesure of my neibour. Sir seyde  
 the damesell hit shal be do and so she rode vnto hir syster þat  
 as lyghtly as she myght make hir redy she cam on þe morne  
 wth hir broþer Sir **Gyrnau** and wth hir forty knyghts and so  
 whan she was com she had all the chere þat myght be done bothe  
 of the kynge and of many of knyghts & also quene. And a  
 mouge all the ladyes she was named þe fayryst & ppereldest.  
 Than whan Sir **Gareth** mette wth hir there was many a  
 goodly lobe & goodly wordys that all men of worshipp had  
 joy to be holde than. Than cam kynge **Artoure** & many  
 othir knyghts and dame **Gwenivere** and quene **Morganse**  
 his moder and þe kynge asked his neibour Sir **Gareth** wher  
 he wolde haue the lady as pamo of ellys to haue hir to his  
 wyff. My lord wete you wete þe I love hir a botyn all ladyes



lynyge. Now fayre lady sayde bynge **Artoure** what sey  
ye. My moste noble bynge seyde dame **lyonesse** wete y<sup>e</sup>  
well that my lorde Sir **Gareth** y<sup>e</sup> to me more lever pan  
to qane & welde ad my husbonde than any byng or prynce  
that is crystnyed and if I may nat qane hym I promyse  
you I wolle neu qane none. ffor my lorde **Artoure** seyde  
dame **lyonesse** wete you well he is my fyrste love and he  
shall be y<sup>e</sup> laste & yf ye wolle suffir hym to qane qis wyll  
and fre choyse I dare say he wolle qane me. That is  
trouth seide Sir **Gareth** and I qane nat you & welde you  
ad my wyll y<sup>e</sup> shall neu lady nor ladyll woman reioyse  
me. What never seide the bynge is y<sup>e</sup> wynde in that  
dore. ffor wete you well I wolde nat for y<sup>e</sup> fynte my  
croune to be causer to withdraw y<sup>e</sup> hert y<sup>e</sup> and wete you  
well ye can nat love so well but I shall ray encrece hit  
than discrece hit and also ye shall qane my love and my  
lordeshipp in the wittymuste wyse y<sup>e</sup> may lye in my power.  
And in the same wyse seide Sir **Gareth** y<sup>e</sup> modur. So  
anone y<sup>e</sup> was made a pbyshon for the day of maryage  
& by the byngs advyse hit was provyded y<sup>e</sup> hit sholde be  
at arcael masse folowynge at **byngkenadowne** by the  
see hyde ffor y<sup>e</sup> is a pleitevous contrey and so hit was  
cryed in all the placis thowow the kealme and than  
Sir **Gareth** sente qis somond to all the byngs & ladres  
that he had wome in batayle to fore y<sup>e</sup> they sholde be at  
qis day of maryage at **byngkenadowne** by the see hyde  
and than dame **lyonesse** and y<sup>e</sup> damesell **lyouet** wyte  
Sir **Gryngamo** rode to y<sup>e</sup> castell and a goodly and a ry-  
che bynge she gaff to Sir **Gareth** and he gaff hir a  
nop and bynge **Artoure** gaff hir a wyge bryde of golde  
and so she deyped and bynge **Artoure** and qis felystypp

rode towarde **Byngkenadowne** And **Sir Gareth** browz  
 his lady on the way and so cam to the Byng a gayne &  
 rode wryth hym lorde p<sup>r</sup> grete chere that **Sir Lancelot**  
 made of **Sir Gareth** and he of hym for there was  
 no Byngg that **Sir Gareth** loved so wel as he and **Sir**  
**Lancelot** and en for the moste pty he wolde en be in  
**Sir Lancelot**'s company. For ever after. **Sir Gareth**  
 had assayed **Sir Gawynes** condicions he wrythdreme  
 hym self fro his brop **Sir Gawynes** felyschyp for he  
 was en vengeable and where he hated he wolde be  
 a venge w<sup>t</sup> murther and p<sup>r</sup> hated **Sir Gareth**. So hit drew  
 faste to **Mychelmas** p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>idur and p<sup>r</sup> lady dame **Lyonesse** pe  
 lady of the castell **pelnot** and her syster the damysell **lyonnet**  
 w<sup>t</sup> **Sir Grygans** her brop w<sup>t</sup> hem for he had the condyte  
 of thes ladyes and there they were lodged at the helyse of  
 Byng **Arture** And vpon **Mychelmas** day the bysshop of  
**Canterbury** made the wedding be twene **Sir Gareth** &  
 dame **Lyonesse** w<sup>t</sup> grete solempnyte And Byng **Arture**  
 made **Sir Gaherres** to wedde the damysell **lyonnet** dame  
**Lyonesse** And **Sir Agayne** Byng **Arture** made to wedde  
 dame **Lyonesse** w<sup>t</sup> neese a fayre lady lady hir name was  
 dame **Lorell** And so w<sup>t</sup>gan the solempnyte was done  
 Then com in the grene Byngg **Sir Peridolpe** w<sup>t</sup>. xxv.  
 Byngg and p<sup>r</sup> he and omage and feaute to **Sir Gareth** and  
 all thes Byngg to golde of hym for en more. Also **Sir Per**  
**idolpe** sayde I pray you p<sup>r</sup> at this feste I may be p<sup>r</sup> chambirly  
 ne w<sup>t</sup> good wyll sende **Sir Gareth** syt q<sup>r</sup> lybe you to take  
 so symple an offyce. Then com in the rede Byngg wryth. m.  
 score Byngg w<sup>t</sup> hym And dnd to **Sir Gareth** omage & feaute  
 and all thes Byngg to golde of hym for en more. And then **Sir**  
**Peridolpe** prayde **Sir Gareth** to graunte hym to be his chappell

The wedding  
 of **Sir Gareth**  
 & of **Sir Agayne**  
 ne his brop.



butler at the hygge feste / I woll well seide **Sir Gareth** that ye  
 have this offree and hit were better. **Then** com in **Sir Per-**  
**saunte of Inde** myghty an. C. byrght w<sup>t</sup> hym & p<sup>r</sup> he dnd omage  
 & feaute and all the byrght folde do hym byrse & golde p<sup>r</sup>  
 londis of hym for en And p<sup>r</sup> he prande **Sir Gareth** to make  
 hym his Berwar of offi at p<sup>r</sup> hyge feste / I woll well seide  
**Sir Gareth** that ye have hit and hit were better. **Then**  
 com in the deute de la ronse w<sup>t</sup> an. C. byrght w<sup>t</sup> hym and  
 p<sup>r</sup> he dnd omage & feaute to **Sir Gareth** and so to golde there  
 londis of hym for en more And he requyred **Sir Gareth** p<sup>r</sup>  
 he myght fine hym of the wyne p<sup>r</sup> day of the hyge feste / I woll  
 well seide **Sir Gareth** and hit were better. **Then** cam the  
 rede byrght of the rede laundis that hyggt **Sir Ironside** &  
 he brought w<sup>t</sup> hym. in. hondred byrghts And p<sup>r</sup> he dnd omage  
 & feaute and all the byrghts to golde p<sup>r</sup> londys of hym for en  
 And then he asked of **Sir Gareth** to be his Berwar / I woll well  
 seide **Sir Gareth** and hit please you. **Then** com in to the  
 courte. xxx. ladyes and all they fames wydoms & the ladyes  
 brought w<sup>t</sup> hem many faine ladyes women And all they bre  
 led downe at omyr vnto byrge **Artymre** and vnto **Sir Gareth**  
 and p<sup>r</sup> all the ladyes tolde the byrge how that **Sir Gareth** had  
 despyde them fro the dolorous tooure & flew the browne byrght  
 w<sup>t</sup>oute pyte and p<sup>r</sup> fore all we and oure ayres for en more  
 woll do omage vnto **Sir Gareth** of **Orkeney** So then the  
 byrge quene **Prynces** **Colys** **Barouns** & many bolde byrghts  
 wente to mete and well may ye wete p<sup>r</sup> there was all man  
 of plente and all man rebele and game w<sup>t</sup> all man of myn  
 strally p<sup>r</sup> was used the dayes. Also p<sup>r</sup> was grete iustys in  
 dayes. But p<sup>r</sup> byrge wolde nat suffir **Sir Gareth** to iuste  
 be cause of his new bryde for ad the freyust boke septe that  
 dame **lyonesse** despyed of the byrge that none that were wedded

sholde Iuste at that feste So the fyrste day þe Iusted Sir  
**Lamerok** de gelyp for he en tquere .xxv. byrghts and and  
 passyng merbelus dedis of armys And than byrge **Artu**  
**re** made Sir **Perfaunte** and his breþre byrghts of þe rounde  
 table to þe lybys ende and gaff hem grete landys Also the  
 secunde day þe Iusted Sir **Trystram** beste it he on tquere .xl.  
 byrghts and and þe merbelus dedis of armys And þe byrge **Ar**  
**tquire** made Sir **Tronsyde** that was þe red rede byrght of the  
 rede landys a byrght of the table rounde to his lybis ende  
 and gaff hem grete landys Than the thirde day there Iusted  
 Sir **Lancelot** and he on tquere .l. byrghts and and many dedis  
 of armys that all men wouerd And there byrge **Artquire**  
 made the denbe de la kowse a byrght of the table rounde to  
 his lybis ende and gaff hem grete landys to spende But  
 when that Iustis was done Sir **Lamerok** and Sir **Trystram**  
 deþted suddely and wolde nat be knowyn for þe wyrt byrge  
**Artquire** and all the court was sore dyspleid and so they helde  
 the court forty dayes wth grete solempnyte And than Sir  
**Garett** of **Orkeney** was a noble byrght that wedded dame  
**lyoness** of the castell pavelus And also Sir **Gaheris** wed  
 ded her syster dame **lyonette** that was called the damessell sa  
 venge And Sir **Aggravayne** wedded dame **lawr**ett a  
 fayre lady wyrt grete and myghty londys wyrt grete  
 ryches I gyffyn wyrt them that byally they myght love  
 eyll there lybis ende And I pray you all that redyt  
 that tale to pray for hem that that wrote that god sende  
 hem good delynamce sone and hastely Amen

Here endyt the tale of Sir **Garett** of **Orkeney**



Here begynneth the fyrste boke of Syr **Trystram de  
Lyones** And who was his fadir and his moder And how  
he was borne and fosterd And how he was made knyght  
of the kynge **Arthur** of **Cornewayle** :

**T**here was a kynge that heygght **Heliodas** and  
he was lord of the contrey of **Lyones** And this  
**Heliodas** was a lytly knyght as ony was þat  
tyme lyyng And by fortune he wedded kynge **Arthur** syster  
of **Cornewayle** and she was called **Elyzabeth** that was cal  
led both good and fayre And at that tyme kynge **Arthur**  
reigned and he was helle kynge of **Engelonde**. **Walys**. **Scot  
londe** and of many other realmes how be hit þat were many  
knyghts that were lordys of many contreyes But all they  
helde þat lordys of kynge **Arthur** for in **Walys** were .ij.  
knyghts and in the north were many knyghts And in **Cor  
newayle** and in the weste were .iiij. knyghts Also in **Engelonde**  
were .ij. or .iiij. knyghts and all were vnder the obeyssaunce of  
kynge **Arthur** So was þat kynge of **ffraunce** And the kynge  
of **Bretayne** and all the lordshippis vnto **Roome**. So when  
that kynge **Heliodas** had bene with his wyf wyth in a whyle  
she waxed grete with chylde and she was a full meke lady  
and well she loved hir lord and he hir agayne So þat was  
grete joy be thyngte hem So þat was a lady in that contrey  
that had loved kynge **Heliodas** longe and by no meane  
she ned coude gete his love. Therefore she let ordayne  
vpon a day as kynge **Heliodas** rode and huntynge for he  
was a grete chace of deere and þat he enchauntement she  
made hym chace and quyte by hym self a lone tyll that he  
com to an olde castell and þat anon he was takyn prisoner  
by the lady that loved hym. When **Elyzabeth** kynge

**Heliodas**

**Heliodorus** who myght myghted his lordes she was nyze oute of  
 his wythe and also ad grete w<sup>t</sup> chylde ad she was she toke  
 a lady woman w<sup>t</sup> her and ran in to the foreste suddenly to  
 see his lordes And when she was farre in the foreste she  
 myght no further but ryght y<sup>e</sup> she gan to travayle faste of his  
 chylde and she had many gрымly throwys but his ladyt<sup>e</sup> wo  
 man helpe her all y<sup>e</sup> she myght and so by myracle of oure lady  
 of hevy she was delivred w<sup>t</sup> grete paynes but she had takyn  
 such colde for the defaute of helpe that the depe dranghtyd  
 of dethe toke her y<sup>e</sup> nedys she muste dye a depte oute of this  
 worlde y<sup>e</sup> was none other boote. When this quene **Elizabeth**  
 saw that she myght nat ascape she made grete dole it seyde unto  
 her ladyt<sup>e</sup> woman When ye se my lordes kynge **Heliodorus** w<sup>t</sup>  
 mannde me unto hym and tell hym what paynes I endure  
 here for his love and how I muste dye here for his sake for de  
 faute of good helpe And lat hym wete that I am full sory to  
 depte oute of this worlde fro hym Wherefore pray hym to  
 be frende to my soule. I now lat me se my ladyt<sup>e</sup> chylde for  
 whom I have had all this sorow And when she sawe hym she sey  
 de thus a my ladyt<sup>e</sup> son y<sup>e</sup> haste murthered thy moder and there  
 fore I suppose you that arte a murtherer so yonge. How arte  
 full lybly to be a manly man in thyne age And by cause I shall  
 dye of the byrth of the I charge my ladyt<sup>e</sup> woman that she  
 pray my lordes the kynge **Heliodorus** that when he is crystened  
 let calle hym **Trystram** that is as muche to say as a sorowful  
 byrth. And y<sup>e</sup> the quene gaff up the goste and dyed. When y<sup>e</sup>  
 ladyt<sup>e</sup> woman leyde her under an vmbre of a grete tre And y<sup>e</sup>  
 she lapped the chylde as well as she myght fro colde. Ryght so  
 there cam y<sup>e</sup> barouns of kynge **Heliodorus** folowynge aftir y<sup>e</sup> quene  
 And when they sawe that she was dede and understode none other  
 but y<sup>e</sup> the kynge was destroyed. When they sawe of them wolde



que flayne the cyrde by cause they wolde hane bene lordys  
of þe contrey of **lyonesse**. But than tþorow þe fure speche of  
the fawtys woman and by the meynys þe made þe moſte  
pty of the barowys wolde nat assente þe to. But than they  
latte carry home þe dede quene and muche sorow was made  
for hir. Than tþis meane wayle **myrlyon** had delynde  
kyng **mylodas** oute of pꝛeson on the morne after his quene  
was dede and so. When the kyng was dede com home þe moſte  
pty of the barowys made grette joy. But the sorow that  
the kyng made for his quene there myght no tonge tell.  
So than the kyng let entyre hir ryghtely and after he let  
cristen his cyrde as his wyff had comanded by fore hir  
dett. And than he lette calle hym **trystram** the sorowful  
borne cyrde. Than kyng **mylodas** endured after that  
vi. yere wout a wyff. And all tþis tyme **trystram** was  
fowstred well. Than hir be felle þe kyng **mylodas**  
wedded kyng **gorell** of Bretaynes donght and anon  
she had cyrldome by kyng **mylodas** than was she qeþ  
and wrot þe hir cyrldome sholde nat reioyse þe contrey of  
**lyonesse** where fore tþis quene ordarned for to poyson yong  
**trystram**. So at the laste she let poyson be put in a pece  
of sylk in the chambur where **trystram** and hir cyrldom we  
re to gedyr. Unto þe entente þe when **trystram** wer tþus  
he sholde drynke þe drynke and so he felle vpon a day þe que  
nyson as he was in þe chambur aspyed þe pꝛese wþ poyson. It  
he wente hir had bene good drynke and be cause the cyrde  
was tþus he toke the pꝛese wþ poyson and dranke frely. It  
þe the cyrde suddaynly braste it was dede. So when  
þe quene of **mylodas** wyſte of the dett of hir son wete þe  
well þe she was qeþ. But yet þe kyng vnderstood not þe  
of hir tꝛeson. Not wþstondyng the quene wolde nat leue

by this but effte she lette ordeyne more poyson & putt hit  
 in a pyse and by fortune bynge **melodyad** his husbonde fonde  
 þe pyse w<sup>th</sup> wyne where he was þe poyson and as he þe was  
 trustelew toke the pyse for to drynke and as he wolde  
 haue drunken þe of the quene assayed hym & ran vnto hym  
 & pulde the pyse from hym sodenly. The bynge meruay  
 led of his wyf she ded so & remembred hym suddaynly how  
 his son was slayne w<sup>th</sup> poyson and than he toke his by þe hou  
 se and sayde þe false tryptoured þe shalt telle me what man  
 of drynke this is of ellre I shall sle the. And þe he pulde  
 oute his swerde & swaue a grette othe þe he sholde sle him but  
 of she tolde hym þe trontge. A myc my lorde she seyde and  
 I shall telle you all and than she tolde hym how she wolde  
 haue slayne **Trystram** be cause her ayldur sholde reioyse  
 his londe. Well seyde the bynge & þe fore ye shall haue þe  
 lawe and so she was dampned by the assente of þe baronnes  
 to be brente and ryght as she was at þe fyre to take his ex  
 cussion this same yonge **Trystram** lueled by fore his fadir  
 bynge **melodyad** and be songe hym to gyff hym a done I woll  
 well seyde þe bynge. Than seyde yonge **Trystram** geff me  
 the lyff of þe quene my step modir. That is vnrighetfully  
 asked seyde þe bynge **melodyad** for þe onte of ryght to hate his  
 for she wolde haue slayne þe w<sup>th</sup> poyson and for þe take the same  
 moste is my cause þe she sholde be dede. Sir seyde **Trystram**  
 as for þe I be secke you of þe myc þe ye woll for gyff his. And as  
 for my pte god for gyff his & I do and hit lybed so muche your  
 kyngenesse to graunte me my boone for goddis love I requyre  
 you holde þe pmyse. Bytthen hit is so seyde þe bynge I woll  
 þe ye haue his lyff & sayde I gyff his you and go ye to the fyre  
 & take his & do w<sup>th</sup> his carpat ye woll. So this Sir **Trystra  
 myd** wente to the fyre & by the comauement of þe bynge



delynde hir frome þe dethe. But after þe þynge **melodias**  
wolde neu have a do w<sup>th</sup> hir as at bedde & at bounde. But by  
þe meynys of yonge **Trystram** he made þe þynge and hir  
accorded. But t<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>h</sup>e þynge wolde nat suffr yonge  
**Trystram** to a byde but lytyll. In his counte. And t<sup>h</sup>an  
he lett ordayne a santlyll man þe was well lerneþ & tanght  
and his name was **Goumayle** and t<sup>h</sup>an he sente yonge **Trys**  
**tram** w<sup>th</sup> **Goumayle** in to ffraunce to lerne þe langage and  
multure & dedis of armys. And þe was **Trystram** more þa  
vij. yere. So whan he had lerneþ what he myght in t<sup>h</sup>e co  
treyed t<sup>h</sup>an he com home to his fadir þynge **melodias** a gay  
ne and so **Trystram** lerneþ to be an harper passyng att<sup>r</sup> op  
þe þe was none suche called in no contrey and so in harpyng  
and on instrumentys of musyke in his youthe he applyed  
hym for to lerne and after as he growed in myght & strenght  
he labourid in huntynge & in hawkynge neu santlyllman  
more þe en we herde rede of. And as þe booke seyth he be  
gan good mesured of blowynge of beestys of venery & beestys  
of chaace & att<sup>r</sup> man of vermayned and att<sup>r</sup> þe tearmyng we  
have yet of hawkynge & huntynge and þe fore t<sup>h</sup>e booke of  
**Dr Trystram** where fore as me semyth att<sup>r</sup> santlyll men  
þe beryth olde armys onght of ryght to honoure sir **Trys**  
**tram** for t<sup>h</sup>e goodly tearmyng t<sup>h</sup>at santlyllmen have & use  
it shal do unto t<sup>h</sup>e day of dome. That þe by in a man att<sup>r</sup> men  
of worship may discen a santlyllman frome a yoman and a  
yoman frome a vylayne. for he þe santlyll is well draue  
hym to santlyll taccys & to folow þe noble customys of san  
tyllmen. And **Trystram** enduryd in **Cornewayle** unto  
þe he was stronge & bygge unto þe age of xvij. yere. And  
t<sup>h</sup>an þynge **melodias** had grete joy of yonge **Trystram** &  
so had t<sup>h</sup>e quene his wyff. for en after in his lyff be cause sir

**Trystram** saved hir frome þe fyre þe ded neu gate hym mo-  
 re affir but en loved hym & gaff hym many grete gyftes  
 for eny astate loved hym where þe wente. **Then** hit be-  
 felle that byrge **Augwysch** of **Irelonde** sente vnto byrge  
**Marke** of **Cornuayle** for his trawage þe **Cornuayle** had pay-  
 de many wynter. And all þe tyme byrge **Marke** was be hynde  
 of the trawage for. vii. yeris. And byrge **Marke** and his ba-  
 rownes gaff vnto the messengers of **Irelonde** the wordis  
 & answere that they wolde none pay & bade the messengers  
 go vnto þe byrge **Augwysch** and tell hym we wolt pay hym  
 no trawage but tell your lord & he wolt all. Waped gave  
 trawage of vs of **Cornuayle**. **Þe**de hym sende a trusty  
 frende byrght of his londe þe wolt byrght for his ryght and  
 we shall fynde anop for to defende vs. So þe messengers  
 deþted in to **Irelonde** and **Then** byrge **Augwysch** vnder-  
 stode the answere of þe messengers he was wrothe and þe  
 he called vnto hym **Sir Marqalt** þe good byrght þe was nobly  
 proved & a byrght of þe rounde table and the **Marqalt**  
 was broþ vnto þe quene of **Irelonde**. **Then** þe byrge seide  
 the **Marqalt** broþ **Sir Marqalt** I pray you go vnto **Corne-**  
**uayle** for my sake to do batayle for oure trawage of  
 ryght þe we of ryght onght to haue and what som en-  
 ye fynde ye shall haue suffyciantely more than ye shall  
 ned. **Sir** seide **Sir Marqalte** wete you well þe I shall  
 nat be loth to do batayle in the ryght of you & þe londe  
 w þe beste byrght of table rounde for I know them for the  
 moste pty what bene þe dedis & for to abauce my dedis  
 and to encrece my worschyp I wolt ryght gladly go vnto  
 the journey. So in all haste þe was made pryncesse  
 for **Sir Marqalte** and he had all the byrge þe hym neded and  
 so he deþted oute of **Irelonde** and arpyed up in **Cornuayle**



byw by castell of **Byntagylt** and wgan bynge **marke**  
vnderstood þæt he was þæt a rybed for to fyght for frelonde  
þan made bynge **marke** grette sorow wgan he vnder  
stood þæt the good knyght **Sir marqalte** was com for they  
knew no knyght that durste gane a do wthym for at  
þæt tyme **Sir marqalte** was called one of the fannste  
knyghts of þæt worlde and tquod **Sir marqalte** a bode  
In the see it eny day he sente vnto bynge **marke** for to  
pay þæt trewayge þæt was be gynde. vij. yere of ellys to fynde  
a knyght to fyght wthym for þæt trewayge þan man of  
message **Sir marqalte** sente vnto bynge **marke** þan  
they of Cornuayle lete make cryed that what knyght þæt  
wolde fyght for to save þæt trewayge of Cornuayle he shold  
be rewarded to fawe þæt bettir terme of quod byss. þan som  
of the barouns seyde to bynge **marke** þæt conueyled hym  
to þæt counte of bynge **Arthure** for to seke **Sir launcelott**  
**du lake** that was þæt tyme named for the merbaylyste  
knyght of þæt worlde þan þæt were of barounes þæt seyde  
þæt hit was labour in vayne by cause **Sir marqalte** was  
a knyght of rounde table þæt fore ony of hem wolde be loty  
to gane a do wth of but yf hit were so þæt ony knyght at quod  
owne rekypte wolde fyght dysgyssed & vnkownyn. So þæt  
bynge & all quod barounes assentyd þæt hit was no boote to  
seke after no knyght of þæt rounde table. þan meane  
whyle cam the langayge & þæt norse vnto bynge **melpodas**  
gou þæt **Sir marqalte** a bode faste by **Byntagylt** and gou  
bynge **marke** coude fynde no maner of knyght to fyght  
for hym. So wgan yonge **Trystram** herde of thys  
he was wroth & fore a shamed that þæt durste no knyght  
in Cornuayle durste gane a do wth **Sir marqalte** of fre-  
londe þanere wth all **Trystram** wente vnto quod fadir

bynge **meliodas** and asked hym conueyle what was  
 beste to do for to recouir Cornwallayle frome bondage for  
 as me sempt<sup>st</sup> seyde **Trystram** that were shame that Sir  
**marqalte** the quene's broþ of prelonde sholde go a way  
 ouled þ<sup>t</sup> he were foungtyn w<sup>t</sup> all. As for þ<sup>t</sup> seyde bynge  
**meliodas** wete you well some **Trystramys** that Sir  
**marqalte** y<sup>e</sup> called one of þ<sup>e</sup> beste bynggys of þ<sup>e</sup> worlde and  
 þ<sup>e</sup> fore I know no bynggys in this contrey is able to make  
 hym alas seyde Sir **Trystram** that I were nat made  
 bynggys and yf Sir **marqalte** sholde this depte in to pre-  
 londe god let me neu<sup>e</sup> hane worschyp And Sir seyde **Tris-  
 tramo** I pray you gyff me leue to ryde to bynge **marke** and  
 so ye wolt nat be displeyd of bynge **marke** wolt I be made  
 bynggys I wolt well seyde bynge **meliodas** that ye be ruled  
 as your courage w<sup>t</sup> wolt rule you. Than **Trystram**  
 thanked his fadir and than he made hym redy to ryde in  
 to Cornwallayle. So in the meane whyle þ<sup>e</sup> com lettyr of  
 love fro bynge **harmon of fraunces** donght vnto Sir  
**Trystram** that were petroun lettyr but in no wyse  
**Trystram** had no joy of his lettyr nor regarde vnto his  
 also she sente hym a lytill bracet þ<sup>t</sup> was passynge fayre  
 But when þ<sup>e</sup> bynggys donght vnderstode that **Trystram**  
 wolde nat love his ad þ<sup>e</sup> booke sept. she dyed and than the  
 same squire þ<sup>t</sup> brought þ<sup>e</sup> lettyr & þ<sup>e</sup> bracet cam a yen  
 vnto Sir **Trystram** as after ye shall in þ<sup>e</sup> booke tale folo-  
 wyng. So after this yonge **Trystram** rode vnto his  
 enue bynge **marke** of Cornwallayle and when he com there  
 he herde sey þ<sup>t</sup> he wolde no bynggys fyght w<sup>t</sup> Sir **marqalte**  
 what ar ye seyde the bynge & frome when be ye com. Sir  
 seyde **Trystram** yf ye wolt gyff me þ<sup>e</sup> ordur of knyght bynggys  
 gode I wolt do batayle w<sup>t</sup> Sir **marqalte** what ar ye seyde

how þ<sup>e</sup> bynge  
 of frauncis  
 donght sente  
 to sir Trystra-  
 med a fayre  
 bracet



the kynge and frome whens be ye com Sir seyde **Trystram**  
**trame** I com frome kynge **chelyodas** p<sup>r</sup> wedded y<sup>e</sup> syster  
 and a schutylman wete you welte. I am So kynge **charle**  
 be hylde **Trystram** and saw p<sup>r</sup> he was but a yonge man  
 of age but he was passyngly well made & bygge. Say  
 ye sir seyde p<sup>r</sup> kynge what is y<sup>e</sup> name & where were  
 ye borne Sir my name is **Trystram** and in p<sup>r</sup> contrey  
 of **lyonesse** was I borne ye sey well seyde p<sup>r</sup> kynge And  
 yf ye woll do this batayle I schall make you knyght. There  
 fore cam I to you seyde **Trystram** and for none o<sup>r</sup> cause  
 But than kynge **charle** made hym knyght And p<sup>r</sup> all  
 anone as he had made hym knyght he sente vnto Sir **char**  
**qalte** that he had founde a yonge knyght redy for to take  
 p<sup>r</sup> batayle to the utterance. This may well be so seyde sir  
**charqalte** But tell kynge **charle** I woll nat fyght w<sup>th</sup> no  
 knyght but he be of blood royal that is to seye ow<sup>r</sup> kynge  
 son o<sup>r</sup> his quene<sup>s</sup> son borne of prynces o<sup>r</sup> of pryncesses  
 When kynge **charle** vnderstoode p<sup>r</sup> he sente for sir  
**Trystram** de lyones and tolde hym what was p<sup>r</sup> answe  
 re of Sir **charqalte** Than seyde Sir **Trystram** fytt<sup>r</sup>  
 p<sup>r</sup> he seyth so lat hym wete p<sup>r</sup> I am comyn of fadir syde and  
 moder syde of ad<sup>r</sup> noble bloode as he is. For sir now shall  
 ye know that I am kynge **chelyodas** sone borne of your  
 owne Syster dame **Elyzabet** that dyed in y<sup>e</sup> foreste in y<sup>e</sup>  
 byrt<sup>r</sup> of me. And than seyde kynge **charle** ye ar welcom  
 fayre nephew to me. Than in all y<sup>e</sup> haste the kynge horsed  
 Sir **Trystram** and armed hym on y<sup>e</sup> beste man that  
 myght be gotyn for golde o<sup>r</sup> his sylu. And than kynge  
**charle** sente vnto Sir **charqalte** and dnd hym to wete  
 that a bettir man borne than he was hym self sholde fyght  
 w<sup>th</sup> hym And q<sup>uo</sup> name y<sup>e</sup> Sir **Trystram** de lyones be

gotyn of bynge **chelyodas** and borne of bynge **charles**  
 syster **Isabel** was **Sir charles** gladd & blyeth & he sholde  
 feryght w<sup>th</sup> such a lantylman And so by p<sup>r</sup> assente of bynge  
**charles** they lete ordayne p<sup>r</sup> they sholde feryght w<sup>th</sup> In an Ilande  
 nyze **Sir charles** shippis And so was **Sir Brystrams**  
 put in to a vessel bothe his horse & he and all that to hym  
 longed bothe for his body & for his horse & he lacked no thyng  
 And when bynge **charles** and his baronnes of Cornwall  
 be helde how yonge **Sir Brystrams** depte w<sup>th</sup> such a ca-  
 ryage to feryght for the ryght of Cornwall. There  
 was no man nor woman of worship but they wepte  
 to se & understonde so yonge a byggt to soupte hym self  
 for there ryght. So to shortyn this tale when **Sir**  
**Brystrams** aryved w<sup>th</sup> In the Ilande he lobed to the faryp  
 syde & p<sup>r</sup> he sawe at an aubyn. w<sup>th</sup> other shippis nyze to the  
 londe and under p<sup>r</sup> shadow of p<sup>r</sup> shippis vpon the londe p<sup>r</sup>  
 goved p<sup>r</sup> noble byggt. **Sir charles** of Irelonde then  
**Sir Brystrams** comanded to haue his horse vpon the  
 londe. And then **Gomayle** his seruante dressed his  
 harnys at all man of ryght And then **Sir Brystrams**  
 mounted vpon his horse And when he was In his sa-  
 dyll well apparayled & his shylde dressed vpon his shol-  
 der So **Sir Brystrams** asked **Gomayle** where is this  
 byggt & I shall haue a do w<sup>th</sup> all. **Sir** seyde **Gomayle**  
 se ye hym nat I wente p<sup>r</sup> ye had seue hym for yondre he  
 govyt vnder p<sup>r</sup> umbir of his shippis on horse back w<sup>th</sup>  
 his spere In his honde & his shylde vpon his sholdyr  
 That is trontre seyde **Sir Brystrams** now I se hym  
 Then he comanded **Gomayle** to go to his vessayle a  
 gayne & comande me vnto nyne Eme bynge **charles**  
 and pray hym yf p<sup>r</sup> I be slayne In this batayle for to



entere my body as hym self my bester And as for me lette  
 hym wete I wolle neu be yoldyn for cowardyse And if  
 I be slayne it shal nat they have loste no trewage for me  
 And yf so be it I shal of yelde me as recreaunte bydde myn  
 Emie bury me neu in crystyn buryellys And vppon thy lyff  
 seyde Sir **Grystramo** vnto **Gouernayle** that yf com nat  
 myze tyme shoulde tyll it thou see me oncom or slayne of  
 ellis yf I myne yondir buryght Do they depte fore wepyng  
**A**nd tyme Sir **Marqalte** avysed Sir **Grystramo**  
 And seyde tyme yonge buryght Sir **Grystramo**  
 what doste thou here me fore repentys of thy corragge  
 for wete yf well I have bene assayed w many noble  
 buryghts And yf beste buryghts of tyme londe have bene  
 assayed of myne hondys And also yf beste buryghts of  
 yf worlde I have macthed them And there fore be my  
 counceyle retorne a yew vnto thy vessel A fayre  
 buryght it well pved seyde Sir **Grystramo** thou shalt  
 well wete I may nat for sake yf in tyme quarell for I  
 am for thy sake made buryght it yf shalt well wete that  
 I am a buryght some borne it gotyn vppon a queene and  
 fuche pmyse I have made at my newwys requeste  
 it myne owne selynge yf I shall fyght w yf vnto the  
 vttymuste it delyvyn **Gouernayle** frome yf olde trewage  
 And also wete thou well Sir **Marqalte** that tyme yf  
 the gretteste cause yf thou coragyst me to have a do w  
 yf for yf arte called one of the moste renomed buryght  
 of yf worlde And by cause of yf noyse it fame yf yf haste  
 thou gedyft me corragge to have a do w yf for neu  
 yett was I pved w good buryght And fyttew I toke the  
 order of buryght gode tyme day I am ryght well pleased  
 and to me moste worschyp that I may have a do w yf

fucche a byggat ad p<sup>r</sup> arte And now wete p<sup>r</sup> well Syr  
**Charvalte** that I caste me to grete worschyp on thy body  
 And yf p<sup>r</sup> I be nat p<sup>r</sup>ved I truste to god to be worschypfully  
 p<sup>r</sup>ved vpon thy body And to delyn p<sup>r</sup> contrey of Cornwall  
 le for eu fro all man of trewayge frome welonde for  
 eu // Whan Syr **Charvalte** had herde hym sey what he  
 wolde he seyde th<sup>us</sup> a gayne fayre byggat sytten qu  
 id so p<sup>r</sup> pou castyste to mynne worschyp of me I lette  
 p<sup>r</sup> wete worschyp may p<sup>r</sup> none lose by me gyff pou may  
 stonde me. in strobys for I lat p<sup>r</sup> wete for my noble  
 dedio p<sup>r</sup>ved a serue bynge **Artoure** made me byzt  
 of p<sup>r</sup> table rounde // Th<sup>an</sup> they be gan to fequer  
 there sperys & they mette so ferly to gydyr p<sup>r</sup> they  
 smote aythir of downe bothe horse & man // But Sir  
**Charvalte** smote Sir **Trystram** a grete wounde in  
 the syde w<sup>th</sup> his spere And th<sup>an</sup> they a worded p<sup>r</sup> horsis  
 & pulde oute p<sup>r</sup> spere & th<sup>er</sup> w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> spylid a fore  
 th<sup>er</sup> And th<sup>an</sup> they layssed to gydyr ad men that  
 were wylde & corrageous. And whan they had stry  
 byn to gydyr longe p<sup>r</sup> there armys fayled Th<sup>an</sup> they  
 lefte p<sup>r</sup> strobys & forned at brestys & wysours And  
 whan they sawe that hit myggt nat prebayle th<sup>er</sup>  
 Th<sup>an</sup> they hurteled to gedyr by be rampys to beare  
 aythir of th<sup>er</sup> downe Th<sup>us</sup> they fonght styll to gydyr  
 more th<sup>an</sup> halffe a day & aythir of th<sup>er</sup> were woun  
 ded passynge sore p<sup>r</sup> the blood ran downe passynge sore  
 frome th<sup>er</sup> vpon p<sup>r</sup> grounde // By th<sup>an</sup> Sir **Trys  
 tramo** wyped more fyerse th<sup>an</sup> he And And Sir  
**Charvalte** fyebled And Sir **Trystram** en more  
 well wrynded & bygger And w<sup>th</sup> a myggt strob he  
 smote Sir **Charvalte** vpon p<sup>r</sup> helme fucche a buffette



that hit wente thorow his helme and thorow his coiffe of  
 stele and thorow his brayne panne and the swerde stabe  
 so faste in the helme it in his brayne panne that Sir **Trystram**  
 pulled in tyme at his swerde or en he myght  
 pulle hit oute frome his hede and Sir **Marqalte** felle  
 downe on his knes at the edge of his swerde lesste in his  
 brayne panne and suddenly Sir **Marqalte** rose grobe  
 lunge and throw his swerde at his schilde frome hym and so  
 he ran to his schilde and fledde his way and Sir **Trystram**  
 had en his schilde and his swerde and when Sir **Trystram**  
 saw Sir **Marqalte** draw hym he seide a swyn myght of his  
 rounde table why drawyst thou if thou doste thy self and thy  
 kynne grete shame for I am but a yonge knyght or now I  
 was new prebed and rap than I sholde draw me frome  
 if I had nathe be geten in pyse mealye Sir **Marqalte**  
 answered no worde but yode his way sore growynge well  
 Sir **Trystram** seide Sir **Trystram** I promyse the thy swerde and  
 thy schilde shall be myne and thy schilde shall I were in all pla  
 ces where I yde on myne adventures and in the pyght of King  
**Artoure** and all his rounde table So Sir **Marqalte** and his  
 felowschipp depyed in to Irelonde and as sone as he com to the  
 lunge his broþer they ferced his woundis and when his hede  
 was ferced a pyse of Sir **Trystram** swerde was there in  
 fownden and myght new be had oute of his hede for no leche  
 craftte and so he dyed of Sir **Trystram** swerde and that  
 pyse of his swerde the quene his syster she bepte hit for en hit  
 for she thought to be revenged it she myght Now turne  
 we a gayne unto Sir **Trystram** that was sore woun  
 ded it sore for bledde that he myght nat hit in a lytyll while  
 stonde when he had takyn colde and unnethe styve hym of his  
 lymed and than he sette hym downe sofftely upon a lytyll

Here is the death  
 of Sir Marqalte  
 knyght of the  
 rounde table by Sir  
 Trystram

gylle and bledde faste **When** a none com **Goimayle** his man  
 w<sup>th</sup> his vessel. And p<sup>r</sup> kyng & p<sup>r</sup> moste pty off his barowned  
 com w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup>cession a yent. **Sir Grystrames** And **When** he was  
 comyn vnto the londe kyng **charle** toke hym in his army.  
 And he and **Sir Dynas** the seneschall had **Sir Grystrames**  
 in to the castell off **Wyntagylt** and **When** was he cerayed in  
 p<sup>r</sup> beste man & leyde in his bed. And **When** kyng **charle**  
 saw his woundys he wepte hartely & so did all his lordys.  
 So god me helpe seyde kyng **charle** wolde nat for all my  
 londys p<sup>r</sup> my neww dyed. So **Sir Grystrames** lay there a  
 moneth & more & en he was lyt to dey off p<sup>r</sup> stroke that **Sir**  
**charle** smote hym fyrste w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> spere for ad p<sup>r</sup> ffrenche  
 booke seynt the spere hede was subennymed p<sup>r</sup> **Sir Grystrames**  
 myght nat be hole **When** was kyng **charle** and all his  
 barowned passynge q<sup>ue</sup>ry for they demed none of but p<sup>r</sup> **Sir**  
**Grystrames** sholde nat recon **When** p<sup>r</sup> kyng lette sende for  
 all man off lechys & surgeons bothe vnto men & women and  
 p<sup>r</sup> was none p<sup>r</sup> wolde be hote hym p<sup>r</sup> lyff **When** cam p<sup>r</sup> a lady  
 & was a wytt lady and she seyde playnly vnto the kyng **char-**  
**le** and to **Sir Grystrames** and to all his barowned that he  
 sholde neu be hole but yf p<sup>r</sup> **Sir Grystrames** wente in to p<sup>r</sup>  
 same contrey p<sup>r</sup> the venym cam fro and in p<sup>r</sup> contrey sholde  
 he be holpyu of ellys neu. **When** seyde p<sup>r</sup> lady vnto p<sup>r</sup> kyng  
 So **When** p<sup>r</sup> kyng vnderstood hit he lette quibey for **Sir**  
**Grystrames** a fayre vessel and well wyttayled and p<sup>r</sup> in was  
 putt **Sir Grystrames** and **Goimayle** w<sup>th</sup> hym and **Sir**  
**Grystrames** toke his harpe w<sup>th</sup> hym and so he was putt in  
 to the see to sayle in to Irelande and so by good fortune he ary-  
 ved up in Irelande vnto faste by a castell where p<sup>r</sup> kyng  
 & p<sup>r</sup> quene was and at his arsayle he sate and harped in  
 his bedde a merry lay fuche one yerde they neu none Irelande



be fore þ tyme And wgan hit was tolde þ þynge þ þ quene  
of fische a fybe þnyggt þ was fische an harper Anone tge  
þynge sente for hym þ lette ferece qd wounded And þa  
he asked hym his name Þgan he answerde þ seide I am  
of þ contrey off lyones And my name is **Gramtryste** tge  
was tge wounded In a batayle ad I fonggt for a ladys  
nyggt. So god me helpe seide þynge **Angwysht** ye shall  
hane all þ helpe in tge londe þ ye may hane here. But  
in Cornwalle but late I had a grette losse ad en had þynge  
for þ I loste þ beste þnyggt of þ woulde his name was  
**Sir Arqalte** a full noble þnyggt þ þnyggt of tge table  
ronnde And þ he tolde **Sir Gramtryste** wgeve fore **Sir**  
**Arqalte** was slayne. So **Sir Gramtryste** made sembe  
lamte ad he had bene sory and bettir he knewe how hit was  
tge þ þynge Þgan þ þynge for grette faw made **Gram**  
**tryste** to be put in his donggtyrd alwade þ bepyng be cause  
he was a noble fergeon And wgan he had ferece hym he  
fomade in þ bottom of his wounde þ þ in was porson þ so he  
healed hym In a wyle And þ fore **Sir Gramtryste** byste  
grette love to **la beale Isode** for she was at þ tyme þ fayrest  
lady þ maydyn of þ worlde And þ **Gramtryste** lerned hir  
to harpe þ she be gan to hane a grette fantasy vnto hym  
And at þ tyme **Sir Palomydes** drew vnto **la beale Isode**  
þ þfude hir many gyfftyd for he loved hir passyngly wel  
All tgeat aspyed **Gramtryste** And full well he knewe **Palo**  
**mydes** for a noble þnyggt þ a myggt man And wete you  
well **Sir Gramtryste** had grette despyte at **Sir Palomydes**  
for **la beale Isode** tolde **Gramtryste** tgeat **Palomydes** was  
In wyll to be crystynde for his sake Þgan was þ grette enby  
be twypte **Gramtryste** and **Sir Palomydes** Þgan hit be  
felle tgeat þynge **Angwysht** lett cry a grette Justis and a

grete turnemente for a lady that was called the lady  
 of p<sup>r</sup> laundys And she was my cosyn vnto p<sup>r</sup> bynge And what  
 man wane her. my dayes sholde wedde hir & hane all hir  
 londis. This cry was made in Ingelonde. walyd & Scot  
 londe And also in ffrance & in Bretayne So hit be felle  
 vpon a day la beale **Isode** com vnto **Grantlyste** and tolde  
 hyr of this turnemente she answered & sayde fayre lady  
 I am but a feeble knyght And but late I had bene dede had  
 nat y<sup>e</sup> good lady shyp bene // Now fayre lady what wolde  
 ye p<sup>r</sup> I sholde do in this mater well ye wote my lady p<sup>r</sup> I may  
 nat Iuste & **Grantlyste** seyde la beale **Isode** why wolt ye  
 nat hane a do at this turnemente for well I wote that ffr  
**Palomydes** wolt be p<sup>r</sup> And to do what he may And p<sup>r</sup> fore sir  
**Grantlyste** I pray you for to be there for ellys sir **Palomy**  
**des** y<sup>e</sup> lybe to wyne y<sup>e</sup> degre // Adam as for p<sup>r</sup> hit may be  
 so for he is a proved knyght And I am but a yonge knyght  
 and late made And p<sup>r</sup> fyrste batayle p<sup>r</sup> eu I ded hit mysse hap  
 ped me to be fore wounded as ye se But it I wyste that ye  
 wolde be my bettir lady at y<sup>e</sup> turnemente wolt I be on  
 this covenante Do p<sup>r</sup> ye wolt kepe my counceyle and lette  
 no creature hane knowlech that I shall Iuste but y<sup>e</sup> self  
 and fuche as ye wolt to kepe your counceyle my poure  
 pson shall souyte there for your sake p<sup>r</sup> padventure Sir  
**Palomydes** shall know what p<sup>r</sup> I com Thare to seyde la  
 beale **Isode** do y<sup>e</sup> beste And as I can seyde la beale **Isode** I  
 shall prouyde horse and armour for you at my devyse As  
 ye wolt so be hit seyde Sir **Grantlyste** I wolt be at your  
 comandement // So at y<sup>e</sup> day of Iust y<sup>e</sup> I cam sir **Pa**  
**lomydes** w<sup>t</sup> a blacke shylde & he ovr toren many knyghts  
 p<sup>r</sup> all people had merwayne for he put to p<sup>r</sup> warre Sir  
**Gawayne. Bagerys. Aggravayne. Bagdemagus**



Euy. Dodynad. le sanyage. Sagramo le desyrong. Gūrete  
 le petyre & Bryfflet le fyse de In all tge p<sup>r</sup> fyrste day fr  
 Palomides strafe doune to tge ertge // And tgan all man  
 of byrggt were a drad of Sw **Palomides** and many cal  
 led hym p<sup>r</sup> byrggt w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> blake shyld // So tthat Sw **Palo  
 mydes** had grete worschyp Tgan cam bynge **Augwyshe**  
 vnto **Gramtryste** and asked hym why he wolde nat juste  
 // Sw he seyde I was but late quyte and ad yett I dare nat  
 aventure Tgan p<sup>r</sup> cam p<sup>r</sup> same squyre p<sup>r</sup> was sente frome  
 p<sup>r</sup> byngt douggt of ffrance vnto Sw **Gramtryste** and  
 wgan he had a spyed Sw **Brystramed** he felle flatte to  
 his feete and tthat asspyed la beale **Isode** wgan curtesy tge  
 squyre made to **Gramtryste** and p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all sudderuly Sw  
**Brystramed** ran vnto tge squyre his name was called  
**Ebeo le renoumyd** and prayde hym hartely In no wyse  
 to telle his name // Sw seyde **Ebeo** I wolt nat discovr  
 yo name but yf ye comande me Tgan sw **Brystrymy**  
 asked hym wgan he dede in tgis contrey // Sw he seyde  
 I com hydr w<sup>t</sup> Sw **Gawayne** for to be made byrggt and  
 yf hit please you of yo qondio p<sup>r</sup> I may be made byrggt  
 Well a wayte on me ad to morne secretly and in tge  
 fylde I shalt make you byrggt // Tgan had la beale **Isode**  
 grete suspection vnto **Gramtryste** tthat he was som  
 man of worschyp proved it p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> she comforted her selfe  
 and byste more love vnto hym for well she demed he  
 was som man of worschyp and so on p<sup>r</sup> morne fr **Palo  
 mydes** made hym redy to com In to tge fylde ad he  
 dnd p<sup>r</sup> fyrste day and there he smote doune p<sup>r</sup> bynge  
 w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> C. byrggt and p<sup>r</sup> bynge of Scottis // Tgan had  
 la beale **Isode** ordayned it well arayde Sw **Gramtr  
 ste** w<sup>t</sup> byrggt horse and w<sup>t</sup> byrggt armyd and byrggt

So she lette

so she lette put hym oute at a preby postren & he cam  
 so in to the felde ad hit had bene a byrght angel. And  
 anon Sir **Palomydes** aspyed hym & y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> he feantred hys  
 spere vnto Sir **Trystramys** and he a gayne vnto hym  
 and y<sup>e</sup> Sir **Trystramys** smote downe Sir **Palomydes** in  
 to y<sup>e</sup> erthe And than y<sup>e</sup> was a grete noyse of people som  
 seyde Sir **Palomydes** had a fall Som seyde y<sup>e</sup> byrght  
 the blacke shylde hat a falle And wete you well la bea  
 le **Isode** was passyng gladd and than Sir **Gawayne** &  
 his felows. ix. had merdayle who hit myght be that had  
 fally smytten downe Sir **Palomydes** Than wolde there  
 none iuste w<sup>ch</sup> **Trautryste** but all that y<sup>e</sup> were for soke  
 hym moste & leste Than Sir **Trystramys** made **hebe**  
 a byrght & caused to put hym self forth and And ryzt  
 well that day So after that Sir **hebe** helde hym w<sup>ch</sup> Sir  
**Trystramys** And wgan Sir **Palomydes** had reserbed hys  
 falle wete ye well y<sup>e</sup> he was sore a skamed & ad prayly  
 ad he myght he w<sup>ch</sup> drew hym oute of y<sup>e</sup> fylde // all that a  
 spyed Sir **Trautryste** and lyghtly he rode after Sir **pal**  
**omydes** and on toke hym & bade hym turne for better he  
 wolde assay hym or en he depte // Than Sir **Palomy**  
**des** turned hym and exten laystred at op w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>e</sup> fowndys  
 but at y<sup>e</sup> fyrste stroke Sir **Trystramys** smote downe  
 Sir **Palomydes** and gass hym succe a stroke vpon y<sup>e</sup>  
 hede y<sup>e</sup> he felle to the erthe // So than Sir **Trystramys**  
 bade hym yelde hym & do his comandement of ellis he  
 wolde sle hym // wgan Sir **Palomydes** be hylde hys  
 countenance he drad his buffett so y<sup>e</sup> he granted all  
 his askyng Well seyde Sir **Trautryste** this shalt be  
 your charge fyrst vpon payne of your lyff y<sup>e</sup> ye for  
 sake my lady **la beale Isode** and In no man of wyse that



ye draw no more to hir. Also thid. xij. mony & a day that  
ye bere none armyd nor none garnysd of werre flow  
gnyse me thid. othir. here shalt y<sup>e</sup> dye. Alas seyde Sir  
**Palomydes** for eu I am shamed. Thid. he sware ad Sir  
**Dyrstramed** had comanded hym. So for dyspyte and  
augur Sir **Palomydes** but of thid. garnysse and tgerw  
them a wey and so Sir **Dyrstramed** turned a gayne to y<sup>e</sup>  
castell where was la beale **Isode** and by the way he  
mette wyth a damessell y<sup>e</sup> asked after Sir **Lancelot**  
that was. Wan the dolorous garde and thid. damessell  
asked Sir **Dyrstramed** what he was for hit was  
tolde her y<sup>e</sup> hit was he y<sup>e</sup> smote downe Sir **Palamy**  
**des** by wyse the .x. knyghts of **Arthure** were smytte  
downe. Thid. the damessell prayde Sir **Dyrstramed**  
to telle her what he was and wher that he were Sir  
**Lancelot** du lake for she demed that y<sup>e</sup> was no knyght  
In the worlde y<sup>e</sup> myght do such dedis of armyd but  
y<sup>e</sup> hit were Sir **Lancelot** wete you well y<sup>e</sup> I am  
nat. Sir **Lancelot** fayre damessell for I was new of  
suche probed but in god is all he may make me ad  
good a knyght ad y<sup>e</sup> good knyght Sir **Lancelot** is now  
santyll knyght put up by wyse and whan she be hylde  
thid. wysage she thought she sawe new a better manys  
wysage notthir a better farynge knyght. So whan  
the damessell knew stynly y<sup>e</sup> he was nat. Sir **Lan**  
**celot** than she toke hir love & depte frome hym and pa  
Sir **Dyrstramed** rode prebayly unto the posterne wher  
he kepte hym la beale **Isode** and y<sup>e</sup> she made hym gte  
chere & thanked god of thid. good spede. So a none w<sup>t</sup>  
In a whyle y<sup>e</sup> kyng & the quene and all y<sup>e</sup> courte un  
derstood y<sup>e</sup> hit was Sir **Tramtyste** that smote downe

**Sir Palamides** And than was he muche made of  
more than he was to fore. **Sir** **Tram-**  
**tryste** longe y<sup>e</sup> well cheryssed w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> kynge & wyth  
y<sup>e</sup> quene and namely w<sup>th</sup> la beale **Isode**. So vppon a  
day y<sup>e</sup> quene and la beale **Isode** made a bayne for **Sir**  
**Tramtryste** And w<sup>hen</sup> he was in his bayne the  
quene and **Isode** hir donght<sup>r</sup> romed vp & downe in  
the chamb<sup>r</sup> the wypled **Gormayle** and **hebed** atten-  
dede vppon **Tramtryste** the quene be helde his swer-  
de ad hit lay vppon his bedde And than at vngappid<sup>r</sup>  
the quene drew oute his swerde & be hylde hit along  
wyple And bothe they thonght hit a passynge fayre  
swerde but w<sup>th</sup> in a foote and an halff of the poyn-  
tere was a grete pyese y<sup>e</sup> of oute brokyn of y<sup>e</sup> edge  
And w<sup>hen</sup> y<sup>e</sup> quene had assyed y<sup>e</sup> gappe in y<sup>e</sup> swerde  
she remembrede hir of a pyese of a swerde that was  
fownde in the brayne panne of **Sir Charvalte** that  
was hir broy<sup>r</sup>. **Alas** than seyde she vnto hir donght<sup>r</sup>  
**la beale Isode** that is y<sup>e</sup> same traytoure knyght that  
slew my broy<sup>r</sup> tyme eme. **W<sup>hen</sup> Isode** herde her  
sey so she was passynge sore a bayssed for passynge  
well she loved **Tramtryste** and full well she knew  
the cruelnesse of hir moder y<sup>e</sup> quene. So anone y<sup>e</sup>  
w<sup>th</sup> all y<sup>e</sup> quene wente vnto hir owne chamb<sup>r</sup> & sought  
hir cofyr & y<sup>e</sup> she toke oute y<sup>e</sup> pyese of y<sup>e</sup> swerde y<sup>e</sup> was  
pulde oute of **Sir Charvaltes** brayne panne. aftir  
y<sup>e</sup> he was dede And than she ran wyth y<sup>e</sup> pyese of  
iron vnto y<sup>e</sup> swerde hit was ad mete ad hit myght  
be ad w<sup>hen</sup> hit was newe brokyn And than y<sup>e</sup> quene  
grypped y<sup>e</sup> swerde in hir honde ferfely & w<sup>th</sup> all her  
myght she ran streyght vppon **Tramtryste** where



he sat in his bayne And þe she had ryved hym tforowe  
had nat. **Sir Gede** bene he gate qu in his armoys it pulde  
þe fwerde frome her and ellys she had tforste hym tforowe  
So wgan she was lette of qu. evyll wylt she ran to tpe  
kynges her quibonde and fonde a my lorda on qu. luyd  
luelynge she seide here hane ye in yo house þe traytoure  
luyggt þe fenne my broþr a yo fuannte þe noble luyggt. **Sir**  
**marshalte** wqo is tthat seide þe kyng a wqere is he. **Sir**  
she seide qit is. **Sir Gramtryste** tpe same luyggt tthat  
my donght qelyd. Alas seide þe kyng þe fore I am ryggt qery  
for he is a full noble luyggt ad en I sawe in fylde. But I  
charge you seide þe kyng þe ye hane nat a do w þe luyggt  
but lette me dele w hym. Dgan tpe kyng wente in to  
þe chambur vnto **Sir Gramtryste** And tgan was he gone in  
to his owne chambur and þe kyng fonde hym all redy ar  
med to morwute vpon his horse. So wgan þe kyng sawe  
hym all redy armed to go vnto horse backe. Dhe kyng seide  
nay **Gramtryste** qit wolt nat abyple to compare a yente  
me. But tqu muche I shall do for my worlshipp it for thy love  
In so muche ad þe arte wptq. In my counte qit were no worlshipp  
to se þe. Dhere fore vpon tqu conduction I wolt gyff þe leve  
for to depte frome tqu counte in fabyte so þe wolte telle me  
wqo was thy fadir and wqat is thy name And also yf þe fenne  
**Sir marshalte** my broþr. So seide **Gramtryste** now I shall tell  
you all tpe trontge my fadyrs name yo. **Sir alyodas** kyng  
of **lyouesse** and my modir qyggt **Elyzabet** tthat was sist vnto  
kyng **harke** of **Corulbarle** and my modir dyed of me in tpe  
foreste And be cause þe of she comanded or she dyed þe wgan  
I was crystened tpey sholde crysten me **Grystramed** And be cause  
I wolde nat be knowyn in tqu contrey I turned my name and  
let calle me **Gramtryste** And for tpe tribage of **Corulbarle**

I fonght for myne Emperoure and for the ryght of Cornwall  
 whyle that ye had be possessed many yere and wete you well  
 seyde **Bystrames** vnto y<sup>e</sup> kynge I and the batayle for the love  
 of myne vncle kynge **charles** and for the love of the contrey  
 of cornuayle and for to encrece myne honoure for that same  
 day y<sup>e</sup> fonght w<sup>th</sup> **charles** I was made knyght and new  
 on t<sup>h</sup>an and I no batayle w<sup>th</sup> no knyght and fro me he wente  
 a lybe & lefte his schilde & his fownde be hynde hym So  
 god me helpe seyde the kynge I may nat say but ye and as a  
 knyght sholde do it as hit was yowre pte to do for y<sup>e</sup> quarell  
 and to encrece y<sup>e</sup> worschip as a knyght sholde do how be hit  
 I may nat mayntayne you in this contrey w<sup>th</sup> my worschip but  
 y<sup>e</sup> sholde displese many of my barownes and my wyff & my  
 kynne // **So** seyde **Bystrames** I thanke you of y<sup>e</sup> good  
 lordeship y<sup>e</sup> I thanke had w<sup>th</sup> in here w<sup>th</sup> you and the grete good  
 nesse my lady y<sup>e</sup> donght that shewes me and y<sup>e</sup> fore seyde for  
**Bystrames** hit may so be y<sup>e</sup> ve shall wyne more be my  
 lyff than be my dett for in the ptyes of Ingelonde hit may  
 happyn I may do you knyght at som season that ye shall be glad  
 y<sup>e</sup> en ye shewes me y<sup>e</sup> good lordeship wyth more I promyse  
 you as I am trewe knyght y<sup>e</sup> in all placis I shall be my lady  
 y<sup>e</sup> donght y<sup>e</sup> seruaunte & knyght in all ryght & in wronge  
 and I shall new fayle her to do as muche as a knyght may do  
 also I be seche y<sup>e</sup> good grace y<sup>e</sup> I may take my leue at my lady  
 yowre donght and at all the barownes & knyghts I woll wote  
 seyde the kynge // **So** **Bystrames** wente vnto la  
 beale **hode** and toke his leue and than he tolde what he was  
 and how a lady tolde hym y<sup>e</sup> he sholde new be hole but y<sup>e</sup> I  
 cam in to this contrey where y<sup>e</sup> porson was made where  
 thorow I was nere my dett had nat y<sup>e</sup> ladyship bene I sau  
 tyll knyght seyde la beale **hode** full wo I am off this departynge



for I saw new man y<sup>e</sup>nd I ought so good wyll to and y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all  
she wepte qertly / And seide Sir **Fystramys** ye  
shall vnderstonde y<sup>e</sup> my name y<sup>e</sup> **Fystramed** de lyoned  
gotyn of a kynge & borne of a queene And I promyse you  
faythfully I shall be all the dayes of my lyff y<sup>e</sup> knyght  
Grauncy seide **la beale** **Isode** and I promyse you y<sup>e</sup> agaynste  
I shall nat be maried t<sup>e</sup>ris. my yerys but by y<sup>e</sup> assente and  
wysom y<sup>e</sup> ye wolt I shall be maried to hym & he wolt haue  
me if ye wolt consente y<sup>e</sup> to And t<sup>e</sup>ran y<sup>e</sup> **Fystramed** gaff  
hir a kynge and she gaff hym anoy And y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>t</sup> he depte it  
com in to the comte amouge all y<sup>e</sup> barounes And there  
he toke his leue at moste and leste And oppuly he seide a  
mouge them all ffare lordys now hit is so t<sup>e</sup>rat I muste  
depte if y<sup>e</sup> be ony man here y<sup>e</sup> I haue offended vnto or t<sup>e</sup>rat  
ony man be w<sup>t</sup> me greved lette hym complayne hym here  
a fore me or y<sup>e</sup> en y<sup>e</sup> depte and I shall amende hit vnto my  
power And yf y<sup>e</sup> be ony man t<sup>e</sup>rat wolt proffir me wronge  
of sey me wronge of shame me be hynde my backe sey hit  
now or ellys new And here is my body to make hit good body  
a yense body And all t<sup>e</sup>er stood styll there was nat one t<sup>e</sup>rat  
wolde sey one worde yett were y<sup>e</sup> son knyghts y<sup>e</sup> were of  
y<sup>e</sup> queneys bloode and of y<sup>e</sup> **marthaltys** blood but t<sup>e</sup>er wolde  
nat meddyl wytyg hym So sir **Fystramys** depte and  
toke the see and w<sup>t</sup> good wynde he aryved vp at **Britanyll**  
in Cornwall And w<sup>t</sup>an kynge marke was hole in hye  
proffite t<sup>e</sup>ere cam t<sup>e</sup>yrngs y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> **Fystramed** was aryved it  
hole of his woundis T<sup>e</sup>ere of was kynge **marke** passynge  
glad And so were all y<sup>e</sup> barounes And w<sup>t</sup>an he saw hye  
tyme he rode vnto his fadir kynge **ayelodas** his fadir and  
y<sup>e</sup> he had all y<sup>e</sup> chere y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> kynge and y<sup>e</sup> queene conde make hym  
And t<sup>e</sup>an largely kynge **ayelodas** and his quene depte of

þ londys & goodys to Sir **Trystramed** þan by the bysence  
 of his fadir he returned a yew vnto the court of kynge **char-**  
**le** and þ he lyved longe in grette joy longe tyme vntyll at þ  
 laste þ he felle a solesy and an vntydeneſſe be twayne þynge  
**charle** and Sir **Trystramed** for they loved bothe one lady  
 and ſhe was an enlyd wyff that hyght þ **Segwarpede** and  
 this lady loved þ **Trystramed** paſſyngly well and he loved  
 hir a gayne for ſhe was a paſſyng fayre lady and that a  
 ſpyed þ **Trystramed** well þan kynge **charle** vnderſtoode  
 that and was ſelufe for kynge **charle** loved hir paſſyngly  
 well. So qit be felle vpon a day this lady ſente a dwarf  
 vnto þ **Trystramed** and bade hym ad he loved hir þ he wolde  
 be w<sup>t</sup> hir þ nepte myght folowynge alſo ſhe charged yon þ  
 ye com nat to hir but yf ye be well armed for her lorde  
 was called a good knyght. Sir **Trystramed** anſwerde  
 to the dwarf and ſeyde recomaunde me vnto my lady & tell  
 hir I woll nat fayle. But I ſhall be w<sup>t</sup> her the terme þ ſhe  
 ſette me and þ w<sup>t</sup> the dwarf deſted and kynge **charle**  
 aſpyed þ the dwarf was w<sup>t</sup> þ **Trystramed** vpon meſſage  
 frome **Segwarpede** wyff þan kynge **charle** ſente for þ  
 dwarf and when he was comyn he made þ dwarf by force  
 to tell hym all what and where fore þ he cam on meſſage  
 to þ **Trystramed** and than he tolde hym well ſeyde kynge  
**charle** go where þ wolte and vpon payne of deti that  
 yon ſey no worde þ þ ſpake w<sup>t</sup> me. So the dwarf departed  
 and þ ſame myght þ the ſteadyn was ſette be twayne **Seg-**  
**warpede** wyff and þ **Trystramed**. So kynge **charle** ar-  
 med and made hym redy & toke .ij. knyghts of his comynge  
 w<sup>t</sup> hym and ſo he rode by fore for to a byde by the wayes for  
 to wayte vpon þ **Trystramed** and ad þ **Trystramed** cam  
 rydynge vpon his way w<sup>t</sup> his ſpeare in his hande kynge



**marke** cam hurlyng apon hym and hys. h. byngget fuddeu  
ly And all. m. smote hym w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> spere And bynge **marke** hur  
By **Bystrained** on the breste ryght sore And than  
By **Bystrained** feantred his spere and smote bynge  
**marke** so sore that he rusted hym to the cotte & brused  
hym p<sup>r</sup> he lay styll in a sorow & longe qyt wao<sup>r</sup> he  
myght welde hym self And than he ran to the one  
byngget & offte to the totter and smote hem to the colde  
cotte p<sup>r</sup> they lay styll And p<sup>r</sup> all By **Bystrained** rode  
forth sore wounded to the lady & founde hir a bydyng  
hym at a postren And p<sup>r</sup> she welcomed hym fayre & exp<sup>r</sup>  
galsed op<sup>r</sup> m armys & so she lette putty up his horse in the  
beste wyse And than she unarmed hym & so they soupede  
lyghtly & wente to bedde w<sup>t</sup> grete joy & plesance And so  
in hys ragynge he toke no kepe of his grene womde p<sup>r</sup>  
bynge **marke** had gysyn hym And so p<sup>r</sup> **Bystrained**  
blesse bothe the on thete & p<sup>r</sup> ney p<sup>r</sup> sate & the pylowed  
p<sup>r</sup> the qede sate And w<sup>t</sup> m a wyle p<sup>r</sup> cam one be fore p<sup>r</sup>  
warned her p<sup>r</sup> hir lorde By **Segwarde** wao<sup>r</sup> nere hounde  
w<sup>t</sup> in a bowe drawt So she made By **Bystrained** to  
a ryse & armed hym & toke his horse & so deptes // So by p<sup>r</sup>  
wao<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> **Segwarde** hir lorde com And wao<sup>r</sup> he founde  
hys bedde troubled & brokyn And so he wente nere and  
loked by candle lyght & sawe p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> had leue a wounded knyght  
a false traytoure he seyde woy gaste p<sup>r</sup> be trayde me  
And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all he swange oute a sward & seyde but p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> telle  
me att<sup>r</sup> now shalt you dey / a my lorde mercy seyde the  
lady & helde up hir goudys & fle me nat & I shall tell you  
att<sup>r</sup> who hath bene here / Than anon seyde **Segwarde**  
**de** sey and tell me p<sup>r</sup> trouthe a none for drede she seyde  
here wao<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> **Bystrained** w<sup>t</sup> me & by p<sup>r</sup> way ad he come

to merburde he was fore wounded id false traitoured wife  
 he is he be comd Sir fye fende he is armed it depted on horse  
 backe nat yett qend galff a myle / ye sey well fende **Seg-**  
**warydes** tgan he armed hym lyghtly it gate his horse it  
 rode affir Sir **Dystrained** the strengt they vnto **Dyn-**  
**tagyll** and w<sup>t</sup> in a whyle he on toke Sir **Dystrained**  
 and tgan he made hym tyme false traytoure knyght  
 and p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> all f **Segwarydes** smote f **Dystrained** w<sup>t</sup> a  
 speare p<sup>r</sup> q<sup>r</sup> all to braste and tgan he fange oute q<sup>r</sup>o  
 swerde it smote faste at f **Dystrained** Sir knyght fende  
 f **Dystrained** I counceyle you fmyte no more q<sup>r</sup>owbe q<sup>r</sup>it  
 for the wrong p<sup>r</sup> I qane done you I wolt for bere you ad  
 longe ad I may / f say fende **Segwarydes** that shall nat  
 be for op<sup>r</sup> you shall dye ot<sup>r</sup> ell<sup>r</sup> / I tgan f **Dystrained**  
 drew his swerde it curled his horse vnto q<sup>r</sup>u freyschely it  
 tgorow p<sup>r</sup> waste of the body he smote f **Segwarydes** p<sup>r</sup> he  
 felle to the entse in fowne / and so f **Dystrained** depted  
 it leste q<sup>r</sup>u p<sup>r</sup> it so he rode vnto **Dyntagyll** and toke q<sup>r</sup>o  
 lodgyng secretly for he wolde nat be know p<sup>r</sup> he was  
 quite / Also Sir **Segwarydes** men rode affir theire mast<sup>r</sup>  
 it brought q<sup>r</sup>u home on his faple it p<sup>r</sup> he lay longe on he  
 were hole But at p<sup>r</sup> laste he reconde / Also knyge **marke**  
 wolde nat be a knowyn of p<sup>r</sup> he had done vnto f **Dystrained**  
 wgan he mette p<sup>r</sup> knyght and ad for f **Dystrained** he knew  
 nat p<sup>r</sup> knyge **marke** had mette w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>r</sup>u and so p<sup>r</sup> knyge  
 com a fcaruce com to f **Dystrained** to comforte q<sup>r</sup>u ad  
 he lay fyle in his bedde / But ad longe ad knyge **marke**  
 lyved he loved neu<sup>r</sup> affir f **Dystrained** So affir tgan tsonze  
 p<sup>r</sup> were fayre speche love was p<sup>r</sup> none and tgan q<sup>r</sup>it paste  
 on many wykes it daped and all was for q<sup>r</sup>iffyn it for getyn  
 for f **Segwarydes** durste nat qane a do w<sup>t</sup> f **Dystrained**



be cause off his noble proues And also be cause he was ne  
ver vnto kynge **charle** there fore he lette hit on flyppe  
for he þat qat a preby quere is lot to hane a shame oute  
warde. Than hit be felle vpon a day þat þe good knyght  
þat **Bleoberys de ganyo** broþ vnto þat **Blamore de ganyo**  
þat nye cosyn vnto the good knyght. Syr **launcelot de la**  
**ke** So the þat **Bleoberys** cam vnto þat comte off kynge **char**  
**le** and þat he askeþ kynge **charle** to gyff hym a done what  
gyfte þat he wol aske in the comte. When þat kynge herde  
hym aske so he merdayled off his aspyng. But by cause  
he was a knyght off the rounde table þat off a grette renoune  
kynge **charle** graunted hym his hole aspyng. Than  
seyde þat **Bleoberys** I wol hane þat fayreste lady in þat  
comte þat me lyte to chose I may nat say nay seyde kynge  
**charle** now chose hit at þat adventure. And so þat **Bleo**  
**berys** and chose þat **Segwarde** wyff þat toke hit by the  
honde þat so wente his way w<sup>th</sup> her And so he toke his horse  
þat made sette her be hynde his squyer þat rode vpon his  
way. When þat **Segwarde** herde telle þat his lady was  
gone w<sup>th</sup> a knyght off kynge **artours** comte. Than he  
armed hym þat rode aft<sup>r</sup> þat knyght to rescow his lady.  
So when þat **Bleoberys** was gone w<sup>th</sup> the lady kynge  
**charle** and all þat comte was wroth þat she was had a  
way. Than were þat stayne ladyes that knew þat  
was grette love be twene þat **Trystram** and her.  
And also þat lady loved þat **Trystram** a boþyn all oþer  
knyght. Than þat was one lady þat rebuked þat **Trystram**  
In the horrybelyst wyse þat called hym Cowarde knyght  
þat he wolde for shame off his knyghthode to se a lady  
so shamefully takyn a way fro his knyghthode comte but  
she mente that entyre off her loved of w<sup>th</sup> entyre herte

But sir **Trystram** answered her thus fayre lady  
 hit is nat my pte to have a do in such materd' wchyle  
 her lorde & husbunde ys presente here and yf so be that  
 hir lorde had nat bene here in this counte I shold have bene  
 the worst of this counte p'venture I wolde have bene  
 hir champion. And yf so be þ **Segwarde** speke nat  
 well hit may happyn that I wolde speke w<sup>t</sup> þ good knyght  
 or enye passe far fro this contrey. I shold w<sup>t</sup> in a way  
 le com þ **Segwarde** squire & tolde in þ t'herre mast'  
 was betwixt sore & wounded at the poynte of detay as he  
 wolde have rescued his lady þ **Blowys** on t'herre  
 arm & sore gath' wounded hym. I shold was bynge  
**Harke** her þ of & all þ counte. I shold þ **Trystram**  
 herde of this he was a shamed & sore a grieved and anon  
 he armed hym & reade to horse backe and **Comyn** his  
 suante bare his shilde and his spere and so ad. Syn  
**Trystram** rode faste he mette w<sup>t</sup> þ **Andret** his cosyn  
 that by the comendement of bynge **Harke** that was  
 sente to bynge forty. y. bynght of **Arthure** counte  
 that rode by the contrey to see þ adventures. I shold  
 þ **Trystram** sawe sir **Andret** he asked hym what ty  
 dyng. So god me helpe seyde þ **Andret** there was new  
 worke w<sup>t</sup> me for here by the comendement of bynge  
**Harke** I was sente to fecthe. y. bynght of bynge **Arthure**  
 counte and the tene bete me & wounded me and sette  
 nought be my messayge fayre cosyn seyde þ **Trystram**  
 yde on þ way and yf I may mete t'her hit may happyn  
 I shall revenge you. So sir **Andret** rode in to Comyn  
 le and þ **Trystram** rode after the. y. bynght wchyle  
 that one bynght. Sir **Sagamonre le desprons** and þ  
 other bynght þ **Dodyn** le savyngge. So w<sup>t</sup> in a wayle



Sw **Trystrame** saw hem by fore hym. y. lyf by byrght yon  
Sw seide **Goimayle** vnto his mayster I wolde counceyle you  
nat to hane a do w<sup>t</sup> them for they be. y. proved byrght of **Ar**  
**thure** counte ad<sup>r</sup> for that seide þ **Trystrame** have ye no  
doute but I wol hane a do w<sup>t</sup> them bothe to encrece my  
worshipp for hit is many day sytt hem I and any armye.  
do ad<sup>r</sup> ye lyte seide **Goimayle** and þ wryt<sup>r</sup> all anone fir  
**Trystrame** asked them from whens they come & wher they  
wolde & what they dur in those marches. So þ **Sa**  
**gramoure** lobed vpon þ **Trystrame** and had skorne of  
his cowardys & seide to hym a gayne Sw be ye a byrght of  
Cornwall wher by askyde you seide þ **Trystrame** for  
hit is seldom same seide þ **Sagramoure** þ ye cornysse  
byrghts bene valyante men in armye for w<sup>t</sup> in thes. y.  
owres þ mette w<sup>t</sup> ad<sup>r</sup> one of you Cornysse byrghts and  
gyete wordys he spake and anone w<sup>t</sup> lytly myght he was  
leide to the enthe. And ad<sup>r</sup> I trow seide Sw **Sagramoure**  
that ye wolde hane þ same gausell. Sayre lordys seide  
þ **Trystrame** hit may so happe þ I may bettir wryt<sup>r</sup> stonde  
yon than he ded and wher ye woll or mylle I woll have a  
do w<sup>t</sup> you be cause he was my Cosyn þ ye bete and þ fore  
here do ye beste and wete you well but yf ye gyte you  
the bettir here vpon this grounde one byrght of Cornwall  
le shall beate you bothe. Whan þ **Dodryan** le sabynge  
hende hym sey so he gate appeare in his honde & seide fir  
byrght bepe thy self And than they depte & com to gydn  
ad<sup>r</sup> hit had bene tquidw and þ **Dodryan** spere braste in  
funder but þ **Trystrame** smote hym w<sup>t</sup> a more myght þ  
he smote hym clene on horse crouppyn and myze he had brokyn  
his necke. Whan þ **Sagramoure** saw his felow hane such  
a falle he meynayled what byrght he was but so he dressed

quod speare w<sup>t</sup> all quod myght And þ **Trystramed** a venste  
 hym And so they cam to g<sup>o</sup> d<sup>r</sup> as t<sup>h</sup>und<sup>r</sup> And t<sup>h</sup>ere þ **Trys-**  
**tramed** smote þ **Sagramor** a stronge buffette þ he bare q<sup>u</sup>o  
 house & hym to the ert<sup>h</sup>e it m<sup>o</sup> þ fallynge he brake quod t<sup>h</sup>ygge  
 So w<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>h</sup>is was done þ **Trystramed** asked t<sup>h</sup>em farr  
 byggt<sup>h</sup> wyll ye any more. Be t<sup>h</sup>ere any bygger byggt<sup>h</sup> y<sup>o</sup>  
 m<sup>o</sup> þ counte of kynge **Artur** q<sup>u</sup>o is to you s<sup>h</sup>ame to sey w<sup>t</sup>  
 byggt<sup>h</sup> of Cornuayle d<sup>i</sup>st<sup>h</sup>on<sup>r</sup> for q<sup>u</sup>o may happ<sup>u</sup>n a Cornuayle  
 byggt<sup>h</sup> may macc<sup>h</sup>e you. **Sagamor** is t<sup>h</sup>ont<sup>h</sup>e seyde þ **Sagra-**  
**moure** t<sup>h</sup>at hane we well proved But I requyre you seyde  
 þ **Sagramor** telle w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>o</sup> name be y<sup>o</sup> feyt<sup>h</sup> & t<sup>h</sup>ont<sup>h</sup>e t<sup>h</sup>at  
 ye oaze to the t<sup>h</sup>ye order of byggt<sup>h</sup>ode ye charge me w<sup>t</sup>  
 a grete t<sup>h</sup>ynge seyde þ **Trystramed** And sytt<sup>h</sup> hym ye lyste  
 to wete ye s<sup>h</sup>all know & vnderstonde þ my name y<sup>o</sup> sir  
**Trystramed de lyones** kynge **chelyodas** son and nebew  
 vnto kynge **Artur** **Sagamor** were t<sup>h</sup>ey. y. byggt<sup>h</sup> fayne  
 þ t<sup>h</sup>ey had mette w<sup>t</sup> þ **Trystramed** And so t<sup>h</sup>ey prayde q<sup>u</sup>  
 to a byde m<sup>o</sup> þ felys<sup>h</sup>yp pray seyde þ **Trystramed** for I  
 myste hane a do w<sup>t</sup>h one of y<sup>o</sup> f<sup>o</sup>llo<sup>w</sup> y<sup>o</sup> quod name is þ  
**Bleoberys de ganyot** God s<sup>h</sup>ede you well seyde þ **Sagra-**  
**moure** and þ **Dodynad** So sir **Trystramed** de<sup>p</sup>ted and  
 rode outwarde on quod way And t<sup>h</sup>an was he ware be fore  
 hym in a valay w<sup>h</sup>ere rode þ **Bleoberys** w<sup>t</sup>h sir **Segwa-**  
**rydes** lady t<sup>h</sup>at rode be hynde quod s<sup>h</sup>ynre appon a palfrey  
**Sagamor** þ **Trystramed** rode more t<sup>h</sup>an a pace vntyll þ he  
 had on take hym **Sagamor** spake þ **Trystramed** a byde he  
 seyde byggt<sup>h</sup> of **Artur** counte byynge a garne t<sup>h</sup>at lady  
 or delyu q<sup>u</sup>o to me I w<sup>o</sup>ll do my<sup>o</sup> n<sup>o</sup>þ seyde þ **Bleoberys**  
 for I drede no Cornuayle byggt<sup>h</sup> so fore þ me lyste to delyu  
 ger Why seyde þ **Trystramed** may nat a Cornuayle byggt<sup>h</sup>  
 do adw<sup>o</sup>ll ad<sup>o</sup> w<sup>o</sup> of byggt<sup>h</sup> y<sup>o</sup> t<sup>h</sup>is same day. y. byggt<sup>h</sup>



of your comite wyth þu tþid. iij. myle mette w<sup>t</sup> me and on  
 enwe deþted they founde a Cornysse burggt good I norve for  
 them botte. What were þu namp<sup>s</sup> seyde þ **Bleobery** þ they  
 tolde me þ one hgggt þ **Dagranomre** le desyrond & tþat  
 of hgggt þ **Dodynas** le saineage d. seyde þ **Bleobery**  
 hane ye mette w<sup>t</sup> them. So god me helpe they were. ij. good  
 burggt & men of grete worschyp And yf ye hane betyn them  
 botte ye muste nedid be a good burggt yf qit be so ye hane  
 beatyn them botte yett schall ye nat feare me but ye shall  
 beate me or en ye hane tþid lady. Dþan defende you seyde.  
 Dn. **Grystramed** so they deþted it com to gndw hþe tþundir  
 & eyþ bare of downe horse & man to the erthe. Dþan they  
 a voyded þ horsys & lassed to gndw egerly w<sup>t</sup> swerdys &  
 myghtyly now here now þ trasung & transunge on þ myzt  
 honde & on the lyfte honde more tþan. ij. owres & soun tyme  
 they rowysched to gndw. w<sup>t</sup> fuche a mygt þ they lay botte  
 grovelunge on þ erthe. Dþan þ **Bleobery** de ganyd  
 sterte a backe & seyde tþid. frow Jantyll burggt a whr  
 le holde þ hounded & let vo speke to gndw. Sey on what  
 ye well seyde þ **Grystramed** and I woll answer you and  
 I can. Dn. seyde **Bleobery** I wolde wete of wþend ye we  
 re of wþom ye be com and what is þo name. So god me  
 helpe seyde þ **Grystramed** I feare nat to telle you my na  
 me wete you well I am kyng **ahelodas** son & my moþ  
 is kyng **charles** sistr and my name is þ **Grystramed**  
 de lyoned and kyng **charle** þo myne vucte Truly seyde  
 Dn. **Bleobery** I am rygt glad of you for ye ar qe tþat  
 slewe the burggt honde for honde in þ flonde for the trway  
 ge of Cornuaple. Also ye on com þ **Palomides** þ good  
 burggt at þ turnemente in Irelonde where he bate Dn.  
**Gawayne** and qid. iij. felows. So god me helpe seyde þ

**Trystramed** wete you well, I am þe same knyght & now  
 I haue tolde you my name telle me your name & good wyll  
 that my name is þe **Bleoberys** de garys & my broþer knyght  
 sir **Blamoure** de garys þe is callid a good knyght & we be  
 syster chyldeyn vnto my lord þe **Lamucelot de lake** þe we  
 calle one of þe beste knyghts of þe worlde that is trouthe  
 seyde þe **Trystramed** Sir **Lamucelot** þe is callid perelous of  
 curtesy & of knyghthode and for his sake seyde þe **Trystramed**  
 I wyll natwyt my good wyll feryght no more wyt you for the  
 grete love I haue to þe **Lamucelot** in good feyth seyde þe **Bleo**  
**berys** as for me I wolde be lotte to feryght wyt you but sythþen  
 ye folow me here to haue the lady I shall proffur you knynde  
 ned & curtesy ryght here vpon this grounde that lady  
 shall be sette be thyghte vnto bothe & who þe she wolt go vnto  
 of you and me lette hym haue hir in pece I wolt well seyde  
 Sir **Trystramed** for as I deme she wolt leue you & com to  
 me ye shall prebe anone seyde þe **Bleoberys** So wgan she  
 was sette be thyghte thew she seyde thes wordys vnto Sir  
**Trystramed** wete þe well þe **Trystramed** de lyones that but  
 late þe was þe man in þe worlde that I moste loved & trusted  
 and I wente ye had loved me a gayne a bove all ladyes  
 But wgan þe sawyste the knyght lede me a way þe madist  
 no chere to rescow me but suffurdyst my lord þe **Segwarped**  
 to ryde aft me But vntyll þe tyme I wente ye had loved me  
 and þe fore now I for sake þe & neu to love the more and þe  
 walt she wente vnto þe **Bleoberys** wgan þe **Trystramed**  
 saw her do so he was wondrously wroth walt that lady & a shamed  
 to com to þe court But sir **Bleoberys** seyde vnto þe **Trys**  
**tramed** ye ar in the blame for I gyve by this ladyes wordis  
 that she trusted you a bovyd all certely knyghts and she seyde  
 ye haue dysseybed hir Here fore wete you well þe may no



man wolde that wolde a way and natour than ye sholde hertely  
be dispensed w<sup>th</sup> me I wolde ye had her and she wolde a bryde w<sup>th</sup>  
you. **S**ay sende y<sup>e</sup> lady so I shal me helpe I wolde ned go wyth  
you. **S**he that I loved and wente p<sup>r</sup> he had loved me for soke  
me at my nede and p<sup>r</sup> fore p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** she sende ryde ad  
p<sup>r</sup> c<sup>r</sup>us for thonght p<sup>r</sup> qaddyste on com thys knyght ad p<sup>r</sup> were  
lythly. w<sup>th</sup> the ned wolde I have gone and I shall pray thys  
knyght so farre of his knyghtode p<sup>r</sup> or ever he passe thys  
contrey that he wolde lede me to the abbey there my lorde  
**Sir Segwarde** lyggys. So god me helpe sende p<sup>r</sup> **Bleo-**  
**bery** I latte you wete that thys good knyght p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram**  
be cause bynge **marke** gaff me the charge of a gyfte in  
thys counte and so thys lady lyked me best. **Platwytston**  
bynge she is wedded t<sup>r</sup> qat<sup>r</sup> a lorde and I have also fulfyl  
led my queste she shall be sente unto hir husbunde a gayne  
and in especyall mooste for y<sup>e</sup> sake p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** and she  
wolde go w<sup>th</sup> you I wolde ye had her I thanke you sende fir  
**Trystram** but for her sake I shall be ware what man  
of lady I shall love or truste. ffor had her lorde p<sup>r</sup> **Segwar-**  
**de** bene a way from p<sup>r</sup> counte I sholde have bene the fyrste  
that sholde a folowed you. But syth ye have refused me  
ad I am a trewe knyght I shall know hir passynghy well p<sup>r</sup> I  
shall love o<sup>r</sup> truste and so they to be p<sup>r</sup> love t<sup>r</sup> depte. And so  
**Sir Trystram** rode unto **Dyntagyll** and fir **Bleobery**  
rode unto the abbey where fir **Segwarde** lay sore womn  
ded t<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> he delynde his lady and depte ad a noble knyght  
So w<sup>th</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> **Segwarde** saw his lady he was gretly com  
forted and than she tolde him that p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** had do  
me grette batayle w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> **Bleobery** and caused him to bring  
her a gayne. So p<sup>r</sup> wordis pleased p<sup>r</sup> **Segwarde** gretly p<sup>r</sup>  
**Sir Trystram** wolde do so muche and so that lady tolde

All the

all þæt batayle wuto kyng **marke** be twerpte þæt **Trystram**  
 and **Sir Bleoberys** So wgan tþis was done þæt **marke**  
 be caste all þæt wayed tþat he myght to dystroy þæt **Trystram**  
 med And tþan imaged in hym self to sende þæt **Trystram**  
 þæt to frelonde for **la beale Mode** for **Sir Trystram** had so  
 preyed her for hir beaute þæt hir goodnesse tþat tþat kyng  
**marke** seyde he wolde wedde hir wþere vþpon he prayde  
**Sir Trystram** to take tþis way in to frelonde for hym  
 on message & all tþis was done to tþe entente to sle þæt  
**Trystram** þat wstondyng he wolde nat refuse þæt mes-  
 sayge for no danager nor þæt he myght falle for tþe plea-  
 sure of tþis wote So to go he made hym redy in þæt moste  
 goodlyeste wyse tþat myght be deuysed for he toke wþ hym  
 tþe moste goodlyeste knyght þæt he myght fynde in þæt counte  
 and tþey were arayed aþer tþe gyse þæt was used þæt tyme  
 in tþe moste goodlyeste man So þæt **Trystram** deþted  
 and toke tþe see wþ all tþis felyschyp And anon ad he was  
 in tþe see a tempeste toke tþem & drowe tþem in to þæt coste  
 off Ingelonde and þæt tþey arybed faste by **Camelot** and fult  
 fayne tþey were to take tþe londe And wgan tþey were  
 lounded þæt **Trystram** sette up tþis pabylyon vþpon tþe  
 londe of **Camelot** And þæt he late hange tþis shylde vþpon  
 tþe pabylyon And þæt same day cam .ij. knyghts of kyng  
**Arthure** tþat one was **Sir Ector de marpo** And tþat oþer  
 was **Sir Morgaunore** And tþes .ij. toughted tþe shylde and  
 bade hym com oute off tþe pabylyon for to iuste and he  
 wolde / Anone þe schall be answeryd seyde þæt **Trystram**  
 and þe woll tary a lytyll whyle So he made hym re-  
 dy and fyrste he smote downe þæt **Ector** And tþan þæt **Morga-**  
**nore** all wþ one speare and sore brused tþem And wgan  
 tþey lay vþpon tþe erthe tþey asked þæt **Trystram** wþat



he was and of what contrey he was bryghtly ffre lord  
did seide þat **Tuystrames** wete þou wel þat I am of Corn  
walle alas seide þat **Ector** now and I a shamed þen ony  
cornysse bryght sholde on com me and than for dyspyte  
þat **Ector** put of his armoure fro hym and wente on foot  
and wolde nat ryde. Than hit be telle that þat **Blasbe**  
**ryd** and þat **Blasbe de Campo** that were brettyn they  
had assommed bryng **Augwysse** of Irelonde for to com to  
bryng **Artur** courtte upon payne of forseture of bryng  
**Artur** good grace and þat the bryng of Irelonde come  
nat in to that day assygned and sette the bryng sholde  
lose his londys. So by bryng **Artur** hit was happen  
þat day that noþer he next þat þat **Lancelot** myght nat be þen  
where þat judgemente sholde be þen. þat bryng **Artur**  
was at þat **Lancelot** at þat þat garde and so bryng **Artur**  
assygned bryng **Carado** and the bryng of þat scott  
to be there that day as þat. So than the bryng  
were at **Camelot** bryng **Augwysse** of Irelonde was  
com to know his accusers. Than was þat **Blasbe de ga**  
**ny** there that appeled the bryng of Irelonde of trefon  
that he had slayne a cosyn of there in his courtte in Ire  
londe by trefon. Than þat bryng was fore a bayssed of  
his accusacion for why he was at to the somons of bryng  
**Artur** and on þat he com at **Camelot** he wyte nat w  
re fore he was sente fore. So than þat bryng herde  
hym se þat wyll he understood well þat was none of  
remedy but to answer hym bryghtly for the custom  
was such the dayes that if ony man were appeled of  
ony trefon oþer of myrture he sholde fyght body for  
body of ellys to fynde anoy bryght for hym and alle  
man of myrture in the dayes were called trefon

"So wgan bryng **Augwysse** vnderstood his accusyng  
 he was passyng heby for he knew Sir **Blamoure** de  
 ganyt that he was a noble knyght and of noble knyght  
 comyn. So the bryng of prelonde was but simply pur  
 veyde of his answere. There fore he juged gaff hym  
 respyte by the thirde day to gyff his answere. So the  
 bryng deptyed vnto his lodgyng. The meane whyle  
 there com a lady by **Syrstrame** pabylyon mayng  
 guete dore what alyt you seide sir **Syrstrame** that  
 ye make such dore. A fayre knyght seide y lady I am  
 shamed ouer that I am good knyght helpe me for a gte  
 lady of worship sent by me a fayre chyldre and a ryche  
 vnto **Sir Lancelot** and here by there mette w me a knyght  
 and trow me downe of my palfrey and toke a way the  
 chyldre frome me. Well my lady seide **Syrstrame**  
 and for my lorde **Sir Lancelot** sake I shall gete you that  
 chyldre a gayne othir he shall beate me. And so **Syr**  
**trame** toke his horse and asked y lady whiche way  
 the knyght yode. Anone she tolde hym it he rode after  
 So w in a whyle he on toke y knyght it bade hym tur  
 ne it bryng agayne the chyldre. Anone the knyght  
 turned his horse it made hym redy to fyght and than  
 Sir **Syrstrame** smote hym w a fownde swer a buffet  
 that he tumbled to the erthe and than he yelded hym  
 vnto Sir **Syrstrame** than com the way seide Sir  
**Syrstrame** and bryng the chyldre to the lady a gay  
 ne. So he toke his horse weybely and rode wyth sir  
**Syrstrame** and so by the way he asked his name. Sir  
 he seide my name is **Brenno** sauge pyte. So wgan  
 he had delynde that chyldre to the lady. Sir ad in this  
 the chyldre is well remedied. Than sir **Syrstrame**



lete hym go a gayne that fore repented hym after for he  
was a grette foo vnto many good knyghts of kyng **Artu-  
res** court. **Boaw** whan **Syr Tristram** was in this pa-  
vylion **Goimayle** his man com and tolde hym how that  
kyng **Augurys** of Irelonde was com thider and he was  
in grette dystresse and þe he tolde hym how he was souned  
and appeled of myght. So god me helpe seyde **Syr Tris-  
tram** this is the beste tydyng that eu com to me this wy-  
yere for now shall the kyng of Irelonde have nede of  
my helpe for I dene say þe is no knyght in this contrey þe  
is nat in **Artures** court þe dare do batayle wyth sir  
**Blamour** de ganyo And for to wyne the love of the  
kyng of Irelonde I wolle take the batayle vpon me  
and þe fore **Goimayle** bere me this word I charge the  
to the kyng. **Boaw** **Goimayle** wente vnto kyng **Aug-  
urys** of Irelonde and saluted hym full fayre. So the  
kyng welcomed hym and asked what he wolde. **Sir**  
he seyde here is a knyght nere honde þe despyt to fre-  
ke wyth you for he bade me sey that he wolde do you  
sewys. What knyght is he seyde the kyng. **Sir** hit  
**Sir Tristram** de lyones that for the good grace ye  
shewed hym in þe londys he wolle rewarde in this con-  
treys. **Com** on felow seyde þe kyng wille me anone and  
bryng me vnto **Syr Tristram**. So the kyng toke a  
lyttel hackney it but fewe felystys w<sup>t</sup> hym tyll þe  
cam vnto **Sir Tristram** pabylion and whan sir  
**Tristram** saw the kyng he ran vnto hym it wolde  
have holdyn his styrope but þe kyng lepe frome his  
horse lyghtly it extir galled othir in armys. thy gra-  
cions lord seyde sir **Tristram** graunte mecy of þe  
grette goodnesse þe shewed vnto me in þe maraigys



and landys And at that tyme I prynced you to do you  
 byrse and en hit lay in my power. A Jantyll knyght  
 seyde the kynge vnto **Syr Trame** now hane I grete  
 nede of you neu had I so grete nede of no knyghtys  
 helpe. Now so my good lord seyde **Syr Trame** I shall  
 tyll you seyde the kynge I am assured it appeled fro my  
 contrey for the dett of a knyght p<sup>r</sup> was byrme vnto the  
 good knyght **Sir Launcelot** where fore **Sir Blainde ga-**  
**ny** **Sir Bleoberys** his broþr that appeled me to fyght  
 wyth hym of for to fynde a knyght in my stede and  
 well I wote seyde p<sup>r</sup> kynge thed that ar comyn of  
 kynge **Bany** bloode do for **Launcelot** and thed oþer  
 ar passynge good hard knyghts a hard men for to  
 wyne in batayle as ony that I know now lyvyn. Sir  
 seyde **Syr Trame** for the good lordeschypp ye shewed  
 vnto me in frelonde and for my lady your daughter  
 sake la beale **Hode** I wolt take the batayle for you up-  
 pon this conducion that ye shall graunte me .ij. thyngs  
 one is that ye shall swere vnto me that ye ar in the  
 ryght it that ye were neu consentynge to the knyghts  
 dett. Sir than seyde **Syr Trame** when I hane  
 done this batayle yf god gyff me grace to spede that  
 ye shall gyff me a rewarde what thyng resonable  
 that I wolt aske you. So god me helpe seyde p<sup>r</sup> kynge  
 ye shall hane what sou en ye wolt. ye sey well seyde  
**Syr Trame** now make y<sup>e</sup> answer p<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> champpyon  
 is redy for I shall dye in y<sup>e</sup> quarell rather than to be  
 recedunte I hane no doute of you seyde the kynge  
 that and ye sholde hane a do w<sup>t</sup> for **Launcelot de lake**  
 as for **Sir Launcelot** he is called p<sup>r</sup> noblyst of p<sup>r</sup> world  
 of knyghts and wete you well p<sup>r</sup> the knyghts of hys



bloode ar noble men and drede shame and ad for þ **Ble**  
**oberys** broþ vnto sir **Blamo** I haue done batayle wth  
hym þ fore vpon my hede hit is no shame to calle hym  
a good knyght. Sir hit is noysed seyde þ bynge þ sir  
**Blamo** is the hardyer knyght ad for þ lat hym be he  
shall nat be refused it he were þ beste knyght þ beryst  
shylde or spere. So bynge **augurys** deþted vnto byng  
**Carado** and þ byngs that were that tyme ad iuge  
and then how that he had founde his champion redy  
than by the comaimement of the byngs Sir **Blamo**  
**de gany** and Sir **Bystrayns de lyones** were sente  
fore to hys þ charge and when they were com be fo  
re the iuge þ were many byngs þ knyghts þ shylde  
Sir **Bystrayns** and muche speche they had of hym  
be cause he flew Sir **marqalte** the good knyght and be  
cause he for iusted Sir **palo mydeo** the good knyght  
So when they had takyn þ charge they w<sup>t</sup> drew hem  
to make hem redy to do batayle than seyde þ **Bleobe**  
**ryd** to his broþ Sir **Blamoure** sayre dere broþ seyde  
he remembir of what tyme we be com of and what  
a man is Sir **launcelot de lake** noþ farther ne nere  
but brethyrne cypeldrue and þ was neu none of oure  
tyme þ en was shamed in batayle but natr brothr  
suffr detr than to be shamed. Brothr seyde Sir  
**Blamo** haue ye no doute of me for I shall neu shame  
none of my bloode. how be I am sure that yowr knyght  
yo called a passyng good knyght ad of his tyme ad  
ony in the world yett shall I neu yelde me noþ for  
þ lotte worde well may he happyn to fynyte me don  
ne w<sup>t</sup> his grete myght of chvalry but rap shall he fle  
me than I shall yelde me recreaunte. God spede yon

well seyde Sir **Blamour** for ye shall fynde hym the  
 myghtyest knyght that en ye had a do w<sup>t</sup> all. I knowe  
 hym for I have had a do w<sup>t</sup> hym. God me speke seyde þ  
**Blamour** and þ w<sup>t</sup> he toke his horse at the one ende of  
 the lyst And þ **Tristram** at the other ende of the  
 lyst and so they feantred þ þer w<sup>t</sup> a com to gedyr ad  
 hit had be tūmū And þ þ **Tristram** tūmū grete  
 myght smote downe þ **Blamour** and his horse to þ erthe  
 þāw a none þ **Blamour** aboyded his horse a pulled  
 oute his sword and toke his shylde be fore hym and  
 bade þ **Tristram** a lyght for tūnze my horse hath  
 fayled I truste to god the erthe w<sup>t</sup> nat fayle me  
 And tūā Sir **Tristram** a lyght a dressed hym  
 vnto batayle and there they layssed to gedr. stronge  
 by rasyng fornyng and dayssyng many sad stoff  
 that the knyght and knyght had grete woundr þ they  
 myght stonde for they er fonght lyke woode men  
 there was ned seyne of. n. knyght that fonght more  
 ferselyer for þ **Blamour** was so hasty he wolde have no  
 reste that all men woundrde that they had brette to  
 stonde on þ feete that all the place was bloode that  
 they fonght in and at the laste Sir **Tristram** smote  
 Sir **Blamour** succe a buffette vpon the helme that he  
 þ synked downe vpon his hyde And Sir **Tristram**  
 stood styll and he hylde hym. // So wāā Sir **Blamour**  
 myght speke he seyde tūā Sir **Tristram** de lyo  
**ne** I requyre the ad þ art a noble knyght and the  
 beste knyght that en I founde that þ w<sup>t</sup> sle me  
 oute for I wolde nat lybe to be made lorde of all the  
 erthe for I had led dye here w<sup>t</sup> worschyp tūā lybe  
 here w<sup>t</sup> shame And nedid þ **Tristram** þ nūp



fle me oþ ellys þ' shalt neuþ wryne þ' folde for I woll neuþ  
 sey the lotte worde and þ' fore yf I are fle me fle me I requy  
 re the. **Whan þ' Brystramed** herde hym sey so bryghtly  
 in his herte he wryte nat what to do wth hym. Remembryng  
 hym of bothe ptyes of what bloode he was comyn of and  
 for **Sir Lancelotts** sake he wolde be lotte to fle hym and þu  
 the oþ pty in no wyse he myght nat chose but to make hym  
 sey the lotte worde oþer ellys to fle hym. **Whan þ' Brystra**  
**med** sterte a backe and wente to the kyng that were juged  
 and þ' he knelid downe to fore them and he songht them of their  
 worshyp and for kyng **Artours** love and for **Sir Lancel**  
**lotts** sake that they wolde take this mater in þ' hondis for  
 my fayre lordys seyde þ' **Brystramed** hit were shame and  
 pyte that this noble bryght that yowr lycht sholde be slay  
 ne for ye hyre well shamed wold he nat be and I pray to  
 god that he neuþ be slayne nor shamed for me and ad for the  
 kyng **Whom** I syght fore I shall requyre hym ad I and his  
 trew chawppon and trew bryght in this fylde þ' he woll have  
 mercy vpon this bryght. **Do** god me helpe seyde kyng **Aug**  
**wyshe** I woll for þo sake **Sir Brystramed** be ruled ad ye woll  
 have me and I woll hartely pray þ' kyng that be here juged  
 to take hit in there hondys. **Whan** the kyng þ' were juged  
 called þ' **Bleoberys** to them and asked his adyce hy lordys  
 seyde **Sir Bleoberys** thoughte my broþ be beatyn and have  
 the worse in his body thow myght of armys the that nat  
 beatyn his herte and thanke god he is nat shamed this day  
 and nat þu than he be shamed I requyre you seyde **Sir Bleo**  
**berys** lat **Sir Brystramed** fle hym oute hit shall nat be  
 so seyde the kyng for this pte his adysary bothe þ' kyng and  
 the chawppon have pyte on **Sir Blannome** his bryghtode  
 in lordys seyde þ' **Bleoberys** I woll ryght ad ye woll.

Then the kynge called the kynge of Irelande & founde  
 hym goodly & tretable And then by all þe advyces of **Trys-**  
**tramed** and of **Bleobery** toke vp for **Blamoure** and the  
 ii. brethern were made accorded wyth þe kynge **Angwyshe**  
 and byssed to gyde & made frendys for eu and then of **Blamoure** and **Sir Trystramed** byssed to gedre and þe they ma-  
 de þe othys þe they wolde neu none of thei. ii. brethren spyght  
 wyth þe **Trystramed** and **Sir Trystyn** made thei the same  
 othe And for þe lantyll batayle all the bloode of **Sir Lancelott**  
 loved of **Trystramed** for eu. Then kynge **Angwyshe** and of  
**Trystramed** toke þe lare and so he sayled in to Irelande wyth  
 grete nobles & joy. So when they were in Irelande þe kynge  
 lete make hit knowyn þatow oute all þe londe how and in  
 what maner of **Trystramed** had done for hym. Then þe quene  
 and all þe there were made þe moste of hym þe they myght. But  
 the joy þe la beale **Mede** made of **Sir Trystramed** þe myght no  
 tynge telle for of all men erthely she loved hym moste. Then  
 upon a day kynge **Angwyshe** asked **Sir Trystramed** why he  
 asked nat his bone. Then seyde of **Trystramed** now hit is ty-  
 me. Sir this is all that I wolt desire þe ye wolt gyff la beale  
**Mede** yowre donght nat for my self but for myne vncle kynge  
**charle** shall have her to wyff for so have I promysed hym. Alas  
 seyde the kynge I had leyd then all the londe þe I have that ye  
 wolde have wedded hir yow self. Sir and I dnd so I were shamed  
 for eu in this worlde and false of my pmyse. Thene fore  
 seyde **Sir Trystramed** I requyre yow golde yow pmyse that ye  
 pmyssed me for this is my desire that ye wolt gyff me la bea-  
 le **Mede** to go w<sup>t</sup> me in to Cornuayle for to be wedded unto  
 kynge **charle** myne vncle do for that kynge **Angwyshe**  
 seyde ye shall have her w<sup>t</sup> yow to do w<sup>t</sup> hir what hir please  
 yow. Then is for to sey if that ye lyst to wedde hir yow self.



that is my ledeste and yf ye woll gyff hir vnto kynge **charle**  
yo vnto p<sup>r</sup> in yo choyse So to make shorte conclusyon la  
beale **hode** was made redy to go w<sup>th</sup> **Trystramed** & dame  
**Brangwayne** wente w<sup>th</sup> hir for hir chysse Jantyll woman w<sup>th</sup>  
many o<sup>r</sup> **dean** quene **hode** modir gaff dame **Brangway**  
**ne** vnto hir to be hir Jantyll woman And also she **Gomayle**  
had a drynke of the quene and she charged them p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> quene  
kyng **charle** sholde wedde That same day they sholde gyff  
them p<sup>r</sup> drynke p<sup>r</sup> kyng **charle** sholde drynke to la beale **ho**  
**de** And than seyde p<sup>r</sup> quene ay p<sup>r</sup> shall lone o<sup>r</sup> dayed off p<sup>r</sup> lyff  
So that drynke was gybyn vnto dame **Brangwayne** and  
vnto **Gomayle** So sir **Trystramed** toke the see & la beale  
**hode** were in p<sup>r</sup> caban q<sup>r</sup> happed so they were thyrsty and  
than they saw a lytill flabette of golde stonde by them And  
q<sup>r</sup> semed by the coloure & p<sup>r</sup> taste p<sup>r</sup> q<sup>r</sup> was noble wyne  
So sir **Trystramed** toke the flabett in q<sup>r</sup> honde and seyde  
madame **hode** here is a draught of good wyne that dame  
**Brangwayne** yo maydyn & **Gomayle** my f<sup>r</sup>namite hath  
kepte for q<sup>r</sup> selfe **dean** they louge & made good chere &  
ey<sup>r</sup> drinke to o<sup>r</sup> frely & they thonght neu<sup>r</sup> drynke that en  
they drinke so swete nor so good to them But by p<sup>r</sup> drynke  
was in p<sup>r</sup> bodys they loved ayte<sup>r</sup> o<sup>r</sup> so well that neu<sup>r</sup> q<sup>r</sup>  
love depte<sup>d</sup> for well nor for woo And that q<sup>r</sup> happed fyrst  
the love be thyrste Sir **Trystramed** and la beale **hode** p<sup>r</sup>  
whycher love neu<sup>r</sup> depte<sup>d</sup> dayed off p<sup>r</sup> lyff So than they  
sayled tyll that by fortune they com<sup>r</sup> nye a castell p<sup>r</sup> hyght  
**pleure** and p<sup>r</sup> they arybed for to repose them wenyng  
to them to hane had good herborow But a none ad sir  
**Trystramed** was w<sup>th</sup> in the castell they were takyn  
p<sup>r</sup>soners for the custom of p<sup>r</sup> castell was such that who  
that rode by that castell & brought any lady wyth hym

he muste nedys fyght w<sup>th</sup> the lord t<sup>hat</sup> fyght **Brenno**  
 And yf hit so were t<sup>hat</sup> **Brenno** wan p<sup>r</sup> fylde than  
 sholde p<sup>r</sup> fyght stranger t<sup>hat</sup> his lady be put to det<sup>r</sup> what  
 t<sup>hat</sup> in they were And yf hit were so p<sup>r</sup> the strange knyght  
 wan p<sup>r</sup> fylde of **Brenno** than sholde he dye and his  
 lady bothe So this custom was used many wyntyr w<sup>h</sup>ere  
 re fore hit was called p<sup>r</sup> castell **pleyne** t<sup>hat</sup> is to sey  
 the wepyng castell. And ad **Bu** **Dystramed** and  
 la beale **Isode** were in prison hit happyn a knyght  
 were in prison hit happed a lady com vnto t<sup>hem</sup> w<sup>h</sup>ere  
 they were to chere t<sup>hem</sup>. And seyde p<sup>r</sup> **Dystramed**  
 vnto the knyght it to the lady what is the cause p<sup>r</sup> lorde  
 of this castell holdyng w<sup>h</sup> in prison for hit was new  
 the custom of placio of worship p<sup>r</sup> en I cam in. And  
 a knyght a lady asked her borow and t<sup>he</sup> to receyve  
 t<sup>hem</sup> it after to dystred t<sup>hem</sup> t<sup>hat</sup> be this gestyr p<sup>r</sup> seyde  
 the knyght this is the olde custom of this castell t<sup>hat</sup>  
 And a knyght comyng here he muste nedys fyght w<sup>th</sup>  
 oure lorde it he p<sup>r</sup> is the wyther muste lose this hede  
 And And p<sup>r</sup> is done if this lady p<sup>r</sup> the knyght be for  
 len than is oure lordys wyff she muste lose her hede  
 And yf she be faymer prebed than y<sup>r</sup> oure lady than  
 shall the lady of this castell lose her hede. So god  
 me helpe seyde p<sup>r</sup> **Dystramed** this is a foule custom  
 and a shamfull custom but one advantage hane I  
 seyde p<sup>r</sup> **Dystramed** I hane a lady is fayre y<sup>r</sup> nowte it  
 and I doute nat for lacke of beaute she shall nat lose  
 her hede and nat<sup>r</sup> than I shall lose myne hede I w<sup>ill</sup>  
 fyght for hit on a fayre fylde. Bu knyght and y<sup>r</sup>  
 fayre lady I pray you tell y<sup>r</sup> lorde p<sup>r</sup> I w<sup>ill</sup> be redy ad  
 to morne w<sup>ith</sup> my lady and my selff to do batayle if hit



be so I may have my horse and myne armour. **Dr** seyde  
the buyggt I undir take for your desire shall be spedde  
it þ fore take þo reste it lobe that ye be up be tyned and  
make you redy and þo lady for ye shall wante no  
tysuge it you be gorytq and þ w<sup>t</sup> he deyped it so and þ  
morne be tyned þ same buyggt com to þ **Drystryn**  
and fecched hym onte it qid lady it brought hym horse  
it armour þ wad qid owne it bade hym make hym  
redy to the fylde for all þ astatio it comyns of that  
lordshyp were þ redy to be holde þ batayle þ jnge  
mente **Edan** cam þ **Brennor** the lorde of þ castell  
w<sup>t</sup> qid lady in qid honde musselid it asked þ **Drystra**  
**med** where was qid lady for it thy lady be feryar  
than myne w<sup>t</sup> thy fawerde smyte of my ladyes qede  
and yf my lady be fayrer than thyne w<sup>t</sup> my swerde  
I muste it rybe of qid qede and yf I may wyne þ  
yette shall thy lady be myne it thow shall lese thy  
qede **Dr** seyde þ **Drystramed** thid is a foule custom  
it an goryble it rap than my lady sholde lose qid qede  
yett qad I lew lose myne qede **Ray** nay seyde **Dr**  
**Brennor** the ladyes shall be fyrste shewid to gydw  
and it one shall have qid jngement **Ray** I wyll nat  
so seyde for **Drystramed** for here is none þ w<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> gyst  
ryghtbond jngement **But** I doute nat seyde þ **Dryf**  
**tramed** my lady is fayrer than yourd it þ w<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> I  
make good w<sup>t</sup> my hondys and wgo þ w<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> sey þ con  
trary I w<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> prove qit on qid qede and þ w<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> for  
**Drystramed** shewid forth la beale **Node** and turned  
qid taryse a bonte w<sup>t</sup> qid naked fawerde in qid honde  
and so and for **Brennor** the same wyse to qid lady  
**But** wgan **Dr** **Brennor** be holde la beale **Node**

hym t'onght he saw neu a fayrer lady And t'au he  
 drad hir ladyes hede sholde off And so all þ' people þ'  
 were þ' presente gaff Ingement þ' la beale. **Isode** was  
 þ' fayrer lady & þ' bettir made. Now now seyde Syr  
**Dystramed** me semyt q' were pyte þ' my lady sholde  
 lose hir hede But by cause þ' it s'ke of longe tyme hane  
 used t'is wyched custow it by you bothe gat many good  
 byggt & fayre ladyes bene destroyed for þ' cause q'it  
 were no losse to destroy you bothe. So god me helpe  
 seyde þ' **Brewnor** for to sey þ' s'ot q' t'ay lady is fayrer  
 t'au myne And t'at me sore repentyd & so I q're t'he  
 people pryvily sey for off all women I fawe neu none  
 so fayre And t'ere fore & þ' wolt I ke my lady I doute  
 nat I shal I ke þ' and hane t'ay lady. Well þ' shal wynd  
 her seyde þ' **Dystramed** ad d're ad' en byggt wanne  
 lady & by cause of t'ayne owne Ingement þ' woldist  
 hane done to my lady if þ' s'ke had bene fowler And by  
 cause of þ' ewyl custow gyst me t'ay lady seyde Syr  
**Dystramed** And þ' w' all þ' **Dystramed** strode vnto  
 hym and toke hir lady frome hym And ad' an awbe  
 strobe he smote off hir hede clene. Well byggt seyde  
 Syr **Brewnor** now haste þ' done me a grete dyspyte  
 Now take t'ayne horse & fytten þ' I am ladyled I wolt  
 wyne t'ay lady & I may I q'au t'ey toke þ' hors' and  
 cam to g'ow ad' q'it had bene bene t'ymdir And þ' **Dystramed**  
 smote Syr **Brewnor** clene frome q'is horse  
 and byggt by he rose up And ad' þ' **Dystramed** com  
 a gayne by hym he t'reste q'is horse t'orow oute bo-  
 t'he shuldyr þ' q'is horse quiled here & t'ere & felle  
 dede to t'he grounde And en Syr **Brewnor** ran aftir  
 to hane slayne Syr **Dystramed** but he was byggt &



mynell and voyded his horse. yett or en þ **Trystramed**  
 myght dresse his schylde & his swerde he gaff hym. my  
 or. my. strokys. Than they rustled to gydyns lybe. y.  
 borys trasyng & trasyng myghtly & wysely ad. y.  
 noble knyght. For that þ **Brewnor** was a good knyght  
 & had bene or than y dett of many good knyghts. So  
 than they fought hurlyng here & there nyze. y. owerd  
 & aytur were wounded sore. Than at y laste þ **Brewnor**  
 rustled vpon þ **Trystramed** and toke hym in his  
 armys for he trusted muche to his strengthe. Than  
 was þ **Trystramed** called y strengyth knyght of the  
 worlde for he was called bygger than þ **launcelotte**  
 But for **launcelot** was bettir bretyd. So anone for  
**Trystramed** treste for **Brewnor** downe grobelung  
 and than he vulaced his helme & strake of his hede  
 and than alth they longed to the castell com to hym  
 & dnd hym homage & feante prayng hym that he  
 wolde a byde styll y a lytll wyle to for do that  
 foule customys. So than þ **Trystramed** graunted y  
 to. So y meane wyle one of y knyghts rode vnto  
 þ **Galaahalte** the hante pryncce whiche was þ **Brewnor**  
 son a noble knyght & tolde hym what  
 mysadventure his fadir had & his modir. Than cam  
 þ **Galaahalte** and y kyng w y C. knyght w hym  
 and than þ **Galaahalte** pseyde to fyght wyth þ **Trystramed**  
 hande for hande and so they made hem  
 redy to go vnto batayle on horse backe wyth the  
 courage. So anone they mette to gydyns so hard  
 y aytur bare otkur a downe horse and man to the  
 ertre and whan they aboyded y horsis ad noble  
 knyght they dresse y schylde & drewe y fawendys

þ Trystra-  
 med for  
 vnto a  
 wyle of  
 el plen

Wyth þre and ranconne and they laysshed to god þu  
 many sad strokys. And one wyple strykyng & anoy  
 wyple fornyng & tracyng & transyng ad noble  
 byrght. So they fought longe here honde halff  
 a day & aftur were sore wounded. So at þ laste  
 Sir **Trystrames** weped byght & bygge & doubled  
 his strokys and drobe Sir **Galagalt** a backe on þ  
 bone hyne & on the totter þ he was nye mysteved  
 lyke to be slayne. So wyth þ cam the bynge wyth  
 the .C. byrghts and all that felyschyp wente freyschly  
 vppon Sir **Trystrames** but when Sir **Trystrames**  
 saw the comyng vppon hym þan he wiste well  
 he myght nat endure. So ad a wyse byrght of ward  
 he seyde unto þ **Galagalt** the hante pryncce þu se  
 þen to me no byndenesse for to suffer all þo men  
 to hane a do wyth me and ye seme a noble byrght  
 of þo handys hit no grete shame to you. So god me  
 helpe seyde þ **Galagalt** there is none of way but  
 you myste yelde the to me of ellys to dye þ **Trys-**  
**trames** þu ad for þ I wylt rap yelde me to you þan  
 dye for þ. þ hit is more for the myght of thy men  
 than of thyne handys. And þ w all þ **Trystrames** to  
 be his swerde by the popete & put þ pomell in his  
 honde and þ w all cam the bynge w þ .C. byrghts  
 & harde be gan to assayle þ **Trystrames** lat he seyde  
 Sir **Galagalt** that ye be nat so hardy to towche hym  
 for I hane gyffyn this byrght his lyff. That þo  
 þo shame seyde þ bynge for he hat slayne þoure  
 fadir & þo modir. do for that seyde Sir **Galagalt**  
 I may nat wyght hym gretly for my fadir had hym  
 in preso & enforced hym to do batayle w hym & my



fader hadde fuche a custom þat was a shamefull custom  
 þat wight þyngs þat lady com tȝyde to aske herborow þis  
 lady nedid dye but yf she were fayrer than my mo-  
 der And if my fader on com tȝat þyngs he myste  
 nedid dye for sothe tȝis was a shamefull custom  
 and vsage a þyngs for þis herborow asþyng to  
 hane fuche herborow And for tȝis custom I wolde  
 neu draw a bonte hym // So god me helpe seyde þe  
 þyngs tȝis was a shamefull custom Truly seyde  
 þe **Galahad** so sempt me And me sempt qti had  
 bene grete pte tȝat tȝis þyngs sholde hane bene  
 Rayne for I dare sey he is one of the noblyst þyngs  
 tȝat beryt lyff but yf qti be þe **Lancelot du lake**  
 þow fayre þyngs seyde þe **Galahad** I requyre  
 you telle me your name and of wȝens ye ar þe  
 wȝat you wolte // þe he seyde my name is þe  
**Gryffyn** de lyones and frome þyngs **Arche**  
 of Cornwale I was sente on messyng vnto þyngs  
**Augurys** of prelonde for to fecche þis dougȝer  
 to be his wyff and here she is redy to go wyth me  
 in to Cornwale and her nance is la beale **Node**  
 þan seyde þe **Galahad** vnto þe **Gryffyn**  
 well be ye fonde in tȝis marȝis And so ye woll  
 promyse me to go vnto þe **Lancelot** and accom-  
 pany wyth hym ye shall go wȝere ye woll and  
 your fayre lady wyth you And I shall promy-  
 se you neu in all my dayes shall none fuche cus-  
 tom be vsed in tȝis castell as qatq bene vsed here  
 to fore // þe seyde þe **Gryffyn** now I late  
 you wete so god me helpe I wente ye had bene  
 þe **Lancelot du lake** wȝan I sawe you fyrste

And þfor

And there fore I dred you the more And for I promyse  
 you seyde **Sir Brystramed** as sone as I may I wolt  
 be for **Lancelot** and I felysthypp me w<sup>t</sup> hym for of all the  
 knyghts in the worlde I moste desyre his felysthypp And p<sup>er</sup>  
**Sir Brystramed** toke his leve w<sup>th</sup> hym he sawe his tyme it  
 toke p<sup>er</sup> see And meane whyle worde com to for **Lancelot** it  
 to **Sir Brystramed** that kynge **Carados** the myghty kynge  
 that was made by a gramete whiche songht w<sup>th</sup> **Sir**  
**Gawayne** and gaff hym such a stroke p<sup>er</sup> he forned in his  
 sadyl & aft<sup>r</sup> p<sup>er</sup> he toke hym by p<sup>er</sup> coler it pulled hym oute of  
 his sadyl & bounde hym faste to the sadyl bowze it so rode  
 his way w<sup>th</sup> hym towarde his castell And as he rode p<sup>er</sup> **Lance**  
**lot** by fortune mette w<sup>th</sup> kynge **Carados** and anon he knew  
**Sir Gawayne** that lay bounde be fore hym & seyde **Sir**  
**Lancelot** unto **Sir Gawayne** how stondyt q<sup>ue</sup> w<sup>th</sup> you  
 I den so harde seyde **Sir Gawayne** onled that ye helpe me  
 for so god me helpe w<sup>th</sup> oute ye rescow me I know no knyght  
 p<sup>er</sup> may but you of **Sir Brystramed** where for **Sir Lancelot**  
 was he by at p<sup>er</sup> **Gawaynes** wordys And than p<sup>er</sup> **Lancelot** bade  
**Sir Carados** ley downe p<sup>er</sup> knyght it fyggt w<sup>th</sup> me I know w<sup>th</sup>  
 but a foole seyde p<sup>er</sup> **Carados** for I wolt p<sup>er</sup> the in p<sup>er</sup> same wy  
 se as for p<sup>er</sup> seyde p<sup>er</sup> **Lancelot** spare me nat for I wanne the  
 I wolt nat spare p<sup>er</sup> And than he bounde hym hande & foote  
 it so t<sup>er</sup> hym to p<sup>er</sup> grounde And than he gate his speare  
 in his hande of his knyve it depte frome for **Lancelot** to  
 fecte his comse it so app<sup>er</sup> mette w<sup>th</sup> it brabe p<sup>er</sup> speared  
 to theiwe handys And than they pulled oute p<sup>er</sup> swordys and  
 quiled to gydys on horse backe more than an owre And at  
 p<sup>er</sup> laste **Sir Lancelot** smote **Sir Carados** such a buffet on  
 the helme p<sup>er</sup> hit pyssed his brayne pame So than **Sir**  
**Lancelot** toke p<sup>er</sup> **Carados** by p<sup>er</sup> coler it pulled hym vnder his



How Sir Lancelot  
lew King Cam  
lod off y<sup>e</sup> dore  
bond to bre

horse fete and tgan he a lyght and pulled of his helme & strike  
offe his hede. **Then** Sir **Lancelot** w<sup>th</sup> bownde Sir **Gawayne**  
So this same tale was tolde to Sir **Galahalte** and to Sir  
**Dyrstrained** and sayde now may ye have y<sup>e</sup> nobles that  
followyt. Sir **Lancelot** alas seyde Sir **Dyrstrained** and I  
had nat this messaye in hande w<sup>th</sup> this fayre lady truly  
I wolde not stynte or I had founde Sir **Lancelot**. **Then** Sir  
**Dyrstrained** and la beale **Isode** yode to the see and cam  
in to Cornwayle and anon all y<sup>e</sup> baronnes mette w<sup>th</sup> hym  
**A**nd anon they were ryghtly wedded w<sup>th</sup> grete  
nobles. But ever ad the ffrenche booke seyth Sir **Dyrstrained**  
and la beale **Isode** loved eu to gedys. **Then** was  
y<sup>e</sup> grete joustry & grete turnaynye & many lordys & ladyes  
were at y<sup>e</sup> feste and Sir **Dyrstrained** was moste praysed of  
all of. So this dured y<sup>e</sup> feste longe & after y<sup>e</sup> feste was  
done w<sup>th</sup> in a lytyll whyle after by the assente of y<sup>e</sup> ladyes  
p<sup>er</sup> were w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> quene they ordayned for gite & enye for to dis  
troy dame **Brangwayne** that was mayden & lady unto  
la beale **Isode** and she was sente in to the foreste for to seek  
herbyr and y<sup>e</sup> she was & bounde homde & foote to a tre and  
so she was bounden. in. dayes And by fortune Sir **Palomydes**  
founde dame **Brangwayne** and there he delynde hir from  
the dett & brought hir to a nury y<sup>e</sup> be syde for to be recorde  
w<sup>th</sup> Sir **Isode** the quene myssed hir mayden wete yon well  
she was ryght helyr ad ever any quene myght be for of  
all entely women she loved hir beste & moste cause why  
she cam w<sup>th</sup> hir oute of hir contrey And so upon a day  
quene **Isode** walked in to the foreste to put a way hir toun  
And y<sup>e</sup> she wente hir selff unto a well & made grete moone  
And suddenly y<sup>e</sup> cam Sir **Palomydes** unto hir & herde all hir  
complaynte and seyde madame **Isode** and ye wolde graunte

me my boone I shall brynge a gayne to you dame **Braugwayne** sauff and sounde. When the quene was so glad of hir ppyr that suddaynly vnabysed she graunte all hir aspyunge. Well madame seyde **Palomydes** I truste to your pmyse and yf ye woll a hyde halff and oore here I shall brynge hir to you Sir I shall a hyde you seyde the quene. When **Palomydes** rode forth hir way to that myr it lyghtly he cam a gayne to dame **Braugwayne** but by hir good wyll she wolde nat haue comyn to ye quene for cause she stode in aduenture of hir lyff. That wyttstandyng halff a gayne hir wyll she cam wyth hir **Palomydes** vnto the quene and when the quene sawe her she was passyng glad. Now madame seyde Sir **Palomydes** remembre vppon yo pmyse for I haue fulfilled my pmyse. Sir **Palomydes** seyde the quene I wote nat what is yo desyre. But I woll p ye wete how be hit that I profyrde you largely I trownght none wyll nor I warne you none wyll woll I do. Madame seyde **Palomydes** ad at that tyme ye shall nat know my desyre but by fore my lorde myne husbonde p shall ye know that ye shall haue yo desyre that I promysed you and than the quene rode home vnto the bynge and sir **Palomydes** rode w<sup>t</sup> hir and when sir **Palomydes** cam be fore the bynge he seyde Sir bynge I requyre the ad<sup>n</sup> you arte ryghtvond bynge that ye woll iuge me the ryght. Telle me yo cause seyde the bynge and ye shall haue ryght. Sir seyde sir **Palomydes** I promysed your quene my lady dame **Isode** to brynge a gayne dame **Braugwayne** that she had loste vppon that cobenante that she sholde graunte me a boone that I wolde aske and w<sup>t</sup> oute gync chynge othir adysemence she graunted me // what



sey ye my lady seyde the bynge hit is ad he seyde so god  
me helpe to sey the sotte seyde the quene I pmyse hym  
that as bynge for love and joy I had to se her. Welke  
madame seyde the bynge and yf I were gasty to gunte  
what boone he wolde aske I wolde welk that she pfour  
med her pmyse. Than seyde þ **Palomydes** I wolt  
that ye wete that I wolt have yowre quene to lede hir  
and to goune her where ad me lyfte. Thene wyth the  
bynge stode stille and unbethougtht hym of þ **Trys-  
traimed** and demed that he wolde rescowe her. Than  
gastely the bynge answered þ seyde take hir to the and  
the adventured w<sup>t</sup> all þ wolt falle of hit for ad I suppo  
se þ wolt nat enjoy her no wyyle. Ad for that seyde þ  
**Palomydes** I dare ryght welk a byde the adventure  
and so to make shorte tale þ **Palomydes** toke hir by the  
honde and seyde madame grace nat to go w<sup>t</sup> me for  
I desyre no bynge but yowre owne pmyse. Ad for þ  
seyde þ quene wete þ welk I feare nat gretely to go  
w<sup>t</sup> the how be hit þ gaste me at advantage vpon my  
pmyse for I doute nat I shall be worschypfully rescowed  
fro the ad for þ seyde þ **Palomydes** be ad hit be may  
So quene **Node** was sette be hynde þ **Palomydes** and  
rode hir way and anon þ bynge sente vnto þ **Trystra-  
imed** but in no wyse he wolde nat be founde for he was  
in the foreste an huntynge for þ was all wayed hy  
custom but yf he used armed to chase it to gunte in the  
forested. Alas seyde þ bynge now am I shamed for  
en that be myne owne assente my lady þ my quene  
shall be devoured. Than cam there forth a bynght  
that bynght **lambegud** and he was a bynght of þ **Trys-  
traimed** my lord seyde the bynght syth that ye have  
suche truste in my lord þ **Trystraimed** wete yow

Well for his sake I wold ryde after y<sup>e</sup> quene & rescow  
 her of ellys<sup>e</sup> shall I be beatyn Gnamite nyc seyde the  
 bynge and I lybe f<sup>r</sup> **Lambegno** I shall defue hit and pa  
**Dir Lambegno** an armed hym & rode after thew ad faste  
 ad she myght and than wryt in a wrylle he on toke  
 thew & than f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** leste p<sup>r</sup> quene. and seyde  
 what arte you seyde **Dir Palomydes** arte you sir  
**Drystramed** say he seyde I am his Gnamite & my  
 name is f<sup>r</sup> **Lambegno** that me repentys seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Palom**  
**mydes** I had lew you had bene f<sup>r</sup> **Drystramed** I seye y<sup>e</sup>  
 well seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Lambegno** But what p<sup>r</sup> metyste w<sup>t</sup> sir  
**Drystramed** you shall have bothe thy hondys full and  
 than they qureled to gydyng & all to braste p<sup>r</sup> speryng  
 and than they pulled oute p<sup>r</sup> swerdys & herbed on there  
 helmys & hawberk at p<sup>r</sup> laste f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** gaff sir  
**Lambegno** such a wounde that he felle downe lybe a  
 dede man to the erthe. Than he lobed after la beale  
**Isode** and than she was gone he moste nat where. We  
 te you well p<sup>r</sup> f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** was new so hely. So p<sup>r</sup> que  
 ne ran in to p<sup>r</sup> foreste & p<sup>r</sup> she founde a well & p<sup>r</sup> in she  
 had thought to have drowned her selfe and ad good for  
 time wolde p<sup>r</sup> cam a byrght to her p<sup>r</sup> had a castell there  
 be syde & his name was **Dir Adtherpe** and when he  
 founde p<sup>r</sup> quene in that myscress he resownd her & brouzt  
 hir to his castell and when he wryte what he was he  
 armed hym & toke his horse & seyde he wolde be a ven  
 ged vpon f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** and so he rode vnto p<sup>r</sup> tyme he  
 mette w<sup>t</sup> hym and there f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** wounded hym  
 sore and by force he made hym to telle p<sup>r</sup> cause why  
 he dnd batayle wryt hym and he tolde hym how he  
 hadde p<sup>r</sup> quene la beale **Isode** in to his owne castel from



bring me þe **seyde** þe **Palamydes** and þe shall off myne **hyn**  
do. **Sir** **seyde** þe **Adtgerpe** I am so sore wounded I may  
nat folow but ryde you this way it hit shall bring you  
to my castell and þe in is the quene þe **Palomydes** rode  
tyll that he cam to the castell and at a wyndow la beale  
**Isode** saw **Sir** **Palomydes** þan she made þe patys to be  
shutte strongly. And when he sawe he myght nat  
entur in to the castell he put off his horse brydyls and his  
sadyll and so put his horse to pasture and sette hym self  
downe at the gate lyke a man that was oute off his wyll  
þe rected nat off hym self. Now turne we vnto **Sir**  
**Trystramed** that when he was com home and wyste  
that la beale **Isode** was gone w<sup>th</sup> þe **Palomydes** wete  
you well he was wrotte oute off mesure. **Alas** **seyde**  
**Sir** **Trystramed** I am this day shamed þan he called  
**Gaimayle** his man and **seyde** haste the that I were armed  
and on horse backe for well I wote þe **lambegus** hath  
no myght nor strenght to wytstande **Sir** **Palomy**  
**des** **Alas** I had nat bene in this stede. So anone he  
was armed and horsed and rode after in to the foreyste  
And w<sup>th</sup> in a while he founde this knyght þe **lambegus**  
all moste to dethe wounded. And þe **Trystramed** bare  
hym to a foster and charged hym to kepe hym well  
and than he rode forth and founde þe **Adtgerpe** so  
re wounded and he tolde all and how the quene had  
drowned her self had nat I bene and how for her  
sake I toke vpon me to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> þe **Palomydes**  
where is my lady **seyde** þe **Trystramed** **Sir** **seyde** the  
knyght she is here I nowe wyll in my castell and  
she can holde her w<sup>th</sup> in hit. **Grannte** my **seyde** þe  
**Trystramed** of thy grete goodnesse and so he rode

tyll that he cam nyze his castell And than **Palomy**  
**des** fate at his gate & sawe where **Trystramed** cam  
 and he fate as he had slepe and his horse pastured  
 a fore hym // How go you goynayle seyde **Trys-**  
**tramed** and bydde hym a wake & make hym redy  
 So **Goynayle** rode vnto hym and seyde **Palomy**  
**des** a ryse and take to thyne garners But he was  
 so fuche a study he herde nat what he seyde So **Go-**  
**vernayle** cam a gayne to **Trystramed** & tolde  
 hym he slepe or ellys he was made So **Trystramed**  
 seyde **Trystramed** and bydde hym a ryse and telle  
 hym I am here his mortall foe So **Goynayle** rode  
 a gayne and putte vpon hym w<sup>th</sup> the but of his spe-  
 re and seyde **Palomydes** make y<sup>e</sup> redy for wete  
 y<sup>e</sup> welles **Trystramed** dovyt y<sup>e</sup> yondur & sendyt the  
 worde he w<sup>th</sup> the mortall foe And y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>th</sup> all **Palomy-**  
**des** a rose styll w<sup>th</sup> oute any wordys and gate  
 his horse anone and sadylled hym & byddylled hym  
 and lyghtly he lepe vpon hym and gate his spere  
 in his honde and aytur feantred y<sup>e</sup> spearyd & hurled  
 faste to gedrys And anone **Trystramed** smote  
 downe **Palomydes** on his horse tayle And whylt  
 ly **Palomydes** put his sylde be fore hym and  
 drew his swerde and y<sup>e</sup> be gan stronge batayle on  
 bothe ptyes for bothe they fonght for the love of on  
 lady and en she lay on the mallyd & be sylde them  
 how they fonght oute of mesure & aytur were won-  
 ded passynge sore But for **Palomydes** was muche  
 sorer wounded for they fonght t<sup>h</sup>us trasyng & tra-  
 versyng more than y<sup>e</sup> owerd y<sup>e</sup> well nyze for  
 doole and sorow la beale **Node** sowned and seyde alas



that one I loved and yet do and the oþ I love nat. that they  
sholde fyght. And yett hit were grete pyte that sholde se  
Sir **Palomydes** slayne for well. I know by that þe ende  
be done. Sir **Palomydes** is but a dede man by cause þe  
is nat. crystened and I wolde be lotte that he sholde dye a  
Barren and þe all she cam downe and be fougtt hem for  
her love to fyght no more. A madame seyde þe **Dystrained**  
what meane you woll ye have me shamed for well. ye  
know that I woll be ruled by you. A myne adame lorde sey  
de la beale. **Isode** full well ye wote I wolde nat. þe dystrond  
But I wolde þe ye wolde for my sake spare this. **Unhappy**  
Barren þe **Palomydes** adame seyde þe **Dystrained** I  
woll leve for your sake. Then seyde she to Sir **Palomydes**  
this shall be thy charge you shall go oute of this  
contrey whyle I am quene þe off. A madame I woll obey  
þe comandement. seyde þe **Palomydes** whiche is fore  
a yeste my wyll. Then take thy way seyde la beale **Isode**  
vnto the court of bynge **Artoure** And there recomandeme  
vnto quene **Gwenivere** and tell her that I sende her word  
þe þe be w<sup>t</sup> in this londe but. my. lover. And that is **flamme**  
**lot** and dame **Gwenyri** and Sir **Dystrained** to quene  
**Isode** and so Sir **Palomydes** deþted w<sup>t</sup> grete hevynesse  
And þe **Dystrained** toke the quene to brought her a gayne  
vnto bynge **Artoure** And then was þe made grete joy off  
the home comyng. Then was ceryfied but Sir  
**Dystrained** Then Sir **Dystrained** latte fecte home  
Sir **Lambegus** who brought from þe forsterd house and  
hit was longe or he was hole. But so at þe laste he recon  
de to god and to god they lyved w<sup>t</sup> joy to play a longe whyle  
But en þe **Andret** that was nye cosyn vnto þe **Dystrained**  
lay in a wayte be to wyte þe **Dystrained** and la beale **Isode**

for to take hym and deboure hym // So upon a day sir  
**Grystramed** talked w<sup>th</sup> la beale **Node** in a wyndowe and  
 p<sup>r</sup> a fyped **Bir Andred** and tolde the bynge **Tham byng** **Har-**  
**le** to be a fwerde in his honde it cam to p<sup>r</sup> **Grystramed** it  
 called hym false traytoure and wolde have stryken hym  
 but p<sup>r</sup> **Grystramed** was nyge hym it ran vnder his fwerde  
 and toke hit oute of his honde And than the bynge cryed  
 where do my bynghts it my men I charge you sle this tray-  
 toure But at p<sup>r</sup> tyme p<sup>r</sup> was nat one p<sup>r</sup> wolde move for  
 this wordys // And p<sup>r</sup> **Grystramed** sawe p<sup>r</sup> was none p<sup>r</sup>  
 wolde be a penste hym he shode his fwerde to the bynge  
 and made comitendunce ad he wolde have stryken hym  
 And than bynge **Harle** fledde and sir **Grystramed** folo-  
 wed hym and smote hym v. or vi. strobys flat bynge in  
 p<sup>r</sup> necke p<sup>r</sup> he made hym falle on the nose And than p<sup>r</sup> **Gry-**  
**tramed** rode his way and armed hym it toke his horse p<sup>r</sup>  
 his men it so he rode in to the foreste and p<sup>r</sup> upon a day  
**Bir Grystramed** mette w<sup>th</sup> .ij. brejue p<sup>r</sup> were ~~were~~ wylt  
 bynge **Harle** bynghts And p<sup>r</sup> he strake of the hede of the  
 toune brop and wounded that op to the detch and he made  
 hym to bere p<sup>r</sup> hede in his helme and .xxx. mo he p<sup>r</sup> wom-  
 ded And wgan p<sup>r</sup> bynghts com be fore p<sup>r</sup> bynge to say his  
 message he dyed p<sup>r</sup> be fore p<sup>r</sup> bynge it p<sup>r</sup> quene **Tham byng**  
**Harle** called his counceyle vnto hym it asked adyce of his  
 barounes what were beste to do w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> **Grystramed** **Bir**  
 seyde p<sup>r</sup> barounes and in especiall p<sup>r</sup> **Dynas** the Benestiall  
 we wolt gyff you counceyle for to sende for p<sup>r</sup> **Grystra-**  
**med** for we wolt p<sup>r</sup> we wote many men wolt holde w<sup>th</sup>  
**Bir Grystramed** and he were garde be stadde And p<sup>r</sup>  
 seyde **Bir Dynas** the Benestiall ye shall vnderstonde  
 that p<sup>r</sup> **Grystramed** ys called p<sup>r</sup>ereled and maled of



ony crystyn byrght and of his myght and hardyned we  
know none so good a byrght but yf hit be **f. Lancelot**  
**In lake** and yf he depte frome yo comte and go to byng  
**Arturus** comte wete you well he wolle so frende hym  
p that he wolle nat sette by yo malice and p fore sin  
conceple you to take hym to yo grace I wolle well seyde  
p bynge p he be sent fore p we may be frendys. **Then**  
p baronnes sente for **f. Tristram** vnder tene con  
duyte and so wgan **f. Tristram** com to the bynge he  
was well com and no requersall was made and than  
p was game and play and than the bynge p queene  
wente an quytynge and **f. Tristram** p the bynge  
and the queene made p pabyllond p tents in p foreste  
be syde a ryber and p was darly lustyng p quytynge for  
p was en redy. **xxxij.** byrght to luste vnto all p cam  
at that tyme and p by fortune com **f. Lancelot de gahis**  
and **Br. Dynamite** and p **Br. Dynamite** lusted well  
but at the laste he had a falle. **Then** **f. Lancelot** pro  
fynde and wgan he be gan he fawed so wryt the. **xxxij.**  
byrght p p was nat one off tgen but he gaff a falle  
and som off tgen were sore quite I merdayle seyde  
bynge **harbe** wgan byrght he w p dotz fucce dedis  
off armp. **Br.** seyde **f. Tristram** I know hym well  
for a noble byrght as fewe now be lybynge and his  
name is **f. Lancelot de gahis** hit were skame seyde  
p bynge that he sholde go tquo a way onled that he  
were mane handeled **Br.** seyde **f. Tristram** me  
semyt hit were no worship for a noble man to have  
a do w hym. And for tquo cause for at tquo tyme he  
hat done on muche for ony meane byrght lybynge  
and as me semyt seyde **Br. Tristram** hit were

shame to tempte hym any more for this horse is very  
 and hym self botche done this day. Welles concidered.  
 hit were I now for **fr. Lancelot** **du lake** do for that seyde  
 kynge **charle** I requyre you as ye love me & my lady  
 the quene la baale **Hode** take your armye and juste  
 w<sup>th</sup> **fr. Lamerocke de galis** **Sir** seyde **fr. Brystrained** ye  
 bydde me do a thyng that is a yenste bryght gode and  
 well I can tynke that I shall gyff hym a falle for hit  
 is no maystry for my horse and y be freyshe and so is  
 nat this horse & he and wete you well that he wolt ta-  
 ke hit for grete vntydene for en one good bryght  
 is lotte to take a notow at a vantage But by cause  
 I wolt nat displese as ye requyre me so muste I do  
 and obey your comandement and so **fr. Brystra-**  
**med** armed hym and toke this horse and putte hym  
 forth And **fr. Lamerocke** mette hym myghtyly and  
 what w<sup>th</sup> the myght of this owne spere and of **fr.**  
**Brystrained** spere **Sir Lamerocke** this horse felle to  
 the erthe and he fyttyng in the sadyl. So as sone  
 as he myght he a voyded the sadyl and this horse  
 and put this shyld a fore hym and drewe this  
 fwerde And than he bade **fr. Brystrained** a lyght  
 you bryght and **fr. dante**. **Ray** **fr. seyde** **fr. Brystra-**  
**med** I wolt no more game a do w<sup>th</sup> you for I  
 haue done the on muche vnto my dyshonoure  
 and to thy worschype do for that seyde **fr. Lamerocke**  
 I can ~~ne~~ the no thanke syn **fr. dante** for Iusted me  
 on horse backe I requyre the and I be secche the  
 and you be **fr. Brystrained** **de honed** feryght w<sup>th</sup>  
 me on foote I wolt nat seyde **fr. Brystrained**  
 And wete you well my name is **fr. Brystrained**



de lyoned and well I know that ye be of **Lamerake de galis**  
and this hand done to you a yent my wyll but I had  
requyred þ to but to sey þ I wold do at yo<sup>r</sup> requeste ad  
at this tyme I wold nat have no more a do w<sup>t</sup> you at  
this tyme for me s<sup>h</sup>amyt<sup>g</sup> of þ I have done. ad for  
þ s<sup>h</sup>ame seyde þ **Lamerake** on thy q<sup>t</sup>y or on myne beare  
þ q<sup>t</sup>i þ you wyll. for t<sup>h</sup>orge a may<sup>r</sup> so<sup>r</sup>e dat<sup>h</sup> sayled  
me now. yette a quene<sup>r</sup> some s<sup>h</sup>all nat sayle þ þ þ fore  
þ þ be fuc<sup>h</sup>e a bryg<sup>h</sup>t ad men calle þ I requyre þ a bry<sup>g</sup>t  
þ fyg<sup>h</sup>t w<sup>t</sup> me þ **Lamerake** seyde þ **Dystrained** I vnder  
stonde yo<sup>r</sup> harte is grette and cause why ye have to sey þ  
sott<sup>h</sup> for q<sup>t</sup>i wolde greve me it ony good bryg<sup>h</sup>t s<sup>h</sup>olde  
bepe hym freyssh and t<sup>h</sup>an to stryke downe a wery bryg<sup>h</sup>t  
for þ bryg<sup>h</sup>t noþ horse was ned fourmed þ all way  
may endure and þ fore seyde þ **Dystrained** I wold nat  
have a do w<sup>t</sup> you for me for t<sup>h</sup>ynk<sup>g</sup> of þ I have done. ad  
for þ seyde þ **Lamerake** I s<sup>h</sup>all quyte you it end I se my ty  
me. So he deptyed frome hym w<sup>t</sup> þ **Dyrante** and  
by þ way t<sup>h</sup>ey mette w<sup>t</sup> a bryg<sup>h</sup>t þ was sente fro dame  
**Gorgan le fay** vnto kynge **Artoure** and ad this bryg<sup>h</sup>t  
had a fayne horne harnesse w<sup>t</sup> golde and þ horne had  
fuc<sup>h</sup>e a vertu þ þ myg<sup>h</sup>t no lady drynke. Iantyl<sup>h</sup> wo  
man drynke of þ horne but yf she were trew to her hus  
bande it yf she were false she s<sup>h</sup>olde fpylle all þ drynke  
it yf she were trew to her lorde she myg<sup>h</sup>t drynke þ of  
pefible and be cause of þ quene **Gwenivere** and in þe  
dyspyte of þ **Lancelot** this horne was sente vnto kynge  
**Artoure** and so by forse þ **Lamerake** made þ bryg<sup>h</sup>t to  
telle all þ cause why he bare þ horne and so he tolde hym  
all hole. Now s<sup>h</sup>alt þ bere this horne seyde þ **Lamerake**  
to kynge **Marke** o<sup>r</sup> q<sup>t</sup>i c<sup>h</sup>ose to dye. for in þ dyspyte of þ

**Trystram** you shal beere hit hym þæt for me and sey that I  
 sente hit hym for to assay hit lady And yf she be trewe þe shal  
 preve her So this knyght wente hit way vnto kynge  
**charles** and brought hym þæt ryche for me þæt **Lamerok**  
 sente hit hym And so he tolde hym þæt vertu of þæt for me. Then  
 þæt kynge made hit quene to dwelle þæt of þæt an. C. ladyes w<sup>t</sup>  
 her And þæt were but. iij. ladyes of all tþ þæt dranke cleue  
 And seyde kynge **charles** this is a grete dyspyte þæt for me a  
 grete oþer þæt she shold be brente þæt of ladyes also. Then  
 þæt baroun gadred them to gedyn þæt seyde playnly they wol  
 de nat þat tþ ladyes brente for an for me made by forsey  
 þæt cam frome þæt false forseyd þæt wyche moſte þæt is now byng  
 for þæt for me And nen good but caused stryff þæt bate þæt all way  
 in for dayes she was an enemy to all trewe lovers So þæt  
 were many knyghts made þæt a wolbe þæt en they mette wyth  
**organi le fay** that they wolde shew her þat curtesy. Also  
 þæt **Trystram** was passyng wroth þæt þæt **Lamerok** sent  
 þæt for me vnto kynge **charles** for welles he knew þæt hit was  
 done in þæt dyspyte of hym And þæt fore he thought to myte  
 Sir **Lamerok** Then Sir **Trystram** used dayly and  
 nyghtly to go to quene **Isode** cum. And he nyghtly And en  
 Sir **Andret** hit cosyn watched hym nyghtly by nyght for to  
 take hym w<sup>t</sup> **la beale Isode** And so vpon a nyght þæt **Andret**  
 aspyed hit owre þæt tyme And þæt **Trystram** went to  
 hit lady. Then þæt **Andret** gate vnto hym. xij. knyghts  
 And at mydnyght he sette vpon þæt **Trystram** secretly  
 þæt suddenly And þæt þæt **Trystram** was takyn nakyd a bed  
 w<sup>t</sup> **la beale Isode** And so was he bounde hande þæt foote and  
 bepte tyll day And then by þæt assent of kynge **charles** and of  
 Sir **Andret** and of som of þæt barounes Sir **Trystram**  
 was lad vnto a chapel þæt stood vpon þæt see rockys there



for to take his Ingement And so he was lad bounden  
w<sup>th</sup> pl. knyghts And when **Trystram** saw þat he was  
none of boote but nedid he myste dye. Then seyde he  
fayre lordis remembir what I have done for the Contrey  
of Cornuayle & what I have bene in for þe wele of  
you all. For when I fought w<sup>th</sup> þe **Marqalte** the good knyght  
I was p<sup>er</sup>myssed to be bettir rewarded when ye all refused  
to take þe batayle þe fore ad þe good Iantyl knyght se me  
nat t<sup>he</sup>nd schamfully to dye for hit is schame to all knyght  
hode t<sup>he</sup>nd to se me dye. For I saw sey seyde þe **Trystram**  
that I mette ned w<sup>th</sup> no knyght but I was ad good ad he or bettir  
fye vpon þe seyde for **Andrete** false trayt<sup>er</sup> t<sup>he</sup>nd arte w<sup>th</sup>  
t<sup>he</sup>yne advantage for all thy boote þe schalt dye t<sup>he</sup>nd day. **Andrete**  
**Andrete** seyde Sir **Trystram** þou scholdyst be  
my bymyssman And now arte to me fully unfrendely But  
it þe were no more but þe it I þe woldyst nat put me to det<sup>er</sup>  
No seyde þe **Andred** And there w<sup>th</sup> he drew his sword & wolde  
have slayne hym. So when þe **Trystram** se hym  
make þe countenance he lobed vpon bothe his hondis þe  
were faste boundyn vnto. y. knyghts & suddenly he pulde  
t<sup>he</sup>nd bothe vnto hym and vntwastyte his hondis & lepe  
vnto his cosyn þe **Andred** and wrot<sup>te</sup> his sword oute of  
his hondis. And t<sup>he</sup>nd he smote þe **Andret** that he felle don  
ne to the erthe. And so he fought þe he bylde. x. knyghtys  
So t<sup>he</sup>nd þe **Trystram** gate the chapel & kepte hyt  
myghtyly. Then the cyte was grete & peple drew faste  
vnto þe **Andret** mo t<sup>he</sup>nd an. C. So when þe **Trystram**  
saw the peple draw vnto hym he remembryd he was  
naked and sparde faste þe the chapel dore & brabe the  
barryd of a Wyndow & so he lepe oute & felle vpon  
the craggye in þe see And so at þe tyme þe **Andret** not qu

none of this felowys myght nat gete hym But when they  
 were depte **Goumayle** and **Sir lambegus** and **Sir Ben**  
**rayle de luffon** that were þ **Drystramed** men sought fore  
 after þ mayster when they herde he was a skaped And so on  
 þ robbys they founde hym & wold pulde hym up And  
 than **Sir Drystramed** asked where was la beale **Isode** si  
 leyde **Goumayle** she is put in a lazar cote. Alas seyde sir  
**Drystramed** that is a full vngoodly place for such a  
 fayre lady And yf I may she shall nat be longe þ And so  
 he toke this men & wente þ ad was la beale **Isode** and  
 sette her a way & broughte her in to a fayre foreste to a  
 fayre man And so he a hode there w<sup>th</sup> her. So now this  
 good knyght bade this men depte for at þ tyme he myght  
 nat helpe them And so they depte all save **Goumayle** &  
 so upon a day þ **Drystramed** rode in to the foreste for to  
 disporte hym And þ he felle on slepe And so happynde there  
 cam to þ **Drystramed** a man þ he had slayne this brot<sup>er</sup>  
 And so when this man had founde hym he shotte hym the  
 now þ sholdir And anone þ **Drystramed** sterte up & bylde  
 þ man And so þ meane tyme hit was tolde unto kynge  
**harke** how **Sir Drystramed** and la beale **Isode** were  
 in þ same man And when he cam w<sup>th</sup> many knyghts to sle  
**Sir Drystramed** And when he cam there he founde hym  
 gone And anone he toke la beale **Isode** home w<sup>th</sup> hym and  
 kepte her strayte þ by no meane she myght ned wryght  
 nor sende. And when þ **Drystramed** com toward þ  
 man he founde þ tracke of many horse And lobed aboute  
 in þ place & knew þ this lady was gone And than **Sir**  
**Drystramed** toke grete sorow & endured w<sup>th</sup> grete sorow  
 and payne longe tyme. for the above þ he was hurt &  
 w<sup>th</sup> all was enbenomed. So by þ meane of la beale **Isode**



she made a lady þat was Cospyn vnto dame **Brangwayne**  
 and she cam vnto þe **Dystramed** and tolde hym that he  
 myght nat be hole by no meane. For thy lady **Isode**  
 may nat helpe þat there fore she byddyt þe haste þe  
 in to **Bretayne** vnto kynge **Howell** and þe shall þe fynde  
 de quid donqyt þat is called **Isode le blaunce mayned** and  
 þe shall þe fynde **quid** þat she shall helpe þe. **Then** þe  
**Dystramed** and **Conmayle** gate to þe feryng and  
 so sayled in to **Bretayne**. And **When** kynge **Howell**  
 knew þat it was þe **Dystramed** he was full glad of  
 hym. **Then** seyde **Sir Dystramed** I am com vnto þe  
 contray to haue helpe of þe donqyt þat so she heled hym.  
**Then** was and **Erle** þat hyght **Grype** and thy  
**Erle** made gte warre vpon hym and putte  
 the kynge to þe worse þat he seged hym. And on a tyme  
 þe **Reygdyne** that was sone to the kynge **Howell**  
 and ad þe **Isode** wente oute he was fore wounded nyge to  
 þe deeth. **Then** **Conmayle** wente to the kynge and  
 seyde þat I conueyle þe to desyre my lord þe **Dystra-**  
**med** ad in þe nede to helpe þe. I wolt do by þe  
 conueyle seyde þe kynge and so he yode vnto þe **Dystr-**  
**amed** and prayde hym ad in quid way to helpe  
 hym for my sone þe **Reygdyne** may nat go vnto the  
 fylde. **Then** seyde **Sir Dystramed** I wolt go to the  
 fylde þat do what I may. So **Sir Dystramed** wned  
 oute of the towne wth fuche felyschyp ad he myght  
 make and ded fuche dedys þat all **Bretayne** spake of  
 hym. And **Then** at þe laste by grette force he slew þe **Erle**  
**Grype** quid owne hondys þat mo **Then** an. C. hyght he  
 slew þat day. And **Then** þe **Dystramed** was receyved  
 in to þe cyte wofullfully wth procession. **Then** kynge

**Howell**

howett embraced hym in his armys and seyde þ **Trystra-**  
**med** all my kynge dom I wolt resygne to you. God de-  
 fende seyde þ **Trystra-** **med** for I am be holdyn þ to for  
 yo donghtys sake to do for you more than that. So  
 by þ grete meened of þ kynge it was somme þ grete  
 queene love be troyte **Isode** and sir **Trystra-** **med** for þ  
 lady was bothe goode it fayre and a woman of noble  
 bloode it fame and for be cause þ þ **Trystra-** **med** had  
 suche chere and myght it all op plesance þ he had all  
 moste for salyn **la beale Isode** and so vpon a tyme sir  
**Trystra-** **med** agreed to wed this **Isode le blannoc**  
**mayned** and so at þ laste they were wedded it solemp-  
 ly thylde þ maryage. And so wgan they were a bed  
 bothe þ **Trystra-** **med** remembred hym of his olde  
 lady **la beale Isode** and than he toke suche a tlonghte  
 sudderly that he was all dismayde it op chere made he  
 none nor w clyppynge it byssynge as for flesshely luf-  
 ty þ **Trystra-** **med** had neu a do w this suche mencion  
 makyt þ freynske booke. Also hit makyt men-  
 on that the lady wente þ had be no plesure but byssynge  
 it clyppynge and in the meane tyme þ was a knyght  
 in Bretayne his name was þ **Suppynabyles** and he  
 com on the see in to englonde and so he com in to the  
 counte of bynge **Artoure** and þ he mette w þ **lanuce-**  
**lot in lake** and tolde hym of the maryage of sir  
**Trystra-** **med** than seyde þ **lanucelot** fre vpon hym  
 vntrew knyght to his lady þ so noble a knyght as sir  
**Trystra-** **med** w sholde be founde to his fyrst lady and  
 love vntrew þ is þ quene of Cornwayle. Buti sey-  
 ye to hym thus seyde þ **lanucelot** that of all knyght  
 in the worlde I have loved hym it all was for his noble



dedyd And lette hym wete þt the love be twene hym and  
me is done for end And pat I gyff hym warning from  
that day forth I woll be his mortall enemy So depected  
for **Suppynables** vnto Bretayne a gayne & þe found  
for **Dyrstramed** and tolde hym þe he had bene in byng  
**Artqured** couste. Then þe **Dyrstramed** seyde her  
ye my tynge me So god me helpe seyde þe **Suppynables**  
þe I haue Sir **Lancelot** speke you grete  
shame And that ye ar a false byng to your lady  
and he bade me do you to wyte þe woll be your  
mortall foe in any place where he may mete you  
That me repentyt seyde þe **Dyrstramed** for of all  
byngs I loved moste to be in his felyschyp Then for  
**Dyrstramed** was a shamed it made grete mone  
þe in any byngs sholde defame hym for the sake of  
his lady And so in that meane while la beale **Node**  
made a letter vnto quene **Gwenyvere** complaynyng  
her of the vntrouthe of Sir **Dyrstramed** how he had  
wedded þe byngs donght of Bretayne. So quene  
**Gwenyvere** sente him a noþ letter & bade her be of goode  
comforte for she sholde haue joy after sorow for Sir  
**Dyrstramed** was so noble a byng called þe by craft  
of forfay ladyes wolde make such a noble to wedde  
thow but þe ende quene **Gwenyvere** seyde shulde be that  
þe he shall hate her & love you better than end he And  
So love we þe **Dyrstramed** in Bretayne & speke  
we of þe **Lamerok** de galys þe ad he sayled his schypp  
felle on a rocke & dysperysched all save þe **Lamerok**  
and his knyght for he swame so myghtyly þe fysshers  
of þe fle of swayge toke hym up And his knyght  
was drowned And the schyppmen had grete labour

to save þe **Lamerok** his lyff for all þe comferte þat they  
 conde do And þe lorde of that yle dyggt þe **Rabon**  
**le noyre** a grette myggt gyaunte And tȝys **Sir**  
**Rabon** hated all the bryggt of þynge **Artqured**  
 and in no wyse he wolde do hem no favoure And  
 thes fysshers tolde þe **Lamerok** all þe gylt of **Syr**  
**Rabon** how þe com new bryggt of þynge **Artqured**  
 but he destroyed hym And the laste batayle þen he  
 ded was wȝt **Sir Rannome le wetyte** and when  
 he had wonne hym he put hym to a shamefull dett  
 in the despyte of þynge **Artqure** he was drabynd  
 hym meale That for tȝynk me seyde þe **Lamerok**  
 for that bryggt dett for he was my cosyn And yf  
 I were at myne ease ad well ad en I was I wolde  
 revenge his dett. Paase seyde þe fysshers a make  
 here no wordys for on en ye depte frome hend þe  
**Rabon** muste know þe ye have bene here oȝw ellis  
 we shall dye for yō sake. So that I be hole seyde þe  
**Lamerok** of my mysse ease þe I have tabyn in the  
 see I woll that ye telle hym that I am a bryggt  
 of þynge **Artqured** for I was new ferde to penayne  
**N**ow turne we unto þe **Drystrand** whylorde  
 that upon a day he toke a lytll barget and  
 and his wyff **Isode le blannete maynyo** wȝt **Syr**  
**Keythyn** her broþr to sporte hem on the costis And  
 when they were frome þe londe þe was a wynde  
 þe drove hem in to the coste of walys upon tȝis yle  
 of serbage where ad was þe **Lamerok** and there  
 þe barget all to rove And þe same **Isode** was querte  
 and ad well ad they myggt they gate in to þe forest  
 And þe by a welle he sȝe þe **Begwarydes** and a



Jameskell w<sup>t</sup> hym and than ayther salowed of the seide  
Sir **Segwarped** I know you well for þe **Trystrym**  
**de lyoned** the man in the world þe I have moste  
cause to hate by cause ye depteþ þe love be thene  
me & my wyff. But aot for that seide þe **Segwarpy**  
**de** I woll new hate a noble knyght for a lyght  
lady and þe fore I pray you to be my frende and  
I woll be your vnto my power for wete you well  
ye an harte be stadd in this valey and we shall  
have I nowre a do app<sup>t</sup> to succome of and so Sir  
**Segwarped** brought for **Trystramed** to a lady  
þe by that was borne in Cornwall and she tolde  
hym all þe p<sup>er</sup> of þe valay how þe can ned knyght  
there but he were takyn presoure or slayne  
wete you well fayre lady seide þe **Trystramed**  
that I have þe **Marqalte** and delynde Cornwall  
from þe trewage of frelonde and I am he that  
delynde the kyng of frelonde from þe **Blamonid**  
**de Ganyo** and I am he that bete þe **Palomides**  
and wete you well þe I am þe **Trystramed de lyo**  
**ne** that by the grace of god shall delynde this þe  
wofull þe of þe age so þe **Trystramed** was wel  
eased þe knyght. Than one tolde hym þe was a knyght  
of kyng **Arturus** that was walled on þe rock  
what is his name seide þe **Trystramed** we wote  
nat seide the fysshers but he bepyth hit no counsel  
that he is a knyght of kyng **Arturus** and by þe  
myghty lorde he settyth nought. I pray you seide  
Sir **Trystramed** and ye may byngre hym hym  
þe I may se hym and if he be our of þe noble  
knyght I know hym. Than the good lady prayde

the fysshers to brynge hym to hir place So on the  
 mornynge they brought hym to hir in a fysshers gar-  
 mente And as sone as **Trystram** saw hym he smy-  
 led vpon hym and knew hym well But he knew  
 nat **Trystram** sayre for seyde **Trystram**  
 me semyth be yowre chere that ye haue bene dese-  
 sed but late And also me thynketh I sholde know  
 you here to forne I wol tell seyde **Lamerok**  
 that ye haue seyne me for the nobelyst buyght of  
 the table rounde haue seyne me a mette w<sup>t</sup> me  
 sayre for seyde **Trystram** telle me yowre  
 name Sir vpon a covenant I wol tell you  
 so that ye telle me wher þe be lorde of t<sup>h</sup>ys  
 floude or no that is callid **Paron le noyre**  
 I am nat noþ I sholde nat of hym but I am q<sup>u</sup>id foo  
 as well as ye be and so shalt I be founde or I de-  
 pte of t<sup>h</sup>ys fle well seyde **Lamerok** syn ye  
 haue seyde so largely vnto me my name is **Trystram**  
**Lamerok de galys** son vnto kynge **Pellynore** for  
 sothe I trow well seyde **Trystram** for and ye  
 seyde of I know the contrary What ar ye seyde  
 Sir **Lamerok** that knowt so me for sothe þe I am  
 for **Trystram** de lyoned a þe rememb<sup>r</sup> ye nat of  
 þe fall ye d<sup>id</sup> gyff me oyr and after that ye re-  
 fused to fyght on foote w<sup>t</sup> me Sir that was  
 nat for no feare that off you but me shamed at  
 þe tyme to haue more a do w<sup>t</sup> you for as me se-  
 med ye had I nowre a do But þe wete you well  
 for my byndenesse ye put many ladyes to a re-  
 press whan ye sent the horne from **Morgan**  
**le fay** vnto kynge **Charle** and hit sholde haue



gone to kynge **Artoure** where as ye dnd þ m dyspyte  
 of me Wellseyde he and hit were to do a gayne so wolde  
 I do for I had leyd stryff and debate felle m kynge **Charlys**  
 comte retqer tþan m kynge **Artour** comte for þ qond  
 of botche courtþ be nat lyke do to þ seyde þ **Trystram**  
 I know well. But tþat þ was done was done for dyspy  
 te of me but all þoure malyce I tþanke god þurte nat  
 guetly. there fore. **seyde þ Trystram** ye shall leve  
 all þoure malyce þ so well. I and lette us assay how we  
 may wyne wysshyp be twene you þ me vpon tþis graunte  
 for **Rabon le noyre** tþat is lorde of tþis floude to destroy  
 hym. **Bu seyde Bu lamerok** now I vnderstonde þoure  
 byggþode hit may nat be false þ all men sey for of þoure  
 bounte nobled þ wysshyp of all byggþe ye ar perved  
 þ for þ curtesy þ pautþnes I shewed you vnkynnesse and  
 tþat now me repentþ. So m tþe meane tyme cam wor  
 de þ **Rabon** had made a cry tþat all peopþe sholde be  
 at qis castell tþe. v. day after. And tþe same day tþe some  
 of **Rabon** sholde be made byggþe þ all tþe byggþe of þ  
 valey and tþere a bonte sholde be tþere to iuste and all  
 tþe of þ **Realme of logrys** sholde be þ to iuste wyth  
 tþem of nortþe walys and tþer cam. v. C. byggþe and so  
 tþey of þ contrey brought tþer þ **lamerok** and þ **Trys**  
**tramed** and þ **kyng** and þ **Begwardes** for tþey  
 dwste none of wyse do and tþan **Rabon** tete for **lamerok**  
 horse and armo at qis owne desyre and so for **lamerok**  
 iusted and dnd fuche dedis of armys þ **Rabon** and all þ  
 peopþe seyde þ was new byggþe tþat en tþey sie þ dnd fuch  
 dedis of armys for ad þ booke seyt qe for iusted all tþat  
 were þ for tþe moste pty of. v. C. byggþe þ none a bode  
 hym m qis fadyt. **þan þ Rabon þ fude þ lamerok**

to play his play w<sup>th</sup> hym for I saw neu<sup>n</sup> one bynght do so  
 muche vpon one day. I wolt well seyde fir **Lameroke**  
 play ad I may but I am wey and sore brused at p<sup>r</sup> apter  
 gate aspeare but this **Rabone** wolde nat encountre  
 w<sup>th</sup> **Lameroke** but smote his horse in the forehede so strew  
 hym and t<sup>h</sup>an **Lameroke** rode on foote and turned his  
 shyld and drew his swerde and p<sup>r</sup> be gan stronge batayle  
 on foote. But fir **Lameroke** was so sore brused at shorte  
 brethid p<sup>r</sup> he traced and traiesed sow what a backe. fayre  
 fellow seyde **Rabone** holde thy honde and I shall shewe p<sup>r</sup>  
 more curtey t<sup>h</sup>an eny shewyd bynght be cause I have sene  
 this day thy noble bynghtode and t<sup>h</sup>ere fore stonde p<sup>r</sup> by  
 and I wolt wete what<sup>r</sup> any of thy fellowys wolt have  
 a do w<sup>th</sup> me. W<sup>h</sup>an **Dystrained** h<sup>h</sup>arde p<sup>r</sup> he seyde **Rabone**  
**Rabone** lende me horse and fure armoure and I wolt  
 have a do w<sup>th</sup> you well fellow seyde **Rabone** go you to  
 yondir pabylyon and arme p<sup>r</sup> of the beste p<sup>r</sup> fyndyst t<sup>h</sup>ere  
 I shall play sone a wedypleo play w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> W<sup>h</sup>an seyde  
 fir **Dystrained** l<sup>o</sup>ke ye play well of ellys p<sup>r</sup>aventure I  
 shall lerne you a new play. W<sup>h</sup>an id well seyde seyde **Rabone**  
**Rabone** So w<sup>h</sup>an **Dystrained** was armed ad hym  
 lybed beste it well shylded it swerded he dressed to hym on  
 foote for well I know p<sup>r</sup> **Rabone** wolde nat a byde a stroke  
 w<sup>th</sup> a speare and p<sup>r</sup> fore he wolt fle att bynghts horse. Now  
 fayre fellow seyde **Rabone** latte us play and so they fonght  
 longe on foote trasynge and trasynge fyrtynge and for  
 mynge longe w<sup>th</sup>oute any reste. So at p<sup>r</sup> laste **Rabone**  
 prayde hym to tell hym his name. Fir seyde he my name  
 is **Dystrained de lyoned** a bynght of Cornwall w<sup>h</sup>er  
 I am vnder kynge. H<sup>h</sup>arde you arte well com seyde  
 fir **Rabone** for of all bynght I have moste desyred to fyght

how **Rabone**  
 at his son w<sup>h</sup>er  
 slayne by the  
 hound of fir  
 Dystrained  
 p<sup>r</sup> the of p<sup>r</sup> nag



wyth all othir ellis wyth **lancelot** and so they wente  
than egerly to gyde that at y laste sir **Trystram** then  
sir **Rabone** and so forth with all the lepe to his sonne and  
strake off his hede. Then all the contrey seyde they wol  
de golde of **Trystram** all the hole valay of byrge  
they seyde **Trystram** I woll nat so. for here is a wor  
shipfull knyght. Sir **Lamerok de galy** that for me  
he shall be lord of this yle for he hath done here gre  
dedid of arms. they seyde **Lamerok** I woll nat be  
lord of this contrey for I have nat deservyd hit as well  
as ye yf ye hit wille ye woll for I woll have  
I woll seyde **Trystram** I yf ye not I woll nat have  
hit lett us gyf hit vnto hym that hath nat so well  
deservyd hit. Sir do as ye lyte for the gyfte is owred  
for I woll none and I had deservyd hit and so by assente  
hit was yeven vnto **Segwarde** and he thanke  
them and so was he lord and worshipfully he and goyne  
hem and than **Segwarde** delivred all y prisoners  
it sette good goynance in y valey and so he turned in  
to Cornwall and tolde byrge **charles** and la beale **Isa**  
how sir **Trystram** had abanched hym in y yle of ser  
vage and y he proclaymed in all Cornwall of all  
the adventures of thes. y. knyghts and so was hit appul  
bownyd. But full was la beale **Isa** when she he  
de telle that **Trystram** had not hym **Isa** le blaw  
the mayny. So tyme we vnto **Lamerok** that rode  
toward byrge **Antoine** court and so sir **Trystram**  
wyth **Beysydyn** toke a vessel and sayled in to Bretay  
ne vnto byrge **Howell** where they were well com  
and when they herde of thes adventures they merdayled  
of his noble dedys. Now tyme we vnto **Lamerok**

that when he was deputed frome **f** **Trystramed** he rode  
 oute of the foreste tyll he cam to an Emmytage. And when  
 the Emmyte sawe hym he asked frome whend he com. **f**  
 and com frome this valey. That merwayne we off  
 for this. **poet**. wynter seyde **f** Emmyte I saw ned byrzt  
 passe this contrey but he was of slayne of vylausely  
 wounded on passe as a poore psonere. **By** this wyll  
 customyd are for done seyde **f** **Lamerocke** for **f** **Trys-**  
**tramed** that slayne your lord. **By** **Flabone** and this  
 bome. That was the Emmyte glade and all this bre  
 thorne for he seyde **f** was ned such a tyrannite a  
 mouge crystyn men and **f** fore seyde the Emmyte this  
 valey **f** frammysse shall en golde of **f** **Trystramed**  
 So on the morn **f** **Lamerocke** deputed and as he rode  
 he sawe. **my**. byrghts fyggt a yeste one **f** **f** one byrzt  
 defended hym well but at **f** laste tye. **my**. byrghts had  
 hym downe. And then **f** **Lamerocke** wente be t wyte  
 then and asked then why they wolde sle **f** one byrght  
 and seyde hit was shame. **my**. a yeste one. **By** **w**  
 shall well wete seyde **f**. **my**. byrghts that he is false  
 So that **f** tale seyde **f** **Lamerocke** and when I here thy  
 speke I woll sey as ye sey. **By**. seyde **f** **Lamerocke** how  
 by you can ye nat excuse you none of wyse but that  
 ye ar a false byrght. **By** yett can I excuse me botte  
 w<sup>t</sup> my worde and w<sup>t</sup> my goudys. And that woll I make  
 good vpon one of the beste of then my body to this body  
 That spake they all at onys. We woll nat soupte  
 our bodys. But wete **f** well they seyde and bynge  
**Arthur** were here hym self hit sholde nat lye in this  
 power to save this byst. That is seyde to largely seyde  
**By** **Lamerocke** but many speyt be hynde a man more



than he wold seye to his face and for be cause of your  
wordis ye shall vnderstonde þat I am one of þe symplest  
of kynge **Arthur** court and in þe worschipp of my  
lorde now do yow beste and in þe dyspyte of you I shall  
rescow hym and than they laysted all at onys to Syr  
**Lamerok**. But at y. strobrot he gad slayne .ij. of them  
than the oþ. y. fled. So than þe **Lamerok** turned  
a gayne into that byrght and horsed hym it asled  
hym his name. But my name is þe **Froth** of þe onte  
of yow and so he rode w. Syr **Lamerok** and bare hym  
company and as they rode by the way they sawe a  
femely byrght rydunge and comynge a yent thens  
and all in wylggt. A seyde þe **Froth** yonder byrght  
justed but late wylt me and smote me downe þe  
fore I wold juste w. hym. ye shall nat do so seyde  
Syr **Lamerok** be my counceyle and ye wold tell me  
yow quarell where ye justed at his requeste of he  
at yowres pray seyde þe **Froth** I justed w. hym at my  
requeste But than wold I counceyle you deale no mo  
re w. hym for lyke his countenance he sholde be a  
nobbe byrght and no paper for me thynke yow he sholde  
be of þe rounde table. As for þe I wold nat spare seyde  
for **Froth** than he cored and seyde þe byrght make þe  
wed to juste that wedyt nat seyde þe wylghte  
byrght for I haue no luste to lape nor juste. So they  
feautred þe speryd and þe wylggt byrght outquere  
Syr **Froth** and than he rode homway a softe pace.  
Than Syr **Lamerok** rode after hym it prayde hym  
to telle his name for me semyt ye sholde be of the  
felyschipp of þe rounde table. But upon a couenante

that ye wolt nat telle my name and also that ye wolt  
 tell me yowre. **Sw** my name is **Lamerok de galis**  
 and my name is **Lancelot du lake** **Sw** and they put  
 up þe fowndys and byssed hertely to god and at byssur ma-  
 de grete joy of oþ **Sw** seyde þ **Lamerok** and hit please  
 you I wolt do you fnyse. God deffende þ þ ony of so no-  
 ble a blood as ye be sholde do me fnyse **Sw** and seyde þ  
**Lancelot** I am in a queste þ I muste do my selff alone  
 Now god spede you seyde þ **Lamerok** and so they  
 depte **Sw** and þ **Lamerok** com to **Sw** **Proff** at horsed  
 hym a gayne and seyde þ **Sw** what byggt is þ seyde þ  
**Proff** þ hit is nat for you to know no þ is no poynte  
 of yowre charge. ye ar the more vncourteyse seyde þ  
**Proff** and there fore I wolt depte felystipp. ye may  
 do as ye lyfte and yett be my company ye shane stand  
 the fayryst floure of þe garlonde. So they departed  
**Sw** and wyth in. in. dayes þ **Lamerok** founde a byrgt  
 at a welke slepyng and quod lady fate w<sup>t</sup> hym it was  
 byggt so com þ **Gawayne** and toke þ byrght lady it  
 sette hym up be hynde hym fnyer. So þ **Lamerok** rode  
 after þ **Gawayne** and seyde þ turne a yew **Sw** and seyde  
 þ **Gawayne** what wolt ye do w<sup>t</sup> me I am never bu-  
 to byrgt **Artur** **Sw** for þ cause I wolt for beare  
 you oþer ellys that lady sholde a byde w<sup>t</sup> me **Sw** and  
 þ **Gawayne** turned hym it was to hym þ onght the  
 þ lady w<sup>t</sup> quod speare but þ byrght wyth pure myght  
 smote downe þ **Gawayne** and toke quod lady w<sup>t</sup> hym  
 And all this þ **Sw** **Lamerok** and seyde to hym selff  
 but I rebeuge my felow he wolt sey me dishonoure  
 in byrgt **Artur** counte **Sw** and þ **Lamerok** retu-  
 ned it profyde þ byrght to byrght. **Sw** I am redy



seyde he and there they cam to gedyn w<sup>t</sup> all theire  
myght And **f<sup>r</sup>amerob** smote the knyght thow  
bothe syde that he fylle to the erthe dede. Then p<sup>r</sup>  
lady rode to p<sup>r</sup> knyght brot hir that knyght **f<sup>r</sup> Belli  
amnce le orgukio** that dwelled faste p<sup>r</sup> by and tolde  
hym how his brop was slayne. Alas seyde he I wolt  
be reuenged and so he horsed hym and armed hym  
and w<sup>t</sup> in a whyle he ou<sup>r</sup> take **f<sup>r</sup>amerob** and bade  
hym turne and leue that lady for p<sup>r</sup> and I muste  
play a new play for thow haste slayne my brop  
Sw<sup>r</sup> **f<sup>r</sup>roth** that was a better knyght than eu<sup>r</sup> was  
p<sup>r</sup> ye may well sey hit seyde **f<sup>r</sup>amerob** but this day  
in the playne fylde I was founde the bettir knyght  
So they rode to gedyn and unhorsed ech o<sup>r</sup> and  
turned p<sup>r</sup> sylldid and drew p<sup>r</sup> swordys & foughte  
myghtyly ad<sup>r</sup> noble knyghts proued p<sup>r</sup> space of .ij.  
owres. So then **f<sup>r</sup> Belliamnce** prayde hym to telle  
hym his name. Sw<sup>r</sup> my name is **f<sup>r</sup>amerobe  
de galys** I seyde **f<sup>r</sup> Belliamnce** you arte the man  
in the world p<sup>r</sup> I moste hate for I flew my fyny  
for thy sake where I saved thy lyff and now p<sup>r</sup>  
haste slayne my brot<sup>r</sup> **f<sup>r</sup>roth** alas how sholde I be  
accorded w<sup>t</sup> the p<sup>r</sup> fore defende p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> shalt dye p<sup>r</sup> none  
o<sup>r</sup> way nor remedy. Alas seyde **f<sup>r</sup>amerobe** full well  
me ought to know you for ye ar the man p<sup>r</sup> moste hane  
done for me And there w<sup>t</sup> all **f<sup>r</sup>amerob** buel<sup>r</sup> a downe  
and be sought hym of grace. A lyse up seyde **f<sup>r</sup> Bellian  
ce** othir ellys p<sup>r</sup> do p<sup>r</sup> buelyste I shalt fle the That shall  
nat nede seyde **f<sup>r</sup>amerobe** for I wolt yelde me to you nat  
for no feare of you nor of youre strenght but youre good  
nesse makyth me to lotte to hane a do w<sup>t</sup> you. Wane fore  
I requyre you for goddis sake and for p<sup>r</sup> don<sup>r</sup> of knyghtode

for gyff me all þat I haue offended vnto þou Alas seyde **Dr.**  
**Bellyanuce** leve thy knelynge of ellys I shal sle the w<sup>th</sup>  
 oute mercy. Than they rode a gayne to batayle it aytur  
 wounded othir that all þe grounde was bloody þat they fought  
 And at þe laste **Bellyanuce** w<sup>th</sup> drew hym a backe þat sette  
 hym downe a lyttel vpon an hylle for he was faynte  
 for bledynge that he myght nat stonde. Than **þe lame**  
**rofe** torew his shylde vpon his backe and cam vnto hym  
 and asked hym what chere well seyde **þe Bellyanuce** a sy  
 yett shal I shew þou favour in þoune male ease a knyght  
 seyde **þe Bellyanuce** vnto **þe lamerof** þou arte a foole for and  
 I had the at fuche advantage as þat I faste me I sholde sle  
 the but thy knyghtnesse is so good and so large þat I muste  
 nedys for gyff the myne eyll wyll. And than **þe lamerof**  
**he** kneled a downe and unlaced fyrst his vmbere and  
 than his owne. And than aytur byssed othir w<sup>th</sup> wepyng  
 tearys. Than **þe lamerof** led **þe Bellyanuce** to an abbey  
 faste by and þat **þe lamerof** wolde nat depte from **þe Belly**  
**anuce** tyll he was hole and than they were sworne to  
 gydys þat none of hem sholde neuyn fyght a yenste op<sup>er</sup>  
 So **þe lamerof** depte and wente to the counte of **Artur**

Here leuyt of the tale of **Dr. lamerof** and of **Dr.**  
**Drystraunys** and here be gymyt of the tale of **Dr.**  
**La cote male taile** that was a good knyght

**O**f the counte of byng **Artur** there cam a you  
 ge man bygly made and he was rycheþe be seþne  
 and he desyred to be made a knyght of the byng. And  
 his on garmente sate outw outwartely how be hit hit  
 was ryche cloth of golde. what is þoune name seyde



kyng *Artur*. Sir my name is *Brynor le noyre* and  
w<sup>th</sup> in shorte space ye shall know p<sup>r</sup> I am comyn of goode  
lynne. hit may well be seide p<sup>r</sup> *Ray* the seneschall but in  
most kyng ye shall be called *la cote male taile* that is ad  
much to sey the wyll shapyn cote hit is a grette tynge  
that p<sup>r</sup> assyde seide p<sup>r</sup> kyng. But for what cause werp  
p<sup>r</sup> that wyse cote. hit is for som cause. for he answered  
had a fadir a noble knyght and ad he rode an hmyng up  
pon a day hit happed hym to ley hym downe to slepe at there  
cam a knyght that had bene longe his enemy and when  
he saw he was faste on slepe he all to gete hym at tps  
same cote had my fadir on that tyme and that maynt  
that cote to fyte so wyll vpon me for the strok be on  
hit ad I founde hit and ned shall hit be a mended for me  
I shud to have my fadys det<sup>r</sup> in remembrance I were  
that cote tyll I be revenged and be cause ye ar called p<sup>r</sup>  
moste nobelyst kyng of p<sup>r</sup> worlde I com to you to ma  
ke me a knyght. Sir seide p<sup>r</sup> *launcelot* and Sir *Gaheris*  
hit were well done to make hym knyght for hym be so  
myt<sup>r</sup> well of p<sup>r</sup>one and of countenance p<sup>r</sup> he shall p<sup>r</sup>ve  
a good knyght and a myghty for sir and ye be remembred  
wyth such one was p<sup>r</sup> *launcelot* when he cam fyrst in  
to that comte and full fewe of us knew from when  
he cam it now is he proved the man of moste worship  
in the worlde and all y<sup>r</sup> conye it rounde table is by  
*launcelot* worshypped and a mended more than by any  
knyght by kyng. That is trouth seide p<sup>r</sup> kyng and to  
morrow at your requeste I shall make hym knyght so  
on the morne p<sup>r</sup> was ad harte founden it tps he rode kyng  
*Artur* wyth a company of his knyghts to se p<sup>r</sup> herte and  
that yonge man p<sup>r</sup> *Ray* named *la cote male taile* was

there leste be hynde wyth quene **Gawenhere** and by a  
 suddeyne adventure þe was an horryble lyon kepte in a  
 towre of stoon and the brake loose and cam hurlyng be  
 fore þe quene and her byrght And wgan þe quene save  
 the lyon she cryed oute and fledde and prayde for byrght  
 to rescow her And þe was none but þe byrght þe bode  
 and all þe of fledde **Then** seyde **la cote male taylor** now  
 I se that all cowherde byrght be nat dede And þe w<sup>t</sup>all the  
 drew his sward and dressed hym be fore þe lion And t<sup>t</sup>at  
 lion gaped wyde and cam vpon hym radowppung to hane  
 slayne hym And the gayne smote hym in the myddys of  
 the hede that hit claff in sundir and so daysted downe to  
 the erthe And anon hit was tolde the quene how þe yong  
 man þe **by** named **la cote male taylor** had slayne þe lion  
 And anon w<sup>t</sup> the kynge cam home and the quene tolde  
 hym of that adventure he was well pleased and seyde  
 vpon payne of myne hede he shal preve a noble man  
 and faytrefull and trewe of his promyse And so forth  
 w<sup>t</sup> all the kynge made hym byrght **Then** for seyde the  
 yonge byrght I requyre you and all the byrght of the  
 counthe þe calle me none of name but **la cote male tay**  
**le** In so muche þe **by** that so named me so w<sup>t</sup>all I be called  
 I assente me þe to seyde the kynge And so the same day there  
 cam a damysell in to the counthe and she brought wyth her  
 a grete blacke shylde w<sup>t</sup> a wyggt hounde in the myddys  
 goldynge a sward and of pyctoure was þe none in that  
 shylde wgan kynge **Arthur** saw her the assed her from  
 w<sup>t</sup>end she cam and w<sup>t</sup>at she wolde In she seyde I have  
 rydden longe and many a day w<sup>t</sup> this shylde many way  
 es And for this cause I am com to your counthe for ther  
 was a good byrght that oug<sup>t</sup> this shylde & this byrght



had vnder take a grete dede of armys to encheve hit and so  
 by myse fortune and of stronge byrght mette w<sup>th</sup> hym by  
 suddeyne aventure And y<sup>e</sup> t<sup>h</sup>er foug<sup>ht</sup> longe it ayt<sup>er</sup> woun  
 ded o<sup>th</sup>er passynge sore And t<sup>h</sup>er were so wery y<sup>e</sup> t<sup>h</sup>er lest  
 y<sup>e</sup> batayle on eyn<sup>e</sup> honde So t<sup>h</sup>is byrght y<sup>e</sup> onght y<sup>e</sup>  
 shylde save none of way but he muste dye And t<sup>h</sup>an he  
 comanded me to bere t<sup>h</sup>is shylde to t<sup>h</sup>e counte of byng  
**Art<sup>h</sup>ure** he requyringe it prayyng som good byrght  
 to take q<sup>uo</sup> shylde it t<sup>h</sup>at he wolde fulfyll y<sup>e</sup> queste y<sup>e</sup> he  
 wad<sup>e</sup> in. Now what sey ye to t<sup>h</sup>is queste seyde byng  
**Art<sup>h</sup>ure** is t<sup>h</sup>ere here ony of you t<sup>h</sup>at wold take vpon  
 you to welde t<sup>h</sup>is shylde. Than wad<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> nat<sup>er</sup> one y<sup>e</sup> wolde  
 speke a worde. Than f<sup>or</sup> **Ray** toke y<sup>e</sup> shylde in q<sup>uo</sup> honde  
 and lyfft hit up. Sir byrght seyde t<sup>h</sup>e damessell what  
 is y<sup>e</sup> name. Wete you well my name is f<sup>or</sup> **Ray** y<sup>e</sup> senes  
 ciall t<sup>h</sup>at wyde where is knowyn. Sir seyde y<sup>e</sup> dame  
 fell lay downe t<sup>h</sup>at shylde for wyte y<sup>e</sup> well q<sup>uo</sup> fallyt<sup>er</sup>  
 nat<sup>er</sup> for you for he muste be a bettir byrght t<sup>h</sup>an ye y<sup>e</sup>  
 shal welde t<sup>h</sup>is shylde. Damessell seyde f<sup>or</sup> **Ray** I toke  
 your shylde nat<sup>er</sup> to t<sup>h</sup>at entente. But go w<sup>th</sup> so go w<sup>th</sup>  
 for I wold nat<sup>er</sup> go w<sup>th</sup> you. Than t<sup>h</sup>e damessell stood still  
 a grete wyyle and be shylde many of t<sup>h</sup>e byrght<sup>er</sup> pan  
 spake t<sup>h</sup>is yonge byrght **lacote male taylor** and seyde  
 fayre damessell I wold take t<sup>h</sup>is shylde and t<sup>h</sup>e adven  
 ture vpon me. What and I wyte w<sup>th</sup>ot<sup>er</sup> wad<sup>e</sup> my  
 jurney myght be for be cause I wad<sup>e</sup> t<sup>h</sup>is day made  
 byrght I wold take t<sup>h</sup>is adventure vpon me. What  
 is your name fayre yonge man seyde y<sup>e</sup> damessell  
 my name is he seyde **lacote male taylor** well may y<sup>e</sup>  
 be callyd so seyde t<sup>h</sup>e damessell t<sup>h</sup>e byrght wyte y<sup>e</sup>  
 wyth shapyn coote. But and y<sup>e</sup> be so hardy to take

 On t<sup>h</sup>e to

on the to beare that shyld and to folowe me wete þ<sup>at</sup> well  
 thy symme shall be as well q<sup>ue</sup>ren as thy cote as for þ<sup>at</sup>  
 seyde þ<sup>at</sup> **la cote male tayle** w<sup>hen</sup> I am so q<sup>ue</sup>ren I w<sup>ill</sup>  
 aske you no salff to heale me w<sup>ill</sup> all. And forth w<sup>ill</sup> all þ<sup>at</sup>  
 com in to the comte. y. squyers and brought hym grete  
 horsis and his armoure and spearys and a none he was  
 armed and toke his leve. Sir I w<sup>ill</sup> nat seyde þ<sup>at</sup> bynge  
 be my wyll that ye toke vpon you this g<sup>ra</sup>nde adventure  
 Sir he seyde this adventure is myne and y<sup>e</sup> fyrste that  
 eu<sup>er</sup> I toke vpon and þ<sup>at</sup> w<sup>ill</sup> I folow what som eu<sup>er</sup> com of  
 me. Then þ<sup>at</sup> damysell deptyd and so þ<sup>at</sup> **la cote male tayle**  
 faste folowed aftir and w<sup>as</sup> in a w<sup>ay</sup>ple he on toke þ<sup>at</sup> dame  
 sett and a none she myse seyde hym in the sowlyst maner  
 Then þ<sup>at</sup> **Ray** ordayned þ<sup>at</sup> **Dagonet** bynge artquid foole  
 to folow aftir þ<sup>at</sup> **la cote male tayle** and there Sir **Ray**  
 ordayned that Sir **Dagonet** was horsed and armed  
 and bade hym folow Sir **la cote male tayle** and p<sup>er</sup>fy<sup>n</sup>  
 hym to iuste and so he ded and w<sup>hen</sup> he sawe **la cote ma**  
**le tayle** he cryed and bade make hym vedy to iuste So Sir  
**la cote male tayle** smote þ<sup>at</sup> **Dagonet** ovr his horse cron  
 p<sup>er</sup>ny Then the damysell mocked **la cote male tayle** and  
 seyde fye for shame now arte þ<sup>at</sup> shamed in bynge artquid  
 counte w<sup>hen</sup> they sende a foole to hane a do w<sup>ill</sup> the st specially  
 at thy fruste iustys Then she rode longe and crydde  
 and so w<sup>as</sup> in a w<sup>ay</sup>ple there cam þ<sup>at</sup> **Bleoberys** y<sup>e</sup> good byngt  
 and þ<sup>at</sup> he iusted w<sup>ill</sup> þ<sup>at</sup> **la cote male tayle** and there Sir  
**Bleoberys** smote hym so sore that horse and all felle to  
 the erthe Then þ<sup>at</sup> **la cote male tayle** a rose up lyghtly st  
 dressed his shyld and drew his swerde a w<sup>ould</sup>e hane done  
 batayle to the vtrance for he was woode w<sup>ith</sup>ot f<sup>at</sup>  
 so seyde þ<sup>at</sup> **Bleoberys** de gamps ad at this tyme I w<sup>ill</sup>

V. E. L. R. D. E. F. J. K. I. F. L. M. N. O. P. Q.



How Lacote ma  
le taylor Justed  
w<sup>t</sup> f<sup>r</sup> Bleoberys  
t<sup>r</sup> had a felle

nat<sup>r</sup> fyght p<sup>r</sup>pon foote. Than the damessell **Maledysante**  
reburked hym in the foulest maner and bad hym turne a  
gayne cowarde a damessell seyde he I pray you of this to  
myselfe say me no more for my gresser w<sup>t</sup> I now thonght ye gresser  
me no more yett I calle me new p<sup>r</sup> worse knyght thonght a  
marryd sonne hath fayled me and also I comte my selfe new  
p<sup>r</sup> worse man for a falle of f<sup>r</sup> **Bleoberys**. So thynke he rode  
w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>r</sup>er. y. dayes and by fortune p<sup>r</sup> he encountred w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup> f<sup>r</sup>  
**Palomydes** the noble knyght and in p<sup>r</sup> same wyse Sir  
**Palomydes** serued hym ad ded f<sup>r</sup> **Bleoberys** to fore hon  
de. Than seyde p<sup>r</sup> damessell what doste p<sup>r</sup> here in my felyschyp  
for p<sup>r</sup> cause nat<sup>r</sup> fyte no knyght nor w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup> stonde hym one  
bussette butt yf q<sup>r</sup> were f<sup>r</sup> **Dagonet** a fayre damessell  
I am nat<sup>r</sup> the worse to take a falle of f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** and  
yett grete dysworshyp have I none for nor f<sup>r</sup> **Bleoberys**  
nor yett f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** w<sup>t</sup> not fyght w<sup>t</sup> me on foote. ad  
for that seyde p<sup>r</sup> damessell wete you welles they have dysda  
ne and scorne to a lyght of p<sup>r</sup> horsis to fyght w<sup>t</sup> such a lo  
de knyght ad p<sup>r</sup> arte. So in the meane whyle p<sup>r</sup> com Sir  
**Mordred** f<sup>r</sup> **Gawayne** brop and so he felle in felyschyp  
w<sup>t</sup> the damessell **Maledysante** and than they com be fore  
the castell **Orgulud** and p<sup>r</sup> was such a custom that there  
myght com no knyght by the castell butt of he myste Juste  
ot<sup>r</sup> be p<sup>r</sup>sonere ot<sup>r</sup> at the leste to lose his horse st<sup>r</sup> harney  
se and p<sup>r</sup> cam oute. y. knyght a yeuste t<sup>r</sup>ew and f<sup>r</sup> **Mordred**  
Justed w<sup>t</sup> the formyste and that knyght of p<sup>r</sup> castell smote  
Sir **Mordred** downe of his horse and than f<sup>r</sup> **Lacote male**  
**taylor** Justed w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> op and app<sup>r</sup> of q<sup>r</sup>ew smote downe of horsis  
to the erthe and anone they aboyded p<sup>r</sup> horsis and apt<sup>r</sup> of  
q<sup>r</sup>ew toke ot<sup>r</sup> horsis and than f<sup>r</sup> **Lacote male taylor** no  
de w<sup>t</sup> to that knyght p<sup>r</sup> smote downe f<sup>r</sup> **Mordred** and there

**Lacote male taylor** wounded hym passynge sore and putte  
 hym frome his horse and lay ad he had bene dede. Bothe  
 turned vnto hym that mette hym afore and he toke the  
 flyght towarde p<sup>r</sup> castell And **p<sup>r</sup> Lacote male taylor** rode  
 after hym into the castell. **Orgulhus** and there **p<sup>r</sup> Lacote**  
**male taylor** slew hym and anone p<sup>r</sup> cam and C. bryght  
 a boutte hym and all assayled hym and wgan he save his  
 horse shoulde be slayne he a flyght and voyded his horse it  
 so put hym oute of p<sup>r</sup> gate And wgan he had so done he  
 hurled in a mouge thow and dressed his backe butyll a  
 ladyes chamber wally. Whynlyng hym self p<sup>r</sup> he hadde  
 leu dye there w<sup>t</sup> worschyp thow to a byde p<sup>r</sup> rebukes of the  
 damesell. **Aledysminte** and so in the meane tyme ad he  
 stood it fonght p<sup>r</sup> lady p<sup>r</sup> sylde that chamber wente oute  
 flyly at a posterne and w<sup>t</sup> oute the gatys she founde **p<sup>r</sup>**  
**Lacote male taylor** his horse and flyghtly she gate hym by  
 the brydyl and tyed hym to the posterne And than she ro-  
 de vnto her chamber flyly agayne for to be holde hom that  
 one bryght fanght a yens and C. bryght And wgan she  
 had be holde hym longe she wente to a wyndow be hynde  
 his backe and seide pon bryght that flyghty wondrly  
 well but for all that at the laste pon muste nedys dye  
 but yf p<sup>r</sup> can thowow thy myghty proesse Wyne vnto you  
 in posterne for there hane I fastened p<sup>r</sup> horse to a byde  
 the but wete p<sup>r</sup> welle pon muste tynke on thy worschyp  
 and tynke nat to dye for p<sup>r</sup> mayte nat Wyne vnto p<sup>r</sup>  
 posterne w<sup>t</sup> oute p<sup>r</sup> so nobely and myghtyly. Wgan **p<sup>r</sup>**  
**Lacote male taylor** harde her sey so he gryped his swerde  
 in his honde and put his sylde fayre be fore hym and  
 thowow the tynchyst p<sup>r</sup>ed he tynyled thowow. And wgan he  
 cam to the posterne he founde p<sup>r</sup> redy. my bryght and at



in the fyrste strok he flew. in of the knyghts and so he wanne  
his horse and rode frome thence And all that was reherfed in  
kyng **Arturus** counte how he flew. xij. knyghts w<sup>t</sup> in þe castell  
**Orgulus** and so he rode on his way And in þe meane tyme  
le the damysell sayde vnto þe **Thorndred** I wene my foolyshe knyght  
be otkyn slayne or takyn presonere And thow were they ware  
and saw hym com rydynge And whan he was com to thence  
he tolde all how he had spedde and escaped in þe dyspyte of all  
the castell and som of the beste of hem wold telle no talys  
þow gabbyst falsly seyde the damysell that dare I make  
good for a fool and a dastarde to all knyghts the  
same latte the passe. That may ye preve seyde **lacote ma**  
**le taylor** w<sup>t</sup> that she sente a corroure of herd that all way  
rode w<sup>t</sup> her and so he rode thyn byghtly it spured haw it  
in what wyse that knyght escaped oute of þe castell. Thow  
all þe knyghts cursed hym and seyde he was a fende and no  
man for he hath slayne here. xij. of oure beste knyghts  
and we went this day that that had bene to muche for sir  
**Gysstrames de lyones** otkyn for sir **launcelot de lake** and  
in dyspyte and magre of w<sup>t</sup> all he w<sup>t</sup> depte frome w<sup>t</sup> And  
so he corroure com a gayne and tolde þe damysell all how  
sir **lacote male taylor** spedde at the castell **Orgulus** Thow  
she smote downe the hede and seyde but lytyll. Be my hede  
seyde þe **Thorndred** to the damysell ye ar gretly to blame so  
to rebuke hym for I warne you playnly he is a good knyght  
and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man but ad  
vette he may nat fyte sure on horsebacke for he þe muste  
be a good horse man hit muste com of vsage and exer  
cise but whan he comyt to the strolis of his swerde he  
is thow noble & myghty And hit saw þe **Bleoberys** and þe  
**Palomydes** for wote you well they were wyly men of

warre for they wolde know anone when they see a yonge  
man buyght by his rydunge how they were sure to gyffe  
 hym a falle frome his horse other a grete buffett but for þe  
 moste pty they wyll nat buyght on foote w yonge buyght for  
 they ar myghtyly it strongly armed for in lyke wyse Sir  
**Lancelot** **In lae** when he was fyrste made buyght he  
 was osten put to the worse on horse backe but en vpon  
 foote he reconde his renoune and slew and defowled ma-  
 ny buyghts of the rounde table And þe fore þe rebulst that  
 Sir **Lancelot** ded vnto many buyghts causyng them to be  
 men of probesse to be ware for osten tyme I haue seyne  
 þe olde prebed buyghts rebuled and slayne by them þe were  
 but yonge be gynerd And they rode fure talbyng by the  
 wey to gynyrd

Here the tale endyng a whyle vnto Sir **Lancelot**  
**G**at when he was com to the courte of kynge Ar-  
 thure than garde he telle of the yonge buyghte  
 Sir **Lacote** **nale** **taile** how he slew the lion it how he toke  
 vpon hym the aduentured of the blacke shylde whiche  
 was named at þe tyme the hardpest aduenture of the  
 worlde So god me save seide þe **Lancelot** vnto many of  
 his felowys hit was shame to all the good noble buyghts to  
 suffer suche a yonge buyght to take so gye aduenture on  
 hym for his distruction for I wote þe wite seide Sir  
**Lancelot** that the damessell **maledysaunte** gat borne  
 that shylde many a day for to secche the moste pbed buyght  
 And that was she þe þe **Brenys** **saunze** pte toke the shylde  
 frome And after þe **Dystramed** **de lyones** rescowd that  
 shylde frome hym and gaff hit to the damessell a gayne  
 a lytyle afore that tyme that Sir **Dystramed** fanght  
 w my neyew þe **Blamoure** **de galys** for a quarell þe was



be thowte the kynge of Irelonde and hym than many knyghts were  
sory that **f la cote male tayle** was gone forth to that aduenture  
Truly seyde **f launcelot** I caste me to ryde after hym And so w<sup>th</sup> in  
viij dayes **f launcelot** on toke **f la cote male tayle** and pan he saluted  
hym and the damysell **maledysante** And when **f aorde** saw  
**launcelot** than he leste y<sup>e</sup> felyschyp and so **f launcelot** rode w<sup>th</sup> hem  
all a day and en that damysell rebuked **f la cote male tayle** and  
than **f launcelot** answerde for hym than she leste of & rebuked  
**f launcelot** So thys meane tyme **f crystrams** sente by a damysell  
a lettur unto **f launcelot** excusynge hym of the daddynge of **Isode**  
le blameche maynes and seyde in the lettur as he was a trewe knyght  
he had ned a do fleschly w<sup>th</sup> **Isode** le blameche maynes & passynge  
cortysly and iantely **En crystram** wrote unto **f launcelot** en he  
sechynge hym to be hys good frende and unto **la beall Isode** of for  
nywarle And that **f launcelot** wolde excuse hym if that en he saw  
her And w<sup>th</sup> in shorte tyme by the grace of god **f crystram** seyd  
that he wolde speke w<sup>th</sup> **la beall Isode** and w<sup>th</sup> hym ryght hastily  
than **f launcelot** deptyd frome the damysell and frome **f la cote**  
**male tayle** for to oide se that lettur and to wryte anoy<sup>r</sup> lettur (unto  
**f crystram** And in the meane whyle **f la cote male tale** rode w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
damysell butyff they cam to a castell that knyght **maledysante**  
**Deudragon** and there were viij knyghts that stood a fore hym  
and one of them p<sup>r</sup>vide to fyght or to iuste w<sup>th</sup> hym And so **f**  
**la cote male tayle** smote hym on hys hys horse cronke And pan  
the v. knyght sette vpon hym all at onys w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> spearys and  
there they smote **la cote male** tar ddone horse and man & than  
they ded alyght sudderly and sette y<sup>e</sup> sondre vpon hym all at  
onys and toke hym prysone And on the morne **f launcelot** a  
rose and delynde the damysell w<sup>th</sup> lettur unto **f crystram**  
and than he toke hys way after **f la cote male tayle** and by the  
way vpon a brydge there was a knyght that p<sup>r</sup>vide **f launcelot**

to Iuste and **f** **launcelot** smote hym doun and than they fangt  
 vpon foote a noble batayle to gydes and a myghty And at the  
 laste **f** **launcelot** smote hym doun and belynge vpon his hondys  
 and his knyght And than that knyght yelded hym And **f** **launcelot**  
**lot** respyed hym // fayne he seide the knyght I requyre you tell  
 me your name for myghte my farte yowth vnto you // Nay seyde **f**  
**launcelot** as at this tyme I wolt nat telle you my name oules that  
 ye telle me your name Certaynly seyde the knyght my name  
 ys **f** **Nerobens** that was made knyght of my lord **f** **launcelot**  
**du lake** A **f** **Nerobens** de hyle seyde **f** **launcelot** I am vryght glad  
 that ye auyded a good knyght for now wyte you well my name  
 ys **f** **launcelot** Alas seyde **f** **Nerobens** what harme I done and **f**  
 with all he selle flathynge to his fete and wolde have byste  
 thend But **f** **launcelot** wolde nat suffer hym and than arthur  
 made grete joy of op And than **f** **Nerobens** tolde **f** **launcelot**  
 that he sholde nat go by the castell of pendragon for there ys a  
 lord a myghty knyght and many myghty knyghts w hym  
 And this knyght I haue sey that they toke a knyght presonere  
 that rode with a damysell and they sey he ys a knyght of p romide  
 table A seyde **f** **launcelot** that knyght ys my felow and hym shall  
 I respyce and bode or ellis lose my lyff there fore And there w all  
 he rode faste tyll he cam be fore the castell of **Pendra-**  
**mon** **f** With all there cam by knyght and all  
 to sette vpon **f** **launcelot** at onys Than **f**  
 speare and smote the formyst that he be  
 and in of thend smote hym and in fe  
 passed thowd thend and byghtly h  
 another knyght thowd the brest  
 more than an elle And there  
 all the remenante of pe my **f**  
 at **f** **launcelot** and at eny **f**



strokis that at my strokis sundry they adoyded þe sadys passynge  
fore wounded and furth with all þe vorde knyngte m to þe castell  
And amone the lord of that castell which was called þe **Bryan**  
**de les iles** which was a noble man and a grette enemy to kynge  
**Arthur** So with in a while he was armed and on horse backe  
And than they feantred þe spearis and knyghtes so strong  
h. that bothe þe horsys ruffhed to the erthe and than they adoyded  
þe sadys and dressed þe byldis and dede þe swerdis and floure to  
gyrdys as wood men and there were many strokis a while  
At the laste þe **Lancelot** gaff þe **Bryan** such a buffette that  
he knelid vpon his knees And than þe **Lancelot** ruffhed  
vpon hym with grette force and pulled of his helme And when  
þe **Bryan** se that he sholde be slayne he yelid hym and put hym  
in his myght and in his grace than þe **Lancelot** made hym to deliuer  
all his presoners that he had with in his castell And there  
in þe **Lancelot** founde of kynge **Arthur** knyghtes xxxv knyghtes  
and xl ladies and so he deliuerde hem and than he rode his way  
And amone as þe **la cote male tarte** was deliuerde he gatte his horse  
and his harnyse and his damysell **maledysante** the meane  
while þe **Merobens** that þe **Lancelot** had forgytten w<sup>t</sup> all be fore  
at the brydye he sente a damysell after þe **Lancelot** to wete how  
he was at the castell of **Pen dragon** And than they in the  
mornynge what knyght he was that was there when  
knyghtes deliuerde all the presoners // Syr  
seide seide the damysell for the beste  
was here and dede this hurmay þe **Lanc**  
**lot** than was þe **Bryan** full glad  
his knyght that he sholde wyne  
it and þe **Lancelot** cote male tarte  
the **Lancelot** that had rydden w<sup>t</sup> hem  
in bryde her how she had rebuked

hym and called hym edwarde than she was passing qdby //  
 So than they toke þe horsis and rode forth a greate pace after  
 þe **Lancelot** and with in y myle they on toke hym þe salered  
 hym and thanked hym And anon the damselff cryed þe **Lan-**  
**celot** mercy of hyr delyt dede and sepyng for now I knowe ye ar þe  
 floure of all knyghthode of the world and þe **Trystram** deute  
 hit even be done you for god knowith be my good wyll sende the  
 damselff that I haue sought you my lord þe **Lancelot** and þe  
**Trystram** longe and now I thanke god I haue mette w<sup>th</sup> you  
 and onys at Camelot I mette w<sup>th</sup> þe **Trystram** and þe he restored  
 thys blacke shylde with the whyttest honde holdyng a naked  
 swerde that þe **Bedwyn** samy pite had takyn frome me Now  
 saye damselff sende þe **Lancelot** who tolde you my name Or  
 sende she there cam a damselff frome a knyght that ye sought  
 with all at a bydte and she tolde that your name was Or  
**Lancelot** In lase blame haue she y fore sende he But her  
 lord þe **Nordens** had tolde hyr But damselff sende þe **Lanc-**  
**celot** vpon thys covenante I woll ryde with you so that ye wyll not  
 rebuke thys knyght þe **Lacote male taylor** no more for he ys a  
 good knyght and I doute nat but he shall prede a noble man  
 And for hys sake and pite that he sholde nat be destroyed I so  
 folowed hym to succo hym in thys grette nede And I had thanke  
 you sende the damselff for now I woll sey vnto you and to hym  
 bothe I rebuked hym neu for none hate y I hated hym but for  
 grette love that I had to hym for eu<sup>er</sup> I supposed that he had bene  
 to youge and to tendre of wyse to take vpon hym thys aduenture  
 And there fore be my wyll I wolde haue deryd hym a way  
 for Ilosy that I had of hys lyff for hit may be no youge knyght  
 dede that shall enchyde thys aduenture to the ende yd send þe  
**Lancelot** hit ys well sende of you and where ye ar called the  
 damselff **Maladysaunt** I woll calle you þe damselff **Byeau pausante**



and so they rode forth to *gryndes* aggrete whyle vnto they cam vnto *p*  
 contraye of *Sm huse* and there they founde a farge byllarge wyth  
 a fronge brydye lyke a fortresse And whan *p* *launcelot* & they  
 were at the brydye there sterte forth a fore them of *antill* wome  
 men and yomen many that seide *ffayre lordis ye may nat passe*  
*thys brydye* and *thys fortresse* be cause of that blacke shyld *p*  
 isse one of yowre beare and there fore *p* shall nat passe but  
 one of yon at onys *thys fore chose yon wherof of yon shall*  
*entw* with in *thys brydye* first. *tham p* *launcelot* *pfird* hym  
 selfe firste to *luste* & *entw* with in *thys brydye*. *Sw* seide *p* *la*  
*cote male* *i* be sech yon to sette me *entw* with in *thys fortresse* and  
 if *i* may speede well *i* woll sende for yon and if hit so be that *i*  
 be slayne there hit *gott* And if *i* be taken presonere yon may  
 yon rescois me. *Sw* *i* am loth that ye sholde passe no passage  
 first seide *p* *launcelot*. *Sw* seide *p* *lacote male taye* *i* pray yon  
 lat me put my body in that aduenture. *Nob* *to yowre way*  
*seide p* *launcelot* and *i* shal be yowre speede. // So he *entw* anone  
 and there mette with hym *y* *brethirne* the tone *hyght* *Sw*  
*olayne de fores* and that other *hyght* *p* *olayne de augus* And  
 anone they *insted* with *p* *lacote male taye* and *p* *lacote male*  
*taye* smote *done* *p* *olayne de fores* and after he smote *done* *p*  
*olayne de augus* and *tham* they *dressid* *p* *shyldis* and *swerdys*  
 and *kide* *p* *lacote male taye* a *hyght* and so he *ded* and there was  
*daysshyng* and *formynge* with *swerdis* and so they be *gan* to  
*assayle* other full *garde* and they *gaff* *p* *lacote male taye* many  
*grete woundis* *vxpon* *hed* and *breste* and *vxpon* *shuldres* And  
 as he *myght* en *amonge* he *gaff* *sad* *swobis* *axayne* and *gan*  
 the *y* *brethirne* *traced* and *travederted* for to be of both *hondis* of *p*  
*la cote male taye* but he by *hine* *forse* and *hyghtly* *prodes* *gate*  
 hem a fore hym And whan he felte hym so *wounded* *gan* he  
*doubled* *hys* *swobis* and *gasse* them so many *woundis* *p* he *felde*  
 hem to the *erthe* and *wolde* *hane* *slayne* them had they nat

Hon *p* *launcelot*  
*the*  
 Wines *plat*  
*me de fores*  
*a p* *ullip*  
*ue de*  
*and*  
*ris*

yeldeo them And ryght so þ **la cote male taylor** toke the beste horse þ **was**  
 of them in and so he rode forth his way to the othir fortres  
 and brydye and there he mette w<sup>th</sup> the thirde broþ his name was  
 þ **Pleuorinus** a full noble knyght and there they lusted to rydres  
 and arthur smote of dōne horse and man to the erthe And pan  
 they doorded þ horse and dressed þ shylde and sterdis and pan  
 they staff many sad stobis and one while the one knyght was  
 a fore on the brydye and anof while the oþ and pan thei sangst  
 in dores and more and non rested And en þ **launcelot** and the  
 damessell be hylde them a las seyde the damessell my knyght fygst  
 with passynge fore and on longe Now may ye se seyde þ **launcelot**  
 that he ys a noble knyght for to considre his firste batayle and his  
 gedons woundis And dōn forth with all so wounded as he ys  
 hit ys medwarle that he may endure this longe this longe batayle  
 with that good knyght This meane while þ **la cote male taylor**  
 sank ryght dōne vpon the erthe what for wounded and for  
 bled he myght nat stonde Egan the tothir knyght had pyte off  
 hym and seyde fygst knyght dysmay you nat for had ye bene  
 freyshe whan ye mette w<sup>th</sup> me as I was I wote well that I coude  
 nat hane endured you And there fore youre noble dedys of  
 armys I shall shew to you byndenes and iustices all that I may  
 And furthe with all this noble knyght þ **Pleuorinus** toke hym  
 by in his armys and ledde hym in to his towre and pan he  
 manided hym the wyne and made to serch hym to stop his ble  
 dyng woundys // Sir seyde þ **la cote male taylor** with dedde  
 you from me and hyze you to yondw brydye a gayne for I wolt  
 mete w<sup>th</sup> you a noþ man a knyght pan en was I Wyl seyde  
 þ **Pleuorinus** ys there be hynde any mo of yowre felshyp ye þ  
 wyte you well there ys a muche better knyght pan I am what  
 ys his name seyde þ **Pleuorinus** þ ye shall nat knoþ for me  
 well seyde the knyght he shall be encomred w<sup>th</sup> all what sōd

(Holv þ pleuor  
 smote dōne la  
 cote male taylor)



en he be And anone he herde a knyght calle that seyde **f** **Pelenor**  
Wher arte þou oþer þou muste deliuer me that presoner þat þou haste  
lad in to thy towre oþer ellis com and do batayle w me **Then f**  
**Pelenor** gate his horse and cam w a speare in his honde  
Waloppynge towarde **f** **Lancelot** And than they began to fecht  
there speares and cam to gyrd as thynndir and smote aythir  
oþer so myghtyly that þe horsis felle doune vnder them And þan  
they doorded þe horsis and pulled oute þe swerdis and hyle too  
buthe they laysshed to gyrdies with grete frobis and formys //  
But en **f** **Lancelot** recorde grounde vpon hym And **f** **Pelenor**  
traced to hame gone a bonte hym But **f** **Lancelot** wolde  
nat suffir that but bare hym backer and backer tyll he cam me  
his towre gate And than seyde **f** **Lancelot** I knoþ þou well  
for a good knyght but wyte þou well thy lyff and deth ys in my  
honde and there fore yelde the to me and thy presonere //  
But he  
mylwerde no worde but stroke myghtyly vpon **f** **Lancelot**  
helme that the fyre sprangte oute of his helme that **f** **Pelenor**  
sprangte oute of his yen **Then f** **Lancelot** donbeled his styk  
so threke and smote at hym so myghtyly that he made hym  
fuele vpon his knes And there with all **f** **Lancelot** lepe  
vpon hym and pulled hym gyrdelyngte doune //  
**Then f** **Pelenor**  
yolded hym and his towre and his towre and all his  
presoners at his wyll **Then f** **Lancelot** receyved hym and  
toke his trewtie And than he rode to the tothir brydye and  
there **f** **Lancelot** msted with oþer in of his brethren that one  
hys **f** **Pyllownes** and the oþer hys **f** **Gellewes** And the  
thirde hys **f** **Delamirus** and first vpon horsebacke **f** **Lancelot**  
smote hem doune and afterwarde he bete them on foote and  
made them to yelde them vnto hym And than he returned  
a yen vnto **f** **Pelenor** and there he founde in his preson  
kyng **Caedoc** of Scotlande and many of knyght and all they

were delynde And than *f launcelot* cam to *f launcelot* and  
 than *f launcelot* wolde have gyfyn hym all thys fortresse and *f*  
 byrdes May *f* seyde *lacote male taylor* I wolt nat have *f* *ple*  
*ney* lydelade with that he wolt graunte yon my lord *f launcelot*  
 to com vnto kynge *Arthure* house and to be hys knyght and all  
 hys brethren I wolt pray yon my lord to latte hym have hys  
 lydelade I wolt well seyde *f launcelot* with thys that ye wolt com to  
 the comte of kynge *Arthure* and by com hys man and hys bren  
 v. And as for yon *f plenour* I wolt vndertake seyde *f launcelot*  
 at the nexte feste so there be a place wyde that ye shall be knyght  
 of the rounde table. So seyde *f plenour* at the nexte feste of  
 pentecoste I wolt be at kynge *Arthure* comte And at y<sup>e</sup> tyme I  
 wolt be gyded and ruled as kynge *Arthure* and ye wolt have  
 me than *f launcelot* and *f lacote male taylor* reposed yem *f*  
 vntyll they were hole of hys woundis and there they had myrry  
 chere and good reste and many good games and there were  
 many fayne ladys And so in the meane whyle cam *f* *ky*  
*senestrat* and *f* *Brandiles* and amonge they soly shyned w<sup>th</sup> yem  
 And so w<sup>th</sup> in v. dayes they deptyed the knyght of kynge *Arthure*  
 comte from thes fortres And as *f launcelot* cam by the castell  
 of pendragon there he put *f* *Sryan de lese* hys hys lord  
 for be cause he wolde neu be withholde with kynge *Arthure* and  
 all the castell of pendragon and all the londis *f* of he gaff to  
*f lacote male taylor* And than *f launcelot* sente for *f* *Merouens*  
 that he made onys knyght and he made hym to have all *f*  
 rule of that castell and of that contrey vnder *f lacote male*  
*taylor* and so they rode vnto kynge *Arthure* comte all hole to  
 gydres and at pentecoste nexte folowynge there was *f* *ple*  
*ney* And *f lacote male taylor* was called of wyse be ryght  
*f* *Prebue le uoyre* and bothe they were made knyght of the  
 rounde table and gyfte londis kynge *Arthure* gaff them



And there *f* *Brence le uoye* wedded that damsel *ayaleodysaunte*  
and after she was called the lady *Brence bynnet* but en after  
for the more pty he was called *la cote male taylor* and he proved  
a passyng noble knyght and amyshty and many doershipfull  
dedys he ded after in his lyff And *f* *Polenoyne* proved a good  
knyght and was full of ppyes And all the dayes of theyre  
lyff for the moste pty they adwynted vpon *f* *launcelot* and *f*  
*Polenoyne* brethyrne were en knyghts of *kyng Arthur* and  
also as the freynsche booke maketh mencion *Sir la cote male*  
*taylor* redynged the deth of his fader

**I**n this booke we here *f* *launcelot de lake* and *f* *la cote male*  
*taylor* and turne we vnto *f* *Trystram de lyones* *f* was  
in bretayne That whan *la beault* *Isode* vnderstood that he was  
wedded she sente to hym by her maydyn *dame Brangwayne*  
pytuous letters as conde be thought and made and her conclu-  
sion was yus That if hit pleased *f* *Trystram* to com to her  
court and brynge w<sup>th</sup> hym *Isode le blanch* mayns and they  
shulde be kepte also well as her selfe That *f* *Trystram* called  
vnto hym *f* *lephayn* and asked hym wher he wolde go w<sup>th</sup> hym  
in to *Cornewayle* secretly he answered hym and seyde that he  
was redy at all tymes and than he lete ordayne prevely  
a lityll vessel and there in they sayled *f* *Trystram* *f* *lephayn*  
*dyn* and *dame Brangwayne* and *Gouynayle* *f* *Trystrams*  
*sqwyer* So whan they were in the see a contrary wynde blew  
them vnto the coste of North Wales in the foryeste petyne  
Than seyde *Sir Trystrams* here shall ye a byde me thes y dayes  
and *Gouynayle* my sqwyer with you And if so be I com nat a  
gayne by that day take the nexte way in to *Cornewayle*  
for in this foryeste ar many straunge aduentures as  
I haue hard sey and som of hem I caste to pcedde or that  
depte and whan I may I shall hyze me after you Than *Sir*

**Trystram** and **Perkydure** toke þæt horsis and deþted frome thære  
 felþshipe and so they rode with In that foreþste a myle and more  
 And at the laste þæt **Trystram** sawe be fore thẽ a lykely knyght  
 þæt was armed by a well and a stronge myghty horse stood passyng  
 myge hym I toke to an oke and aman hobyng and rydunge by  
 hym ledunge an horse lode with spears And thys knyght that  
 satte at the well semyd by hys countenance to be passyng hely  
 Than þæt **Trystram** rode nere hym and seyde fayre knyght why  
 sitte you so drownyng yf seme to be a knyght arraunte by powne  
 armye and hauberge and there fore dresse you to luste w one of  
 of us wth botte There with all that knyght made no word  
 but toke hys shyld and buckeled hit a bonte hys necke þæt hyshtly  
 he toke hys horse and lepte vpon hym and than he toke a grete  
 speare of hys femye and deþted hys way a furlonge Than  
**Perkydure** asked lode of þæt **Trystram** to luste fyste Sir do w best  
 seyde þæt **Trystram** So they mette to gydw and there þæt **Perkydure**  
 had a falle and was sore wounded an hys a bobyne the pappes  
 Than þæt **Trystram** seyde knyght that ys well lusted now make  
 you redy vnto me Sir I am redy seyde the knyght And anon  
 he toke a grete speare and encountred with þæt **Trystram**  
 and there by fortune and by grete force that knyght smote  
 ddowne þæt **Trystram** frome hys horse and had a grete falle  
 Than þæt **Trystram** was fore a shamed and hyshtly he drowed  
 hys horse and put hys shyld a fore hys shulder and drew  
 hys swerde And than þæt **Trystram** requyred that knyght of  
 hys knyghthode to a lyte vpon fote and fyght with hym  
 Well well seyde the knyght and so he a lyte vpon fote and  
 a worded hys horse and kest hys shyld vpon hys shulder and  
 drew oute hys swerde and there they fought a longe batayle  
 to gydw myge y dows Than þæt **Trystram** seyde fayre  
 knyght holde thyne honde a lyte while and telle me of whens



you arte and what ys thy name do for that seide the knyght I wolt  
 be a vyssed but and ye wolt telle me your name padvantage I wolt  
 telle you myne Now sayre knyght do seide my name ys **Erystramp**  
**de hounes** I and my name ys **Lamoral de gales** I **Lamoral**  
**seide Erystramp** wolt be the mette and be thynke the now  
 of the despyte you dedist me of the sendynge of the horne unto  
 knyght **marcus** comte to the entente to have slayne or dyspoude  
 my lady quene la beall **hode** And there fore wote you well seide  
**Erystramp** the tone of **God** I shall dy or be depte // Er seide  
**Lamoral** that tyme þat we were to gydwys in the Isle of prynces  
 ye promysed me better frendshyp so **Erystramp** wold make  
 no longer delays but laysshed at **Lamoral** and thus they  
 faryst longe tyme withur were very of op **Ethan** **Erystramp**  
 seide unto **Lamoral** in all my lyff mette I neu w such a knyght  
 that was so byghte and so well beethed there fore seide **Erystramp**  
**hit** were wote that ony of us bothe sholde here be mys  
 efford Er seide **Lamoral** for your rendome and your name  
 I wolt that ye have the worship and þat fore I wolt yelde me un  
 to you And there with he toke the pointe of his swerde in his  
 honde to yelde hym Nay seide **Erystramp** ye shall nat do so  
 for well I know your pswys and more of your hantylnes pan  
 for my feare or drede ye have of me And there w all Er  
**Erystramp** gfferde hym his swerde and seide **Lamoral**  
 as an on com knyght I yelde me to you as a man of moste  
 noble pwydes that I en mette Nay seide **Lamoral** I wolt do  
 you hantylnes I requyre you lat us be sworne to gydwys þat neu  
 none of us shall after thys day have a do w of And þat all  
**Erystramp** and **Lamoral** swore that neu none of hem sholde  
 fyght a paynte othir for weall nor for doo And thys meane  
 whyle com **Walowys** the good knyght folowyn þat questynge

Here **Erystramp**  
 & **Lamoral** swore  
 that they were  
 sworn to gydwys  
 so they lette  
 on eyn  
 hand &  
 were  
 sworn  
 to gydwys

beste þat had

beste that had in shap lyke a serpentes hede and a body lyke a lybaid  
 buttobled lyke a lion and footed lyke an harte And in hys body  
 there was such a noyse as hit had bene y<sup>e</sup> comyle of hundres  
 questynge and such noyse that beste made where som en the  
 oriente And thys beste en more **p** **Walouydes** folowed for hit  
 was called hys queste And ryght so as he folowed this beste  
 hit cam by **p** **Erystram** and sone after cam **p** **Walouydes**  
 and to bress thys mater he smote doun **p** **Erystram** and  
**p** **lamoral** bothe with one speare and so he depte after **p** beste  
 gladyssumte that was called the questynge beste where fore  
 thes **p** **Erystram** were passynge wrothe that **p** **Walouydes** wold  
 nat ryght with hem on foote // Here men may vnderstonde  
 bene men of worschyp that man was non formed that all  
 tymes myght attayne but som tyme he was put to the wyse  
 by male fortune and at som tyme the wayter myght put **p**  
 byttur myght to a rebuke Than **p** **Erystram** and **p** **lamoral**  
 rode gite **p** **lyphodys** vpon a schilde be theyte then bothe  
 led hym to a fosters lodge and there they staff hym in charge  
 to kepe hym well and with hym they a lode in dayes Than  
 thes **p** **Erystram** toke **p** horse and at a crosse they depte And  
 than seyde **p** **Erystram** to **p** **lamoral** I requyre you if ye hap  
 to mete with **p** **Walouydes** say to hym that he shall fynde  
 me at the same welle there we mette to fore And there **p** **Erystram**  
 shall wete wher he be botw myght than I and so app  
 depte frome othir a sonder way and **p** **Erystram** yde nye  
 there as was **p** **lyphodys** and **p** **lamoral** rode vntill he cam  
 to a chawell and there he put hys horse into pasture And  
 anon **p** cam **p** **wellagance** that was synge **Wagdemag**  
 some and he there put hys horse to pasture and was nat  
 ware of **p** **lamoral** and pan thys myght **p** **wellagance**



made hye mone of the love that he had to quene **Gwenyn** and  
there he made a wofull complaynte. All this quene **Lamoraal**  
and on the mornynge **Lamoraal** toke hye horse and rode vnto the  
foreyste and there he mette with y knyghts **hobyng** vnder the  
wood shade. **Lamoraal** seyde **Lamoraal**. What do ye **hobyng**  
here and **waichynge** and yff ye be knyghts **arraunte** put byt  
juste to I am redy. May I knyght they seyde. We a byde nat for  
for to juste with you but we lye in a wayte vpon a knyght  
that slew oure brother. What knyght was that seyde **Lamoraal**  
**raal** that ye wolde mete with all. Sir they seyde hit ys **Lancelot**  
**lot** that we woll see and he com thys way ye take vpon you  
a grete charge seyde **Lamoraal** for **Lancelot** ys a noble  
proued knyght. As for that I we doute nat for I ys none of  
us but we ar glad I nolde for hym. I woll nat be lede by seyde  
for **Lamoraal** for I haue neu yet of no knyght daves of oure  
tyff but **Lancelot** was to begette for hym. Knyght as they  
talked **Lamoraal** was ware how **Lancelot** com rydynge  
stepte towarde them. Than **Lamoraal** salued hym and he  
hym a praye. And than **Lamoraal** asked **Lancelot** if  
were any thyng that he myght do for hym in thys marche.  
May seyde **Lancelot** nat at thys tyme I thanke you. Than an-  
dexted some of and **Lamoraal** rode a ren there as he lefte  
the y knyghts and than he founde them hyde in the lebed  
made. Hye on you seyde **Lamoraal** false **adouris** that pite  
and shame hit ys that any of you sholde take the hye order  
of knyghtshode. So **Lamoraal** deputed for them and w<sup>t</sup> in a  
whyte he mette with **Gellygaurice** and pan **Lamoraal** ask  
hym why he lobed quene **Gwenyn** as he ded for I was nat for  
froume you when ye made your complaynte by the chapel.  
Ded ye so seyde **Gellygaurice** than woll I a byde by hit.

Done quene Guenevye what wolt ye with hit I wolt wedde and make  
 hit good that she ys the fayryste lady and moste of beaute in the  
 worlde. As to that seyde **f Lamerok** I say nay y to for quene **Guenevye**  
**cause of Orkeney** made vnto **f Carwayne** for she ys the fayryste  
 lady that lyveth the lyff. That ys nat so seyde **f wellyagance**  
 and that wolt I wedde w my hondis. Wylle ye so seyde **f Lancelot**  
 and in a lictur quarrell here I nat to fyght. So they deputed some  
 othir in grette voratthe and than they com rydying to gydw as  
 hit had bene thundir and aytur smote of so fore that f for his  
 felle backewarde to the erthe and than they adwyded f for his  
 and dressed f schylis and drew f steeles and than they hyngeled  
 to gydw as wylle borys and thus they found a grette wyse  
 for **f wellyagance** was a good man and of grette myght but  
**f Lancelot** was grette byt for hym and put hym all wayes a  
 backe but aytur had wounded othir soze and as they stood thus  
 fygthwysse by fortune com **f Lancelot** and **f Bleoberys** And  
 than **f Lancelot** vade he foryetethen and asked them for what  
 cause they found so to gydw and he ar bote of the comte of  
**Burgh Duthme**. Sir seyde **f wellyagance** I shall telle you for  
 what cause we do this batayle I praysed my lady quene **Guenevye**  
**neve** and seyde she was the fayryste lady of the worlde and sir  
**Lamerok** seyde nay y to for he seyde quene **Guenevye** **cause of Orkeney**  
 was fayrar than she and more of beaute. A seyde **f Lancelot**  
 why sayst thou so hit ys nat thy gte to dyspryse thy prynces that  
 arte vnder obersamce and we all. And there w all **f Lancelot**  
 alyght on fote and there fore make the vedy for I wolt wedde  
 vpon the that quene **Guenevye** ys the fayryste lady and moste of  
 beaute in the worlde. Sir seyde **f Lamerok** I am lotte to have a  
 do with you in this quarrell for eny man thynkith qys done  
 lady fayryste and thowze I prayse the lady that I love moste ye



sholde nat be wrotte for thome my lady quene **Guenevere** be fyryst  
in yowre eye wyte you well quene **Morgause of Orkney** ye fyr  
yst in myne eye and so evy knyght thynkith hyr dyne lady  
fyryste And wyte you well þe ye ar the man in the worlde  
excepte þe **Trystrams** that I am moste lottyst to have a do w  
all But and ye woll nedys have a do w me I shal endure  
you as longe as I may Than spake þe **Reoberys** and seyde my  
lorde þe **Lancelot** I wyte you neu so mysse admyssed as ye be  
at thys tyme for þe **Lancelot** seyth to you but reson þe knyght  
for I warne you I have a lady and me thynkith that she ys  
the fyryst lady of the worlde Were thys a grette reson þe  
sholde be wrotte w me for such language And well ye wote  
that þe **Lamorak** ys a noble knyght as I knowe my lyvinge  
and he hath onte you and all as en good wyll there fore I pray  
you be frendis Than þe **Lancelot** seyde þe I pray you for gyfte  
me nyne offence and doyll wyll and if I was myssedmyssed  
I woll make amendis Sir seyde þe **Lancelot** the endis ys fore  
made be thysse you and me And so þe **Lancelot** and þe **Reoberys**  
**berys** deyled and þe **Lancelot** and þe **Agellagance** toke þe horsis  
and aythir deyled frome othir And woth in a whyle cam kynge  
**Arthur** and mette with þe **Lamorak** and lusted w hym and þe  
he smote dowe þe **Lamorak** and wounded hym soze w a spear  
and so he rode frome hym wherfore þe **Lancelot** was wroth  
that he wolde nat fyght w hym on foote how be hit that  
sir **Lancelot** knew nat kynge **Arthur**.

**And** so leith of thys tale and speith of þe **Trystrams**  
that as he rode he mette with þe **Kay** the senestyll  
and there þe **Kay** asked þe **Trystrams** of what contrey he was  
he answerde and seyde he was of the contrey of Cornwal  
hit may well be seyde þe **Kay** for as yet harde I neu þe dore

Good knyght com oute of Cornuayle That ys well spokyn  
 seyde þ **Crystram** But and hit please you to telle me ys name  
 I pray you En wyte you well that my name ys þ **Kay** þ senes  
 aall A þ ys that yowre name seyde þ **Crystrampe** now wyte  
 you well that ye ar named the shamefultyst knyght of ys  
 tynge that now ys lybnyge how be hit ye ar called a good  
 knyght but ye ar called unfortunate and passyng outthwart  
 of yowre tynge and thus they rode to ydwys tyll they cam to  
 a brydye And there was a knyght that wolde nat lette them  
 passe tyll one of them lusted with hym And so that knyght  
 lusted w þ **Kay** and there he gaiff þ **Kay** a felle and hys name  
 was þ **Cor þ Lancroft** thatff brothir and than they y rode to  
 þ lodegynge and there they founde þ **Brandiles** and þ **Cor**  
 cam thydre anone after And as they sate at an soup yowre my  
 knyght in of them spake all the same by Cornys þ knyght  
 that conde be seyde En **Crystrampe** harde all that they seyde  
 and seyde but hityll but he thowgt the more but at that tyme  
 he dystonde nat hys name And upon the morne þ **Crystram**  
 toke hys horse and a kede them upon þ way And þ **Brandiles**  
 pfrde to luste with þ **Crystram** and þ **Crystram** smote hym  
 doun and horse and all to the erthe Than þ **Cor le fye de**  
**Waysshoure** he encountred with þ **Crystram** and þ **Crystram**  
 smote hym doun and than he rode hys way and þ **Kay** fo  
 lloved hym but he wolde none of hys felshyp Than þ **Brand**  
**iles** com to þ **Kay** and seyde I wolde wyte sayne what ys that  
 knyghts name Com one w me seyde þ **Kay** and we shall py  
 hym to telle ys hys name So they rode to ydwys tyll they cam  
 nyge hym and than they were ware where he sate by a welle  
 and had put of hys helme to drynke at the welle And when  
 that he saw them com he faced on hys helme hastily and toke



hys horse to pfer hend to Juste May seyde þ **Brandyles** we Juste  
late I hadde with you but we com nat in that entente But we re-  
quyre you of knyghtshod to telle us your name My fayre lordys  
sithyn that hit ys your and now for to please you ye shall wyte  
that my name ys þ **Trystram de lyones** nebede vnto kynge **Arthur**  
of Cornwalle In good tyme seyde þ **Brandyles** and I wote þe som-  
dyn and wyte you well that we be ryght glad that we have  
fonde you and we be of a felshyp that wolde be ryght glad  
of your company for ye ar the knyght in the worlde that the  
felshyp of the rounde table desyreth moste to have the company  
off. So thank them all seyde þ **Trystram** of hys greet gladnes  
But as yet I fele well that I am nat able to be of þ felshyp  
for I was nen yet of such dedys of worthynes to be in þ compa-  
nye of such a felshyp. A seyde þ **Kyng** and ye be þ **Trystram**  
ye ar the man called now moste of proues excepte þ **Lancelot**  
for he bevyth nat the lyff crysynde nor hethynde that can  
fynde such a nothw knyght to speke of hys proues and of his  
gondis and hys twytwite with all for yet colde þ need create  
sey hym dyshonoure and make hit good. Thus they talked a  
grette while and than they depyed app frome of such wayes  
as hem semed beste. Now shall ye here what was the cause  
that kynge **Arthur** cam in to the foreste pelous that was in  
nortwalis by the meaneys of a lady her name was **Audrey**  
And this lady cam to kynge **Arthur** at Cardreff and she  
by fayre promys and fayre behestis made kynge **Arthur** to  
ryde with her in to that foreste pelous and she was a grette  
sorseres and many dayes she had loved kynge **Arthur**  
and by cause she wolde have had hym to lye by her she cam  
in to that contrey. So when the kynge was gone w hys  
many of hys knyghts folowed after hym when they myste  
fyn as þ **Lancelot** þ **Brandyles** and many of And when

she had brought hym to hir towe she desired hym to ly by her And  
 than the kynge remembred hym of hy lady and wolde nat for  
 no awaunste that she wolde do Than eny day she wolde make  
 hym ryde in to that foreyste wath hyr done knyght to the en  
 tente to hane had hym slayne for wothan thys lady **Annoyore**  
 saw that she myght nat hane hym at her wyllle than she labo  
 red by false meynys to hane destroyed kynge **Arthur** & slayne  
 hym Than the lady of the lake that was all wayes frendely  
 to kynge **Arthur** she vnderstood by hir sittyng awaunste y kynge  
**Arthur** was lykely to be destroyed And there fore thys lady  
 of the lake that hyght **Myrde** she cam in to that foreyste to  
 seke after sir **launcelot** in lake othw ellis y **Crystrampys**  
 for to helpe kynge **Arthur** for as that same day she knede  
 well that kynge **Arthur** sholde be slayne onles that he had  
 helpe of one of thes y knyght And thus she rode vpon a dore  
 she mette wath y **Crystram** and anon as she saw hym she  
 knede hym and seyde a my lord y **Crystram** well be ye mette  
 and blessed be the tyme that I hane mette w you for y same  
 day and w m thys dore shatt be done the dolefullyst dede  
 that en was done in thys lond A fayne damselfe seyde y  
**Crystrampys** may I amende hit // yee y there fore comyth on  
 wath me in all the haste ye may for ye shatt se the mozte  
 worshipfullyst knyght in the worlde hawde be stode Than  
 seyde y **Crystrampys** I am redy to to helpe you and such a  
 noble man as ye sey he ys Or hit ys not lett ne worse  
 seyde the damselfe but the noble kynge **Arthur** hym self  
 God deffende seyde y **Crystrampys** that en he shulde be in such  
 distresse Than they rode to gydwys a grete pace vntyll they  
 cam to a lityll turet in a castel And vnder nethe y castel  
 they saw a knyght stondynge vpon foote hystyng w y  
 knyght And so y **Crystrampys** be helde them and at the



how Cristiane  
assolued King  
Arthur fro  
the lady  
Amour  
wre

laste tyes y knyght smote doun that one knyght and one of  
hem vnaced hys helme and the lady **Amour** gate kynge  
**Arthur** swerde in her honde to hane hane frybyn of his hede  
And there w<sup>t</sup> all com **Cristiane** as faste as he myght &  
seyng traytonres lede that knyght anone and so **Cristiane**  
smote the tounce of hem thordw the bdy that he felle dode and  
than he ruffhed to the othir and smote hys backe in smidre  
And in the meane whyle the lady of the lake cryed to kynge  
**Arthur** lat nat that false lady astape than kynge **Arthur**  
on toke hir and with the same swerde he smote of her hede and  
the lady of the lake toke vp hir hede and kynge hit at hir  
fadirll bode by the heyre And than **Cristiane** horsed **Cristiane**  
kynge a gayne and rode forth with hym hit he charged **Cristiane**  
lady of the lake nat to diston hys name as at that tyme  
So when the kynge was horsed he thanked hartely **Cristiane**  
**Cristiane** and desired to wyte hys name hit he wolde nat telle  
hym none of hit that he was a ponce knyght adventures  
And so he bare kynge **Arthur** tulle he mette w<sup>t</sup> som of hys  
knyght And so with in a whyle he mette w<sup>t</sup> **Ector de ma**  
**rypo** and he knew nat kynge **Arthur** nor yet **Cristiane**  
and he desired to luste with one of them than **Cristiane**  
rode vnto **Ector** and smote hym frowe hys horse And when  
he had done so he cam a gayne to kynge and seyde my lord  
wondrys one of ponce knyght he may beare you felyshys  
And another day that dede that I hane done for you I truste  
to god ye shall vnderstonde that I wolde do you synge And  
seyde kynge **Arthur** lat me wyte what ye ar Nat at thys  
tyme seyde **Cristiane** So he deputed and lefte kynge **Arthur**  
and **Ector** to gydyrs And than at a day sette **Cristiane**  
and **Lancelot** mette at a wellle and than they toke **Cristiane**  
**Cristiane** at the fosters house and so they rode with hym to shyp

where they leste Dame **Brangwarne** and **Gouintyle** and so  
 they sayled in to **Normayle** all hole to **gydres** and by assente  
 and by enformacion of Dame **Brangwarne** when they were  
 lounded they rode vnto **Synas** the **seneschall** a trusty frende of  
**Strystrams**. And so **Synas** and Dame **Brangwarne**  
 rode to the court of **kyng Aart** and tolde the quene la beall  
**Isode** that **Strystrams** was myghty in the court of **Cham**  
 for very prynces joy la beall **Isode** solowed and when she myght  
 speke she seide **hantylt seneschall** helpe that I myght speke w<sup>th</sup>  
 hym othir myghte wolde braue **Cham** **Synas** & Dame  
**Brangwarne** brought **Strystram** and **Stryphynus** prynces  
 in to the court vnto her chambur where as la beall **Isode**  
 assigned them and to telle the joyes that were to be dovyde  
 la beall **Isode** and **Strystrams** there ys no mater can make  
 hit nothir no harte can thynke hit nor no weme can wyte  
 hit nor no mowth can speke hit and as the freynsche booke  
 makith mention at the firste tyme that en **Stryphynus**  
 saide la beall **Isode** he was so enamored vpon hir y<sup>t</sup> for very  
 prynces lode he myght not w<sup>th</sup> drade hit and at the laste as  
 ye shall hyre or the booke be ended **Stryphynus** dyed for lode  
 of **Isode** and than prynces he wrote vnto her letters & ballades  
 of the moste goodherte that were used in yo dayes And when  
 la beall **Isode** vnderstode hys letters she had pite of hys com-  
 playnte and vnderstode she wrote a noy letter to comforte  
 hym w<sup>th</sup> all And **Strystram** was all thys whyle in a  
 tweret at the comandement of la beall **Isode** And when she  
 myght she rode and come to **Strystram** so on a day **kyng**  
**Aart** played at the chesse vnder a chambur wyndowe  
 and at that tyme **Strystrams** and **Stryphynus** were w<sup>th</sup>  
 in the chambur on **kyng Aart** & as hit myshapped **Strystram**



founde the letter that **kyng hyndre** sente vnto la beault **Isode** // At the  
he had founde the letter that she had sente vnto **kyng hyndre** and  
at the same tyme la beault **Isode** was in the same chamber whan  
**kyng hyndre** com vnto la beault **Isode** and seyde madame here  
ys a letter that was sente vnto you and here ys the letter that  
ye sente vnto hym that sente you that letter // Alas madame  
the good love that I have to you and many lordis and gte  
myselfe have for sakyng for your love and now ye are a tynt  
vnto me wherof dothe me grete payne But as for the **kyng**  
**hyndre** I brought the oute of Breteyne in to this contrey at  
the fadir kynge **holwell** I was hys lordis how he hit  
wedded the kyng **Isode le blanchche maynes** for the goodnes  
she ded vnto me and yet as I am a trewe knyght she ys  
a done maydyn for me // But wyte you well **kyng hyndre**  
for this falshe and treson you have done vnto me I wolt  
revenge hit vpon the and there w<sup>t</sup> all **kyng** drew his  
sweerde and seyde **kyng hyndre** kepe the and than la beault **Isode**  
slewed to the erthe and whan **kyng hyndre** saw **kyng**  
com vpon hym he saw none of boote but lepte oute at a bay  
wyndow down on the dede wherof late kynge **marke** play  
myght at the chesse and whan the kynge saw one com hys  
knyght on hys dede he seyde feldis what arte you and what  
ys the cause you lepe oute at that wyndow our lord kynge  
seyde **kyng hyndre** hit fortunied me that I was a steepe in the  
wyndow a doyn your dede and as I felle I felle a stumbrde  
and so I felle done // Thus **kyng hyndre** exousid hym and  
**kyng** drad hym lest he were distorde vnto the knyght  
that he was there wherof he drew hym to the strenght  
of the towre and armed hym in such armes as he had for to  
feght with hend that wolde with stonde hym and so whan

**Erystram** said that there was no resistance agaynste hym  
 he sente **Somayle** for hys horse and hys speare & **Ermygylt**  
 he rode forth oute of the castell opynly that was callid p<sup>r</sup> castell  
 of **Eynatylt** and down at the gate he mette w<sup>th</sup> **Syngalyn**  
**Garwaynes** sone and anone **Syngalyn** put hys speare in p<sup>r</sup>  
 reyste and ran vpon **Erystram** and brake hys speare And  
 for **Erystram** at that tyme had but a swerde and staff hym  
 such a buffet vpon the helme that he felle dowe frome hys  
 sadill and hys swerde felle a dowe and caried a smidre his  
 horse necke And so **Erystramys** rode hys way into p<sup>r</sup> forreste  
 And all thys doynge said **Ermygylt** **Marke** and than he sente a  
 knyght vnto the knyght **Ermygylt** and comanded hym to com  
 to hym and so he ded And when **Ermygylt** **Marke** wyst p<sup>r</sup> hys  
 was **Syngalyn** he well comyd hym and staff hym a nothre  
 horse And so he asked hym what **Ermygylt** was that encom  
 mende with hym Sir seyde **Syngalyn** I wote nat what **Ermygylt**  
 hit was But well I wote he fletth and maketh grete dole  
 Than **Erystramys** with in a whyle mette w<sup>th</sup> a knyght of  
 hys done hys name was **Syngus** And when he had mette  
 with hym he made such sorow that he felle dowe of hys horse  
 in a dowe and in such sorow he was inne in dayes and in  
 myght Than at the laste **Erystramys** sente vnto the conrt  
 by **Syngus** for to spnr what tydynge And so as he rode by  
 the way he mette with a damysell that cam frome **Wald**  
**mydes** to know and seke how **Erystramys** ded Than Sir  
**Syngus** tolde her how he was all moste oute of hys mynde  
 Alas seyde the damysell where shall I fynde hym In suche  
 a place seyde **Syngus** Than for **Syngus** founde anone  
 hys bedde makynge the greteste dole that en ony erthly  
 woman made And when the damysell founde **Erystramys**



she made grete dole by cause she myght nat amende hym for þe  
more she made of hym the more was hys payne And at the  
laste þe **Crystram** toke hys horse and rode a wey frome her  
and than was hit in dayes or that she coude fynde hym and  
than she broute hym mete and drynke but he wolde none And  
than anon tyme þe **Crystramys** asayed a way frome þe dame  
self and hit happened hym to ryde by the same castell wher  
þe **Palomydes** and þe **Crystramys** dyd batayle when lateast  
hode deputed them and there by fortune the dames self mette  
with þe **Crystramys** a new mayunge the greteste dole that  
en erthely creature made and she rode to the lady of that  
castell and tolde of the myssadventure of þe **Crystramys**  
Alas seyde the lady of that castell where ys my lord **Crystramys**  
By that tyme by yowre castell seyde þe dame  
self In good tyme seyde the lady ys he so nyge me he shall  
have mete and drynke of the beste And an harpe I have  
of hys where upon he taught me for of goodly harping  
he beryth the pryse of the pr world So this lady & dame  
self brought hym mete and drynke but he ate litill þe off  
than upon anyght he put hys horse frome hym and  
unlaced hys armo And so he rode into the wyldernes  
and beaste dore the tyeys and bolys And othyr while  
when he founde the harpe that the lady sente hym Then  
wolde he harpe and play þe upon and wepe to hym  
And som tyme when he was in the wood the lady wyf  
nat where he was Then wolde she sette hir dore and  
play upon the harpe And anone þe **Crystramys** wolde  
com to the harpe and harlyn þe to And som tyme he wolde  
harpe hym self Thus he there endured a quart off a  
yere And so at the laste he ran hys way and she wyf

nat where he was, he com and than was he naked & layed  
 leane and poore of fleshe and so he selle in the felyschyppe of  
 herde men and schyppis, and darly they wolde gyff hym  
 som of þe mete and drynke And whan he dede om shredde  
 dede they wolde beate hym with rodde and so they chipped  
 hym with sherys and made hym lyke a foole And so vppon a  
 day þe **Dagonet** byngte **Arthurs** foole cam In to forndowle at  
 ii sumers with hym and as they rode thowde that foreyste they  
 cam by a fyre well where þe **Crystrayns** was wote to be &  
 the wedd was hote and they alyt to drynke of that well &  
 in the meane while there hors brate towe þyght so cam  
 þe **Crystrayns** vnto them and furste he solsed þe **Dagonet**  
 in that well and after that hys sumers and there at towe  
 the schyppis and furth w<sup>t</sup> all he ran after þe hors and brongt  
 hem a gayne one by one and vryght so towe as they were he  
 made them lepe v<sup>t</sup> and vnde þe waves. Then þe **Crystrayns** en-  
 dured there an half yere naked and wolde neu com in towe  
 So the meane while the damessell that þe **Walomydes** sent to  
 seke þe **Crystrayns** she rode vnto þe **Walomydes** and tolde hym off  
 all the mysterys that þe **Crystrayns** endured alas seyde þe **Walo-**  
**mydes** hit ys grette pite that en so noble a knyght sholde be so  
 myschauced for the love of a lady But neyntheles I wyl go and  
 seke hym and comforte hym and I may than a lyttel be sope  
 that tyme la beall **Isode** had comanded þe **Kyngdome** oute of  
 the contry of forndowle So þe **Kyngdome** dected w<sup>t</sup> a dolerous  
 harte and by adventure he mette with þe **Walomydes** and they  
 felyschyped to gydwis and arthur complained to of of there hote  
 love that they loved la beall **Isode** Now lat us seyde þe **Walo-**  
**mydes** seke þe **Crystrayns** that tobyth her as well as we and  
 let vs prede w<sup>t</sup> her we may recowd hym So they rode in to þe



foreste and in dayes and in nyght they wolde ned take lodgyng  
But end sonst f **Trystram** and vpon a tyme by aduenture they  
mette with kynge **marke** that was rydden some hys men all  
a lone And vthan they saw hym f **Walomydes** knoow hym  
But f **kerkydyn** knoow hym nat A false knyght seyde f **wa-**  
**lomydes** hit ys wite yon haste thy lyff for yon arte a destroyer  
of all worshipfull knyghts and by thy mystryff and thy vengeance  
yon haste destroyed that moste noble knyght f **Trystrams** de  
hones And there fore defende the seyde f **Walomydes** for y shall  
dye this day That were shame seyde kynge **marke** for ye too ar  
armed and I am vnarmed As for that seyde f **Walomydes**  
I shall fynde a remedy there fore here ys a knyght wme and  
yon shall haue hys harneys May seyde kynge **marke** I wolt  
nat haue a do with yon for cause haue ye none to me ffor  
all the mysse ease that f **Trystrams** hath was for a letter p  
he founde for as for me I ded to hym no displeure And god  
knoweth I am full sorow for hys maledye and hys myssease  
So vthan the kynge had thus excused hym selff they were  
frendys and kynge **marke** wolde haue had them vnto the  
castell of **Tynagart** But f **Walomydes** wolde nat But tur  
ned vnto the realme of logrys And f **kerkydyn** seyde that he  
wolde in to Bretayne Now turne we vnto f **Sagouet** arer  
that vthan he and hys samys were vpon horse backe he  
demyd that the shyppis had sente that scole to away hem so  
by cause that they labyed at them and so they rode vnto the  
kepe of the bestis and all to sette them vthan f **Trystrams**  
saw hem betym that were wente to ryff At hym mete he  
ran thyrdr and stute f **Sagouet** by the hede and p the staff  
hym such a falle to the erthe and brusede hym so that he lay  
stille and than he wraste hys swerde oute of hys honde

and there w<sup>th</sup> he ran to one of hys squyres and smote of hys hede  
 and hys othir ffr squyer fled And so f **Trystramp** took his  
 away w<sup>th</sup> the swerde in hys honde vemyng as he had bene wyld  
 wrede Then f **Dagonet** rode to kynge **marke** and tolde hym  
 how he had speede in the foreyste and there fore seide f **Dago-**  
**net** be ware kynge **marke** that yow com nat a bonte that well  
 in the foreyste for there ys a foole naked And that foole f / foole  
 mette to gydw and he had all moste slayne me // A seide kynge  
**marke** that ys f **Watto le Breune** that selle oute of hys wytte  
 be cause he loste hys lady ffor w<sup>th</sup>an f **Gaherys** smote doun  
 f **Watto** and w<sup>th</sup>an hys lady of hym neu<sup>n</sup> fhus was he in his  
 mynde and that was grette pite for he was a good knyght //  
 Then f **Andred** that was consyn vnto f **Trystram** made a lady  
 that was hys pamo to sey and to noyse hit that she was w<sup>th</sup> f  
**Trystramp** or en he dyed and thys tale she brongt vnto kynge  
**marke** house that she buryed hym by aduelle and that or he dyed  
 he be sonste kynge **marke** to make hys consyn f **Andred** kynge  
 of the contrey of yonas of the whych f **Trystramp** was loyde  
 of And all tyme ded f **Andred** by cause he wolde hane had en  
**Trystramp** londis And w<sup>th</sup>an kynge **marke** harde tolle f  
 f **Trystramp** was dede he wepte and made grette dole But w<sup>th</sup>an  
 que<sup>n</sup> **Isode** harde of this tydynge she made such sorow that she  
 was nyze oute of hir mynde and so vpon a day she thoght to  
 slo<sup>te</sup> hir selff and neu<sup>n</sup> the to lyve after the deth of f **Trystramp**  
 and so vpon a day lateaft **Isode** gate a swerde prydayly and  
 bare hit into her gardyne and there she prate the swerde  
 thorow a plumtree v<sup>o</sup> to the hylis so that hit stalle faste and  
 hit stode breste hyge and as she wolde hane remue vpon  
 the swerde and to hane slayne hir selff all tyme assayed  
 kynge **marke** how she kneled a doun and seide swete



lorde hit shal me vpon me for I may nat lyve after the deeth  
 of **Perestre** de lyones for he was my firste lobe and shal be  
 the laste And with thes wordis cam kynge **Arle** and toke hym  
 in hys armys And than he toke vp the swerde and bare hym adown  
 with hym in to a towre and there he made hym to be kepte  
 and watched hym surely and after that he lay longe tyme  
 nyght at the poynte of deeth So thys meane while ran **Perestre**  
**Perestre** naked in the foreste with the swerde in hys honde  
 and so he cam to an femytaye and there he layde hym  
 downe and slepte And in the meane while the femyte  
 stole adown the swerde and layde mete downe by hym This  
 was he kepte there a y dayes and at the laste he depected  
 and com to the herde men a yere And there was a gyante  
 in that contrey that hys **Caulcas** and for feare of **Perestre**  
 more than vi yere he dwelte ned nuche go at large but for  
 the moste pte he kepte hym in a fyny castell of hys owne And  
 so thys **Caulcas** harde telle that **Perestre** was dede by the  
 nyght of the comte of kynge **Arle** Than thys gyant **Cau-**  
**leas** rode dayly at hys large And so he happyd vpon a day  
 he cam to the herde men wanderyng and langernyng and  
 he sette hym downe to reste a monye tyme And in the meane  
 while there cam a knyght of forwayne that led a lady with hym  
 and hys name was **Synature** And when the gyante  
 saw hym he wente froum the herde men and hyde hym vnder  
 a tre and so the knyght cam to the well and there he abyt  
 to repose hym and as sone as he was froum hys horse  
 this gyant **Caulcas** com he dreynte thys knyght and hys  
 horse and leped vpon hym And so forth with he rode vnto  
 Sir **Synature** and toke hym by the coler and pulled hym  
 afore hym vpon hys horse and wolde have stryken of hys

hede

Rede than the herde men seide vnto **Syrystre** helpe yowur knyght  
 helpe ye hym seide **Syrystre** we dare nat seide the herde men  
 than **Syrystre** was ware of the swerde of the knyght & as  
 hit lay and so thynke he ran and toke by the swerde and smote  
 to **Tauleas** and so forake of his hede and so he yode his way  
 to the herde men than **Syrystre** toke by the gyant's hede  
 and bare hit vnto hym vnto kynge **marke** and tolde hym  
 what adventure he yode hym in the foreyste and how a naked  
 man rescued hym from the gylmy gyante **Tauleas**  
 where had ye this adventure seide kynge **marke** for sothe  
 seide **Syrystre** at the fayre fontayne in the foreyst wher  
 many adventures knyght mete and there ys the madde man  
 well seide kynge **marke** I wolt se that wad man so wyl  
 a day or too kynge **marke** demanded his knyght and his  
 hunte's to be redy and seide that he wolde hunte on the morne  
 and so vpon the morne he wente in to that foreyste and  
 when the kynge cam to that welle he founde there lying  
 a fayre naked man and a swerde by hym than kynge  
**marke** slede and straked and there vnto his knyght cam to  
 hym and than he demanded his knyght to take y naked  
 man vnto fargenes and bringe hym to my castell and so  
 they ded furely and fayre and beste mantels vpon **Syr**  
**Syrystre** and so lad hym vnto **Pyntagyl** and ther they  
 bathe hym and wayshed hym and gaff hym hote suppyr  
 & till thes had brought hym well to his remembrance  
 But all this while there was no creature that knede  
**Syrystre** nothin what man man he was so hit  
 be felle vpon a day that the quene lakeall **Isabel** heard of  
 such a man that ran naked in the foreyste and how  
 kynge had brought hym home to the corte than lakeall

Hon. **Syrystre**  
 slede **Tauleas**  
 the Gyante



Gold p bracket  
of la beall Idd  
disturbed Sir  
Cristians

Isde called vnto her **Dame Brangwarne** and seyde com on w<sup>th</sup> me  
for we w<sup>ill</sup> go to the t<sup>h</sup>ys man that my lorde brougt f<sup>r</sup>ome the so  
reste the laste day so they passed forth and spured wherewas  
the hylk man And than a f<sup>r</sup>myer tolde the quene that he was in  
the gardyne tabyng hys reste to repose hym a yent the sune  
so when the quene looked vpon **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians** she was nat  
remembred of hym But en she seyde vnto Dame **Brangwarne**  
me semys I shulde haue sene thys man here be fore in many  
placis But as sone as **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians** se he her he knede her  
well I n<sup>o</sup>we And than he turned away hys bysage and wote  
than the quene had all wayes a lityll bracet that **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians**  
trauys staff h<sup>r</sup> the first tyme that en she cam into fordwylle  
and neu wote that bracet depte f<sup>r</sup>ome her But yf **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians**  
were nyge there as was la beall **Isde** and thys bracet was  
fiste sente f<sup>r</sup>ome the kynys donst of fraunce vnto **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians**  
for grete love and anone thys lityll bracet felle a saluour  
of **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians** he lepte vpon hym and kyssed hys learys and  
hys earys And than he whymed and quested and she smelled  
at hys fete and at hys hondis and on all the p<sup>r</sup>tyes of hys b<sup>o</sup>dy  
that she myght com to And my lady seyde Dame **Brangwarne**  
seyde alas I se hit ys myne owne lorde **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians** And y  
vpon la beall **Isde** felle doloure in a soloure and so lay a grete  
wohyle And when she myght speke she seyde a my lorde **S<sup>r</sup> Cristians**  
blyssed be god ye haue yowre lyff and now I am fure  
ye shal be dysconde by thys lityll bracet for she wote neu  
love yon And also I am fure as sone as my lorde kynge  
**Arthure** do knowe yon he wote kumsh yon oute of the contrey  
of fordwyle othw ellis he wote desayn yon And p<sup>r</sup> fore  
for goddis sake myne owne lorde graunte kynge **Arthure**  
hys wyll And than drab yon vnto the corte off kynge  
**Arthure** for there ar ye be loved and en when I may I shal

sende vnto you And wgan ye hyste yemay com vnto me and at  
 all tymys early and late I wolt be at your comanndement  
 to hye as poore a hyst as ended anyene or lady A madame  
 seyde þ **Erystrauys** go frome me for much angur and damng  
 hane I astaped for your lobe Ehan the quene dected but þ  
 quene bractet wolde nat frome hym And there w all cum  
 kynge **Marke** and the bractet satte vpon hym and layed  
 at them all And there with all þ **Andres** spake and seyde þ  
 thys ys th **Erystrauy** I se well by that bractet May  
 seyde the kynge I can nat suppose that Ehan the kynge asked  
 hym vpon hys faythe what he was and what was hys  
 name So god me helpe seyde he my name ys þ **Erystrauys**  
 de lyones now do by me what ye lyst A seyde kynge **Marke**  
 me repentis of your reconyng And so he lette calle hys ba-  
 rounes to gde iugement vnto þ **Erystrauys** to the dethe  
 Ehan many of hys barounes wolde nat assente þ to And m  
 effeact þ **Synus** the senestall and þ **Serius** And so by the  
 dysse of them all þ **Erystrauys** was banysshed oute of þ  
 contrey for y here and there vpon he toke hys othe vpon a  
 booke be fore the kynge and hys barounes And so he was  
 made to the depte oute of the contrey of Cornuayle and þ  
 were many barounes brought hym vnto hys shyp y som  
 were of hys frendis and som were of hys foes And in the  
 meane while there cam a knyght of kynge **Arthur** and  
 hys name was þ **Synadan** and hys comyng was for to seke  
 after þ **Erystrau** Ehan they shelded hym where he was  
 armed at all pointis goyng to the shyp Now faye knyght  
 seyde þ **Synadan** or ye passe thys comte that ye wolt iuste  
 w me With a god wolt seyde þ **Erystrauys** and these lord  
 wolt gyffe me lobe Ehan the barounes gramted þ to And so

How þ **Erystrauys**  
 gatt þ **Synadan**  
 a fille



they came to gndw And there **f** **Erystraius** staff **f** **Eyuadan**  
a felle and than he prayde **f** **Erystrain** of hys sanctylnes to gyff  
hym lede to go in hys felshyp // ye shall be ryght well com seyd  
he And than **f** **Erystraius** and **f** **Eyuadan** toke **f** **horses** &  
rode to **f** **shypps** to gndw And whan **f** **Erystrain** **o** was in the  
se he seyd grete well **kyng** **ayrke** and all myne enemyes and  
sey to gndw I woll com a gayne whan I may And sey hnd  
well am I rewarded for the fyghtyng with **f** **ayrhalt** &  
dehnd all hys contrey frome serbawte And well am I re  
warded for the fechtynge and costis of quene **Isode** oute off  
Irelande and the damnger that I was in fyrste and laste And  
by the way comyng home what damnger I had to bynne  
a gayne quene **Isode** frome the castell **Wleure** And well am  
I rewarded whan I fought with **f** **Wleoberys** for **f** **Seg**  
**Warpes** wyff and well am I rewarded whan I fought  
with **f** **Blamoure de Ganyes** for **kyng** **Augurys** fadir vnto  
la beall **Isode** and well am I rewarded whan I smote down  
the good knyght **f** **laucroft** deyrals at **kyng** **ayrke** rest  
And well am I rewarded whan I fought w<sup>t</sup> the **kyng** w<sup>t</sup>  
the **f** **kyng** and the **kyng** of north galye and both thes  
wolds hane put hys sonde in snayte and by me they were  
put to a rebuke and well am I rewarded for the sleynge  
of **Cauleas** the myghty gyante and many othr dedys  
hane I done for hym and now hane I do my waryson And  
telle **kyng** **ayrke** that many noble knyghts of the romide ta  
ble hane spared the barounes of thys contrey for my sake  
And also I am nat no well rewarded whan I fought w<sup>t</sup> the  
knyght **f** **Waloimedes** and restowred quene **Isode** frome hym  
And at that tyme **kyng** **ayrke** seyd a fore all hys barounes  
I sholde hane bene bettr rewarded and furte w<sup>t</sup> all and  
furte with all he toke the see

**A**nd at the nexte londynge faste by the see there mette  
 with **s** **Crystian** and with **s** **Synadan** **s** **Factor de**  
**maris** and **s** **Bors de Banys** and there **s** **Factor**  
 Insted with **s** **Synadan** and he smote hym and his horse dolme  
 And than **s** **Crystian** wolde have Insted with **s** **Bors** And  
**s** **Bors** seyde that he wolde nat Inste with no fornyssh knyght  
 for they ar nat called men of weership And all thys was  
 done vpon a brydye And with thys cam **s** **Bleoberys**  
 and **s** **Dryamite** and **s** **Bleoberys** pferd to Inste w<sup>th</sup> **s** **Ble**  
**oberys** **Crystian** smote dolme **s** **Bleoberys** than seyde **s**  
**Bors de Banys** I wyfte nen cornysch knyght of so grette ad-  
 uer nor so valyante as that knyght that beryth p<sup>r</sup> tynnes  
 endredred with colours And pan **s** **Crystian** and **Er**  
**Synadan** depyed from them in to a foreyst and there mette  
 them a damesell that cam for the lobe of **s** **launcelot**  
 to sele after som noble knyght of kynge **Arthur**s court  
 for to restore **s** **launcelot** for he was ordayned for by the  
 treson of quene **Morgan le Fay** to have slayne hym and  
 for that cause she ordayned xxx knyghts to be in waite  
 for **s** **launcelot** and thys damesell knew thys treson  
 And for thys cause she cam for to sele noble knyghts  
 to helpe **s** **launcelot** for that myght of the day aft<sup>r</sup> **Er**  
**launcelot** sholde com where thes thyrty knyghts were  
 And so thys damesell mette with **s** **Bors** and **s** **Factor**  
 and with **s** **Dryamite** and there she tolde hem all my  
 of the treson of **Morgan le Fay** And than they promysed  
 her that they wolde be nyge her when **s** **launcelot** shold  
 mete with the thyrty knyghts and if so be they sette vpon  
 hym we woll do restouris as we can So the damesell  
 depyed and by aduenture she mette w<sup>th</sup> **s** **Crystian**



and w<sup>th</sup> **Dynadan** and there the damselfel<sup>l</sup> tolde hem of all the  
treson that was ordayned for **launcelot** // Nido sayre damselfel<sup>l</sup>  
seyde **Erystram** bringe me to that same place where per shold  
mete w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** Then seyde **Dynadan** what wolt ye  
do hit ys nat for vs to fight w<sup>th</sup> xxx<sup>e</sup> knyghts and wyte you  
woell I wolt nat p<sup>o</sup>ff as to matche o knyght n or in ys I nido  
and they be men But for to matche do knyghts that I wolt  
nen Bidr take // Hf for shame seyde **Erystram** do but pome  
pte // Nay seyde **Dynadan** I wolt nat p<sup>o</sup>ff but if ye wolt lende  
me yowr schilde for ye bere a schilde of Cornuayle and for the  
Edwardyse that ys named to the knyghts of Cornuayle by yowr  
schildys ye bene en for borne Nay seyde **Erystram** I wolt nat  
depte frome my schilde for her sake that stuff hit me But one  
thyng seyde **Erystram** I pmyse the **Dynadan** but if you  
wotte pmyse me to abyde w<sup>th</sup> me vngat here I shall ste the  
for I desire no more of the but answere one knyght and yf  
thy harte wolt nat sue the stonde by and loke vpon // En  
seyde **Dynadan** I wolt pmyse you to loke vpon and to do  
what I may to save my self but I wolde I had nat mette w<sup>th</sup> you  
do than amone thes xxx<sup>e</sup> knyghts cam faste by thes my knyghts  
and they were waz of thes and arthor of of and so thes xxx<sup>e</sup>  
knyghts lette for thys cause that they wolde nat w<sup>th</sup> thes  
if case be they had a do w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** And the my knyghts  
lette thes passe to thys entente that they wolde se and beholde  
what they wolde do w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** And so the xxx<sup>e</sup> knyghts  
passe on and cam by **Erystram** and by **Dynadan** and pan  
**Erystrams** cryed on hyght to here ye a knyght a renste  
you for the lobe of **launcelot** And there the stode n w<sup>th</sup> a speare  
and y w<sup>th</sup> hys swerde And than cam In **Dynadan** and  
he ded passyng welte And so of the xxx<sup>e</sup> knyghts there pade

But y a way and they fled And all thys knyght saw þ **Deu**  
**de gamps** and hys m felows and than they saw well hit was  
 the same knyght that lusted with hem at the brydye Than they  
 toke þ horsys and rode vnto þ **Crystrampys** and praysed hym  
 and thanked hym of hys good dedys And they all desired þ **Crystram**  
 to go with them to þ lodgyngs And he seyde he wolde  
 nat go to no lodgyngs Than they m knyght prayde hym to  
 telle hys name þayns lordys seyde þ **Crystrampys** as at thys  
 tyme I woll nat telle yon my name Than þ **Crystram** and þ  
**Synadan** rode forth þ way tyll they cam to shrypis and to  
 herde men and there they asked them if they knew any lodgyngs  
 there nere honde þ seyde the herde men here by ys gad her  
 berdw in a castell But there ys such a custow that þ shall no  
 knyght her berdw there but if he luste with þ knyght and if  
 he be but o knyght he muste luste with þ knyght and as ye  
 be sone shall ye be married There ys shrylde her berdw seyde  
 þ **Synadan** lodgo where ye woll for I woll nat lodgo there þ  
 for shame seyde þ **Crystrampys** ar ye nat a knyght of the table  
 rounde wherefore ye may nat with yow worship wiffys yow lod  
 gyngs Not so seyde the herde men for and ye be beateyn and hane  
 the warse ye shall nat be lodged there and if ye beate them ye shall  
 well be herberowed A seyde þ **Synadan** I vnderstonde they ar  
 y good knyght Than þ **Synadan** wolde nat lodge there in no  
 man And as þ **Crystrampys** requyred hym of hys knyghtshode  
 and so they rode thyn and to make shorte tale þ **Crystram** and  
 þ **Synadan** smote hem doun botche and so they enturde in to  
 the castell and had good chere as they wolde thynke or desire  
 And when they were vnarmed and thought to be myrry and  
 in good reste there cam in at the yatis þ **Waloumes** and þ  
**Saherps** requyryng to hane the custum of castell What a  
 ray ys thys seyde þ **Synadan** I wolde fayne hane my veste



That may nat be seyd þ **Erystram** Now muste we nedis defende  
 custum of this castell in so much as we have the lettr of þis lord  
 of this castell And there for seyd þ **Erystram** nedis muste ye  
 make yon redy In the debyls name seyd þ **Dynadan** com I  
 to yowre company and so they made them redy And þ **Gaherys**  
 encountred with þ **Erystram** and þ **Gaherys** had a felle And  
 þ **Walomydes** encountred with þ **Dynadan** and þ **Dynadan**  
 had a felle than was hit felle for felle So than muste þey fyt  
 on foote And that wolde nat þ **Dynadan** for he was sore br  
 sed of that felle that þ **Walomydes** þast hym Than þ **Ery**  
**stramys** laced on þ **Dynadans** helme and prayde hym to helpe  
 hym I wolt nat seyd þ **Dynadan** for I am sore wounded of  
 the xxx<sup>e</sup> knyght that we had a do with all But ye fore  
 seyd þ **Dynadan** as a man were oute of his mynde þ wold  
 caste hym self a way and I may curse the tyme that en I se  
 yon for in all the worlde ar nat such y knyght that ar so  
 wood as ye þ **launcelot** and ye þ **Erystram** for onys I felle  
 in the felshyp of þ **launcelot** as I have done now w yon and þ  
 sette me so a worke that a quarter of a yere I kept my bedde  
 I shd defende me seyd þ **Dynadan** frome such y knyghts  
 and specially frome yowre felshyp Than seyd þ **Erystram**  
 I wolt fyght with hem bothe And anon þ **Erystram** bade  
 hem com forth to bothe for I wolt fyght with yon Than þ **Wa**  
**lomydes** and þ **Gaherys** dessed and smote at hem bothe Than  
 þ **Dynadan** smote at þ **Gaherys** a stroke or y and turned  
 frome hym May seyd þ **Walomydes** hit ys to much shame  
 for us y knyght to fyght with one And than he ded byde  
 On **Gaherys** stonde a fyde with that knyght that hath  
 no hste to fyght Than they rode to gydwis and fought longe  
 and at the laste þ **Erystram** doubled his stroke and drowe  
 þ **Walomydes** a dub more than in fortydys And pan by

one assente of **Gaherys** and of **Synadan** wente he throught them /  
 and toke them in sundre And than by the assente of **Trystramys**  
 they wolde have lodged to rydwis. But of **Synadan** seyde he wolde  
 not lodge in that castell and than he cursed the tyme that end  
 he com in theyre schypp and so he toke his horse and his har-  
 nyse and depte **than** of **Trystram** prayde the lordys of that  
 castell to lende hym a man to bringe hym to a lodgyng And  
 so they ded and on toke of **Synadan** and rode to his lodgyng  
 i myle thene With a good man in a pryory and there they  
 were well at ease And that same nyght Sir **Bas** and of  
**Gaherys** and of **Etow** and of **Dryant** a lode styll in  
 same place there as of **Trystram** fanght with of **Trystramys**  
 myght and there they mette with of **Lancelot** of same  
 myght and had made pynse to lodge with of **Coll grebanice**  
 the same myght But anon as of **Lancelot** harde of the  
 bylde of Cornwalle he wyfte well hit was of **Trystram**  
 that had fonght with his enemyes And than of **Lanc**  
 praysed of **Trystram** and called hym the man of moste wor-  
 thy in the world. So there was a knyght in that  
 pryory that fonght of **Wellynore** and he desired to wete  
 the name of of **Trystram** but in no wyse he coude nat And  
 of **Trystram** depte and lefte of **Synadan** in that pory  
 for he was so wery and so sore brused that he myght nat ryde  
 than thys knyght of **Wellynore** seyde vnto of **Synadan** say-  
 at ye wolt nat telle me that knyghts name I shall ryde a-  
 fter and make hym to telle me his name of he shall dye  
 fore yet be ware of knyght seyde of **Synadan** for and  
 ye folow hym ye wolt repente hit So that knyght Sir  
**Wellyn** rode a-fter of **Trystram** and requyred hym of Justis  
 than of **Trystram** smote hym downe and wounded hym



thorow the shulder and so he paste on his way And on the nexte  
day soldorynge **f** **Erystram** mette with purseydantis And they  
tolde hym that there was made a grette cove of turnemente  
be advenier byngte **Carados** of scotlande and the kyng of north  
galys and artur shulde fyghte agayne othir afore the castell  
of maydys and thes purseydantis soughtt all the contrey  
after good knyghts and in especiaall byngte **Carados** lete  
make grette fyngte for **f** **lancelot** And the kyng of north  
galys lete selle specially for **f** **Erystrams** delphons And at  
that tyme **f** **Erystrams** thoughtt to be at that justis And  
so by adveniture they mette with **f** **Ray the seneschall**  
and **f** **Sagrawone** le desirons and **f** **Ray** requyred for **Ery**  
**train** to juste and **f** **Erystram** in a man refused hym be  
cause he wolde nat be hurte nothir brused a peny the gte  
justis that shuld be fore the castell of maydys And **f** **Ray**  
he thoughtt to veste hym and to repose hym And all way  
**f** **Ray** cryed **f** knyght of forndayle mste w me othir ellys  
elde the to me as recreamte Whan **f** **Erystram** herd hym  
sey so he turned vnto hym and than **f** **Ray** refused hym  
and turned his backe Than **f** **Erystram** sayde as I fynde  
the I shall take the Than **f** **Ray** turned w doyll wyll and  
Sir **Erystram** smote **f** **Ray** downe and so he rode forth  
Than **f** **Sagrawone** le desirons rode after **f** **Erystram**  
and made hym to juste w hym And there **f** **Erystram** smote  
downe **f** **Sagrawone** frome his horse and rode his way  
and the same day he mette with a damasell that tolde  
hym that he sholde wyne grette worshyp of a knyght  
adventures that ded much harme in all that contrey  
Whan **f** **Erystrams** herde her sey so he was glad to go  
with her to wyne worshyp And so **f** **Erystram** rode w that

Damesell a by myle And than there mette w<sup>th</sup> hym þ **Salwayne**  
 and there w<sup>th</sup> all the **Sir Salwayne** knew the Damesell þ  
 she was/longynge to quene **Morgau le Fay** than þ **Sal-**  
**wayne** vnderstood that she had that knyght to som mysseff//  
 And sayde fayre knyght whotth<sup>r</sup> ryde ye now w<sup>th</sup> þ Dames-  
 sell // **Sir** seyde þ **Crystian** I wote nat whotth<sup>r</sup> I shall ryde  
 but as thys Damesell w<sup>ll</sup> lode me **Sir** seyde þ **Salwayne**  
 ye shall nat ryde w<sup>th</sup> her for she and her lady ded neu<sup>r</sup> goode  
 but yll And than þ **Salwayne** pulled oute his swerde and seyde  
 Damesell but yf you telle me anone for what cause you  
 ledyst thys knyght you shall dye for hit ryght anone for  
 I know all your ladyes trefon and yourys // A mercy  
 þ **Salwayne** seyde she and yff ye w<sup>ll</sup> saxe my lyff I w<sup>ll</sup> telle  
 you // **Sayon** seyde þ **Salwayne** and than þ<sup>at</sup> hane the lyff  
**Sir** she seyde quene **Morgau** my lady hat<sup>h</sup> ordayned a v<sup>er</sup>  
 ladyes to seke and aspre after þ **launcelot** or after þ **Crystian**  
 and by the treaynyng of thes ladyes w<sup>ll</sup> that may fyrste mete  
 any of thes<sup>n</sup> knyghts the<sup>r</sup> schalde turne hem vnto **Morgau**  
**le Fayes** castell sayyng that they sholde do dedys of worship And  
 yf any of y<sup>n</sup> knyghts cam there be v<sup>er</sup> knyghts hys and  
 watchyng in a towre to wayte vpon þ **launcelot** or vpon  
**Sir Crystianys** // **Sir** for þ<sup>at</sup> hane seyde þ **Salwayne** that e<sup>u</sup>  
 such false trefon sholde be wrongest or v<sup>er</sup>sed in a quene anda  
 knyghts syster and a knyght and a quenes domst<sup>r</sup>

**S**ir seyde þ **Salwayne** w<sup>ll</sup> ye s<sup>er</sup>nde to me and the  
 w<sup>ll</sup> þ the malice of thes knyghts **Sir** seyde þ  
**Crystian** go ye to them and hit please you And ye shall se  
 I w<sup>ll</sup> nat fayle you for hit ye not longe ago fm I and  
 a felow mette w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>n</sup> of the quenes felshyp And god  
 spede be so that we been a way w<sup>th</sup> worship So than



**S** Gawayne and **S** **Trystram** rode towarde the castell where  
**Yorgan le fay** was and en **S** **Gawayne** demed that he was **S**  
**Trystram de lioues** by cause he hard that y **Emyght** had slayn  
and deatyn xxx **Emyght** And woldan they and a fore **S** cas-  
tell **Sir Gawayne** spake on hysht and seide quene **Morgan**  
sende onte yowre **Emyght** that ye have layde in waite for  
**S** **Iamnelot** and for **S** **Trystram**. Now seide **S** **Gawayne**  
knde yowre false treson and all places where that I ryde  
shall knde of yowre false treson And now lat se seide **Sir**  
**Gawayne** whether ye dare com onte of yowre castell ye xxx  
**Emyght** I han the quene spake and all the xxx **Emyght**  
at onys and seide a **S** **Gawayne** full well wotst yon what  
yon doft and seist for yde we knde the passing well But  
all that yon speyft and doyst yon sayste hit vpon pryde  
of that good **Emyght** that ye there with the ffor **S** be som  
of us knde the hondys of that good **Emyght** on all well  
And wyte yon well **S** **Gawayne** the **Emyght** that beryth  
the armes of **Forndwayle** we knde hym and what he ys  
I han **S** **Gawayne** and **S** **Gaw** **Trystram** depted and rode  
on **S** wayes a day or y to rydres and there by adenture  
they mette with **S** **Fay** and with **S** **Sagramor le desirous**  
and than they were glad of **S** **Gawayne** and he of thein  
But they doyst nat what he was with the shyld of **For-**  
**ndwayle** but by demyng and thne they rode to rydres a  
day or too And than they were ware of **S** **Brouse samy**  
**rite** chafynz a lady for to have slayne her for he had slayn  
her pams a fore holde yon all styll seide **S** **Gawayne** and  
shew none of yon forth and ye shall se me redwarde yond  
false **Emyght** for and he aspre yon he ys so well horsed **S**  
he wolt asape away And than **S** **Gawayne** rode be thyn

**Þ** **Þreufe** and the lady and sayde false knyght lede her and hane  
a do with me / So when **Þ** **Þreufe** saw no man but **Þ** **Galwayne** he feanted his speare and **Þ** **Galwayne** aȝeste  
him And there **Þ** **Þreufe** on threlo **Þ** **Galwayne** and pan he  
rade him and on thwarte him xx<sup>th</sup> tymes to hane destroyed  
him and **Þ** **Þrystram** saw him do so vylannce a dode he  
hurled onto a yeste him // And when **Þ** **Þreufe** him saw  
with the shyld of fornbayle he knede him well that hit  
was **Þ** **Þrystram** and than he fledde and **Þ** **Þrystram** folowed  
him And so **Þ** **Þreufe** was so horsed that he wente his  
way quyte And **Þ** **Þrystram** folowed him longe aȝte for he  
wolde sayne hane bene aȝested vpon him And so when he  
had longe chased him he saw a fuge well and thur he wode  
to repose him and tred his horse tyll a tre and pan he pul  
led of his helme and waysshed his bysantze and his hond  
and so he felle on flepe And so in the meane whyle cam a  
damesell that had forst **Þ** **Þrystram** many wayes and dayes  
with in this londe And when she cam to the welle she  
looked vpon him and had forȝotyn him as in remend  
brance of **Þ** **Þrystram** but by his horse she knede him  
that hyght **Þ** **Þasse Þreuwel** that had ben his hors many  
yeres for when he was made in the foreyste **Þ** **Þergus**  
kepte him // So this lady dame **Þ** **Þraugþayne** a bode styll  
tyll he was a wake And when she saw him aȝailed  
she saluted him and he her aȝayne for arthur knede of  
of olde acquaintance Than she tolde **Þ** **Þrystram** how she  
had forȝot him longe and brode and there she tolde him  
how she had lettyn frome the quene la beall **Þ** **Þade** Than a  
none soȝde lady dame **Þ** **Þraugþayne** ye shall ryde w<sup>th</sup> me  
tyll the turnemente be done at the castell of maydynes // And



than shall ye leave letters and bidding w<sup>th</sup> you And than **f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau**  
toke hys horse and sought lodgyng and there he mette w<sup>th</sup> a good  
annamete knyght and prayde hym to lodge w<sup>th</sup> hym Brought  
so com **Gouynayle** vnto **f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau** that was **head** of the  
comynge of the lady And thys olde knyghts name was **Sir**  
**Wellowues** and he tolde hym of the grete turnemente that  
shulde be at the castell of maydyns And there **f<sup>r</sup> launcelot**  
and **h<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> knyght** of hys blood home oedayne shydys of  
Cornwayle And vnght so there com one vnto **f<sup>r</sup> Wellowues**  
and tolde hym that **f<sup>r</sup> Wydes de Bloise** was com home  
than that knyght hyde v<sup>o</sup> hys hondys and thanked god  
of hys comynge home And there **f<sup>r</sup> Wellowues** tolde **Sir**  
**Erystrau** that of **h<sup>e</sup> yere** a fore he had nat sene hys son **Sir**  
**Wydes** **Sir** seyde **f<sup>r</sup> Erystraune** I knowe your son well I  
nolde for a good knyght And so one tyme **f<sup>r</sup> Erystraune**  
and **f<sup>r</sup> Wydes** com to **p<sup>r</sup> lodgyng** both at onys And so they  
vnto armed hym and put vpon them such clothynge as they  
had And than thes **h<sup>e</sup> knyght** ech well comyd o<sup>r</sup> And when  
**f<sup>r</sup> Wydes** vnderstod **p<sup>r</sup> f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau** was of Cornwayle he  
seyde he was onys in Cornwayle and there I-usted be fore  
knyght **Wark** and so hit happened me at that same day to  
on thre v<sup>o</sup> knyghts And than cam to me **f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau**  
**de lyons** and on thre v<sup>o</sup> me and toke my lady fro me and **p<sup>r</sup>**  
shall I neu<sup>r</sup> for gete but I shall remembur me and en I sem  
tyme // A seyde **f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau** now I vnderstode that ye hate  
**f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau** what deme you that **f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau** ys nat able to  
with stonde your malice // yes seyde **f<sup>r</sup> Wydes** I knowe well  
that **f<sup>r</sup> Erystrau** ys a noble knyght and a muche better  
knyght than I am yet I shall nat dye hym my good wyll

Byggt as they stood thino tallynge at a bay Wyndow of y<sup>e</sup> castell  
 they se many knyghts ryde to and fro toward the turnemente  
 And than was y<sup>e</sup> **Trystram** ware of a lytly knyght rydynge  
 vpon a grete black horse and a black conde shylde. What  
 knyght ys that seide y<sup>e</sup> **Trystram** with the black shylde and y<sup>e</sup>  
 black horse. I know hym well seide y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** he ys one of  
 the beste knyghts of the worlde. Than hit ys y<sup>e</sup> **Lancelot** seide  
 y<sup>e</sup> **Trystram** ys that seide y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** hit ys y<sup>e</sup> **Walaundes** that  
 ys sett on crysande. Than they sawe manye people of the contrey  
 comyn y<sup>e</sup> **Walaundes** and seide with a loud voice. In the name  
 of god and sepe the yow noble knyght y<sup>e</sup> **Walaundes** and with a  
 whyle after there cam a squyer of that castell that tolde y<sup>e</sup> **Per-**  
**ides** that was lord of that castell that a knyght with a black  
 shylde had synghyn done yow knyght. Now fayne byr seide y<sup>e</sup>  
**Trystram** vnto y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** lat us caste on us lyght clothe & lat  
 us go se that play. Not so seide y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** we wolt nat go lyke  
 knyghts thynr but we wolt ryde lyke men and as good knyght  
 to withstonde oure enemyes. So they armed them and toke y<sup>e</sup>  
 horsys and grete spearys and thynr they rode there as many  
 knyghts assayed them selff by fore the turnemente. And a none  
 y<sup>e</sup> **Walaundes** sawe y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** and than he sente a squyer vnto  
 hym and seide go yow to the pondre knyght with the grene shylde  
 and there in a hon of goldys and say hym I requyre hym  
 to fyght with me and telle hym that my name ys y<sup>e</sup> **Walo-**  
**undes**. Whan y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** vnder stood the reherf of y<sup>e</sup> **Walaun-**  
**des** he made hym redr and there a none they mette to gydres  
 but y<sup>e</sup> **Perides** had a felle. Than y<sup>e</sup> **Trystram** dressed hym to  
 be redenged vpon y<sup>e</sup> **Walaundes**. And that sawe y<sup>e</sup> **Walaun-**  
**des** that was redy and so was nat y<sup>e</sup> **Trystram** and toke hym  
 at a banntynge and smote hym on his horse taryle whan



Now þe **Crystian**  
 was takyn at  
 a vantage &  
 he was redy  
 by þe **Walo**  
 mides?  
 had a  
 fall

he had no speare in hys veste & han ferte by þe **Crystian** and to þe  
 horse lyghtly and was wrotte oute of mesure and fore a shamed  
 of that falle & han þe **Crystrauys** sente vnto þe **Walo mides**  
 by fornyale and prayde hym to iuste w<sup>th</sup> hym at hys releyse  
 may seide þe **Walo mides** as at thys tyme I wolt nat iuste w<sup>th</sup>  
 that knyght ffor I knowe hym better pan he wemth And if he  
 be wrotte he may ryght hit to morne at the castell may  
 dyne where he may se me and many of knyght So w<sup>th</sup>  
 that cam þe **Dynadai** And when he sawe þe **Crystian** wrotte  
 he lyfte nat to iape but seide to þe **Crystrau** here may a man  
 prede be he nen so good yet may he have a falle And he was  
 nen so wyse but he myght be on fayne and he rydth w<sup>th</sup>  
 that nen felle So þe **Crystrau** was passyng wrotte and seide  
 to þe **Wides** and to þe **Dynadai** I wolt revenge me Ryght so  
 as they stode talkyng there cam by þe **Crystrau** a hely knyght  
 rydynge passyng soburly and hebyly w<sup>th</sup> a blacke shyld what  
 knyght ys that seide þe **Crystrau** vnto þe **Wides** I knowe hym  
 well seide þe **Wides** for hys name ys þe **Bryante** of north  
 wales and so he paste on a monge of knyght of north wales  
 And there com in þe **launcelot de lake** w<sup>th</sup> a shyld of þe arms  
 of fornyale and he sente a knyght vnto þe **Bryante** & requy  
 red hym to iuste w<sup>th</sup> hym well seide þe **Bryante** fytthyn  
 that I am requyred to iuste I wolt do what I may And ther  
 þe **launcelot** smote ddone þe **Bryante** frome hys horse a grette  
 falle And than þe **Crystrau** merdayled what knyght he was  
 that bar the shyld of fornyale / So what so eu he be he  
 seide þe **Dynadai** I warraunte he ys of byng **Baunys**  
 blade w<sup>th</sup>ch bene knyght of the nobelyst proves in þe worlde  
 for to accompte so many for so many & han þe cam in n knyght  
 of north wales that one knyght þe **Helw de la mountayne** and

the op þ

the of **Arador de la montayne** and they chalenged **launcelot**  
 foote hote. **Sir launcelot** not refusynge hem but made hym  
 vedy and with one grete speare he smote doone bothe on þe  
 horse tayls and so **launcelot** rode hys way. By the good lord  
 seyde **Trystram** he ys a good knyght that beryth the shyld  
 of forndwayle and me somyth he rydith on the beste man þe en  
 I saw knyght ryde. Than the kynge of north galis rode vnto  
**Walomydes** and prayed hym hartely for hys sake to iuste  
 with that knyght that hath done vs of North galis dyspote. **Sir**  
**seyde Walomydes** I am full lothe to haue a do with that knyght  
 and cause why as to moue the grete turnemente shall be and  
 there fore I wolde kepe my self freysch be my wyll. Nay seyde  
 the kynge of North galis I pray you requyre hym of iustis. **Sir**  
**seyde Walomydes** I will iuste at your requeste and requyre  
 that knyght to iuste with me. And often I haue seyne amon  
 at hys done requeste haue a grete falle. Than **Walomydes**  
 sente vnto **launcelot** a squire and requyre hym to iuste //  
 ffrewe feldow seyde **launcelot** telle me thy lordis name. **Sir my**  
 lordys name ys **Walomydes** the good knyght. In good dre  
 seyde **launcelot** for there ys no knyght I sawe thyng yn yere  
 that I had leue haue a do with all and so app. knyght  
 made them vedy with n grete spearys. Nay seyde **Synadaw**  
 so shall se that **Walomydes** will quyte hym ryght well. Ryt  
 may be so seyde **Trystram** but I vnder take that knyght w  
 the shyld of forndwayle shall wyff hym a falle I be lede but  
 nat seyde **Synadaw** knyght they spured þe horse & feantyd  
 þe spearys and aythw smote op. And **Walomydes** brake a  
 speare vpon **launcelot** and he fete and mebed nat. But **launcelot**  
 smote hym so harde that he made hys horse to adwyce þe sadyl



And the stroke brake hys shyld and the hawbarke and had he na-  
 fallyn he had be slayne // How now seide **Trystram** / Wyth wel-  
 by the man of y rydmyge bothe that **Palourdes** sholde have  
 a falle // Wyth so **Lancelot** rode hys way and rode to a well to  
 drynke and repose hym And they of north galis assayed hym  
 wher he wente And than y folowed hym yn byrght for to  
 have mystaked hym for thys cause that vpon the morne at  
 turnemente at the castell of maydyns that he sholde nat wyne  
 the victory So they com vpon **Lancelot** sudderly and  
 smette he myght put on hys helme and th take hys horse  
 but they were in hondis with hym And than **Lancelot**  
 gate hys speare in hys honde and ran thowd them and  
 he slede a byrght and brake hys speare in hys body Then  
 he drew hys sword and smote vpon the vyrght honde ad vpon  
 the lyfte honde that with yn a fewe strokes he had slayne  
 op m byrght and the remenant that a lode he wounded  
 hem sore all that ded a byde Then **Lancelot** stayed fro  
 hys enemyes of northe vale And than **Lancelot** rode hys  
 way tyll a frynde and lodged hym tyll on the next mornynge  
 for he wolde nat the firste day have a do in the turnemente  
 by cause of hys grete laboure And on the first day he was  
 with kynge **Arthur** there as he was sette on hys vpon a  
 chaffet to dsterne who was beste worthy of hys dedis So  
**Lancelot** was w<sup>t</sup> kynge **Arthur** and insted nat y first day  
 Here begynyth y timent of y castel maydyns y firste day  
**W**hen we vnto **Trystrams** de lyones y com-  
 manded **Gouynayle** hys swaunte to ordayne hym  
 a blacke shyld with none op remembrance y In And so  
**Perides** and **Trystrams** deptyed from **Dellodunes**  
 and they rode erly toward the turnemente and than per-

drew them to brynge **Carydos** side of Scotlonde And anone brynge  
 began the fild what of the brynge of north galys side And  
 of brynge **Carydos** and there began a grete pty // Egan y was  
 hmylmyng and vsshyng / Byght so cam In f **Wides** and Sir  
**Erystram** and so they ded fare that day that they put y brynge  
 of north galys a bacte Egan cam In f **Wleoberys** de games  
 and f **Gaherys** with them of north galys And than was Sir  
**Wides** smythyn a dolwe and all moste slayne for mo than  
 xl horse men wente on hym for f **Wleoberys** ded gte ded  
 of armys And f **Gaherys** fayled hym not / Whan f **Erystram**  
 behyde them and he them do such dedis of armys he mer  
 wayled what they were / Also f **Erystram** thougt shame that  
 f **Wides** was so done to And than he gte a grete speare  
 in hys honde and rode to f **Gaherys** and smote hym down  
 frome hys horse And than f **Wleoberys** was wrothe and  
 gte a speare and rode a penyte f **Erystram** in grete ire And  
 there f **Erystram** smote f **Wleoberys** frome hys horse  
 So than the brynge with the f brynge was wrothe and  
 he horsed f **Wleoberys** and f **Gaherys** a game and y be  
 gan a grete medle And en f **Erystram** hyde them passyng  
 shorte And en f **Wleoberys** was passyng byf vpon Sir  
**Erystram** And there cam In f **Dynadai** a penyte f **Erystram**  
 and f **Erystram** gaff hym such a buffette that he soloned  
 vpon hys horse And so anone f **Dynadai** cam to f  
**Erystram** and seyde f I knowe the better pan pon wemyt  
 But here I promysse the my wouth / I wolt nen com a gamest  
 the more for I promysse the that swerde of thyne shall nen  
 com on my helme So with that com f **Wleoberys** and  
 f **Erystram** gaff hym such a buffett y downe he a bayssad



his hede and than he ranght hym so sore by the helme þat he pulled  
hym vnder his fete And than kynge **Arthur** blede to ladyng  
than þe **Crystran** depte to his padohion and þe **Synadan** rode  
with hym And þe **Wides** And kynge **Arthur** than and the  
kynge bypon to the pyes merdayled what knyght that was  
with the blacke shyld among knyghtes sayde þe doyse and son  
knew hym for þe **Crystran** and shyde þe peace and wolde nat say  
So that firste day kynge **Arthur** and all the kynge and lordes  
that were knyges/graft þe **Crystran** the pryce how be hyt they  
knew hym nat but named hym the knyght with the blacke  
shyld than bypon the morn þe **Palomides** returned from þe  
kynge of north galis and rode to kynge **Arthur**s fyde wher  
was kynge **Carados** and the kynge of Irelande And þe **Lam  
celotus** kynne And þe **Sawaynes** kynne So þe **Palomides** sent  
the damessell vnto þe **Crystran** that he sente to seke hym  
whan he was oute of his mynde in the foreyst And this  
damessell asked þe **Crystran** what was his name and what  
he was As for that telle þe **Palomides** that he shall nat  
wete as at this tyme vnto the tyme I haue broghyn þe knyght  
bypon hym But lat hym wete this much that I am the  
same knyght that he smote doun in the ouermyngte  
at the tynement and telle hym playnly on what pty  
that he b. I wolle be of the contrary pty So seyde the dame  
sell ye shall vnderstonde that þe **Palomides** wolle be on  
kynge **Arthur**s pty where the moste noble knyght of þe  
worlde be In the name of god seyde þe **Crystran** than wolle  
I be with the kynge of north galis be cause of þe **Palomides**  
wolle be on kynge **Arthur**s fyde and ellis I wolde nat  
but for his sake So whan kynge **Arthur** was com per  
blede vnto the fyde and than there be gan a grette party

And so kynge **Carados** lusted with the kynge w<sup>th</sup> the & kynge  
 and there kynge **Carados** had a fulle t<sup>h</sup>an was p<sup>r</sup> h<sup>u</sup>rling  
 and vns<sup>u</sup>ffynge and v<sup>r</sup>g<sup>r</sup>st so com in b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st of kynge **Arth<sup>r</sup>**  
 and they bare on for bat the kynge of north gales kynge  
 t<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** cam in and be gan so volu<sup>r</sup>ly and so b<sup>u</sup>gh  
 that p<sup>r</sup> was none myght w<sup>th</sup> stonde hym And t<sup>h</sup>us he endu<sup>r</sup>  
 red longe And at the laste by fortune he felle a monye p<sup>r</sup>  
 felch<sup>r</sup> of kynge **Ben** So p<sup>r</sup> felle vpon hym p<sup>r</sup> **Rois de**  
**Bray** and p<sup>r</sup> **Etor de maye** and p<sup>r</sup> **Blaino de gampol** and  
 many oth<sup>r</sup> b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st And t<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** smote on p<sup>r</sup> v<sup>r</sup>gt  
 honde and on the h<sup>u</sup>ffte honde that all lordis and ladyes  
 spake of hys noble dedis But at the last p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** sholde  
 hane had the ware had nat the kynge with the & b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st  
 bene And t<sup>h</sup>an he cam with hys felch<sup>r</sup> and resolved p<sup>r</sup>  
**Trystram** and brought hym a way fro<sup>m</sup>e the b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st that  
 were the schyldis of fornbouyle And t<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** saw  
 a no<sup>r</sup> felch<sup>r</sup> by them selff and there was a xl b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st  
 to g<sup>r</sup>ow And p<sup>r</sup> **Kay le senestral** was p<sup>r</sup> g<sup>r</sup>ow<sup>r</sup>ne t<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup>  
**Trystram** rode in a monye<sup>r</sup> t<sup>h</sup>er and there he smote  
 do<sup>r</sup>ne p<sup>r</sup> **Kay** fro<sup>m</sup>e hys horse and there he fered a monye  
 t<sup>h</sup>o b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st as a grechonde a monye Comys t<sup>h</sup>an p<sup>r</sup>  
**launcelot** fonde a b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st that was sore wounded vpon  
 the hede // Sir seyde p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** who wounded you so sore Sir he  
 seyde a b<sup>u</sup>ng<sup>r</sup>st that bearyth a blacke schyld and I may curse  
 the tyme that en<sup>r</sup> I mette with hym for he ys a deuyll and  
 no man So p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** de<sup>r</sup>pted fro<sup>m</sup>e hym and thowt to  
 mete with p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** and so he rode with hys swerde I  
 dea<sup>r</sup>wyn in hys honde to sele p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** and pan he assayed  
 hym h<sup>u</sup>rlinge here and there And at en<sup>r</sup> stroke p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram**



well mye smote doun a knyght And my lord seyde þat **launcelot**  
 with the firste tyme that eny bare armys, sawe I neede one knyght  
 do so meruaylous dedys of armys And if I shold seyde þat **launcelot**  
 to hym self sette vpon thes knyght now I ded shame to my  
 self And there with all þat **launcelot** put by his swerde And  
 than the kynge with the 4 knyghts and an 4 mo of north  
 Wales sette vpon the xx<sup>e</sup> knyght of þat **launcelot** knyght  
 hymme and they xx<sup>e</sup> knyghts hyde hem en to gydw as  
 wolde theyne and none wolde sayle of So þat **crystram** when  
 he be hyde the nobles of thes xx<sup>e</sup> knyght he meruayled  
 of þat good dedys for he sawe by þat fare and rule that þey had  
 to byrde than to adorde the fild And my lord seyde þat **crystram**  
 well may ye be called valyante and full of prowes þat hath  
 such a sorte of noble knyght vnto his hymme And full hys  
 þat he to be a noble man that þat þat þat þat þat þat  
 he mente hit by þat **launcelot** in lake So when þat **crystram**  
 had be holde them longe he thought same to se 4 knyght  
 latherynge vpon xx<sup>e</sup> knyght Than þat **crystram** rode vnto  
 the kynge with the 4 knyghts and seyde þat þat þat þat  
 with þat xx<sup>e</sup> knyght for þat hymme no worship of thes þat  
 be so many and they so feald and wyte þat well þat  
 nat oute of the fild I se þat þat þat and countenance þat  
 worship get þat none and þat þat thes there fore þat  
 þat þat with thes þat to encrese my worship I woll  
 ryde vnto the xx<sup>e</sup> knyght and helpe them w<sup>t</sup> all my myght  
 and power May seyde the kynge with the 4 knyghts  
 þat shall nat do so now I se þat þat and curtesye I  
 woll w<sup>t</sup> drake my knyght for þat þat þat for en more  
 o good knyght woll fadoure anof and lybe woll drake

same

to hylt **Then** the kynge with the & knyghts with drew  
 hys knyghts and all thys whyle and longe to fore **Sir**  
**Lancelot** had watched vpon **Trystram** in deary  
 purpose to hane felshipped with hym And pan suddynly  
**Trystram** **Dynadan** and **Gouynayle** hys man rode paway  
 in to the foreyste that no man perceyved where they wente //  
 So **then** kynge **Arthur** blede vnto ladyngs and traiff the  
 kynge of northgalis the wyce by cause **Trystan** was vpon  
 hys syde // **Then** **Lancelot** rode here and there as wode as  
 a hound that fawnted hys selfe be cause he had loste **Trystan**  
 and so he returned vnto kynge **Arthur** And **then** all þe felde  
 was in a noyse that with the wynde hit myght be harde y-  
 myle how the lordys and ladyes cryed the knyght w<sup>th</sup> blacke  
 shylde hath won the felde Alas seide kynge **Arthur** where  
 ys that knyght be comd hit ys shame to all þe in the felde so  
 to lette hym aspaye adway frome you but w<sup>th</sup> iantylines & cotes  
 ys myght hane brought hym vnto me to thys castell of may-  
 dyne **Then** kynge **Arthur** wente to hys knyghts & comforted  
 them and seide my fayre felows be nat dismayde þenge ye  
 hane loste the felde thys day and many were hurt & sore  
 wounded and many were hole any felows seide kynge **Arth**  
 loke that ye be of good chere for to morow I wyl be in þe felde  
 with you and redenge you of þoure enemyes So that myt  
 kynge **Arthur** and hys knyghts reposed them selff So the  
 damysell that com frome la beaht Isod vnto **Trystram**  
 all the whyle the turnement was a doyng she was w<sup>th</sup>  
 quene **Gwenyvere** and en the quene asked her for what  
 cause she cam in to that contrey adadame she answered //  
 com for none oþ cause but frome my la beaht Isode to wete  
 of yowre well fare for in no wyse she wold nat telle þe quene



that she cam for þe **Trystramys** / safe So thys lady dame **Braghwayne**  
toke hir lede of quene **Gwenyn** and she rode after þe **Trystram** and as  
she rode thowde the foreyste she harde a grete cry Then she coman-  
ded hir squire to go in to that foreyste to wyte what was that  
noyse and so he cam to a well and there he founde a knyght  
bounden tyll a tree asynge as he had bene wode and his horse  
and his harnys stondyng by hym And when he aspyed  
the squire with a brande he brake hym selfe loose and toke  
his swerde in his honde and ran to hane slayne that squire  
Then he toke his horse and fledde to dame **Braghwayne**  
tolde hir of his aduenture Then she rode vnto þe **Trystramys**  
wadoylow and tolde þe **Trystram** what aduenture she had founde  
in the foreyste Alas seyde þe **Trystram** vpon my heed þe som  
good knyght at mystryff Then þe **Trystram** toke his horse  
and his swerde and rode thider and there he harde how the  
knyght complayned vnto hym selfe and seyde I wolff knyght  
þe **Palomides** what myse aduenture befallith me þe thynke  
am defoyled with falschid and treson thowde þe **Beys** and þe  
**Acton** Alas he seyde why hye I so longe And then he gatte his  
swerde in his honde and made many straunge fyrtes and  
to byns and so thowde the ratteringe he thwete his swerde in þe  
fontayne Then þe **Palomides** wyped and wraunte his  
hondys and at the laste for quene sorow he ran in to that  
fontayne and sought after his swerde Then þe **Trystram**  
saw that and ran vpon þe **Palomides** and hylde hym in  
his armys faste What art thou seyde þe **Palomides** þe  
holdith me so I am a man of thys foreyste that wold þe none  
harne Alas seyde þe **Palomides** I may now wryn worship  
where þe **Trystram** ys foren where he ys and I be there

yete I no worschipp and yf he be there a way for the moste gte I shane  
 the gre onles that **f launcelot** be there othir ellis **f launcelot** I shan  
**f palomydes** fynde oys in Irelonde or **Trystram** put me to p word  
 and a nothir tyme in Cornuayle and in or plaas in thys londe what  
 wolde ye do sepe sepe **f Trystram** and ye had **f Trystram** I wolde  
 frist with hym sepe **f palomydes** and ease my harte vpon  
 hym and yet to say the sothe or **Trystram** ys the Iantyllyste  
 knyght in thys worlde bydynge // or what wolt ye do sepe or  
**Trystram** wolt ye go with me to yowre lodgyng May he sepe  
 to the kynge with the **f** knyght for he rescued me frome **f**  
**asas de stans** and **f Etroz** and ellis had I bene slayne tyromly  
 And **f Trystram** sepe hym fuch bynde wordys that **f palomy**  
**des** wente with hym to hys lodgyng I shan **sonnyale** wente  
 to fore and charged dame **branswayne** to go oute of p way  
 to hys lodgyng And byd ye **f p sides** that he make hym no  
 quarels And so they rode to gedre tyll they cam to **f Trystram**  
 ys pacylon And there had **f palomydes** all the chere that  
 myght be had all that nyght But in no wyse **f Trystram**  
 myght nat be knowyn with **f palomydes** And so after somer  
 they rode to rest and **f Trystram** for grette troyayle slepte  
 tyll hit was day And **f palomydes** myght nat slepe for an  
 hysse and so in the dadyng of the day he toke hys horse  
 pdearly and rode hys way into **Saherys** and to **f Sagra**  
**monre le desrons** where the were in p pacylons for per m  
 were felows at the begynnyng of the tynement And pan  
 vpon the morne the kynge blew into the tynement vpon  
 the thurd day

**S**o the kynge of North galis and the kynge of the  
**f** knyght they n encountred with kynge **Parados**  
 and the kynge of Irelonde and there the kynge w y **f** knyght



smote dōwne kynge **Carados** and the kynge of north galis smote  
dōwne the kynge of irelonde So with that cam In **f** **Walomydes**  
and he made grete worke for by hys ended shylde he was  
well knydyn So **f** cam In kynge **Ar** and des grete dedis  
of armys to gydres and put the kynge of north galis **f** **f** **f**  
with the **f** **f** **f** to the vares So with cam In **f** **Trystram**  
with hys blak shylde and anone he lusted with **f** **Walomydes**  
on hys horse arope **Ar** and there by hys force **f** **Trystram**  
smote **f** **Walomydes** on hys horse arope **Ar** kynge **Arthur**  
cryed **f** **f** with the black shylde make the redy to me and  
in the same wyse **f** **Trystram** smote kynge **Arthur** and than  
by force of kynge **Arthur** **f** **f** the kynge and **f** **Walomydes**  
**Ar** were horsed a gayne **Ar** kynge **Arthur** with a grete  
cry harte he gatte a grete speare in hys honde And **f** **f**  
the one hyde he smote **f** **Trystram** on hys horse **Ar** fote  
fote **f** **Walomydes** cam vpon **f** **Trystram** as he was vpon  
fote to hane on rydyn **Ar** **Ar** **f** **Trystram** was ware off  
hym and stodeped a lyttle a hyde And with grete ire he gatte  
hym by the arme and pulled hym dōwne frome hys horse  
**Ar** **f** **Walomydes** **f** **f** a rose and daysshed to gydres w  
there swerds myghtly that many kynge queyns lordys  
and ladyes stode and behelde them And at the last **f** **Trystram**  
smote **f** **Walomydes** vpon the helme in myghty stroke at en  
stroke that he guff he ferd hane thys for **f** **Trystrams** sake  
And with that **f** **Walomydes** felle to the erthe goddelynge  
**Ar** cam the kynge of the **f** **f** and brought **f** **Trystram**  
in horse and so was he horsed a gayne And by that tyme  
was **f** **Walomydes** horsed and with grete ire he lusted v  
pon **f** **Trystram** with hys speare as he was in the reyste  
And guff hym a grete dayssh with hys swerde **Ar** **f**

**Trystram** a worded hys speare and sette hym by the necke w<sup>th</sup> hys  
 botte honde and pulled hym cleue oute of hys saddle and so he  
 bare hym a fore hym the lengthe of x speares and pan he  
 fete hym falle at hys aduenture Than f **Trystram** was lare  
 of kynge **Arthure** with a naked swerde in hys honde And with  
 hys speare f **Trystram** ran vpon kynge **Arthure** And pan kynge  
**Arthure** boldly a hie hym and with hys swerde he smote a to  
 hys speare And there with all f **Trystram** was a stoned and  
 so kynge **Arthure** gaff hym iij. or iij. strokes or he myght  
 sette oute hys swerde And so f **Trystam** drew hys swerde and  
 arthur of them assayed othw passing harde And w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>t</sup> the  
 grete prease deyped Than f **Trystram** rode here and there and  
 ded hys grete payne that a yij. of the good knyghts of the blode  
 of kynge **San** that were of f **launcelottis** that day f **Trystam**  
 smote downe that all the estatys merdayled of p<sup>t</sup> grete dedis and  
 all people vpon the knyght with the blacke shylde. So thys kny  
 was so large that f **launcelot** harde hit and than he gatte a  
 grete speare in hys honde and cam towardis the kny Than  
 f **launcelot** ayed knyght with the blacke shylde make ye redy  
 to fiste with me And than f **Trystram** harde hym sey so he gatte  
 hys speare in hys honde and app<sup>t</sup> a keyed p<sup>t</sup> hedys done  
 lowe and cam to gydn as thynndr that f **Trystrams** spore  
 brake in pecis And f **launcelot** by male fortune sawe f **Trys**  
**tram** on the syde a depe wounde mye to the dethe But yet  
 f **Trystram** a worded nat hys sadyl and so the speare brake  
 p<sup>t</sup> with all And yete f **Trystram** gatte oute hys swerde and  
 he ruffhed to f **launcelot** and gaff hym iij. grete strok<sup>s</sup> vpon  
 the helme that f hys spranghe oute that f **launcelot** a  
 keyed hys hede lowe toward hys sadyll lowe And so p<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> all  
**Trystam** deyped frome the fylde for he fette hym so wounded



that he wente he sholde have dyed And **f** **Synadan** assayed hym  
and folowed hym in to the foreyste **E**than **f** **Lancelot** a kide and  
ded merdaylons dedys So when **f** **Crystin** was depyted by the  
foreyste he a lyght and unlaced hys harnys & freysshid  
hys womde **E**than wente **f** **Synadan** that he sholde have dyed  
and wepte Nay nay seide **f** **Crystian** nen dede you **f** **Synadan**  
for I am harte hole and of thys womde I shall sone be hole  
by the may of god And anon **f** **Synadan** was ware wher  
cam **f** **Palomydes** rydynge freyte upon thend **E**than **f** **Crystin**  
was ware that **f** **Palomydes** com to have destroyed hym And  
so **f** **Synadan** gaff hym warninge and seide **f** **Crystin**  
my lord ye ar so fore wounded that ye may nat have a do  
with hym there fore I wolt ryde a garmys hym and do to  
hym what I may And yf I be slayne ye may py for my soule  
and som the meane whyle ye may with draw you and go  
in to the castell or in to the foreyste that he shall nat mete w  
you **E** **Crystian** smyled and seide I thanke you **f** **Synadan**  
But ye shall vnderston that I am able to handyll hym And  
a none hastily gearmed hym and toke hys horse and a  
grette speare in hys honde And seide to **f** **Synadan** a delo  
and rode toward **f** **Palomydes** a softe pace When **f** **Pa**  
**lomydes** saw hym he a lyght and made a countenance to  
a mende hys horse But he ded hit for thys cause for he a  
kide **f** **Lancelot** that cam after hym And when he was  
com he rode toward **f** **Crystin** **E**than **f** **Crystin** sente vnto **f**  
**Palomydes** and requyred hym to iuste w hym And if he  
smote done **f** **Palomydes** he wolde do no more to hym And  
yf **f** **Palomydes** smote done **f** **Crystian** he hade hym do  
hys utterance And so they were accorded and mette to  
rydys And **f** **Crystian** smote done **f** **Palomydes** that

he had a bylaimce falle and lay styllle as he had bene dede &  
 than **f** **Erystu** ran vpon **f** **Gaherys** and he wold nat hane  
 iusted but whethir he wold or wold nat **f** **Erystu** smote hym  
 on hys horse woupe that he lay styllle And **f** **Erystu** rode hys  
 way and lefft **f** **Pides** hys samar with in the paderlons  
 And **f** **Erystu** and **f** **Dynadai** rode to an olde knyghts place  
 to lodge them and this olde knyght had v. sones at p timent  
 that prayde god hartely for p comynge home And so as the  
 freynsche booke sayeth they com home all w. well beghyn And  
 whan **f** **Erystu** depyed in to the foreyste **f** **launcelot** hylde all  
 wayes the stoure lyke garde as a man awaged that toke  
 none hede to hym selff and wyte you well there was many  
 a noble knyght a penyte hym And whan kynge **Arthure**  
 saw **f** **launcelot** so merdaylous dedis of armys he than  
 armed hym and toke hys horse and hys armo and rode in  
 to the fylde to helpe **f** **launcelot** and so many knyght cam w  
 kynge **Arth** and to make shorte tale in concludion the kynge  
 of north galis and the kynge of the c. knyght were put to  
 the wars And by cause **f** **launcelot** a kede and was the laste  
 in the fylde the pryse was ghybyn hym But **f** **launcelot** nor  
 for kynge quene nor knyght wolde p off And where he cry  
 was cryed thowd the fylde **f** **launcelot** hath wonne p fylde  
 this day Sir **launcelot** made a noy cry contrary **f** **Erystu**  
 hath won the fylde for he be gan fyrste and tenyest hylde  
 on and so hath he done the fyrste day p secunde and p thirde  
 day than all the afattis and of degrees hys and lode send  
**f** **launcelot** grete worship for the honoure that he ded to for  
**Erystu** and for the hono doynge by **f** **launcelot** he was  
 at that tyme more praysed and renowned than he had  
 on thowdyn v. c. knyght And all the peple hole for hys



Janthines firste the astatis, hyge and polix and aft the comynallit  
omys ayed f **Lancelot** hath won the gre who so en farty may  
Ethan was f **Lancelot** wrote and a shamed And so there wall  
he rode to kynge **Arthur** alas seide the kynge we ar all dismaide  
that f **Trystram** ys thys depte frome vs yde seide kynge **Arthur**  
he ys one of the nobelyst knyght that en I saw holde speare in  
honde or swerde and the moste curtyse knyght in hye knyghting  
for full hardy I he hym be stad seide kynge **Arthur** when he  
fnote f **Palomides** vpon the helme thyrse that he a dayssed  
hys helme with hys sworde And also he seide here ys a stroke  
for fr **Trystram** And mo he seide thyrse Ethan kynge **Arthur**  
and f **Lancelot** and f **Godynas** le **Sabegge** toke f horsis to seke  
after f **Trystram** And by the meanye of f **Phides** he had tolde  
kynge **Arthur** where f **Trystram** panylon was But when  
they cam there f **Trystram** and f **Gynadan** was gone Ethan  
kynge **Arthur** and f **Lance** was hedy and returned a yen to  
the castell maydyns maynt grete dole for the herte of f **Trystram**  
and hys sudderne deptyngte Go god me helpe seide kynge  
**Arthur** I am more hedy that I am nat mete with hym than I and  
for all the hertes that all my knyghts hane had at p timent  
And so furth with cam f **Gaherys** and tolde kynge **Arthur**  
how f **Trystram** had smyten doloie f **Palomides** and hit was  
at hys done requeste alas seide kynge **Arthur** that was gre  
dishonoure to f **Palomides** In as much as f **Trystram** was so  
sore wounded And may we all knyghts and knyghts and men  
of worship sey that f **Trystram** may be called a knyght and  
one of the beste knyghts that en I saw dayes of my lyff for  
I wolt that ys all knyghts and knyghts know seide kynge **Arthur**  
that I nen saw knyght do so merdaylon f as he hath done  
thes my dayes for he was the firste that be gan and lemyst  
that hys on save thys laste day And thome he were herte

hit was a manly aduenture of y noble knyght And whan y no  
 the men encounter nedis muste the tone hane the worse lyte as  
 to wyll suffer at that tyme // Sw as for me seyde **Lancelot**  
 for all the londys that en my fadir lefte I wolde nat hane hurt  
 me **Crystian** and I had endowyn hym at that tyme that I hurte  
 hym for I saw nat hys shylde for and I had seyne hys blacke  
 shylde I wolde nat hane medled with hym for many can he seyde  
**Lancelot** for but late he ded as muche for me as en ded  
 knyght and that is well endowyn that he had a do w<sup>th</sup> xxx  
 knyght And no helpe on lyfde **Synadan** And one thyng  
 shall I promyse you seyde **Lancelot** Sw **Palomides** shall  
 repente hit as in hys unbryghtly delynge so for to folow y  
 noble knyght that I be my fortune hurte hym p<sup>re</sup> So **Lance**  
 seyde all the worship that myght be spokyn by **Crystian** Then **King**  
**Arthur** made a greet feste to all that wolde com And p<sup>re</sup> we  
 lat passe byng **Arthur** And a dayll we wolt tume vnto **Palomides**  
 that after he had a falle of **Crystian** he was mye  
 honde awaged oute of hys wytte for despite of **Crystian** and  
 so he folowed hym by aduenture and as he cam by a ryver in  
 hys wadnes he wolde hane made hys horse to hane topyn  
 on the water and the horse fayled footyng and felle in yond  
 where fore **Palomides** was a drad leste he shulde hane  
 bene drownd And than he adoyde hys horse and swam to  
 the londe and lete hys horse to drowne by aduenture And  
 whan he cam to the londe he toke of hys harnys and sate  
 vnynged and avynged as a man oute of hys mynde B<sup>re</sup>st  
 so cam a damessell doyn by **Palomides** that was sente  
 for **Gawayne** and hys brother vnto **Mordred** that lay  
 h<sup>er</sup>e in the same place with that olde knyght where **Crystian**  
 was For as the booke seythe **P<sup>er</sup>ides** hurte so **Mordred** a



x. dayes a fore and had hit nat done for the love of **f. Garwayne**  
 and hys brethrin **f. pides** had slayne **f. wordred** and so this da-  
 myself cam by **f. Palomydes** and he and she had langage to ynd  
 which pleased neyther of them and so this damesell rode her  
 wayes tyll she cam to that olde knyghts place And there she  
 tolde that olde knyght how she mette with the woodist knyght  
 by adventure that en she mette with all What bare he in hys  
 bylde seyde **f. Crystram** Sw hit was endented w<sup>th</sup> wyrgest and  
 blacke seyde the damesell A seyde **f. Crystū** that was **Pal-**  
**mydes** the good knyght for well I know hym seyde **f. Crystram**  
 for one of the beste knyghts lyvynge in this realme than **f.**  
 olde knyght toke a litill haterney and rode for **f. Palomydes**  
 and brought hym vnto hys dwene man And full apell kneld  
**f. Crystram** hym But he saide but litill ffor at þ<sup>t</sup> tyme Sw  
**Crystram** was walkynge vpon hys feete and well a mended  
 of hir hurtis And all wayes when **f. Palomydes** saw **f.**  
**Crystram** he wolde be holde hym full merbarously and en  
 hym semed that he had sene hym than wolde he sey vnto  
**f. Dynadan** and en I may mete w<sup>th</sup> **f. Crystū** he shall nat  
 escape myne hondis I merbarly seyde **f. Dynadan** þ<sup>t</sup> yed  
 toste be hynde **f. Crystū** so for hit ys but late that he was in  
 yowre hondys and ys in hys hondis why wolde ye nat holde  
 hym when ye had hym for I saw my selft thyrse or thyrse  
 that ye gatte but lyttel worship of **f. Crystram** than was **f.**  
**Palomydes** a shamed So lede we them a litill while in the  
 castell with the olde knyght Sw **Sarras** Now shall we  
 speke of knyght **Arthur** that seyde to sw **launcelot** had nat  
 ye bene we had nat losse **f. Crystram** for he was here dany  
 vnto the tyme ye mette with hym and in an evyll tyme seyde  
 knyght **Arthur** ye encountred with hym any lord **Arthur**

seyde f

seyde **Lancelot** ye shall vnderstonde the cause ye put now vpon  
 me that I shold be canser of hys deytiaon. God knowith hit was  
 a yenste my wyll. But vther men bene hote in dedis of armys  
 oftyn hit is seyne they hurten frendis as well as þe fow. And  
 my lord seyde þe **Lancelot** ye shall vnderstonde that þe **Trystram**  
 ys amon that I am vnto lotte to offende to for he hath done  
 more for me than eny ded for hym as yet. But than þe **Lancelot**  
**celot** mad brynge forth a bok And pan seyde þe **Lancelot** here we  
 ar y. knyghts that woll swere vpon thys booke non to reſte one  
 myght where we reſte anoy thys y. month buttill that we  
 fynde þe **Trystram** And as for me seyde þe **Lancelot** I pmyse you  
 vpon thys booke that and I may mete w. hym of with fynyens  
 othir with folowes I shall brynge hym to thys comete of ell  
 I shall dye þe fow and the nammys of thes y knyghts that had  
 vnder take thys queſte firſt was þe **Lancelot** þe **Ector de mayes**  
 þe **Beys de gamps** and þe **Eleoberys** þe **Blamo de gamps** þe **Lucan**  
 de butler þe **Wayue** þe **Galynd** þe **lyonel** and þe **Galyodyn** So  
 thes y. noble knyghts deſted frome the corte of kynge **Arthur**  
 and ſo they rode vpon thys queſte to thys tyll they com to a  
 croſſe where deſted my. wayes and there deſted the ſelyſhip  
 in my to ſeke þe **Trystram** And as þe **Lancelot** rode by aduenture  
 he mette with dame **Brangwayne** that was ſente in to that  
 contrey to ſeke þe **Trystram** and ſhe fled as faſte as her ſpallrey  
 myght go. So þe **Lancelot** mette with her and aſked why ſhe  
 fled. A fayne knyght ſeyde dame **Brangwayne** I fle for drede  
 of my hyff for here folowith me þe **Breuſe ſamur** pite to ſle me  
 holde you mye me ſeyde þe **Lancelot** And vther he ſe þe **Breuſe**  
**ſamur** pite cryed vnto hym and ſeyde falſe knyght deſtroper of  
 ladyes and dammeſels now thy laſte dayes becom vther þe **Breuſe**



**S**ir **Lancelot** said to **Lancelot** shilde he kno hit well for at that tyme  
he bare nat the shilde of Cornuayle but he bare hys owne And than  
p **Breuse** returned and fled and p **Lancelot** folowed after hym And  
p **Breuse** was so well horsed that when hym lyst to fle he myg  
fle when he wolde and a hyde when he wolde And than p **Lan**  
**celot** returned vnto dame **Branche** and thanked hir **Lan**  
**celot** of hys curtesy and grette laboure

**I**n sooth we speke of sir **Lucan de butler** p by fortune  
he cam rydunge to the same place there as was our  
**Trystram** and In he cam for none oþer entente but to aske the  
herow than the porter asked what was hys name Our tell  
pnce lord that my name ys p **Lucan de butler** a knyght of  
the rounde table So the porter yode vnto p **Sarras** lord of  
place and tolde hym who was there to aske her herow May  
may seyde p **Sarras** that was nebed vnto p **Sarras**  
seyd hym that he shall nat be lodged there But hit hym vete  
p **Sarras** wolde mete with hym anone and byd hym make  
hym vedy So p **Sarras** com forth on horse back and p the  
to ryde with speare And p **Lucan** smote downe p **Sarras**  
on hys horse awyke And than he fled in to that place And p **Lucan**  
ode after hym many tymes Than p **Synadan** seyde to p **Try**  
**stram** hit ys shame to se the lordys consyne of thys place desoyled  
A hyde seyde p **Trystram** and I shall redresse hit And in þe meane  
whyle p **Synadan** was on horse back and he iusted with our  
**Lucan** and he smote p **Synadan** thowgh the thycke of thys  
and so he rode hys way and p **Trystram** was wroth p p **Sy**  
**dan** was knyght and he folowed after and thowgt to advenge hym  
and with in a while he on toke p **Lucan** and bade hym turne  
and so they mette to ryde And p **Trystram** knyght p **Lucan**  
passenge fore and gaff hym a felle // So with that com p **Uban**  
a lantall knyght and when he sawe sir **Lucan** so knyght he called

to þe **Trystram** to Inse // þe þe Emperour seide þe **Trystram** telle me  
 þe name I requyre þe // On Emperour wrote þe well my name  
 þe þe **Wayne** le hys de wy **Wayne** A seide þe **Trystram** be my wyll  
 I wolde nat þe a do with þe at no tyme // On þe shall nat do  
 so seide þe **Wayne** but þe shall þe a do with me And than þe  
**Trystram** salde none of þe but rode a penste hym and on thew  
 þe **Wayne** and herte hym in the hys and so he depteð into þe  
 lodgyng a tyme And when þe **Dauid** vnderstood that þe **Trys-**  
**tram** had herte þe **Incau** he wolde þe a do with hym for to  
 þe slayne hym But þe **Trystram** wolde nat suffer hym Than  
 þe **Wayne** lete ordayne an hors hit and brought þe **Incau** to  
 the abbay of Samps And the castell there by hys the castell off  
 Samps of the which þe **Eleoberys** was lorde And at that castell  
 þe **Lancelot** pmped all þe felows there to mete in the queste  
 of þe **Trystram** So when þe **Trystram** was com to þe lodgyng  
 there cam a damessell that tolde þe **Garras** that ny of his fyny  
 were slayne at that tynement and y goodly wounded so  
 that they were non hys to helpe them self And all tyme was  
 done by a noble Emperour that bare a blacke shilde and that was  
 he that bare the pryce Than cam one and tolde þe **Garras** y  
 the same Emperour was with in þe comte that bare the blacke  
 shilde Than þe **Garras** rode vnto þe **Trystrams** chambur and þe  
 he founde þe shilde and shewed hit to the damessell A þe seide  
 the damessell thys same ys he that shewe þe in fyny Than  
 withoute any taryng þe **Garras** put þe **Trystram** þe **Walou-**  
**des** And þe **Synadaw** with in a stronge pson And there On  
**Trystram** was hys to þe dyes of grete fynes and on y  
 day þe **Waloudes** wolde reue þe **Trystram** of olde hate be thyng  
 them and on þe **Trystram** spake fayne and seide hys // But when  
 þe **Waloudes** se that þe **Trystram** was fallye in fynes Than was



he held for hym and comforted hym in all the beste wyse he coude  
And as the seynthe booke sayth there cam fourty knyghts to f **Sar**  
**rao** that were of hys owne kynne and they wolde have payne f  
**Trystram** and hys felows but f **Sarras** wolde nat but put pend  
in preson and mete and drynke they had So f **Trystram** endu  
red there grete payne for felnes had vnder take hym and p p p  
grete payne a presoner may have for all the whyle a pre  
sonere may have hys helth of body he may endure vnder the  
mercy of god and in hope of god deliuance But vthan  
felnes to which a presoner body than may a presoner say  
all welth p hym be rauiste and than hath he cause to myle  
and wepe By that so ded f **Trystram** vthan felnes had vnder  
take hym for than he toke such sorow that he had all moste  
payne hym selff Now well we speke and leue f **Trystram**  
f **Palomydes** and f **Dynadan** in preson and speke we of othre  
knyghts that sought after f **Trystram** many dryse yeres  
of thys londe and some rode in to Cornuayle and by aduecture  
f **Gaherys** nebed vnto kynge **Arthur** cam vnto kynge **Marke**  
and there he was well resseyded and late at kynge **Markys**  
owne table and at hys owne messe Than kynge **Marke** asked  
f **Gaherys** what tiding there was w<sup>t</sup> in the realme of logres  
Sir seyde f **Gaherys** the kynge regnyng as a noble knyght  
and now but late there was a grete iustis and tourname  
that eny salw witt in thys realme of logres and p moste  
nobleste knyght were at that iustis But there was one  
knyght that ded meruaylously in dayes and he was a blake  
kynde and on all the knyghts that eny salw he preled p beste  
knyght that was seyde kynge **Marke** f **Lancelot** or ellis  
Sir **Palomydes** the paynym Not so seyde f **Palomydes** **Gaher**

**rys** for they were both of the contrary pty a knyght & knyght  
 with the blacke shyld & than was hit f **Trystram** de lyones seide  
 knyght and there with all he smote dōne hys hede and in hys  
 harte he ferde fore that f **Trystram** sholde gete hym such wor-  
 ship in the realme of logrys where thowd hym self shuld nat be  
 able to with stonde hym & thus f **Gaherys** had grette chere w  
 knyght **marke** and with the quene la beall Isode was glad of his  
 wordis for well she wyfte by hys dedis and maner that hit  
 was f **Trystram** And than the knyght made a feste royall and  
 to that feste cam f **Uwayne** le fye de wy **Uwayne** and som called  
 hym f **Uwayne** le blannocse maynes And thys f **Uwayne** cha-  
 lengered all the knyghts of Cornwayle & than was the knyght  
 wrothe that he had knyghts to answer hym & than Sir  
**Andred** newly vnto knyght **marke** lepe vpon and sayde I wolt en-  
 comtre with f **Uwayne** & than he rode and armed hym and  
 horsed hym in the beste maner And there f **Uwayne** mette w  
 f **Andred** and smote hym dōne that he soloned on the erthe  
 & than was knyght **marke** sory and wrote oute of mesure that  
 he had no knyght to reuenge hys newly f **Andred** So f knyght  
 called vnto hym f **Dynas** le Seneschall and prayde hym for  
 hys sake to take vpon hym for to iuste with f **Uwayne** Sir sayd  
 f **Dynas** I am full lothe to haue a do with any of the knyghts  
 of the rounde table yet for my lorde take vpon you for to iuste  
 So f **Dynas** made hym redy to iuste and anon they encom-  
 trede to gyrdys with grette spears But f **Dynas** was on  
 throlownd horse and made a grette falle who was wroth pan but  
 knyght **marke** alas he seyde hane I no knyght that wolt encom-  
 tre with yowre knyght Sir seyde f **Gaherys** for your sake I wolt iust  
 So f **Gaherys** made hym redy and when he was armed he rode  
 in to the fyld And when f **Uwayne** saw f **Gaherys** shyld he



rode to hym and seide þe do nat yowre pte for the firste tyme þen ye  
were made knyght of the rounde table ye swaue that ye shuld nat  
haue a do with none of yowre felshipp wytyngly And yde Sir  
**Saheris** ye know me well I now by yowre sowlde And so do I know  
yon by yowre shylde And thanze ye wolde breke yowr othe I wolt  
nat breke myne for there ys nat one here nor ye that shall thynke  
I am a ferde of yon but that I dwelt ryght well haue a do w<sup>th</sup>  
yon and yet we be syster sonnes Egan was þe **Saheris** a shame  
and so there with all eny knyght wente þe way And þe **Uwayne**  
rode oute of the contrey Egan knyght **marke** armed hym & toke  
hys horse and hys speare with a spynaw with hym and pan  
he rode a fore þe **Uwayne** and suddenly at a gap he ran vpon  
hym as he that was nat ware of hym and there he smote  
hym all moste thorow the body and so þe leste hym so w<sup>th</sup> in  
a while there cam þe **Lay** and somde þe **Uwayne** and asked  
hym how he was hurte I wote nat seide þe **Uwayne** why not  
where fore but by treson I am sure I gate thys hurte for here  
cam a knyght suddenly vpon me or that I was ware & sud  
denly hurte me Egan there was cam þe **Andred** to seke knyght  
**marke** Egan traytonre knyght seide þe **Lay** and I wyl hit wepe  
yon that thys traytonrely haste hurte thys noble knyght  
yon shuldyst non passe my hondys Sir seide þe **Andred** I ded  
nen hurte hym and that I reporte me to hym selff ffy on  
yon false knyght of Cornwalle seide þe **Lay** for ye nangt worth  
so for **Lay** made cary þe **Uwayne** to the abbay of the black crosse  
and the was he heled Egan þe **Saheris** toke hys lede of knyght  
**marke** but or he deyped he seide þe knyght ye ded a folwe shame  
whan ye flemyd þe **Trystram** oute of thys contrey for ye nedid  
nat to haue donyed no knyght and he had bene here and so  
he deyped Egan þe cam þe **Lay** the seneschall vnto knyght **marke**

and there he had good chere shelyngge outelwarde Now fyve  
 lordys seide kynge **marke** wolt ye prede my aduenture in this  
 forreste of aoverys whych ys an harde aduenture as I knowe  
 my ow seide **Ray** I wolt prede hit And **Saherys** seide he  
 wolde be adysed for kynge **marke** was en full of treson And y  
 with all **Saherys** depyed and rode hys way And by the same  
 way that **Ray** sholde ryde he leyde hym downe to reste chav  
 yngge hys squyre to wayte vppon hym and yf **Ray** come  
 warne me whan he comyth So w<sup>t</sup> in a while **Ray** com ryding  
 that way and than **Saherys** toke hys horse and mette hym  
 and seide **Ray** ye ar nat wyse to ryde at the rekyfte of kynge  
**marke** for he delith all with treson Than seide **Ray** I requyre  
 you that we may prede well this aduenture I wolt nat fawle  
 you seide **Saherys** and so they rode that tyme tyll a lake that  
 was that tyme called the pelons lake and there they a lode vnd  
 the salve of the wood The meane while kynge **marke** w<sup>t</sup> in the  
 castell of Emtagyll adysed all hys knyghtes and all oyr  
 salue such as were preby with hym that were adysed oute  
 of the chambur And than he let calle hys nobels **Andred**  
 and lode arme hym and horse hym hychtly for by þ tyme  
 hit was nyghe mydnyght And so kynge **marke** was armed  
 all in blacke horse and all and so at a preby postern they y  
 issued oute with þ derlath with them and so rode tyll they cam  
 to that lake Than **Ray** assayed them furste and gate hys spear  
 in hys honde and pynke to iuste And kynge **marke** rode a rest  
 hym and smote ech of full harde for the moone shone as the  
 bryght day And at that iustus **Rayes** horse felle downe for  
 hys horse was nat so bryght as the kynge horse was And **Rayes**  
 horse brused hym full sore Than **Saherys** was wythe



that **f** **Ray** had a full **schan** he cryed **kyngst** sitte you faste in thy saddle  
for I wolde revenge my felow **schan** **kyng** **marke** was a ferde off  
**Saherys** and so with dyffyll wyllle **kyng** **marke** rode a penste hym  
and **f** **Saherys** guff hym such a stroke that he felle downe and so  
forth with all **f** **Saherys** ran vnto **f** **Andred** and smote hym  
frome his horse quyte that he helme smote in the erthe and  
myge had broken his nake and there w<sup>th</sup> all **f** **Saherys** a hys  
and gatte vp for **Ray** and than they rode bothe on fote to them  
and bade them yelde them and telle **f** namys othir ellis they shold  
dey **schan** with grete payne **f** **Andred** spake firste and seyde  
hit ys **kyng** **marke** of Cornuayle there fore be ye ware what  
ye do And I am **f** **Andred** his consyn **f** on you bothe seyde **f**  
**Saherys** for ye ar false traytors and false treson have  
ye wrought And yowre semble chere that ye made us for  
hit were pite that ye sholde have any longer seyde **f** **Saherys**  
Gode my lyff seyde **kyng** **marke** and I wolde make a mendys  
and consider that I am a **kyng** **marke** anoynted hit were **f** more  
shame seyde **f** **Saherys** to save thy lyff for you arte a **kyng**  
anoynted with a **kyng** **marke** And **f** fore you sholdist holde w<sup>th</sup> all men  
of worship and there fore you arte worthy to dye And so w<sup>th</sup>  
that he laysshed at **kyng** **marke** and he coude hym with  
his shylde and defended hym as he myght And than **f** **Ray**  
laysshed at **f** **Andred** and there w<sup>th</sup> all **kyng** **marke** yelde  
hym vnto **f** **Saherys** and than he knelid a downe and made  
his othe vpon the crosse of the swerde that neu<sup>er</sup> while he  
liued he wolde be a penste **kyng** **marke** And also he  
swore to be good frende vnto **f** **Exystram** if en he cam in  
to Cornuayle And by that tyme **f** **Andred** was on **f** erthe  
And **f** **Ray** wolde have slayne hym / lat he seyde **f** **Saherys**  
fle hym nat I pray you for hit were pite seyde for **Ray**

that he shoulde have any longer for he is consyn mye vnto f **Trystan**  
 And en he hath bene a traitour vnto hym and by hym he was  
 exchyled oute of fornywyle and there fore I wolt sle hym seyde  
 f **Bay** ye shall nat do so seyde f **Saherys** for firtthyn I have  
 redyn the knyghts hys lyff I pray you gyff hym hys lyffe And  
 there with all f **Bay** lette hym go And so they rode her wayes  
 vnto f **Synas** le senescall for by cause they hadde sey that  
 he loved well f **Trystan** So they reposed them and sone after  
 they rode vnto the realme of logrys and so w<sup>t</sup> in a litte while  
 they mette with f **launcelot** that all wayes had dame **Briant**  
**warue** with hym to that entente he wente to have mette the  
 knyght with f **Trystan** and f **launcelot** asked what tidinge  
 in fornywyle and whetthir they hadde of f **Trystan** Sir  
**Bay** and f **Saherys** answerde that they hadde nat of hym  
 And so they tolde worde by worde of p<sup>r</sup> adnenture Ehan f  
**launcelot** smiled and seyde hadde hit ys to take oute off the  
 flesche that ys brede in the bone and so they made hem  
 mery to ryde. // Now lede we of this tale and speke  
 we of f **Synas** that had with in the castell a p<sup>r</sup>am<sup>r</sup> and she  
 loved a nothir knyght better than hym And so when f  
**Synas** was oute on huntynge she shpped doun by a towrell  
 and toke with hir y braccettis and so she rode to p<sup>r</sup> knyght  
 that she loved And when f **Synas** cam home and myse  
 hys p<sup>r</sup>am<sup>r</sup> and hys braccettis than was he p<sup>r</sup> more wro  
 then for hys braccettis more than for hys lady So than  
 they rode after the knyght that had hys p<sup>r</sup>am<sup>r</sup> and bade  
 hym turne and lyfte // So f **Synas** smote hym doun  
 that with the falle he brake hys legge and hys arme And  
 than hys lady and p<sup>r</sup>am<sup>r</sup> cryed and seyde f **Synas** my  
 and she wolde love hym better than en she ded // Now seyde



**P. Dynas** I shall nen truste them that onys betrayeth me  
and there fore as ye have be gyne so ende for I wolle nedre  
meddill with you And so **P. Dynas** depyed and toke his bra  
cettes with hym and so he rode to hys castell // Now wolle  
we turne vnto **P. Launcelot** that was ryght hely that  
he comyth nen hys no tydynge of **P. Erystrau** for all this  
whyle he was in prison with **P. Sarras** **P. Palomydes**  
and **P. Dynadan** Then dame **Traugwayne** toke hys  
leue to go in to Cornuayle And **P. Launcelot** **P. Kay** and **P.**  
**Gaherys** rode to seke the contrey of Emlyse // Now spe  
keth thys tale of **P. Erystrau** and of hys felows for eny  
day **P. Palomydes** bradoled and seyde langynge a penyte **P.**  
**Erystrau** Then seyde **P. Dynadan** I meruayle of the **Em**  
**Palomydes** whether and you haddest **P. Erystrau** here I  
trode you woldste do none harme for and a wolff and  
a sheepe were to gydw in a prison the wolff wold suffre  
the sheepe to be in pees And wyte you well seyde **P. Dyna**  
**Dan** thys same ys **P. Erystrau** at a worde and now mayst  
you do thy beste with hym and lette se now byffte hit w  
yowre handys Then was **P. Palomydes** a kysshed & seyde  
lytill Then seyde **P. Erystrau** to **P. Palomydes** I haue haue  
much of yowre mayre apenfte me but I wolle nat meddill  
with you at thys tyme be my wyll by cause the lorde of this  
place that hath us in goynance for and I dred hym nat  
more than I do the sone hit shold be byffte And so they  
peaced hem selff Ryght so cam in a damessell and seyde  
Ryght be of good chere for ye ar fyue of yowre lydes &  
that I haue my lorde **P. Sarras** for so Then were they  
all glad for darly they wente to haue dyed Then sone aft  
thys **P. Erystrau** felt hys herte that he wente to haue dyed

Than f **Squadan** drepte and so ded f **Palourdes** vnder  
 them bothe makynge grete sorow So a damessell cam In to pen  
 and founde them moynynge Than she wente vnto f **Sarras**  
 and tolde hym how the myghty knyght that bare the blacke  
 shyld was lyely to dye That shall nat be seide f **Sarras**  
 for god despende Whan knyght com to me for succor p I shalde  
 suffer hem to dye With In my prison There fore seide f **Sar-**  
**ras** go secche me that f the knyght and hys felows a fore me  
 And whan f **Sarras** saide f **Cristian** I brought a fore hym  
 he seide f knyght me repentis of your felones for ye ar cal-  
 led a full noble knyght and so hit semyth by you And wyte  
 you well that hit shall neu be seide that I f **Sarras** shall  
 destroy such a noble knyght as ye ar in prison how be hit  
 that ye shal slayne in of my fynes Wherfore I was gretly  
 a greved But nowd shall you go and thy felows and take  
 your horse and your armo For they shal bene fayne &  
 elene kepte and ye shall go where hit lyeth you vpon this  
 doenamnte that ye knyght woll promise me to be good frende  
 to my fynes n that bene nowd on hye and also p ye telle me  
 thy name // Sw as for my name ye f **Cristian** de houes a  
 in forndomle was I borne and nebede I am vnto knyght **like**  
 And as for the dethe of your f fynes I myght nat do w all  
 for and they had bene the nexte kyn that I shal I myght hane  
 done none othir wyse And if I had slayne hem by treson op  
 trechery I had bene worthy to shal dyed // Altho I consider  
 seide f **Sarras** that all that ye ded was by fore of knyghtshode  
 and that was the cause I wolde nat put you to dethe But fith  
 ye be f **Cristian** the good knyght I pray you hartly to be my  
 good frende and my fynes Sw seide f **Cristian** I promise you by  
 the faythe of my lady en whyle I lyue I woll do you fynse for



ye have done to vs but as a naturrell knyght onst to do than  
for **Trystram** reposed hym there a while till that he was a  
mended of hys synnes And whan he was bryght and stronge  
they toke p lede and eny knyght toke p horses & harnys and  
so depte and rode to tynnes till they cam to a crosse way / Noth  
felows seide p **Trystram** here wolt we depte in hundr And  
by cause p **Synadon** had the firste aduenture of hym / wolt be

**S** as p **Synadon** rode by a well he founde a lady ma  
kyng grette dole // What aylath you seide p **Synadon**  
Sir knyght seide the lady I am the wofullst lady of the worlde  
for with in thys v. dayes here com a knyght called p **Breuse**  
**stanz pte** and he stelde myne owne brother and en hys  
he hath kepte me at hys owne wyll and of all men in the  
worlde I hate hym moste And there fore I requyre you of  
knyghthode to denger me for he wolt nat tarry but be  
here anone // lat hym com seide p **Synadon** And by cause  
of honoure of all women I wolt do my pte So with thys  
cam p **Breuse** and whan he sawe a knyght with his lady  
he was wode wrothe And than he seide kepe the p knyght  
from me And so they hurled to tynnes as the thundr and  
aythyr smote othyr passynge sore But p **Synadon** put  
hym thorow the shynlon a greuous wounde and or en p **Synadon**  
**ynadon** myght tene hym p **Breuse** was gone and flette  
than the lady prayde hym to bryngt her to a castell the  
be fide but ny myle And so p **Synadon** bryngt her there  
and she was well com for the lord of that castell was  
hys uncle And so p **Synadon** rode hys way vpon hys  
aduenture // Noth twynth thys tale into p **Trystram** that  
by aduenture he cam to a castell to aske lodgynge wher

In was quene **arogan le fay** And so when **f Crystian** was let In  
 to that castell he had good chere all that myght And so vpon the  
 morne when he wolde have deputed the quene seyde Wyte you  
 well ye shall nat depte lytly for ye ar here as a prysoneye //  
 I kn deffende me seyde **f Crystian** for I was but late a prysoneye  
 Now for ye knyght seyde the quene ye shall a byde w me tyll þ  
 I wyte what ye ar and frome when ye cam And en the quene  
 wolde sette **f Crystian** on her one syde and her vamo on hir op  
 syde And en more the quene wolde be holde **f Crystian** And  
 there at thys othir knyght was Icleone and was in wyll  
 suddynly to have romme vpon hynd with a swerde but he  
 for bare for shame Then the quene ne seyde vnto **f Crystian**  
 telle me your name and I shall suffer you to depte when  
 ye wyll vpon that do name madame I wolt telle you my  
 name ye **f Crystian** de liones a seyde quene **arogan le fay**  
 and I had wyll that you sholdist nat have deputed so sone as you  
 shalte But sithyn I have made a promyse I wolde holde hit w  
 that you wotte promyse me to beare vpon the a shyld I shall  
 delyn the for at the castell of the harte vache where kynge  
**Arthur** hath ayed a grete turnemente and there I pray you  
 that ye wolt be and to do as much of dedys of armys for me  
 as ye may do for at the castell of maydnes **f Crystian** ye  
 ded merdaylous dedys of armys as en I have knyght do  
 madame seyde **f Crystian** let me se the shyld **f** I shall  
 beare Then the shyld was brought forth and the shyld was  
 gounde with a kynge and a quene there In paynted and  
 a knyght stondynge a boven them with his one forte stan  
 dyng vpon the knyght hede and the othir vpon the quens  
 hede madame seyde **f Crystian** thys is a fayre shyld and  
 a myghty but what signyfeth thys kynge and his quene  
 and that knyght stondynge vpon bothe þ heds // I shall



telle you seide **Morgau** le fay hit **kyngs** **Arthure**  
 and que **Gweny** and a knyght that holdeth them bothe in hon-  
 dour and in seruaunce // madame who ys that knyght seide **f**  
**Trystram** // Sir that shall ye nat wyte as at thys tyme seide the  
 quene // But as the fyrste booke seide quene **Morgau** loved **f**  
**Lancelot** beste and en she desired hym and he wolde neu loe  
 her nor do no thyng at her rekyse and there fore she hyde  
 many knyght to gyde to haue takyn hym by strengthe And  
 by cause that she demed that **f** **Lancelot** loved quene **Gwe-**  
**ny** panno and soe hym a game There fore dame **Morgau**  
 ordayned that shylde to put **f** **Lancelot** to a rebuke to that  
 entente that knyght **Arthure** myght vnderstonde the love  
 be dwene them // So **f** **Trystram** toke that shylde and promysed  
 hyr to beare hit at the turnemente of the castell of garde-  
 roche // But **f** **Trystram** knew nat of that shylde that hit was  
 ordayned a penyte **f** **Lancelot** but afterwarde he knew hit  
 So **f** **Trystram** toke hys leue of the quene and toke the shylde w<sup>th</sup>  
 hym Then cam the knyght that shylde **Morgau le fay** whos  
 name was **f** **Henryson** and he made hym vedy to folow Sir  
**Trystram** // Now fayre knyght seide **Morgau** ryde ye nat after  
 that knyght for ye shall wyne no worschyp of hym // Ye  
 on hym Edward knyght seide **f** **Henryson** for I wyte neu  
 good knyght com oute of forndayle // But yf hit were Sir  
**Trystram de lyones** // Sir what and that be he // Nay nay he  
 seide he ys with la bealt // He and thys ys but a dysfusse  
 knyght alas my fayre frynde ye shall fynde hym the beste  
 knyght that en ye mette with all for I know hym better pan  
 ye do // madame for your sake seide **f** **Henryson** I shall sle  
 hym A fayre frynde seide the quene me repenteth that ye  
 wold folow that knyght for I feare me sore of yo a game

comynge And so with thys p<sup>r</sup> Emrys rode hys way and wythe  
 after p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** as faste as he had be chased with Emrys. So  
 when p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** hadde a Emrys com after hym so faste he re-  
 turned a honte and sode a Emrys comynge a garyste hys  
 And when he cam nyze to p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** he cryed on hys t<sup>r</sup> sende  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Emrys** here the for me than they ruffhed to ryde as  
 hit had bene thundur And p<sup>r</sup> **Remson** brused hys speare  
 upon p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** but hys harnes was so good p<sup>r</sup> he myght  
 nat smyte hym And p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** smote hym harder and bare  
 hym thow the body and felle on hys horse aonye than p<sup>r</sup>  
**Erystru** turned to have done more with hys swerde but he se  
 so much blade go frome hym that hym semed lytly to dre  
 And so he depte frome hym and cam to a fayne man to an  
 olde Emrys And there p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** laged. Nowe lede we on  
**Erystru** and speke we of the Emrys that was wounded to  
 the dethe than hys barlette alyt and toke of hys helme and  
 than he asked hys lord wher there were any lyff in hym.  
 There ys in me lyff sende the Emrys but hit ys but lytill  
 and there fore lye pon vs be hynde me when pon haste hel  
 pyn me vs and holde me faste that I falle nat and bringe  
 me to quene **Morgan** for the dege dradwyt of dethe dradwyt  
 to my harte that I may nat lyde for I wolde speke to her fayne  
 or I dyed for my soule wolt be in grete pelt and I dye for w<sup>t</sup>  
 grete payne hys barlet brought hym to the castell And p<sup>r</sup>  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Remson** felle delyne dede when **Morgan** le fay saw hym  
 de she made grete sorow onte of reson and than she latte  
 dyspoyle hym into hys smyte and so she late put hym in to  
 a tombe And a honte the tombe she late wryte he lyeth on  
**Remson** slayne by the hondis of p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru de lroues**. Nowe  
 turne we vnto p<sup>r</sup> **Erystru** that asked the Emrys hys osto if he



saw late my knyght adventures // Sir he seide here lodged p<sup>r</sup>laste  
 myght p<sup>r</sup> **Etter de mayes** and a damessell w<sup>th</sup> hym And p<sup>r</sup> damessell  
 tolde me that he was one of the beste knyght of the worlde that  
 ys nat so ferde p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** for I know my better knyght of his dawe  
 blod And the firste ys p<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot du lake** calle hym the beste  
 knyght And p<sup>r</sup> **Bois de gaires** p<sup>r</sup> **Isleobenis de gaires** and Sir  
**23 latmo de gaires** and also p<sup>r</sup> **Gaherys** may seide hys ofte p<sup>r</sup> **Gan**  
**ayne** ys the better knyght that ys nat so ferde p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** for I have  
 mette with hem bothe and I have sette p<sup>r</sup> **Gaherys** for the better  
 knyght And p<sup>r</sup> **Lamorak** I calle hym as good as any of them excepte  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** // Sir why name ye nat p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** sayde hys ofte for  
 I accompte hym as good a knyght as any of them I knowe nat  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** seide p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** thus they talked and domed as longe  
 as them thought beste and than wente to reste And on p<sup>r</sup> moche  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** depte and toke hys leue of hys ofte and rode thurche  
 the wastre dence And none adventure but that And so he rested  
 nat till he cam to the castell where he saw v. c. tent // So  
 the kynge of Scott And the kynge of Irelonde hyde a ganyste  
 kynge **Arthur** knyght and there be gan a grete medle  
 So there cam In p<sup>r</sup> **Trystram** and ded merdaylous dedis of ar  
 mys for he smote downe many knyghts And en he was be fore  
 kynge **Arthur** with that shyld And when kynge **Arthur**  
 saw that shyld he merdayled grete in what entent hit was  
 made But que **Guenev** demed as hit was where fore she was  
 fadye than was p<sup>r</sup> a damessell of queene **Morgan** in a chambir  
 by kynge **Arthur** and when she harde kynge **Arthur** speke  
 of that shyld than she spake openly unto kynge **Arthur** Sir  
 kynge wyte you well this shyld was ordayned for you to warn  
 you of your shame and dyshonour that longith to you and  
 your queene And than anone that damessell pyked her away  
 prydefully that no man wyte where she was be com than was

kynge **Arthur**

Kyng **Arthur** sad and wrotte and asked frome wyfens com that  
 damself And there was nat one that knew her nor wyf nat  
 where she was be com Than quene **Gwenivere** called to **f Luce**  
**de mays** and there she made hyr complaynte to hym and seyde  
 I wote well thys shyld was made by **Morgan le fay** my dyspote  
 of me and of **f Lancelot** where fore I drede me fore lest I shal  
 be destroyed And en the kyng be shyld **f Erystii** that ded so  
 merdaylong dedis of arms & he wondred sore what kyng  
 hit myght be and well he wyfte hit was nat **f Lancelot**  
 And also hit was tolde hym that **f Erystii** was in Bretayne  
 w<sup>t</sup> **Isode** le blancher mayns for he demed and he had bene in  
 the realme of logrys **f Lancelot** of som of hys felows & were  
 in the quest of **f Erystii** that they sholde have founde hym  
 or that tyme So kyng **Arthur** had merdayle what kyng  
 he myght be And en kyng **Arthur** he was on that shyld  
 And aft that assayed the quene and p<sup>r</sup> made hyr sore a ferde than  
 en **f Erystii** smote downe kyngs wondurly to be holde what  
 upon & ryght honde & upon the lyfte honde & smette no kyng  
 myght With stonde hym And the kyng of scott & p<sup>r</sup> kyng of  
 Irelande be gan to with drawe them / When kyng **Arthur** assayed  
 that he thought p<sup>r</sup> kyng w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> ude strange shyld sholde nat  
 astayn hym Than he called unto **f Wwayne** le blancher mayns  
 and bade hym arme hym & make hym redy So anone kyng **Ar-**  
**thur** & **f Wwayn** dressed hem be fore **f Erystii** & requyred hym  
 to telle where he hadde that shyld Sw he seyde I had hit of que-  
 ne **Morgan le fay** fust to kyng **Arthur** So here comyth of this  
 boke for hit ys the firste booke of **f Erystii de lyones** And p<sup>r</sup> secnde  
 boke be gynneth where **f Erystii** smote downe kyng **Arthur**  
 and **f Wwayne** by cause why he wolde nat telle hem where fore  
 that shyld was made but to sey the soth **f Erystii** conde nat  
 telle the cause for he knew hit nat



**A**d yf hit be so ye can dyscrybe what ye beare  
ye ar worthy to beare armys ad for p<sup>r</sup> seyde þ  
**Trystram** I wolt answere you. ad for t<sup>h</sup>is shylde  
was yeborn me not despyred of quene **Morgau le fay** and  
ad for I can nat dyscrybe t<sup>h</sup>is armys for hit is no poynce  
of my charge and yet I truste to god to beare hit w<sup>th</sup> worship  
Truly seyde kynge **Artur** ye oug<sup>ht</sup> nat to beare none  
armys but yf ye wiste what ye bare But I pray you  
telle me your name So what entente seyde þ **Trystram**  
for I wolde wete seyde kynge **Artur** Sw ye shall nat  
wete for me at t<sup>h</sup>is tyme When shall ye & I do batayle  
to gydn. Why seyde þ **Trystram** Wolt ye do batayle w<sup>th</sup>  
me but yf I telle you my name for sothe p<sup>r</sup> l<sup>o</sup>tyll nedyt<sup>h</sup>  
you & ye were a man off worship ye wolde nat hane a  
do w<sup>th</sup> me for ye hane sene me t<sup>h</sup>is day hane had grete  
trabawle and there fore ye ar no valyante knyght to  
asse batayle of me consyderynge my grete trabawle how  
be hit I wolt nat fayne you and hane ye no doute p<sup>r</sup> I feare  
nat you t<sup>h</sup>ough ye t<sup>h</sup>ynke ye hane me at a grete advan-  
tage yet shall I ryght w<sup>th</sup> endure you and there w<sup>th</sup> all  
kynge **Artur** dresid his shylde & his speare and Sw  
**Trystram** a yens<sup>t</sup> hym and t<sup>h</sup>ey come eynly to gydn  
and p<sup>r</sup> kynge **Artur** brake his speare all to pecio<sup>n</sup>  
þ **Trystrams** shylde But þ **Trystram** smote kynge **Artur**  
a gayne so sore p<sup>r</sup> horse & man felle to p<sup>r</sup> ent<sup>h</sup>. And p<sup>r</sup> was  
kynge **Artur** woundid on p<sup>r</sup> h<sup>o</sup>ste syde a grete wounde  
& a pelous When þ **Wayne** saw his lorde kynge **Artur**  
ly on p<sup>r</sup> ent<sup>h</sup> sore woundid he was passynge hely. And pan  
he dresid his shylde & his speare & cryed a lowde vnto þ  
**Trystram** and seyde knyght defende t<sup>h</sup>e So t<sup>h</sup>ey come to  
gydn ad faste ad p<sup>r</sup> horse myght ren and þ **Wayne** brused

And he spake all to peccis Wypon þe **Drystram** shylde And  
 þe **Drystram** smote hym harder & forew w<sup>t</sup> fuch a myght  
 þat he bare hym cleue oute of his sadyl to the entye. And  
 that þe **Drystram** turned his horse a bonte & sayde to them  
 fayre knyghts I had now no nede to fiste w<sup>t</sup> you for I have  
 had I nowze to do this day. Dugaw a rose up byng **Antyme**  
 and went to þe **Wayne** and than he seyde to þe **Drystram**  
 We have now as we have desyrd for this ourne owne  
 ogulte we demanded batayle of you and yet your name  
 we know nat fild the lesse by secrete Crosse seyde þe **Wayne**  
 he is a stronge knyght at myne advyse of ony w<sup>t</sup> byng  
 Dugaw þe **Drystram** depte and in eny place he asked after  
 þe **Lancelot** but in no place he coude fynde of hym wher he  
 were dede of on lyve wher fore þe **Drystram** made grette  
 dole & sorowe So þe **Drystram** rode by a foreyste & than  
 was he ware of a fayre toure by a maye on the toune syde  
 & on that of syde was a fayre medow & there he sawe .x.  
 knyghts fyghtyng to gydys And en þe nere he cam he saw  
 how þe was but one knyght ded batayle a perst a .x. knyghts  
 and that one knyght ded so unmaylously þe **Drystram** had  
 grette wounde that en one knyght myght do so grette dede  
 of armys. And than w<sup>t</sup> in a lytyle whyle he had slayne half  
 thene horsys & confortid them & þe horsys ran in to þe feldys  
 & forest Dugaw þe **Drystram** had so grette pite of þe one knyght  
 that endured so grette payne & en hym thonght q<sup>t</sup> sholde  
 be þe **Palmydes** by his shylde So he rode vnto the knyght  
 and cryed vnto them & bade them sease of þe batayle for they  
 ded them self grette shame so many knyghts to feght w<sup>t</sup> the  
 one. Dugaw answerde þe mayster of the knyghts his name  
 was called þe **Brimys** samze pite that was at þe tyme  
 the moste myghtyeste knyght byng & seyde than D<sup>r</sup>



buyght what have ye a do w<sup>t</sup> to medyll And there  
 fore & ye be wyse depte on yowre way ad ye can for  
 tquid buyght shall nat scape w<sup>t</sup> That were grete pyte  
 seyde **f Brystram** that so good a buyght ad he is sholde be  
 flayne so cowardly And there fore I make you ware I  
 woll succo hym w<sup>t</sup> all my puyssance. So **f Brystram**  
 a lyght of q<sup>uo</sup> horse by cause they were on foote that they  
 sholde nat fle the q<sup>uo</sup> horse And than **f Brystram** dresyd  
 q<sup>uo</sup> shylde w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>uo</sup> swerde in q<sup>uo</sup> honde and he smote on  
 the ryght honde and on p<sup>r</sup> lyfte honde passynge sore  
 that w<sup>t</sup> nre eny stroke he strate downe a buyghte  
 And w<sup>t</sup>an they a pyed q<sup>uo</sup> strokyd they fledde bothe for  
**Brimys samy pyte** and q<sup>uo</sup> felysthyr unto p<sup>r</sup> towre  
 & **f Brystram** folowed faste aft<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>uo</sup> swerde q<sup>uo</sup>  
 q<sup>uo</sup> honde but they ascaped in to the towre & s<sup>r</sup>ut. **f Brystram**  
 w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> gate And w<sup>t</sup>an **f Brystram**  
 sawe p<sup>r</sup> he returned a backe unto **f Palomydeo** & fonde  
 hym fytynge vnder a tre sore woundid. A fayre buyght  
 seyde **f Brystram** w<sup>t</sup> be ye fonde Brancy seyde **f**  
**Palomydeo** of yowre grete goodnesse for ye have res-  
 coued me of my lyff & sabyd me of my dethe. What is  
 y<sup>o</sup> name seyde **f Brystram** I my name is **f Palomy**  
**deo** & s<sup>r</sup>ut seyde **f Brystram** you haste a fayre grace  
 of me t<sup>r</sup>is day that I sholde rescowe p<sup>r</sup>. And p<sup>r</sup> art p<sup>r</sup> man  
 in p<sup>r</sup> worlde that I moste hate but now make p<sup>r</sup> redy for  
 I shall do batayle w<sup>t</sup> the what is y<sup>o</sup> name seyde **f Palo**  
**mydeo** my name is **f Brystram** y<sup>o</sup> mortall enemy  
 q<sup>uo</sup> may be so seyde **f Palomydeo** But ye have done  
 on unice for me t<sup>r</sup>is day & I sholde fyght w<sup>t</sup> you for  
 in ad unice ad ye have sabyd my lyff q<sup>uo</sup> woll be no  
 worschyp for you to have a do w<sup>t</sup> me for ye an freyshe

f Brystram  
 rescoued f pa  
 lomydeo from  
 f Brimys samy  
 pyte & from  
 w<sup>t</sup> buyghte

and I am forewoundid and þ̄ fore and ye woll nedys  
 haue a doct̄ me. assygue me a day & t̄q̄an shall I mete  
 w̄t you w̄t onto fayle. ye say well seyde þ̄ **Grystramy**  
 now I assygue you to mete me in t̄qe medow by t̄qe  
 nyber of **Camelot** where cherlyon sette þ̄ **Perdona**  
 So t̄qey were agreed. D̄q̄an s̄r **Grystram** asked þ̄ **Pa**  
**lomydes** why þ̄. v. burggt̄ ded batayle w̄ q̄ym. for  
 t̄qis cause seyde þ̄ **Palomydes** as I rode appon myne  
 adventured in a foreyste here be fyde I aspyed where  
 lay a dede burggt̄ & a lady wepyng be syde of q̄ym and  
 w̄q̄an I sawe her maynge fūche doole I asked her who  
 flew her lorde. D̄r she seyde þ̄ falsyste burggt̄ of þ̄ worl  
 de and moste q̄e is of vylany and q̄is name is þ̄ **Brew**  
**nes samme pite** D̄q̄an for pite I made þ̄ damessell to lepe  
 on her palfrey & I pmyssed her to be her waraunte & to  
 helpe to entyre her lorde and suddely as I cam rydyng  
 by t̄qis towne þ̄ come oute þ̄ **Brewnes samme pite** and  
 suddely q̄e strake me fro my horse & on en I myghte  
 recover my horse t̄qis þ̄ **Brewnes** flew þ̄ damessell. And  
 so I toke my horse a gayne & I was fore a shamyd and so  
 be gan t̄qis medle be twypte w̄d and t̄qis is t̄qe cause  
 where fore we ded t̄qis batayle. well seyde þ̄ **Grystram**  
 now I vnderstonde t̄qe man of ȳ batayle but in oyr  
 wyse þ̄ ye haue remembrance of ȳ pmyse þ̄ ye haue  
 made w̄t me to do batayle t̄qis day fourtenyngt̄. I shall  
 nat fayle you sayde þ̄ **Palomydes** well seyde þ̄ **Grystram**  
 as at t̄qis tyme I woll nat fayle you t̄lle t̄qat  
 ye be oute of ȳ damage of ȳ enemyes. So t̄qey amowntid  
 appon þ̄ horsys & rode to gydyng w̄nto þ̄ foreyste and þ̄  
 t̄qey founde a fayre well w̄t clere watir b̄mbelynge  
 fayre þ̄ seyde s̄r **Grystramy** to drynke of t̄qat wat̄



¶ I came grete currage And than they a byght of þe horsys  
And than were they ware be syde them where stode  
a grete horse tred tyll a tre & en he naped Than they  
assped farþmore & than were they ware of a fayre  
byrght armed vnder a tre lachynge no pece of harmes  
save his helme lay vnder his hede. By the good lorde  
seyde þe **Frystram** yonder lyeth a well faynge byrght  
what is beste to do seyde þe **Frystram** a wabe his seyde  
þe **Palomydes** Do þe **Frystram** a wabyd his wryt þe  
butte of his speare And so the byrght arose up hastily &  
put his speare vpon his hede & mounted vpon his  
horse & gate a grete speare in his honde & wt wt oute  
ony mo wordis he quiled vnto þe **Frystram** and smote  
his clene from his saddle to the erthe & hurte him on  
the lyfte syde Than þe **Frystram** lay styll in grete pain  
Than he waloppyd furþ and sette his course & come hur  
lyng vpon þe **Palomydes** and þe he strake him a pte  
thorow the body that he felle from his horse to þe erthe  
And than this strange byrght leste them there & toke  
his way thorow the foreyste. Do wryt this þe **Frystram**  
and þe **Palomydes** were on foote & gate þe horsys a gayne  
and aytyn asked counceyle of op what was beste to done  
Be my hede seyde þe **Frystram** I wolt folow this strange  
byrght that this gatt shamed vs. Well seyde þe **Palomydes**  
We and I wolt repose me here wth a frende of myne  
Be ware seyde þe **Frystram** to sir **Palomydes** loke þe  
ye fayle nat þe day that ye came sette wt me for ad I  
deme ye wolt nat holde yo day for I am nuncþe bygger  
than ye ar do for that seyde þe **Palomydes** be ad be may  
for I feare you nat for I be nat fybe nor psoner I wolt  
nat fayle you but I have more doute off you þe ye wolt

nat mete w<sup>t</sup> me for ye wolt ryde aftir yowre stronge knyght  
 and yf ye mete w<sup>t</sup> hym q<sup>u</sup>i is in adventure & en ye scape  
 q<sup>u</sup>i q<sup>u</sup>ond<sup>r</sup> So f<sup>r</sup> **Drystram** and f<sup>r</sup> **Yalomydes** deptyd and  
 app tobe p<sup>r</sup> wayes dyverse And so f<sup>r</sup> **Drystram** rode longe  
 aftir t<sup>r</sup>is stronge knyght And at p<sup>r</sup> laste he fye anghere lay a  
 lady on t<sup>r</sup>waite a dede knyght fayre lady seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Drystramys**  
 who hath slayne y<sup>r</sup> lorde Dr. she seyde here came a knyght ry-  
 dyng ad<sup>r</sup> my lorde & I rested w<sup>t</sup> here and aff<sup>r</sup>id hym of my lorde  
 he was And my lorde seyde off knyght **Arthurs** counte. Thene  
 fore seyde p<sup>r</sup> stronge knyght I wolt juste w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup>is for I hate  
 all t<sup>r</sup>is t<sup>r</sup>at he of **Arthurs** counte And my lorde p<sup>r</sup> h<sup>r</sup>at<sup>r</sup> here  
 dede a mownted upon q<sup>u</sup>i horse & p<sup>r</sup> stronge knyght and my  
 lorde recomtyrd to god<sup>r</sup> & t<sup>r</sup>ere he smote my lorde th<sup>r</sup>ow  
 onte w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>u</sup>i speare And t<sup>r</sup>is he hath brought in g<sup>r</sup>ete woo  
 and damage Th<sup>r</sup>at me repentys seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Drystram** of yowre  
 g<sup>r</sup>ete hevynesse But please q<sup>u</sup>i yon to tell me y<sup>r</sup> husbondys  
 name Dr. q<sup>u</sup>i name was f<sup>r</sup> **Galardonne** t<sup>r</sup>at wolde hane  
 prebyd a good knyght So deptyd Dr. **Drystram** frome p<sup>r</sup>  
 dolorous lady and had unncse w<sup>t</sup> lodgyng Th<sup>r</sup>an on t<sup>r</sup>e  
 t<sup>r</sup>inde day f<sup>r</sup> **Drystram** mette w<sup>t</sup> f<sup>r</sup> **Gawayne** and f<sup>r</sup> **Bleo-  
berys** in a foreyste at a lodge and app were sore wounded  
 Th<sup>r</sup>an f<sup>r</sup> **Drystram** aff<sup>r</sup>id f<sup>r</sup> **Gawayne** and f<sup>r</sup> **Bleoberys** yf  
 t<sup>r</sup>ey mette w<sup>t</sup> f<sup>r</sup> a knyght w<sup>t</sup> f<sup>r</sup> a conyssaunce w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup>is a  
 conde shylde fayre knyght seyde t<sup>r</sup>ese wounded knyghts f<sup>r</sup>  
 a knyght mette w<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> to onre damage And fyrste he smote  
 downe my felowe f<sup>r</sup> **Bleoberys** and sore woundid hym by  
 cause he bade me I sholde nat hane a dow<sup>r</sup> hym for w<sup>t</sup> y  
 he was on stronge for me p<sup>r</sup> stronge knyght tobe q<sup>u</sup>i woundid  
 at scorne and seyde he seyde q<sup>u</sup>i for mockery And t<sup>r</sup>an t<sup>r</sup>ey  
 rode to gedys and so he hurte my felowe And w<sup>t</sup>an he had  
 done so I knyght nat for shame but I muste juste w<sup>t</sup> t<sup>r</sup>is



And at þe fyrste comse he smote me downe and my horse to  
the erthe and þe he had all moste slayne me and frome vo  
he toke his horse and deþted and in an evyll tyme we mette  
w<sup>th</sup> hym slayne þynge seide þe **Trystram** so he mette wyll  
me þe w<sup>th</sup> anoy þynge þe **Palomides** and he smote vo botte  
downe w<sup>th</sup> one speare þe quyte vo ryght fore Be my faythe  
seyde þe **Gawayne** be my comceple ye shall lette hym passe  
and seke hym no farther for at þe nexte feste of the rounde  
table vpon payne of myne hede ye shall fynde hym there  
Be my faythe seyde þe **Trystram** I shall newe reste tyll þe  
I fynde hym and than Syr **Gawayne** asseyd his name  
and so artoyn deþted and so for **Trystram** rode his way þe  
by fortune in a medowe he mette w<sup>th</sup> þe **Kay** the kynescaller  
and w<sup>th</sup> þe **Dynadan** what tydyngs seide þe **Trystram** w<sup>th</sup>  
yon þynge þe lat good seide these þynge w<sup>th</sup> so seide  
þe **Trystram** I pray you tell me for I ryde to seke a þynge  
what comysseance bevyt he seide þe **Kay** he bevyt seide þe  
**Trystram** a stynde comde close be my hede seide þe **Kay** þe  
w<sup>th</sup> the same þynge þe mette w<sup>th</sup> vo for the nyght we were  
lodged here by in a wyndow house þe þe w<sup>th</sup> þe þynge lod  
ged and w<sup>th</sup> he wiste we were of kynge **Artours**  
courte he spake grete vylony by þe kynge and specially  
by the quene **Gwenyn** and than on the morne was wa  
ged batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym for þe cause and at þe fyrste recomen  
he smote me downe seide þe **Kay** fro myne horse þe quyte  
me passyngly fore and w<sup>th</sup> myn felowe þe **Dynadan** saw  
me smytten downe and quyte fore yet he wolde nat reven  
ge me but fledde fro me and than w<sup>th</sup> he deþted from vo  
And than þe **Trystram** asseyd what was þe namys þe so app  
tolde of þe namys And so þe **Trystram** deþted from þe **Kay**  
and frome þe **Dynadan** and so he paste thorow a grete

foreyste in to a playne tyll he was ware of a pryory  
 & þe repossed hym w<sup>th</sup> a good man vi. dayes And than  
 he sente his knyght Gonnayle & comanded hym to go to  
 a cite þy by to fecche hym newe harneysse for hit was  
 longe tyme a fore þe **Trystram** had bene represssed for  
 his harneysse was brused and brokyn sore And w<sup>th</sup>an Gonnayle  
 was com w<sup>th</sup> his apparayle he toke his leve at þe wydow and  
 mounted vpon his horse & rode his way erly on þe morn  
 And by fuddayne adventure he mette w<sup>th</sup> þe **Sagranio le desyng**  
 and wyth þe **Dodynad le saveage** And t<sup>he</sup> iij. knyghts mette  
 w<sup>th</sup> þe **Trystram** and questyonde w<sup>th</sup> hym & askeþ hym yf he wolde  
 fiste wyth þe fawne knyghts sayde þe **Trystram** w<sup>th</sup> good  
 wyll I wolde fiste w<sup>th</sup> you but I have promysed a day I sette nere  
 honde to do batayle wyth a stronge knyght & þe fore and I  
 lotte to have a do w<sup>th</sup> you for it hit myffortuned me to be  
 quyte here I sholde nat be able to do my batayle whiche  
 I promysed do for þe sayde þe **Sagranio** magre þe hede yessal.  
 Juste w<sup>th</sup> us or ye passe frome us well seyde þe **Trystram**  
 yf ye force me þe to I muste do what I may & than they dres-  
 sed þe sheldis & cam rennyng to hym w<sup>th</sup> grete fre But  
 t<sup>he</sup> forw þe **Trystram** grete force he strake þe **Sagranio**  
 frome his horse & than he hurled his horse furt<sup>er</sup> & seyde  
 to þe **Dodynad** knyght make þe redy And so t<sup>he</sup> forw fyne  
 forse þe **Trystram** strake downe þe **Dodynad** frome  
 his horse And w<sup>th</sup>an he sawe hem ly on þe erthe he toke  
 his byddyll & rode furt<sup>er</sup> on his way & his man Gonnayle  
 w<sup>th</sup> hym And a none ad þe **Trystram** was paste þe **Sagranio**  
 and þe **Dodynad** gate þe horsys & mounted up lyghtly and  
 folowed after þe **Trystram** And w<sup>th</sup>an þe **Trystram** sawe  
 t<sup>he</sup> com so faste after hym he returned his horse to t<sup>he</sup> com  
 & askeþ t<sup>he</sup> com what they wolde me t<sup>he</sup>ynbyte hit w<sup>th</sup> nat longe



a go fytte and I smote you downe to the cutte at yo<sup>r</sup> owne  
a go fytte and I smote you downe desyre and I wolde have  
ryddyn by you if ye wolde have suffryd me but now me  
semyt ye wolde do more batayle w<sup>th</sup> me That is trowthe  
seyde þ **Sagranio** and sir **Dodynas** for we woll be re-  
vengyd of y<sup>r</sup> dyspyte y<sup>e</sup> ye have done to us. fayre knyght  
seyde þ **Dystram** that shall lytyle nede you for all that  
I ded to you ye caused hit w<sup>th</sup>ere fore I requyre you of yo<sup>r</sup>  
knyghthode love me as at this tyme for I am sure and  
I do batayle w<sup>th</sup> you I shall nat a scape w<sup>th</sup>oute grete hurt  
and as I suppose ye shall nat a scape all lotles and this  
is y<sup>e</sup> cause why that I am so loth to have a do w<sup>th</sup> you  
for I muste fyght w<sup>th</sup> in this. ny. dayes w<sup>th</sup> a good knyght  
and a valyante as owy now is lpyng and yf I be  
hurte I shall nat be able to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym. what  
knyght is y<sup>e</sup> seyde þ **Sagranoure** that ye shall fyght  
w<sup>th</sup> all. Sw. hit is a good knyght callid þ **Palomydes**  
Be my qede seyde þ **Sagranio** and sir **Dodynas** ye  
have a cause to drede hym for ye shall fynde hym a  
passynge good knyght and a valyante And by cause  
ye shall have a do w<sup>th</sup> hym we woll for beare you  
as at this tyme and ellys ye sholde nat a scape w<sup>th</sup>  
lyghtly. But fayre knyght sayde sir **Sagranoure**  
telle us yo<sup>r</sup> name. Byrry my name is þ **Dystram**  
a seyde þ **Sagranoure** and þ **Dodynas** well be  
ye founde for mynne worschyp have we hende of  
you and than aytur to be love of o<sup>r</sup> a deptyd on there  
way And þ **Dystram** rode strypte to **Camelot** to y<sup>e</sup>  
peronne that cheryon had made to fore w<sup>th</sup>ere  
þ **Lamceor** y<sup>e</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> knyght son of Irelonde that was  
slayne by the hond y<sup>e</sup> of þ **Balyu** and in y<sup>e</sup> same

place was þe fayre lady **Columbe** slayne þat was love  
 into þe **Lauuceor** for after he was dede she toke hyr  
 fownde & trefte hit tþonow her body and so by þe crafte  
 of **cherlyon** he made to entyre tþis knyght **Lauuceor**  
 and his lady **Columbe** vnder one stone and at þe tyme  
**cherlyon** pfectid tþat in þe same place sholde fyght in  
 tþe beste knyghts tþat en were in kynge **Artur**'s  
 dayes and in of þe beste lovers. So when þe **Trystram**  
 come to tþe towne of stone he lokid a bonte hym after sir  
**Dalomydes**. When was he ware where come a semely  
 knyght rydunge a yens hym all in knyght and þe conde  
 sayde. When he cam nyge þe **Trystram** he seyde on knyght  
 ye be well com sir knyght and well & trewly hane ye holdyn  
 þe pmyse and than tþey dressid þe sayldis & sparyd & cam  
 to gedys. W all her myghts of þe horsys & tþey mette so fer  
 sely tþat botþe þe horsys & knyghts felle to tþe erthe and ad  
 faste ad tþey myght a voyde tþere horsys and put þe sayldis  
 afore tþem & tþey strake to gedys wþer knyght fowndys  
 ad men þe were off myght & aytur woundid oþur wondurly  
 sore þe bloode ran oute vpon þe grasse & tþus tþey fought  
 tþe space of my owred þe neu one wolde speke to oþ and of  
 þe garmys tþey had heyn of many pecus & loude tþu seyde  
**Gormayle** I merbayle gretely of tþe grette storkis my  
 mayster hatþ yebyn to your mayster. Be my dede seyde  
 þe **Lancelot** seruaunte your mayster hatþ not yebyn  
 hym so many but þe mayster hatþ resseybede so many or  
 more & tþu seyde **Gormayle** hit is to mucþe for þe **Dal-**  
**mydes** to suffir of þe **Lancelot** and yet pte hit were  
 tþat aytur of tþese good men knyghts sholde dystroy oþur  
 bloode. So tþey stode and wepte botþe and made grette dole  
 when tþey sawe þe fowndys on conde wþ bloode of tþere



bodyed Bqan at the laste **f** **launcelot** spake and seyde  
 bryggti þ' fyggtyst woude well ad eu / I sawe bryggti  
 to here fore and hit please you tell me þo name þ' seyde  
**f** **Brystram** that is me lot to telle any man my na-  
 me truly seyde **f** **launcelot** and I were requyred  
 I was new lot to tell my name / ye say well seyde for  
**Brystram** than I requyre you to tell me þo name  
 sayre bryggti my name is **f** **launcelot** **du lake** alas  
 seyde **f** **Brystram** what have I done for ye ar the  
 man in the worlde that I love beste now sayre bryggti  
 seyde **f** **launcelot** telle me þo name truly **f** I fyggti  
**f** **Brystram** de lyoned' I þu seyde **f** **launcelot** what  
 aventure is be fall me & there wyth **f** **launcelot**  
 fueled a downe and yeldid hym vp his swerde. And  
 þat all **f** **Brystram** fueled a downe & yeldid hym vp  
 his swerde and so artur gaff op þ' greue and than they  
 bothe forth w' all they went to the stone and set hem  
 downe vpon hit and toke of þ' helmyd to seele them  
 and artur byste op an C. tymes and than a none after  
 they toke þ' horsis and rode to Camelot & there they  
 mette w' **f** **Gawayne** and w' **f** **Gaherys** that had  
 made pmyse to brynge **Artur** new to com a gayne  
 to the comte tyll they had brought **f** **Brystram** w'  
 hem // Returne not a gayne sayde **f** **launcelot** for  
 youre queste is done for I have mette w' fr. **Brys-**  
**tram** lo here is his owne pson than was **f** **Gawayne**  
 glad & seyde to **f** **Brystram** ye ar well com for now  
 have ye easid me gretly off my grette labour // for  
 what cause seyde **f** **Gawayne** com ye in to this con-  
 trey // sayre **f** sayde fr. **Brystram** I come in to þis  
 contrey be cause of **f** **Walo mydeo** for he & I assigned

knowyn that I was of yowre counte I seyde no worschip  
be yowre house That is trouthe seyde **¶ Galwayne** Syr  
**Kay** and sir **Bleoberys** That kynge **Artoure** toke  
Syr **Trystram** by the hande it wente to the table rounde  
That come quene **Gwenyvere** and many ladyes w<sup>th</sup> her it  
all the ladyes seyde at one voyce well com **¶ Trystram**  
well com seyde damyseld well com seyde kynge **Artoure**  
for one of y<sup>e</sup> beste knyghts and y<sup>e</sup> sentyllist of y<sup>e</sup> wolde  
and y<sup>e</sup> man of moste worschip for all man of knyngte  
y<sup>e</sup> beryste y<sup>e</sup> pryce and of all mesured of blowyng y<sup>e</sup>  
arte y<sup>e</sup> be gynyng of all the termys of knyngte and  
hawkyng and ye ar the be gynnur of all instrument  
of musyk ye ar the beste Thatere fore Iantyll knyghte  
seyde kynge **Artoure** ye ar well com to this counte  
And also I pray yow seyde kynge **Artoure** graunte me a  
done Sir hit shall be at yowre comandement seyde sir  
**Trystram** well seyde kynge **Artoure** I wyll desyre that  
ye shall a byde in my counte Sir seyde **¶ Trystram** there  
to me is lotte for I have to do in many contreys For so  
seyde kynge **Artoure** ye have promysed me ye may not  
say nay Sir seyde sir **Trystram** I wolle ad ye wolle That  
wente kynge **Artoure** unto the seged a bonte y<sup>e</sup> nomide  
table it lobed on eny syege wyche were wyde y<sup>e</sup> lacked  
knyghts And than the kynge sye in the syege of **¶ Marqalte**  
lettyr y<sup>e</sup> seyde this is the syege of y<sup>e</sup> noble knyght **¶ Trystram**  
**Trystram** And than kynge **Artoure** made **¶ Trystram**  
a knyght of the nomide table wyth grete nobelty and a  
feste ad myght be tought for **¶ Marqalte** was slayne a  
fore by the handis of **¶ Trystram** in an floude and that  
was well knowyn at that tyme in y<sup>e</sup> counte of kynge **Ar-**  
**ture** for this **¶ Marqalte** was a worthy knyght it for



byll dedid that he ded to the contreye of Cornwallle for  
**Grystram** and he fought so longe tyll they felle bledynge  
 to the erthe for they were so sore wounded that they myght  
 nat stonde for bledynge and **Grystram** by fortune recou  
 de and **Marharte** dyed thow the stroke he had in the hede  
 So love we **Grystram** and turne we vnto kynge **Marke**

**W**hen kynge **Marke** had grete dyspyte at **Grystram**  
 And when he chased hym oute of Cornwallle yette  
 was he never vnto kynge **Marke** but he had grete suspect  
 on vnto **Grystram** by cause of his quene **Isode** for  
 hym semed that he was muche love betwene them twayne  
 So when **Grystram** was deptyd oute of Cornwallle in to  
 Ingelonde kynge **Marke** harde of the grete pved of **Grystram**  
 ded he wryt to his wyf he greved So he sente on his party  
 men to aspye what dedid he ded at the quene sente pryvally  
 on his pty spied to know what dedid he had done for full gre  
 love was there betwene them So when his messyngers we  
 re com home they tolde he tronted as they hende and how he  
 passed all of knyghts but yf hit were **Lancelot** pan kynge  
**Marke** was ryght dery of the tydynge and as glad was **Isode**  
**Isode** So when grete dyspyte kynge **Marke** had at hym  
 And so he toke wryt hym .ij. knyghts and .ij. knyghts and  
 dyspyed hym self and toke his way in to Ingelonde to p  
 entente to sle **Grystram** and one of the knyghts dyght  
**Bersiles** and the othre knyght was callid **Amante** So  
 as they rode kynge **Marke** asked a knyght that he mette  
 where he myght fynde kynge **Artoure** he seyde at  
 Camelot also he asked that knyght after **Grystram**  
 where he was of hym in the conyte of kynge **Artoure** mete  
 you well seyde that knyght ye shall fynde **Grystram**

there for a man of worship moste þat is now byrynge  
 for thow he proved he wan the turnement at the  
 castell of maydyn þat stondyth by the rocke dore And  
 fytten he fytte womme wyth his hondys xxx. knyghts  
 that were men of grette honoure And þat laste batayle that  
 en he ded he fought w<sup>th</sup> þe **Lancelot** And þat was a mer-  
 lous batayle And by love and not by force þe **Lancelot**  
 brought þe **Trystram** to the court And of hym kynge  
**Artur** made passynge grette joy þat so made hym knyght  
 of the table rounde and his seate was in the same place  
 where þe **Charlyte** the good knyghts seate was þan  
 was kynge **Charlyte** passynge sorry when he herde of the  
 hono<sup>r</sup> of þe **Trystram** And so they deputed þan seyde kynge  
**Charlyte** vnto his knyght now I wolt tell you my counsel  
 for ye ar the men that I moste truste on lyve And I wolt  
 that ye wete my comynge hyder is to this entente for to  
 destroy þe **Trystram** by some wyld or by treson And q<sup>u</sup>th<sup>er</sup> shal  
 be garde þat en he ascape our hono<sup>r</sup> Alas seyde þe **Ber-  
 leu** my lord what meane you for and ye be sette in such  
 a way ye ar disposed shamefully for þe **Trystram** is þe knyght  
 of worship moste that we knowe byrynge þat þe fore I war-  
 ne you playnly I wolt <sup>not</sup> consente to the det<sup>r</sup> of hym and þe  
 fore I wolt yelde hym my knyght and for sake you. When  
 kynge **Charlyte** herde hym say so suddynly he drewe his  
 swerde and seyde a traytoure and smote þe **Berleu** on  
 the hede þat the swerde wente to his teth<sup>e</sup> when þe **Amant**  
 his felow sawe hym do þat vylance dede þat his knyght alle  
 seyde to the kynge q<sup>u</sup>th<sup>er</sup> was foule done þat myschevously wher  
 fore we wolt do you no more knyght And wete you well we  
 wolt appele you of treson a fore kynge **Artur** þan  
 was kynge **Charlyte** wondrly wrothe and wolde have

**Amant**



**Amante** but he and the ij. knyghtes hylde them to gydnes and  
 sette none of by his malice So when kynge **charles** sawe he  
 myght nat be revenged on them he seyde thus unto þe knyght  
**Amante** wyte þe well þe appoynte me of tresson I shall þe of  
 defende me afore kynge **Artur** but I requyre the þe þe  
 telle nat my name that I am kynge **charles** what som evyl  
 com of me do for that seyde þe **Amante** I wolt nat discovr þe  
 name it so thep deyped and þe **Amante** and his fellowes toke the  
 body of þe **Bersylees** it buryed hit Then kynge **charles** rode tyl  
 he com to fontayne and there he rested hym by þe fontayne  
 and stode in a dwere wher he myght ryde to kynge **Artur**  
 court of none or to retre a gayne to his contrey And as he  
 thus restyd hym by þe fontayne þe cam by hym a knyght well  
 armed on horsebacke it he a knyght it tyed his horse it sette hym  
 downe by the bryke of the fontayne it þe he made grete lan-  
 goure it dole and so he made þe dolefullst complaynte of love  
 that en man herde And all this was while was he nat ware  
 of kynge **charles** And thus was a grete complaynte he cryed  
 and wepte and sayde O þe fayre queene of Orleneys kynge  
**lotty** wyff it modur unto þe **Gawayne** and to þe **Gaherys** and  
 modur to many of for thy love I am in grete paynyes Then  
 kynge **charles** a rose and wente nere hym it seyde fayre  
 knyght ye have made a piteous complaynte Truly seyde the  
 knyght hit is an. C. yere more unfullyer than myne herte  
 can vnto I requyre you seyde kynge **charles** telle me your  
 name Sir as for my name I wyl not hyde hit from no knyght  
 that beryth a sylde Sir my name is þe **Lamerocke de galy**  
 But when þe **Lamerocke** herde kynge **charles** speke þe wyte  
 he well by his speche þe he was a Cornyshe knyght Sir knyght  
 seyde þe **Lamerocke** I understonde by þe tynge that ye be of Cor-  
 newayle where in þe dwellyth the shamfullst knyght of a

Bynge that is now lpyng for he is a grette enemy to all  
good bynggys & pnytyng well for he hatyng chased oute of  
that contrey þ **Trystram** that is the worstyppfull byt byngg  
that now is lpyng & all bynggys speytyng of hym worsypp  
and for the selesonnes of his quene he hatyng chased hym  
oute of his contrey hit is pite seyde þ **lamierobe** that ony  
fucte false bynge cowarde ad bynge **charle** is shulde be  
macthed w fucte a fayre lady & a good ad **labeal** **Isode**  
is for all þ wolde of hym speytyng shame and of her  
grette worsypp ad ony quene may hane. I hane nat a do  
in this mater seyde bynge **charle** But þ can you tell me  
ony tpyng is? I can nat telle you seyde **Sir lamierobe** þ  
shall be a grette turnemente in qaste by hyde Camelot at  
the castell of **Jageint** and þ bynge wytyng þ **C. byngg** yd  
and the bynge of Irelande ad I suppose maytyng that tur  
nemente **Isode** cam þ a byngg that was callid þ **Dynadan**  
and followed them bothe and wgan he wyte þ bynge **charle**  
was a byngg of Corpbayle he reprobbed hym for þ love  
of bynge **charle** a. m. folde more than ded þ **lamierobe** and  
so he pnyde to juste w bynge **charle** and he was full bothe  
there to But þ **Dynadan** egged hym so þ he justed wytyng  
þ **lamierobe** and **Sir lamierobe** smote bynge **charle** so  
sore þ he bare hym on his speare ende on his horse tayle  
and than bynge **charle** arose & gate his horse a gayne  
and folowed after **Sir lamierobe** But **Sir Dynadan** wolde  
nat juste w þ **lamierobe** But he tolde hym bynge **charle**  
that þ **lamierobe** was þ **kyng** the seneschall that is nat se  
seyde bynge **charle** for he is muche bygger than þ **bay**  
and so he folowed it on toke hym and bade hym a byde what  
wolt ye do seyde þ **lamierobe** þ he seyde I wolt fyngg wytyng  
a fownde for ye hane shamed me w a speare And there



wylt they daysshed to gydyr wylt swer die And þ **lamerok**  
 suffyrde hym & for bare hym & bynge **harke** was passyng  
 besy a smote tyeke stroler. Ðan þ **lamerok** saw he wolde  
 nat stynte he wolde waxes som what wrotte and doubled  
 his stroler for he was of the nobelyste of þ worlde & he  
 beete hym so on þ helme þat he dede nyze on þ sadyll  
 bowe. Wðan þ **lamerok** saw hym fare so he sayde bygt  
 what chere me semyt þe hane nyze poure fylle fytunge  
 hit were pyte to do you ony more harme for þe ar but a  
 meane bygt þ fore I gyft you leue to go where yelyst  
 Granicy seyde bynge **harke** for þe & I be no maccio  
 Ðan þ **Dynadan** mocked bynge **harke** and seyde þe  
 ar nat able to maccio a good bygt ad for þ seyde bynge  
**harke** at þ fyrste tyme þ lusted wteio bygt þe refused  
 hym. Ðygn þe þ a stame seyde þ **Dynadan** flay sir hit  
 is en worschyp to a bygt to refuse þ tinge þ he may  
 nat attayne. Ðhere fore þ worschyp hit bene maccio  
 more to hane refused hym ad I ded for I warne you playnly  
 he is able to beate fuche. v. ad þe ar and I be for þe bygtio  
 of Cornuayle ar no men of worschyp ad of bygt ar and  
 by cause þe ar nat of worschyp þe hate all men of worschyp  
 for neu in þ contrey was bredde fuche a bygt ad. Ðu  
**Trystram** Ðan they rode firt all to gydyr bynge **harke**  
 Ðu **lamerok** and sir **Dynadan** tyll tqt they com to a  
 Brygge and at the ende tere of stood a fayre toure Ðan  
 saw they a bygt on horsbacke well armed brammidisseunge  
 a speare cpyunge & ppyrde hym self to luste þow seyde sir  
**Dynadan** vnto bynge **harke** yondir ar too brepne tqt one  
 bygt dlyne and tqt of bygt **Dynan** tqt wolt luste w  
 ony þ passyt tqt passayge þow ppyr yonne self seyde sir  
**Dynadan** vnto bynge **harke** for en þe be leyde to þ erthe

Then kynge **marke** was a shamed and þe w<sup>t</sup> he feantyrde hys  
speare & queteled to þe **Tryan** and alyke hābe þe spearyd all  
to pecid & passed thorow a none Then þe **Tryan** smote kynge  
**marke** an oþ speare to fuste more but in no wyse he wolde  
nat fuste no more Then they com to the castell all thre  
knyghts & prayde þe lorde of that castell of derborow þe  
ar ryght well com seyde þe knyghts of þe castell for þe love  
of þe lorde of that towne þe wyse knyghts þe **Forre le fye**  
**Arped** and then they com in to a fayre comte well repay  
red & so they had passynge good chere tyll þe lyeff tenaunte  
of þe castell þe knyght **Berluse** assped kynge **marke** of  
Cornubayle Then seyde sir **Berluse** þe knyght I know  
yon well bett than ye were for ye ar kynge **marke** þe  
slew my fadir a fore myne owne yzen & me had ye slayn  
had I not ascapyd in to a woode But wyte yon well for  
þe love of my lorde þe **Forre** wyse is lorde of that castel  
I woll nat at that tyme nor quete nor harme yon not for  
none of yo felyskip But wyte yon well when ye ar paste  
that loggynge I shall quete yon and I may for ye slew my  
traytounly & cowardly But fyrste for my lorde þe **Forre**  
& for the love love of þe **Lameroke** the honorable knyght that  
here is lodgid ye sholde hane wyll lodgynge for hit pyte  
þe en ye sholde be in the company of good knyghts for ye  
ar þe moste vylance knyght of a kynge þe is now lydynge  
for ye ar a dystroyer of good knyghts & all þe ye do is but by  
treson Then was kynge **marke** fore a shamed & seyde but  
lytill a gayne But when þe **Lameroke** and sir **Dynadan**  
wyte þe he was kynge **marke** they were sory of yonre  
felyskip So after supper they went to lodgynge So on the  
morne they arose and kynge **marke** and þe **Dynadan** rode  
to gedyrd it in myle of þe mette w<sup>t</sup> hem in knyghts and þe



**Berluse** rode to gydynd. Was one it op. y. of hys cosyn  
 wgan þ **Berluse** saw bynge **charle** he cryed on hygge  
 traytoure bepe þ from me for wete þ well that I am fir  
**Berluse** þ byggst seyde þ **Dynadan** I counceyle you ad at  
 this tyme medyll nat wptq hynd for he is rydyng to  
 bynge **Artgure** and by cause I promysed to conduyte hym to  
 my lorde bynge **Artgure** nedid muste I take a pte wytq  
 hym how be hit I love nat qid condision it fayne wolde be  
 from hym well þ **Berluse** **Dynadan** seyde fir **Berluse**  
 me repentyd þ ye woll take pty wt hym but now do your  
 beste þ qan he hunteled to bynge **charle** and smote hym  
 fore uppon the shylde þ he bare hym cleue oute of his sadil.  
 to the ertqe þ qat saw þ **Dynadan** and he feantyd hys  
 speare it raw to one of his felows þ smote hym of hys  
 sadyll þ qan þ **Dynadan** turned his horse it smote the  
 tande byggst in the same wyse þ he went to the ertqe  
 for this þ **Dynadan** was a good byggst on horse backe.  
 and so þ be gan a grette batayle for þ **Berluse** and hys  
 felows hylde them to gydynd strongly on foote and so the  
 now the grette force of þ **Dynadan** bynge **charle** had fir  
**Berluse** at þ ertqe it qid. y. felows fled it had nat þ **Dyna**  
**dan** bene bynge **charle** wolde hane slayne hym and so **Sni**  
**Dynadan** rescowes hym of his lyff for this bynge **charle**  
 was but a mytgerer and qan they tobe þ horsys it deyped  
 it leste þ **Berluse** þ fore woundid þ qan bynge **charle** it  
 þ **Dynadan** rode fortq a my. leagid englysse tyll it they com  
 to a brydqe wqene qoved a byggst on horse backe arnyd  
 nedq to juste lo seyde þ **Dynadan** unto bynge **charle** yond  
 qoytq a byggst that woll juste for þ shall none passe this  
 brydqe but he muste juste w þ byggst ye say well seyde  
 bynge **charle** for this justyd fallytq for you // But **Sni**

**Dynadan** knew þe knyght for a noble knyght & sayne he  
 wolde have iustyd but he had lew þe knyge **charle** had ius-  
 ted w<sup>th</sup> hym but by no meane knyge **charle** wolde nat iuste  
 þan þe **Dynadan** myght nat refuse hym in no maner and  
 so app<sup>er</sup> dressed þe speard & þe shylde & smote to g<sup>od</sup> p<sup>ro</sup> t<sup>hat</sup>  
 thorow fyne force þe **Dynadan** was smytyn to þe erthe &  
 lyghtly he arose vp & gate his horse & requyred þe knyght  
 to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> swerdys And he answerde & seyde sayne  
 knyght ad at t<sup>his</sup> tyme I may nat have a do w<sup>th</sup> you no  
 more for þe custom of t<sup>his</sup> passage is such þan was þe  
**Dynadan** passynge wrot þe þe knyght nat be revenged  
 off þe knyght & so he depte and in no wyse wolde þe knyght  
 telle his name But en þe **Dynadan** t<sup>h</sup>ought he sholde be  
 known hym by his shylde t<sup>hat</sup> he sholde be þe **Torre**

**S**o ad they rode by t<sup>he</sup> way knyge **charle** t<sup>h</sup>an be-  
 gan to make þe **Dynadan** and seyde I wente you  
 knyght of þe rounde table myght in no wyse fynde you  
 mactid // ye sey well seyde þe **Dynadan** ad for you on my  
 lyff calle you none of þe good knyghts but syth ye have such  
 dyspyte at me I requere you to iuste w<sup>th</sup> me to prve my  
 strengthe / Rat so seyde knyge **charle** for I wolt nat have  
 a do w<sup>th</sup> you in no maner but I requyre you of one t<sup>h</sup>ynge  
 þe w<sup>h</sup>an ye com to knyge **Artours** court discon nat my  
 name for I am sore þe be hatyd // hit is shame to you seyde  
 þe **Dynadan** t<sup>hat</sup> ye goyne you so shamfully for I se by y<sup>e</sup>  
 ye ar full of cowardyse & ye ar also a mytgerer And þe  
 is þe grettyst shame þe knyght may have for never  
 had knyght mytgered worship nor nen shall have for  
 I sawe but late thorow my forse ye wolde have slayne  
 þe **Bersylles** a bett knyght t<sup>h</sup>an en ye were or en shall be



and more of proved. Thyns they rode forth tallynge  
 tyll they com to a fayre place where stode a byrgghe  
 & prayde them to take þe lodgyng. Wt hym so at þe requeste  
 of þe byrgghe they reposed them þe made them well at ease  
 & had grete chere for all aramte byrgghe to hym were  
 welcom. And specially all tye of byngge. **Artur** comte.  
 Then þe **Dynadan** demanded qid ofte what was þe byrgghe  
 name þe septe þe byrgge. For what cause afte you seyde qid  
 ofte for qit id nat longe a go seyde þe **Dynadan** sytthen he  
 gaff me a falle. A fayre byrgghe seyde qid ofte þe of hane ye  
 no merbayle for he id a passynge good byrgghe & qid name  
 id þe **Borre** the sonne of **Arve** le **Wasshere** a seyde þe  
**Dynadan** was that þe **Borre** truly so en me tlonggt. So  
 byrgghe ad they stood thyns tallynge to gydys they saw com  
 ryngge by them on a playne. vi. byrgghe of þe comte of  
 byngge. **Artur** well armyd at all poyntes & by þe schyldys  
 þe **Dynadan** buen them well. The fyrste was the good byrgghe  
 þe **Wayne** the sonne of byngge **Wayne** the secunde was the  
 noble byrgghe þe **Brandyle** the thirde was **Oana** le **cure**  
**hardy** the. iij. was þe **Wayne** le **adventurye** the. v. was  
 þe **Wayne** the. vi. þe **Wayne** le **adventurye** to þe **Wayne**  
**Wayne** when þe **Dynadan** had a spyed the. vi. byrgghe  
 he tlonggt to hym self he wolde byngge byngge **Harbe** by  
 som wyle to juste wt one of them and than a none they tobe  
 þe horsys & ran astw these. vi. byrgghe well nye a. iij. myle  
 englyshe. Then was byngge **Harbe** ware where they fite  
 all. vi. a bonte a well & ete & dranke fucche metys ad they  
 had & þe horsys wallynge & som tyed & þe schyldys byngge in  
 dyse placis a bonte them lo seyde þe **Dynadan** yondm ar  
 byrgghe aramte þe well juste wt no God for bede seyde  
 byngge **Harbe** for they be. vi. and we but. ij. do for that.

seyde þ **Synadan** lat us nat spare for iawoll assay þ formyst  
And þ w<sup>th</sup> he made hym redy wgan bynge **charke** sawe q<sup>u</sup>  
do so as faste as þ **Synadan** rode towardis t<sup>he</sup>m bynge  
**charke** rode suowande t<sup>he</sup>m w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>he</sup>m all q<sup>u</sup>o mayneall  
mayne So wgan þ **Synadan** saw þ bynge **charke** was  
gone he sette þ speare oute of þ reaste it t<sup>he</sup>rewe q<sup>u</sup>o  
f<sup>el</sup>de upon q<sup>u</sup>o bace it cam rydunge to þ felyst<sup>er</sup> of t<sup>he</sup>  
rounde table And anon þ **Wayne** knew þ **Synadan** and  
welcomed hym it so ded all q<sup>u</sup>o felyst<sup>er</sup> And t<sup>he</sup>n t<sup>he</sup>y as-  
ked hym of adventured it w<sup>th</sup>er þ he sawe of þ **Grystram**  
ot<sup>er</sup> þ **launcelot** So god me helpe seyde þ **Synadan**  
as for me I sawe none of t<sup>he</sup>m fyt<sup>er</sup> we depte fro  
Camelot // w<sup>th</sup>at byng<sup>er</sup> is þ seyde þ **Brannp<sup>er</sup>led** t<sup>he</sup>n  
so sodepuly depte frome þon it rode on yond<sup>er</sup> f<sup>el</sup>de //  
Sw<sup>th</sup> it is a byng<sup>er</sup> of Cornwale þ þ moste oryble  
cowarde þ en he strode horse // w<sup>th</sup>at is q<sup>u</sup>o name seyde  
all t<sup>he</sup>o byng<sup>er</sup> I wote nat seyde þ **Synadan** So wgan  
t<sup>he</sup>y had reposed t<sup>he</sup>m it spob<sup>er</sup> to gyd<sup>er</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y tobe t<sup>he</sup>re  
q<sup>u</sup>o f<sup>el</sup>de it rode to a castell w<sup>th</sup>ere dwellyd an olde byng<sup>er</sup>  
t<sup>he</sup>n made all byng<sup>er</sup> arramte good chere So in t<sup>he</sup>  
meane w<sup>th</sup>yle t<sup>he</sup>n t<sup>he</sup>y were talbynge com in to t<sup>he</sup>  
castell þ **Gryfflet<sup>er</sup> le f<sup>el</sup> de den** and t<sup>he</sup>re was he welly  
com and t<sup>he</sup>y all aspyd hym w<sup>th</sup>et<sup>er</sup> he fye þ **launce-**  
**lot** of þ **Grystram** he answerde it seyde I sawe q<sup>u</sup>o nat  
fyt<sup>er</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y depte frome Camelot So as þ **Synadan**  
walked and be f<sup>el</sup>de t<sup>he</sup> castell t<sup>he</sup>re by in a chambr  
he aspyd bynge **charke** and t<sup>he</sup>n he rebused hym it  
asked w<sup>th</sup>er he depte so Sw<sup>th</sup> for I durst nat a byde for  
t<sup>he</sup>y were so many But how ascped ye seyde bynge  
**charke** Sw<sup>th</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y bet<sup>er</sup> frendis t<sup>he</sup>n I went t<sup>he</sup>y had be<sup>en</sup>  
w<sup>th</sup>o w<sup>th</sup> capayne of t<sup>he</sup>o felyst<sup>er</sup> seyde bynge **charke**



for to feare hym þ **Dynadan** seyde hit was þ **Lancelot** & þu  
 seyde þynge **harke** myght þe knowe þ **Lancelot** by his saylde  
 þe seyde þ **Dynadan** for he beryt a saylde of sylu & blacke  
 bendis all tþis he seyde to feare þynge **harke** for þ **Lancelot**  
 was nat in tþe felyschipp. Now I pray you seyde þynge **harke**  
 þ þe woll ryde in my felyschipp & so tþey mownted vpon tþere  
 horsys & rode on þ wayes & talbed of þ cornysse bynggt for þ  
**Dynadan** tolde tþem þ he was in þ castell where tþey were  
 lodged. hit is well seyde seyde þ **Guyfflet** for here hane I  
 bronght þ **Dagonet** þynge **Arturus** foole þ is þ beste felow  
 & þ merreste in þ worlde woll þe tþan do well seyde þ **Dyna-**  
**dan** I hane tolde þ cornysse bynggt þ here is þ **Lancelot** and þ  
 cornysse bynggt asked me what saylde he bare and I tolde  
 hym tþat he bare þ same saylde þ þ **Mordred** beryt. Woll þe  
 do well seyde þ **Mordred** I am quite & may nat well beare my  
 saylde nor harnys. And þ fore put my harnys & my saylde  
 vpon þ **Dagonet** and let hym sette vpon tþe cornysse bynggt  
 what shall be done seyde þ **Dagonet** be my sayt. And so a none  
 þ **Dagonet** was armed in his **Mordred** harnys and hys  
 saylde & he was sette on a grete horse & a speare in his honde  
 Now seyde þ **Dagonet** sette me to þ bynggt & I trowe I shall  
 beare hym downe. So all tþis bynggt rode to a woodis syde  
 & a bode tyll þynge **harke** cam by tþe way. Whan tþey put  
 forth þ **Dagonet** and he cam on all þ wayle his horse myght  
 reme vpon þynge **harke** and whan he cam nye to þynge  
**harke** he cryed ad he were woode & sayde be þ bynggt of  
 Corubayle for I woll fle þ and anone ad þynge **harke** be  
 gylde his saylde he seyde to hym. Iest self yondyr is þ **Lance-**  
**lot** alad now am I destroyed & þ w<sup>t</sup> all he made his horse to ren  
 & fledde ad faste ad he myght tþorow tþycke & tþorow tþynne  
 And en þ **Dagonet** folowed aftir þynge **harke** cryynge and

ratyng e hym ad a woode man thorow a grete foreste. Whan  
þ **Wayne** and þ **Brandules** saw þ **Dagonet** so chace bynge  
**Harbe** they lawzed all ad they were wyld and than they toke  
þ horsys & rode astir to se how þ **Dagonet** spedde for theym  
be qobed for no good þ þ **Dagonet** were shente for bynge  
**Artgure** loved hym passyng well & made hym bynggt. hy  
owne hondys. And at eny tynement he be ga to make bynge  
**Artgure** to lawze. Than þ bynggt rode here & þ coryng & and  
chasyng astir bynge **Harbe** that all þ foreyste range of the  
noyse. So bynge **Harbe** by fortune rode by a welle in þ way  
where stood a bynggt arrunte on horse backe armed at all  
poyntys. W a grete spere in his honde. And whan he saw byngt  
**Harbe** com fleyng he sayde to the bynggt retorne a gayne  
for shame & stonde w me & I shall be thy warrunte & fayre  
bynggt seyde bynge **Harbe** lette me passe for yondir comyt  
astir me þ beste bynggt of þ worlde wyth þ blacke beauded  
feylde ffly for shame seyde þ bynggt for he is none of þ wor  
thy bynggt. But it ys he were þ **lancelot** or þ **Trystin**  
I shall nat doute to mete þ bettyr of them bothe. Whan byngt  
**Harbe** harte hym sey þ worde he returned his horse and  
a bode by hym. And than þ stronge bynggt bare a speare to  
þ **Dagonet** and smote hym so sore that he bare hym on his  
horse tayle & nyze he had brobyn his necke. And anon astir  
hym cam þ **Brandules**. And whan he sawe þ **Dagonette**  
hane that falle he was passyng wrothe & seyde bepe þ byngt  
and so they quiled to gydyr wondir sore. But the bynggt  
smote þ **Brandules** so sore þ he went to the erthe horse and  
man. Dn **Wayne** com astir & sy all that he seyde yondir  
is a stronge bynggt. And than they feantred & spearyd & the  
bynggt com so egirly þ he smote downe þ **Wayne**. Than cam  
þ **Orana** wyth þ handys harte & he was fyttyr fyttyr downe



Now seide þ **Gryfflot** be my conncyle lat w<sup>th</sup> sende to yondur  
 arramute þynght & wete w<sup>th</sup> þe be of þynge **Arthure**  
 comte for ad<sup>th</sup> deme q<sup>th</sup> is þ **Lameroke** de galye So t<sup>th</sup>ey  
 sente vnto hym & prayde t<sup>th</sup>at stronge þynght to telle w<sup>th</sup> q<sup>th</sup>o  
 name & w<sup>th</sup>et<sup>th</sup> q<sup>th</sup> were of þynge **Arthure** comte of nat  
 ad<sup>th</sup> for my name telle t<sup>th</sup>o þynght I am a þynght arramute ad<sup>th</sup>  
 t<sup>th</sup>ey ar but my name t<sup>th</sup>ey shal nat wete at t<sup>th</sup>is tyme And lat  
 t<sup>th</sup>en wete þ I am no þynght of þynge **Arthure** And so þ squyer  
 rode a yew & tolde ad<sup>th</sup> seide Be my hede seide þ **Aggravayne**  
**ne** he is one of þ strongest þynghts t<sup>th</sup>at en I saw for he gatte  
 on t<sup>th</sup>owyn in noble þynght & nedid we muste encomityr  
 w<sup>th</sup> hym for s<sup>th</sup>ame so þ **Aggravayne** feautred q<sup>th</sup>o speare and  
 þ ot<sup>th</sup>er was redy & smote hym downe on q<sup>th</sup>o horse t<sup>th</sup>aple to  
 þ er t<sup>th</sup>e And in t<sup>th</sup>e same wyse he smote þ **Wayne** led abou  
 tres And also þ **Gryfflot** t<sup>th</sup>an had he fued t<sup>th</sup>em all but þ **Dynadan**  
**Dynadan** for he was be hynde & þ **Dynadan** chorde  
 w<sup>th</sup>yc<sup>th</sup> þ **Dagonet** had q<sup>th</sup>o harnes<sup>th</sup> So w<sup>th</sup>an t<sup>th</sup>is was done  
 t<sup>th</sup>is stronge þynght rode on q<sup>th</sup>o way a softe pace And þynge  
**Arthure** rode aft<sup>th</sup> hym pray<sup>th</sup>ynge hym myt<sup>th</sup>ell but he wolde  
 answer no wordy<sup>th</sup> but sygged wondurly sore & hongynge  
 downe q<sup>th</sup>o hede t<sup>th</sup>ynge no h<sup>th</sup>de to q<sup>th</sup>o wordy<sup>th</sup> But t<sup>th</sup>ey  
 rode well nye a .ij. myle enghys<sup>th</sup> And t<sup>th</sup>an t<sup>th</sup>is þynght  
 callyd to hym a varlet & bade hym ryde vntyll yondur fayre  
 man And comande me to þ lady of þ castell & place and  
 pray q<sup>th</sup> to sende me som refressyng<sup>th</sup> of good mety<sup>th</sup> and  
 drynke And yf s<sup>th</sup>e aske þ w<sup>th</sup>at I am Telle her þ I am t<sup>th</sup>e  
 þynght þ folowyt<sup>th</sup> þ Glatsainte beste þ is in Enghys<sup>th</sup> to  
 sey þ questynge beste for t<sup>th</sup>e beste w<sup>th</sup>ere som en he rode  
 he quested in þ bealy w<sup>th</sup> fuche a noyse ad<sup>th</sup> q<sup>th</sup> had bene a y<sup>th</sup>  
 comyle of q<sup>th</sup>ondid T<sup>th</sup>an þ varlet wente q<sup>th</sup>o way & cam to  
 þ man & salewed þ lady & tolde her frome w<sup>th</sup>en<sup>th</sup> he come

And wqan he vnderstode þæt he cam fro tge byrggt þæt folowed þæt  
þæt questyngs beste. A swete lorde. þæt he seide wqan þæt  
se þæt fantyll byrggt my dere soune þæt **Palomydes** Alas wolt  
he nat a byde wme þæt þæt wme forwone þæt wepte and made  
passyngs grette dole. Butt all so sone ad þæt myght þæt gaff  
þæt varlet mete all þæt he axed and tgan tge varlet returned  
vnto þæt **Palomydes** for he was a varlet of bynge **charles**  
and ad sone ad he cam he tolde tge byrggt name was þæt  
**Palomydes** I am well pleased seide bynge **charles** but  
holde þæt stille and sey no tgyngs. þæt he a byrggt þæt sette  
tgem downe þæt reposed tgem a wyle and anone wytt all  
bynge **charles** felle on slepe. So wqan þæt **Palomydes** sawe  
hym sounde on slepe. he toke his horse þæt rode his way and  
seide to tgem. I wolt nat be in þæt company of a slepyng byrggt  
and so he rode a grette pace flow tynne we vnto þæt **Dynadan**  
that founde tge byrggt passyngs qow þæt wqan  
he wytte qow þæt tge had sped. þæt **Warne** seide þæt **Dynadan**  
I dare ley þæt on my hede qit is þæt **Lamerok de galys**  
I pmyse you all. I shall fynde hym þæt he may be founde in  
tge contrey and so þæt **Dynadan** rode astur tge byrggt  
so ded bynge **charles** that songgt hym tge forw þæt foreyste  
and so ad bynge **charles** rode astur þæt **Palomydes** he hant  
a noyse of a man þæt made grette dole. þæt bynge **charles**  
rode ad nye þæt noyse ad he myght þæt ad he dwyste. þæt  
was he ware of a byrggt þæt was dissended of his horse and  
he had putte off his helme þæt tge he made a petevond  
complayte þæt a dolerond of love flow leve we off and  
talbe we of þæt **Dynadan** that rode to seke þæt **Palomydes**  
and ad he cam wytt in a foreyste he mette wme a byrggt  
a chacer of deore. þæt seide þæt **Dynadan** mette ye wytt  
omy byrggt. Wytt a shyld of syen and byond hedyd. ye



fayre byrggt seide the op w fuche a byrggt mette I wylt  
 but a wyle a gone and strepte yondr way he yode  
 Gromer seide þ **Synadan** for myght I fynde the trace  
 off his horse I sholde nat fayle to fynde that byrggt byt  
 so ad þ **Synadan** rode in the evenyng late he hante a  
 dolefultt noyse ad hit were of a man þan þ **Synadan**  
 rode towarde þ noyse and when he cam nyze that noyse  
 he alyggt off his horse it wente nere hym on foote þan  
 was he ware of a byrggt þ stode vnder a tre þ his horse  
 tyed by hym þ his helme off and en þ byrggt made a  
 dolefultt complaynte ad ewr made byrggt þ all wayes  
 he complayned off **la beale** Iode the quene off Cornwyle  
 and seide a fayre lady why love I the for þou arte fayr  
 yst off all othr and ad yet shewdyt þ new love to me  
 not bonite þe þ yet alad muste I love þ and I may  
 nat blame the fayre lady for myne even caused me  
 þ yet to love the I am but a foole for the beste byrggt  
 off the worlde lobytt the þ ye hym a gayne that is þ  
**Dyrstram** de lyoned þ the falsyt byrggt and bynge  
 off the worlde is þ huskande þ þ moste cowarde and  
 full off treson is þour lord bynge **harbe** and alad  
 so beawtebond a lady þ pereled off all othr sholde be  
 matched w þ moste vylance byrggt off þ worlde  
 And all this langage hante bynge **harbe** what Dir  
**Palomides** seide by hym where fore he was a drad  
 when he sawe þ **Synadan** leste that he had assyed hy  
 and þ he wolde tell for **Palomides** that he was bynge  
**harbe** where fore he wylt drewe hym and toke his  
 horse and rode to his men where he comanded hem  
 to a byde and so he rode ad faste ad he myght vnto Came  
 lot and þ same day he founde þ þ **Amant** the byrggt vedy

that a fore kynge **Artur** had appelyd hym of treson and so  
 byggeth the kynge comanded them to do batayle and by  
 mysadventure kynge **marke** smote **Amante** thowow the  
 body and yet was **Amante** in the myghty bond quarell  
 and myght so he toke his horse & depte frome the court  
 for drede of **Dynadan** that he wolde telle **Grystram**  
 and **Palomydes** what he was. **Edan** was a damysell  
 that **labeale** **Isode** had sente to **Grystram** that knew **Amante**  
 well. **Edan** by the lycence of kynge **Artur**  
 they wente to hym and spake w<sup>th</sup> hym for wyle p<sup>r</sup> t<sup>r</sup>u<sup>n</sup>ceon  
 of the speare stake in his body he spake a fayre damysell  
 seyde **Amant** recomande me unto **labeale** **Isode** and  
 telle her that I am slayne for the love of her and of **Gry-**  
**stram** and p<sup>r</sup> he tolde the damysell how cowardly kynge  
**marke** had slayne hym & **Bersiles** his fellow and for p<sup>r</sup>  
 dede I appeled hym of treson and here am I slayne in a myght  
 vound quarell and all was by cause **Bersiles** and I wolde  
 nat consente by treson to be the noble myght **Grystram**  
**Edan** the y<sup>r</sup> maynyn cryed aloud p<sup>r</sup> all the court myght  
 fyre and seyde a foute **Isode** that knowyste all thyng  
 why sufferyst p<sup>r</sup> so false a traytoure to venquyshe and sle  
 a trewe myght that fygge in a myghty bond quarell. **Edan**  
 a none q<sup>r</sup>it was spronge to the kynge and the quene and to  
 all the lordis that q<sup>r</sup>it was kynge **marke** that had slayne **Amante**  
 and **Bersiles** a fore honde where fore they did  
 there p<sup>r</sup> batayle. **Edan** was kynge **Artur** wrothe oute of  
 mesure and so was all of myght. But when **Grystram**  
 wyte all he wepte for sorow for the losse of **Bersiles** and  
 of **Amante** when **Lancelot** aspyed **Grystram** wepe he  
 wente qastely to kynge **Artur** and seyde **I pray you gyff**



me love to returne a yen yonder false bynge and bynggt. I pray  
 you seyde byng. **Artur** feteche hym a gayne but I wolde  
 nat ye shal hym for my worschyp. Than **Lancelot** armed  
 hym in all hys and mounted upon a grete horse and toke  
 a spere in his hande and rode after bynge **Marke** and frome  
 thens a. iiij. myle englyst **Lancelot** on toke hym and bade  
 hym trawe hym recreaunte bynge and bynggt for whaten  
 you wyllt. **Artur** nyth p' shalt go w' me to bynge. **Artur** comte  
 Than bynge **Marke** returned & lobed upon **Lancelot** and  
 sayde fyne **Lancelot** what is yo name wyte you well my name is  
**Lancelot** and there fore defende the and whaten bynge  
**Marke** knew p' qit was **Lancelot** and cam so faste upon  
 hym w' a spere he cryed than a cowde it seyde I yelde me to  
 the **Lancelot** honorable bynggt. But **Lancelot** wolde  
 nat hyre hym but cam faste upon hym bynge **Marke** saw  
 p' and made no deffence but tumbled a downe oute of his sa  
 dyll to the erthe ad a saly and p' he lay styll and cryed **Lan**  
**celot** have mercy upon me a nyse recreaunte bynge and  
 bynggt. **Artur** I woll nat fyngt seyde bynge **Marke** but whop  
 that ye woll I woll go w'yt' you. Alas seyde **Lancelot**  
 that I mynggt nat gysst the one buffet for the love of **Artur**  
**Drystram** and off la beale **Isode** and for the .ij. bynggt that  
 p' faste slayne trawtury and so he mounted upon his horse  
 and brought hym to bynge **Artur** and p' bynge **Marke** a  
 lyngt in that same place and trowe his helme frome hym  
 upon the erthe and his swerde and felle flatte to the erthe  
 at bynge **Artur** feteche and put hym in his grace & mey  
 So god me helpe seyde bynge **Artur** ye ar well com in  
 a man and in a man ye ar nat well com. In that maid ye ar  
 well com p' com hym magre yo qede ad I suppose. That is  
 trawthe seyde bynge **Marke** and ellys I had nat bene here

now for my lord **Lancelot** brought me hither by fyne  
 force and to hym am I yoldyn to ad' recreaunte. Well  
 seyde bynge **Artur** ye ought to do me fyne omyage and  
 feaute and ned' wolde ye do me none but en' ye hane bene  
 a yenste me and a dystroyer of my knyghts now how woll  
 ye acqumte you. Sir seyde bynge **Artur** ryght ad' your  
 lordshipp woll require me vnto my power I woll make a  
 luge amendys. For he was a fayre speker and false y'  
 vnderstand for the grette plesure of **Trystram** to ma  
 ke them. y. accordid the bynge w' hysde bynge **Artur** ad'  
 at that tyme it made a broyn lobe day be twene them

**U**n. On turne we a gayne vnto **Palomides** how  
 sir **Dynadan** comfortyd hym in all þe myght  
 frome his grette sorowe what knyght ar ye seyde **Palomides**  
 I am a knyght aruante ad' ye be that hane sougt  
 you longe by y<sup>e</sup> schylde here w' my schylde seyde **Palomides**  
 wete you well and ye wolde ought y' w' I woll defende  
 hit pray seyde **Dynadan** I woll nat hane a dowt you but  
 in good man. And yf ye wyl ye shall fynde me sone redy.  
 Sir seyde **Dynadan** w' so warde ryde ye this way. Be  
 my hede seyde Sir **Palomides** I wote nat w' so but ad'  
 fortune ledyth me. But garde ye of sawe ye ought of sir  
**Trystram**. Do god me helpe of **Trystram** I botte herde  
 and sawe and nat for than we love nat unwardly well to  
 gydyd yet at my myschance **Trystram** rescowred me  
 fro my deth. And yet or he and I deyped by botte oure assen  
 tyd we assygned a day þe we sholde hane mette at the stony  
 quade that **Merlyn** sette be hyde **Camelot** and þe to hane  
 done batayle to gydyd how be hit I was letted seyde **Palomides**  
 that I myght nat holde my day w' so. gretyth

Re fore



me sore but I have a laynge excuse for I was psonere w<sup>t</sup> a  
 lorde and many of us and that shall I **Trystram** well vnder  
 stonde that I shalbe get of no feare of cowardyse And than I  
**Palomydes** tolde I **Dynadan** the same day that they sholde  
 have mette So god me helpe seyde I **Dynadan** that same day  
 mette I **launcelot** and I **Trystram** at the same grave of stone  
 And p<sup>r</sup> was p<sup>r</sup> moste myghtyeste batayle p<sup>r</sup> end was sene in this  
 londe be thyrte .ii. knyghts for they fought more than v. ow  
 red and p<sup>r</sup> they bothe bled so muche blood that all men melbay  
 led p<sup>r</sup> end they myght endure hit And so by bothe p<sup>r</sup> assentys they  
 were made frendys and sworne bretherne for end it no man  
 coude Iuge p<sup>r</sup> better knyght And now is I **Trystram** made a  
 knyght of p<sup>r</sup> rounde table and he syttys in the sege of the  
 noble knyght I **Gahgarte** Be my gode seyde I **Palomydes**  
 I **Trystram** ys farre bygger than is I **launcelot** and p<sup>r</sup> gader  
 knyght I have ye assaye then bothe seyde I **Dynadan** I have  
 seyde I **Trystram** ys myghty seyde I **Palomydes** but neu for  
**launcelot** to my wyllunge but at the fountayne where lay I  
**launcelot** on slepe and p<sup>r</sup> one speare he smote downe I **Trys-**  
**tram** and me I **Palomydes** But at that tyme they buere  
 nat but aftyrwarde Now sayre knyght seyde I **Dynadan** ad  
 for I **launcelot** and I **Palomydes** lette them be for the warre  
 of then wolt nat be lyghtly maced of no knyght p<sup>r</sup> I knowe  
 lpyunge No seyde I **Palomydes** god defende but and I hadde  
 a quarrell to the better of then bothe I wolde w<sup>t</sup> ad good a wyll  
 fyggt w<sup>t</sup> hem ad w<sup>t</sup> you Sir I requere you seyde I **Dynadan**  
 tell me y<sup>e</sup> name And in good fayth I shall holde you company  
 tyll that we com to **Camelot** and p<sup>r</sup> shall ye have quete wor  
 shipp now at this quete turnemente for there shall be quene  
**Gweny** and labeale **Mede** of **Cornuayle** Wyte you well  
 I knyght for the love of labeale **Mede** I wolt be there & ellis

nat but I wol nat have a do in kynge **Artur** court. So  
seyde **Synadan** I shall ryde w<sup>th</sup> you and do you knyght so  
ye wol tell me your name. Syr ye shall understonde  
my name is **Palomides** brother unto **Sapheye** the  
good knyght and **Sagwarides** and were Sarazyns  
borne. So I thanke you seyde **Synadan** for I am glad  
that I knowe your name and by me ye shall nat be hurt but  
rather a haunced and I may on my lyff for ye shall wyne  
worshipp in the court of kynge **Artur** and be ryghte  
well com and so they dressed on þe helmyd and put on there  
shylde and mounted upon þe horsys and toke þe bo brode  
way towarde **Camelot** and than were they ware of a cas-  
tell þat was fayre and ryche and also passynge stronge ad  
ony was w<sup>th</sup> in this realme. So **Palomides** seyde to **Synadan**  
here is a castell þat I knowe well it is in dwellyng  
quene **Gorgau le Fay** kynge **Artur** systyr and kynge  
**Artur** gaff hir this castell by the wyche he hath re-  
pentid hym synnyng a .xj. tymes for synnyng kynge **Artur**  
and she hath bene at debate & stryff but this castell conde  
he neu gete nor wyne of hir by no man of engyne & en  
ad she myght she made warre on kynge **Artur** and all  
dangierous knyghts she wytholdyth w<sup>th</sup> her for to dystroy  
all good knyghts that kynge **Artur** loveth and þat shall  
no knyght passe this way but he muste juste w<sup>th</sup> one knyght  
of wyth .ij. op w<sup>th</sup> .ij. and ys hit hap þat kynge **Artur**  
knyghts be beatyn he shall lose his horse & harnes & all þat  
he hath & garde ys that he ascape but þat he shall be psoner  
So god me helpe seyde **Palomides** this is a shamefull  
and a bylance vantage for a quene to vse and namely to ma-  
ke such warre upon her owne lorde that is called þe floure  
of chivalry that is crystyn othyr getyn & w<sup>th</sup> all my harte I



Woldestroy that shamefull custom and I woll þat all þe worlde  
wryte þat she shall haue no knyght of me and yf she sende oute  
any knyght ad I suppose she woll to iuste they shall haue  
bothe there honours full and I shall nat fayle you seyde sir  
**Dynadan** buto my gnyssance vpon my lyff. So ad they  
stode on horse backe a fore þe castell þe cam a knyght wryt  
a rede shylde and .ij. squyers after hym and he cam stryght  
vnto þe **Palomydes** and sayde fayre knyght arramite I  
require the for the love þe owypte vnto knyghthode that þe  
wylt not haue a do here w<sup>th</sup> this men of this castell this  
**Lamerok** seyde for I cam hym to seke this dede and q<sup>th</sup> is my  
reueyge and þe fore I be secche you knyght lette me deale and  
yf I be beateyn reueyge me in the name of god seyde Sir  
**Palomydes** lat se how ye woll spede and we shall be holde  
you. Then anone come fwrth a knyght of þe castell at þe p<sup>er</sup>de  
to iuste w<sup>th</sup> the knyght wryt a rede shylde and anone they  
encomytyn to gyrd<sup>er</sup> and he w<sup>th</sup> þe rede shylde smote hym  
so harde that he bare hym an to the ert<sup>he</sup> and þe w<sup>th</sup> anone  
cam an op knyght of the castell at he was smytyn so sore  
that he abyded q<sup>th</sup> sadyl and fwrth w<sup>th</sup> all cam the thirde  
knyght and the knyght w<sup>th</sup> þe rede shylde smote hym to the  
ert<sup>he</sup> Then cam sir **Palomydes** and be songht hym that  
he myght helpe hym to iuste. Now þe knyght he seyde suffir  
me ad at this tyme to haue my wylle ffor and they were  
xxi. knyghts I shall nat doute them and en þe were vpon  
the wallys of the castell many lordys þe cryed and seyde  
well haue ye iusted knyght w<sup>th</sup> þe rede shylde. But ad sone  
ad the knyght had smytyn hem downe q<sup>th</sup> squyers toke þe  
horse at abyded there sadyl at brydyl of the horse and  
turnede them in to the foreyste and made the knyghts to  
be keppe to the ende of the iustys. Knyghts so cam forth of

the castell þe fourthe knyght and freyght þe fynde to iuste wyth  
þe knyght w<sup>th</sup> þe rede schylde and he was vedyt þe smote hym  
so hard þe horse þe man felle to the erthe þe knyghte backe  
brake w<sup>th</sup> þe falle þe his necke also. A þen seide þe **Palomydes**  
that yowre is a passynge good knyght and þe beste iuster þe  
en I sawe. Be my dede seide þe **Dynadan** he is ad good  
ad en was þe **Lancelot** aten þe **Gyrtrun** w<sup>th</sup> that þe knyght  
so en he be. Than fure w<sup>th</sup> all cam a knyghte oute off the  
castell w<sup>th</sup> a schylde bended w<sup>th</sup> blak þe w<sup>th</sup> knyghte and anone  
the knyghte wyth þe rede schylde þe he encomytred so hard  
that he smote the knyghte off the castell thorow oute the  
bended schylde þe thorow the body þe brake þe horse backe  
flayne knyghte seide þe **Palomydes** ye hane on muche on  
hande þe fore I pray yow lette me iuste for ye had nede  
to be reposed. W<sup>th</sup> þe seide þe knyghte seme ye þe I am w<sup>th</sup>  
be þe frelle. A þe me t<sup>h</sup>ynke ye proffur me guete wronge  
and shame w<sup>th</sup> an I do well I nolle for I telle yow now ad  
I tolde yow ahte and they were. x<sup>th</sup> knyghte I schall beate  
theyre and yf I be beate or slayne than may ye reuenge  
me and yf ye t<sup>h</sup>ynke that I be w<sup>th</sup> and ye hane an appetye  
to iuste w<sup>th</sup> me I schall fynde hym iustynge I nolle. Þe  
seide he I sayde q<sup>th</sup> nat be cause that I wolde iuste w<sup>th</sup> yow  
but me semyt ye hane on muche on hande and there fore  
and ye were I autylt seide þe knyghte w<sup>th</sup> þe rede schylde ye  
wolde nat þe for me no shame þe fore I requyre yow to iuste  
w<sup>th</sup> me þe ye schall fynde þe I am nat w<sup>th</sup>. Þe ye requyre  
me seide þe **Palomydes** take hope to yowre self. Than they  
y knyghte com to gydys ad faste ad þe horse knyghte ren  
and þe knyghte smote þe **Palomydes** so fore on the schylde þe  
the speare wente in to the herte and quyte hym a guete  
wounde þe a pelond. And þe w<sup>th</sup> þe **Palomydes** aboyded q<sup>th</sup>



ladyll. And that knyght turned vnto þe **Dynadan** and wqan  
 he sawe hym comynge he cryed a lowde and sayde furth wolt  
 nat hane a do wpon but for that he spared nat but com  
 strayte vpon So þe **Dynadan** for shame put forth his  
 speare and all to schynde hit vpon þe knyght but he smote  
 þe **Dynadan** a gayne so harde that he bare hym frome his  
 horse but he wolde nat suffyr his squyer to meddyl wth  
 there horsys and by cause they were knyghts arraunte  
 Bqan he dresyd hym a gayne to the castell and Justed w  
 vy. knyghts mo and þe was none of hem that myght wstonde  
 hym but he bare them to the ertre And of those a. xij. knyghts  
 he slewe in playne Justed. ny. And the. viij. knyghts he made  
 them to swere on þe crosse of a swerde that they sholde neu  
 use the dyll customs of the castell And wqan he made  
 them to swere that otre he lete them passe And stode þe for  
 his and the ladyes on the castell Wallys corynge a sernge  
 knyght wth þe rede þe hane merdaylously well done ad en  
 we salbe knyght do. And þe wcome a knyght oute of þe castell  
 unarmed and seyde knyght wth þe rede shylde on muche dama  
 ge hane þe done this same day And þe fore retorne wth  
 þe wolt for here ar no mo that wolt hane a do wth þe for we  
 repente sore þe en þe cam here for by the id for done all the  
 olde customs of this castell And wth that worde he turned  
 a gayne in to the castell and sett the patys Bqan þe knyght  
 wth þe rede shylde turned and called his squyer and so  
 paste forth on his way and rode a grete pace And wqan  
 he was paste þe **Palompede** wente to þe **Dynadan** and seyde  
 to hym I had neuynce a shame of one knyght that en I  
 mette And þe fore I caste me to ryde after hym and to be  
 rebenged vpon hym wth my swerde for on horse backe I  
 deme I shall gete no worschyp of hym and for this cause

that ye have sene hym this day have had en muche to done &  
on muche travyled. Be all myghty Ihu seide þ **Palomy**  
**des** I shall ned be at ease tyl that I have had a do w<sup>t</sup> hym  
Du seide þ **Dynadan** I shall gyff you my be goldryge. Well  
seide þ **Palomydes** Than shall ye se how we shall redresse  
oure myght. So they toke there horsys of p<sup>r</sup>varlettis and  
rode aft<sup>r</sup> the byrggt w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>rede shylde and downe in a valay  
be syde a fountayne they were ware where he was a byggt  
to repose hym and had done of his helme for to drynke at þ  
welle. Than þ **Palomydes** rode faste tyl he cam nyze  
hym and than he seide byrggt remembre ye me and of the  
same dede þ ye ded to me late at the castell. Where fore ye  
dresse þ for I woll have a do w<sup>t</sup> the / fayne byrggt seide þ  
**Lamerok** of me ye wyne no worschyp for ye have sene this  
that I have be travyled fore do for that seide þ **Palomy**  
**des** I woll nat lette for wyte you well I woll be revenged  
Well seide þ byrggt I may happyn to endure you and there  
w<sup>t</sup> all he mounted upon his horse and toke a grete speare  
in his honde redy to juste. / Play seide þ **Palomydes** I  
woll nat juste for I am sure at justyge I gete no pryce  
flow fayne byrggt sayde he hit wolde be seme a byrggt  
to juste & to fyggt on horse backe. ye shall se what I woll  
do seide þ **Palomydes** and þ w<sup>t</sup> he alyggt downe upon foote  
and dressed his shylde a fore hym and pulled oute his  
fwerde Than the byrggt w<sup>t</sup> the rede shylde descended dow  
ne frome his horse and dressed his shylde a fore hym and  
so he drewe oute his fwerde and than they come to gydyng  
a softe pace and wondurly they layssed to gydyng passyge  
theyke the mowtenaunce of an owne or en they breethid  
Than they trased and trauced and weped wondurly wro  
the and aytur be byrggt op dert they herwe so faste wylt



there fawendio that they butte dolue halff p slyldid and  
 they came to gydys on helmyd it mayled that the have  
 fleysse in som places stode a bodyn there garneyd and  
 wgan f **Palomydes** he hylde his felowys fwerde on heled  
 w his blood hit grebed hym sore and som while they soy-  
 ned and som while they strake downe as wyld men  
 But at the laste f **Palomydes** mayed wounde fapute by  
 cause of his friste wounde that he had at p castell wylt a  
 speare for that wounde grebed hym woundrly sore. From  
 fapue byrggt sayde f **Palomydes** me semyt we have  
 assayed wy op passynghly well and yf hit may please you  
 of p byrggt gode to tell me p name. Sw he sayde that  
 id me ryght lot for ye have done me grete wronge it  
 no byrggt gode to pffir me batayle consyderynge my grete  
 travayle But and ye woll telle me your name I woll  
 telle you myne Sw wyte you well my name is f **Pa-  
 lomydes** Bgan f ye shall vnderstoude my name is Sw  
**lamerok de Galys** sone and ayre unto the good byrggt  
 and bynge bynge **Dellynore** and f **Torre** the good byrgt  
 is my halff brotyn wgan f **Palomydes** had hende hym  
 sey so he kneled a downe and asked mercy for outrageously  
 have I done to you this day consyderynge the grete dedid  
 of armyd I have sene you done it shamefully and vnbryghtly  
 I have requyred you to do batayle w me. f **Palomydes**  
 seyde f **lamerok** on mynche have ye done and seyde to me  
 and there wylt he pulled hym up wylt his botte gon-  
 did And seyde f **Palomydes** the worty byrggt in all  
 this londe is no bettr than ye be nor more of proved  
 and me repentyd sore that we sholde fyght to gydys  
 So hit dottr nat me seyde f **Palomydes** and yett I am  
 forer wounded than ye be but as for that I shall sone

be hole But staynly I wolde nat for the fayryst castell  
in this londe but yf ye and I had mette for I shall love  
you dayes of my lyf a fore all of knyghts excepte my  
broþ **f Daphn** I say the same sene **f Lamerok** excepte  
my broþ **fur Borre** I say can **f Dynadan** and he ma  
de grete joy of **f Lamerok** I say p squire dressed  
bothe p sheldis and p harned and stapped his woundis And  
p by at a pryory they rested thern all nyght. Now turne  
we a gayne p wayn **f Wayne** and **f Brandyld** ut  
his felowys cam to the counte of bynge **Artoure** and they  
tolde the bynge **f Lamcolot** and **f Guystram** how **f Da  
gonet** the foole chased bynge **charle** thowr onte p fores  
te And how p stronge knyght smote thern downe all. By  
wone speare I say p was grete lawgbynge p lapyng  
at bynge **charle** and at **f Dagonet** But all thos knyghts  
coude nat telle what knyght hit was p rescowd bynge  
**charle** I say they asked of bynge **charle** yf p he knewe  
hym And he answerde p sayde he named hym self p knyght  
that folowed the questyng beste And in that name he sent  
onte one of my varletts to a place where was his modur  
And when she harde from whend he cam she made passyng  
grete dole and so disconde to my varlette his name And  
seyde a my dere son **f Palomydes** why wolt p nat se  
me And there fore p seyde bynge **charle** hit is to budu  
stonde his name is **f Palomydes** a noble knyght I say  
I say were all p my knyghtys passyng glad that they  
knewe his name. Now turne we a gayne for for on  
the morne they toke p horsys bothe **f Lamerok** **f Palomy  
des** and **f Dynadan** wylt p squire and varlettis tyll  
they sawe a fayre castell that stode on a mountayne  
well clofyd and thyn they rode and p they founde a knyght



that knyght **f** **Galaadte** that was lord of that castell & p  
 they had grete chere and were well eased so **f** **Dynadan**  
 seyde to **f** **Lamerok** what wolt ye do, Sw I wolt to morne  
 to the counte of **Bynge Artoure** Be my gedde seyde **f** **Walo**  
**mydes** I wolt nat ryde thow. my dayes for I am fore quyte  
 and myche hane I bledde & p fore I wolt repose me here  
 Truly seyde **f** **Lamerok** and I wolt a byde here wylt thou  
 and wgan ye ryde thow wolt I ryde oules that ye tary on  
 longe Thow wolt I take myne horse There fore I pray  
 you **f** **Dynadan** a byde ye and ryde w<sup>th</sup> us. ffaythfully  
 seyde **f** **Dynadan** I wolt nat a byde for I hane such a ta  
 lente to se Sw **Dystrau** that I may nat a byde longe  
 from hym. A **f** **Dynadan** seyde **f** **Walomydes** now do I  
 vnderstonde that ye love my mortall enemy and p fore  
 how sholde I truste you. Wylt thou well seyde **f** **Dynadan**  
 I love my lord **f** **Dystrau** a bovyw all othir knyghts and  
 hym wolt I hve and do honoure. So shalt I seyde **f** **Lame**  
**roke** in all that I may w<sup>th</sup> my polver. So on the morne **f**  
**Dynadan** rode vnto the counte of **Bynge Artoure** And  
 by the way as he rode he sawe where stood an arramite  
 knyght and made hym redy for to iuste. That so seyde **f**  
**Dynadan** for I hane no wyl to iuste wylt thou me shalt  
 ye iuste seyde the knyght or that ye passe thow way. fir  
 wkep aske you iustys of love othir of hate The knyghte  
 answerde and seyde wylt thou well I aske hit for love  
 and nat of hate hit may well be seyde **f** **Dynadan** but  
 ye proffyr me harde love wgan ye wolde iuste w<sup>th</sup> me  
 wylt thou an harde speare. But fayre knyght seyde **f** **Sy**  
**nadan** Dytthyn ye wolt iuste w<sup>th</sup> me mete wylt thou me  
 in the counte of **Bynge Artoure** and p I shalt iuste wylt  
 thou well seyde the knyght sythyn ye wolt not iuste wylt

me I pray you tell me y<sup>e</sup> name þ<sup>e</sup> knyght my name ys  
þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** and þ<sup>e</sup> seyde that knyght full well knowe I you  
for a good knyght and a knyght and wyte you well þ<sup>e</sup> I  
love you hertly þ<sup>e</sup> gan shal have be no justys seyde þ<sup>e</sup>  
**Dynadan** be thyng to þ<sup>e</sup> So they dected and the same day  
he com to Camelot where lay kynge **Artour** and there he  
sawed þ<sup>e</sup> kynge and the quene þ<sup>e</sup> **Lancelot** and þ<sup>e</sup> **Gyrtrun**  
and all þ<sup>e</sup> court was glad of þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** and kynge he  
me for he was knyght wyse and a good knyght and in a  
speciall þ<sup>e</sup> **Gyrtrun** loved þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** passyngly well  
þ<sup>e</sup> gan the kynge asyd þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** what adventured  
he had sene þ<sup>e</sup> seyde þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** I have sene many ad  
ventured and of soun kynge **Charke** knowyth but nat all  
þ<sup>e</sup> gan þ<sup>e</sup> kynge herbened to þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** how he tolde þ<sup>e</sup> þ<sup>e</sup>  
**Palomides** and he were by fore þ<sup>e</sup> castell of **Morgan le**  
**fy** and how þ<sup>e</sup> **Lameroke** toke þ<sup>e</sup> justys a fore tenn and how  
he for justed y<sup>e</sup> knyght and of tenn. my. he flew and how  
after that he smote downe þ<sup>e</sup> **Palomides** and me bothe I  
may nat be lyve þ<sup>e</sup> seyde the kynge for þ<sup>e</sup> **Palomides** is  
a passyng good knyght þ<sup>e</sup> gan is very trouthe seyde for  
**Dynadan** but yett I sawe hym bettyr proved than for  
thane and than he tolde þ<sup>e</sup> kynge of all that batayle and  
how þ<sup>e</sup> **Palomides** was the more wayter and forer was  
hurte and more he losse of his blood than þ<sup>e</sup> **Lameroke**  
and w<sup>o</sup>nte doute seyde þ<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** had the batayle lasted  
ony longer þ<sup>e</sup> **Palomides** had be slayne and þ<sup>e</sup> seyde kynge  
**Artour** this is to me a grette merwayle. þ<sup>e</sup> seyde þ<sup>e</sup>  
**Gyrtrun** merwayle ye no tynge þ<sup>e</sup> of for at myne  
advice there is nat a valyunter knyght in þ<sup>e</sup> world by  
ynge for I know his knyght and now woll I say you  
was new so very of knyght but yf q<sup>u</sup> were my lorde for



**Lancelot**, and þis no knyght in the worlde excepte **Lancelot** that wolde ded so welth as **Lamerok**. So god me helpe seyde þe kyng I wolde fayne þe knyght **Lamerok** wolde com to this counte. So seyde **Dynadan** he wol be here in shorte space and **Palomides** bothe but I feare me that **Palomides** may nat yett trabaile. So wroth m. in. Jayed aft the kyng lete make a iustynge at a ppyrre froume the iustys and þe made them vedy many knyghts of þe rounde table and **Gawayne** and his breþre they made them vedy to iuste but **Lancelot**. Þyn **Drystram** nor **Dynadan** wolde nat iuste but suffryd. So **Gawayne** for the love of kyng **Artoure** wroth his breþre to wyne the degre yf they myght. So on þe morn they apparayled hem to iuste **Gawayne** and his m. breþre they ded grete dedis of armys and **Ector de Charoy** ded mervaylously well. But **Gawayne** passed all that felyschyp wherefore kyng **Artoure** and all þe knyghts gave **Gawayne** the gonour and þe begynnyng knyght so was kyng **Artoure** ware of a knyght and. ij. knyghts that com oute of a foreystid fide wroth a covyd schylde of letur. Than he cam in styffly and quiled here and there and anon w one speare he had smytyn dourne ij. knyghts of the rounde table and so wroth his kyngte kyng he losse the coveryng of his schylde. Than was the kyng and all ware that he bare a rede schylde. A þen seyde kyng **Artoure** se where rydyth a strong knyght he wroth þe rede schylde and þe was a noyse and a grete cry be ware þe knyght w the rede schylde. So wroth in a lytyll while he had on tquolwyn. m. breþre of **Gawayne**. So god me helpe seyde kyng **Artoure** me smyth yowdr is the beste iuster that en I sawe. So

he lofed a bonte and saw hym encommen w<sup>th</sup> **Gawayne** he  
smote hym downe w<sup>th</sup> so grette force that he made his horse  
to a voyde his sadyl. Now now seyde p<sup>r</sup> kyng to **Gawayne**  
me thyngyt ye have a falle well were me it I know  
what knyght he were w<sup>th</sup> the rede schilde I know hym well  
I nowze seyde **Dynadan** but as at this tyme ye shall nat  
know his name. Be my gedde seyde **Brystram** he justyt  
bett<sup>r</sup> than **Palomides** and yf ye lyfte to know his name  
w<sup>th</sup> **Lamerok de galys** and as they stood thus they saw sir  
**Gawayne** and he encommen to gedw a gayne & there he  
smote **Gawayne** from his horse and brused hym sore &  
in the fyrst of kyng **Arture** he smote downe p<sup>r</sup> knyght  
be syde **Gawayne** and so delyerly was p<sup>r</sup> pryce yeven hym  
as a knyght p<sup>r</sup>veled. Then flyly and merdaylously **Lamerok**  
wyt drewe hym from all the felyschyp in to  
the forest of syde. At this assayed kyng **Arture** for his  
ye went ned frome hym. Then the kyng **Lancelot**  
and **Brystram** and **Dynadan** toke there habeneys  
and rode strete aftir p<sup>r</sup> good knyght **Lamerok de galys**  
and there founde hym and thus seyde kyng a fayre knyght  
well be ye founde. When he sawe the kyng he put off  
his helme and salowed hym and when he sawe **Brystram**  
he a lyght a downe of his horse and ran to take hym  
by the styroppe. But **Brystram** wolde nat suffer hym  
but he a lyght or that he cam and app<sup>r</sup> toke othir in armys  
and made grette joy of o<sup>r</sup> Then the kyng was gladd &  
so was all the felyschyp of the rounde table excepte sir  
**Gawayne** and his breyn and when they wiste that hit  
was **Lamerok** they had grette despyte of hym & were  
wonderly wrothe w<sup>th</sup> hym that he had put hym to such  
a dishonoure that day. Then he called to hym p<sup>r</sup>ebaly



in counceyle all that breynne and to them seyde that. fayre  
breynne here may ye se whom þe we hate byng **Artgure**  
labyt and whom that we love he. thatyt and wyte you  
well my fayre breynne that that **Lamerob** woll never  
love us be cause we slew his fadir byng **Pellynor** for  
we demed that he slew our fadir byng **lotte of Orkenay**  
and for the dett of byng **Pellynor** þe **Lamerob** ded us a  
shame to our modir there fore I woll be rebeuged þe  
seyde þe **Gawayne** breynne lat se debyse how ye woll be re-  
beuged it ye shall fynde us redy well seyde þe **Gawayne**  
golde ye styll and we shall aspre our tyme // Now passe  
we on our mater and love we þe **Gawayne** and speke we  
of byng **Artgure** that on a day seyde unto byng **marke** fir-  
I pray you gyff me a gyfte that I shall asbe you // þe sey-  
de byng **marke** I woll gyff you what gyfte I may gyff  
you // þe guarncy seyde byng **Artgure** that I shall asbe  
you that ye be good lorde unto þe **Drystram** for he is a  
man of grette honoure and that ye woll take hym w-  
you in to Cornwall and lat hym se his frendis at there  
cheryst hym for my sake // þe seyde byng **marke** I pro-  
myse you be my fayt and by the fayt that I owe unto  
god and to you I shall worship hym for your sake all  
that I can or may // þe seyde byng **Artgure** and I woll  
for gyff you all the evyll wyll that eny ongeth you and  
ye swere þe upon a booke a fore me. Wyt a good wyll  
seyde byng **marke** and so he þe sware upon a booke a fore  
hym and all that byng **Artgure** and þe byng **marke** and þe  
**Drystram** to be appoynted by the goodis garde bytte to gy-  
dyr. But for all that byng **marke** thought falsely ad-  
diti prebed after for he put þe **Drystram** in prison and  
cowardly wolde have slayne hym. Than sone after

kyng **marke** toke his leue to ryde in to Cornubayle And  
þ **Fystram** made hym redy to ryde w<sup>th</sup> hym where of the  
moste pty of the rounde table were wrothe and qe by it  
in especiall þ **Lancelot** And þ **Lamerok** and þ **Dynadan**  
were wrothe oute of mesure for well they wiste that  
kyng **marke** wolde sle or destroy þ **Fystram** And seyde  
þ **Dynadan** that my lorde þ **Fystram** shall depte and þ  
**Fystram** toke such a sorow that he was a mased And  
seyde fir **Lancelot** vnto kyng **Artoure** what have ye  
done for ye shall lose y man of moste worthyness that  
eu cam in to your court // Sw hit was his owne  
desyre seyde kyng **Artoure** and there fore I myght  
nat do w<sup>th</sup> all for I have done all that I can and  
made them at accorde // And seide þ **Lancelot**  
now fyre on that accorde for ye shall have y he shall  
destroy þ **Fystram** or put hym in to prison for he  
is the moste colwarde & y vylaynste kyng and buyght  
y now by kyng and there w<sup>th</sup> þ **Lancelot** depte and  
cam to kyng **marke** and sayde to hym thus Sw kyng  
wryte you well the good buyght Sw **Fystram** shall  
go w<sup>th</sup> the be aware I rede the of treson for and y mys-  
chysse that buyght by my man of falsehode or treson by  
y sayt I arze to god and to the order of buyghthode  
I shall sle the myne owne hondis Sw **Lancelot** on myght  
have ye sayde vnto me and I have sworne and seyde on  
largely a fore kyng **Artoure** to pryng of all his  
buyght and on myght shame hit were to me to breke  
my pmyse // ye sey well seyde þ **Lancelot** but ze ar cal-  
led so false and full of felony that no man may be leue  
you // Ide hit is knowyn well for what cause ye cam  
in to this contrey and for none of cause but to sle fyre



kyng **marke** toke his leue to ryde in to Cornubayle and  
þ **Dystram** made hym redy to ryde w<sup>th</sup> hym where of the  
moste pty of the rounde table were wrotte and hevyt  
in especiall þ **Lancelot** and þ **Lamerok** and þ **Dynadan**  
were wrotte oute of mesure for well they wiste that  
kyng **marke** wolde sle or destroy þ **Dystram** alao seyde  
þ **Dynadan** that my lorde þ **Dystram** shall depte and þ  
**Dystram** toke such a sorow that he was a mased alao  
seyde fir **Lancelot** vnto kyng **Artoure** whatt hane ye  
done for ye shall lose y man of moste wysshipp that  
eu cand in to your court // Sw hit was his owne  
desyre seyde kyng **Artoure** and there fore I myght  
nat do wyth all for I hane done all that I can and  
made them at accorde // acorde seyde þ **Lancelotte**  
now fyre on that accorde for ye shall here þ he shall  
destroy þ **Dystram** of putt hym in to prison for he  
is the moste colwarde it þ bylaimste kyng and buyght  
þ in now hy kyng and there w<sup>th</sup> þ **Lancelot** depte and  
cam to kyng **marke** and sayde to hym thus Sw kyng  
wyte you well the good buyght Sw **Dystram** shall  
go w<sup>th</sup> the be aware I rede the of treson for and þ mys  
chysse that buyght by ony man of falsehode or treson by  
þ saytt I awze to god and to the order of buyghtode  
I shall sle the myne owne hondis Sw **Lancelot** on much  
hane ye sayde vnto me and I hane sworne and seyde on  
largely a fore kyng **Artoure** to dryunge of all hyd  
buyght and on much shame hit were to me to breke  
my pmyse // ye sey well seyde þ **Lancelot** but ze ar cal  
led so false and full of felony that no man may be lebe  
you // Ide hit is knowyn well for whatt cause ye cam  
in to this contrey and for none of cause but to sle fyr

was ware þ **Gaherys** and rode a fore þ same nyght and  
 wayted vpon þ **Lamerok** and than he þ where he cam ny  
 dynghe all armed and where he alyght and tyed his horse  
 to a prebay postren and so he wente in to a parler & unarmed  
 hym and than he wente vnto the quens bed and she made  
 of hym passynge grete joy and he of her a gayne for app  
 lobid of passynge fore. So when þ **Gaherys** sawe his tyme  
 he cam to there beddis syde all armed wyth his swerde na  
 ked and suddaynly he gate his modir by the herye & strake  
 of her hede. When þ **Lamerok** sawe the blood daysshe vpon  
 hym all hote wyth he was the blood that he loved passynge  
 well wyte you well he was sore a bayssed and dismayed  
 of þ dolorous syght and þ w<sup>t</sup> all þ **Lamerok** lepte oute of þ  
 bed in his squete as a knyght dismayed saynge thus. Al þ  
**Gaherys** knyght of the table rounde forle and chylt hane  
 ye done and to you grete shame alas why hane ye slayne  
 youre modir that bare you for w<sup>t</sup> more nyght ye shulde  
 hane slayne me. The offence haste þ done seyde þ **Gaherys**  
 nat w<sup>t</sup> stounghe a man is borne to offir his fuyse but yett  
 sholdyst you be ware of whom you medelyst for you haste  
 put my brepne and me to a shame and thy fadir slew oure  
 fadir and you to by by oure modir is to muche shame for us  
 to suffer and as for thy fadir kynge. **Dellynor** my brotþerne  
 þ **Gallayne** and I slew hym. ye ded the more wronge seyde  
 þ **Lamerok** for my fadir slew nat yo fadir but was **Balyn**  
**le sabage** and as yett my fadyr dett is nat rebenged. lebe  
 the wordz seyde þ **Gaherys** for and you speke vylanyssly I  
 woll sle the but by cause you arte naked I am a shamed to sle  
 the. But wyte you well in what place I may gete the I  
 woll sle the and now is my modir quyte of the for she shal  
 neu<sup>r</sup> shame her chyldryn and there fore lyze the and wyth



drawe the and take the armos that þe were gone. So Sir  
**Lamerok** saw þe was none of boote but faste armed hym  
and toke his horse and roode his way makinge grete sorow.  
But for shame and sorowe he wolde nat ryde to hyng  
**Arturus** court but rode an of way. But whan he was  
knowyn that þe **Gaherys** had slayne his modur the hyng  
was wrothe and comanded hym to go oute of his court  
Wrote you well þe **Gawayne** was wrothe that þe **Gaherys**  
had slayne his modur and lette þe **Lamerok** aske and for  
that mater was þe hyng passyng wrothe and many of  
hynght. So seyde þe **Lancelot** here is a quete myght  
fallyn by felony and by fore caste þe þe syster is thus sham  
fully slayne and I dare say that was wronght by treson  
and I dare say also that ye shall lose that good hynght for  
**Lamerok** and I wote well þe þe **Trystram** wyte that he wolde  
neid comen in þe court. God defende seyde hyng **Arturus**  
that I shoulde lose þe **Lamerok** yea seyde þe **Lancelot** for Sir  
**Gawayne** and his brenne wolle sle hym by one meane  
of by a noþ. That shall I lette seyde hyng **Arturus** how  
love we of þe **Lamerok** and speke we of þe **Gawayne** and his  
brenne þe **Aggravayne** and þe **Mordred** as they rode on þe  
adventured they mette wyth a hynght flyng fore  
wounded and they asked hym what thyng he seyde he  
sayne hynght sayde he here comyt a hynght after me  
that wolle sle me. So wyth that come þe **Trystan** fast  
rydunge to them by adventure but he wolde pmyse them  
none helpe. But þe **Aggravayne** and þe **Mordred** promysed  
to rescowe hym and there wille come þe hynght streyte  
unto them and anon he pfynde to Iuste. That sawe þe  
**Mordred** and rode to hym and strake hym but he smote  
Sir **Mordred** on his horse taylor. That sawe þe **Aggravayne**

and ryght so ad he fued þ **Thorred** so he fued þ **Aggrabayne**  
 and wyte you well fyrre botte that I and þ **Bredme**  
 my **saunze** pite that that done tquid to you and yet he  
 rode on þ **Aggrabayne** v. or. vi. tymes. Whan þ **Dyna**  
**dan** saw tquid he miste nedid hyste w<sup>t</sup> hym for shame  
 and so þ **Dynadan** and he encountred to gydyng. But  
 wyth p<sup>r</sup>ime strengthe þ **Dynadan** smote hym on hys  
 horse taylor. Than he tobe his horse and fledde for he  
 was on foot one of the valyaunte knyghts in **Arthe**  
 dayes. And a quite destroyer of all good knyghts. Than  
 rode þ **Dynadan** vnto þ **Thorred** and vnto þ **Aggrayne**  
 Bu knyght well hane ye done it well hane ye reden-  
 ged us where fore we pray you tell us yo name. Sayre  
 fyrre ye onght to knowe my name whiche is called  
 þ **Dynadan**. Whan they vnderstode that hit was þ **Dyna**  
**dan** they were more wrothe than they were be fore for  
 they hated hym oute of mesure by cause of þ **lamer of e**  
 for þ **Dynadan** had succe a custom that he loved all  
 good knyghts that were valyaunte and he hated all  
 the that were destroyers of good knyghts. And þ was  
 none that hated þ **Dynadan** but the that en were cal-  
 led murtherers. Than spake the quite knyght that  
**Bredme** **saunze** pite had chaced his name was **Dalan**  
 and sayde yf þou be þ **Dynadan** þou flewe my fadir hit  
 knyght well be so seyde þ **Dynadan** but than hit was  
 in my defence and at his requeste. Be my dede seyde  
**Dalyu** þou shalt dye there fore and þ w<sup>t</sup> he dressed  
 his speare and his sylde it to make shorte tale þ **Dyna**  
**dan** smote hym downe of his horse that his necke was  
 nye brokyn and in the same wyse he smote þ **Thorred**  
 and þ **Aggrabayne** and after in the queste of þ **saunze** **greal**.



cowardly and felonously they slew **synadan** whiche was a  
 grete coward and a passyng good knyght And so **syna-**  
**dan** rode to a castelle that hight **Beale valet** and there  
 he founde **palomydes** that was nat hole of the  
 wounde that **lamere** gaf hym and there **syna-**  
**dan** tolde **palomydes** all the tydyngs that he hadde se-  
 sawe of **trystram** and how he was gone w<sup>th</sup> **kyng**  
**marke** and wyte hym he hathe all that wylle & desyre  
 to have w<sup>th</sup> **palomydes** weped wrothe for he loved  
**la beale** **hode** and than he wyte well that **trystram**  
 enioyed her / Now leve we **palomydes** and **syna-**  
**dan** in the castelle of **Beale valet** and turne we a gay-  
 ne vnto **kyng** **artur** **kyng** came a knyght oute of  
 Cornubyle his name was **pergus** a fellow of the  
 rounde table & he tolde the **kyng** and **launcelot**  
 good tydyngs of **trystram** and he was brought  
 goodly lette & how he lette hym in the castelle of **syn-**  
**tagyll** **kyng** came a damysell that brought goodly  
 lette vnto **kyng** **artur** and vnto **launcelot** &  
 there she had passyng good chere of the **kyng** & of  
 the quene and of **launcelot** and so they wrote goodly  
 lette a gayne But **launcelot** bade en **trystram**  
 be ware of **kyng** **marke** for en he called hym in god  
 lette **kyng** **foye** as wdo saythe he saythe all they  
 w<sup>th</sup> wylle and treson / Where of **trystram** in his  
 herte thanke **launcelot** **kyng** the damysell wente  
 vnto **la beale** **hode** and bare hir lette frome the **kyng**  
 and from **launcelot** where of she was in grete Joy  
 fayre damysell seyde **hode** how saythe my lord **ar-**  
**thur** and quene **gwenyver** and the noble knyght **la-**  
**uncelot** she answered & to make shorte tale muche

v. a. l. d. 3

the better that ye and þ **Dystram** bene in joy God re-  
 warde them seyde **Isode** for þ **Dystram** hath suffred  
 grete payne for me and I for hym. So þ **damesell**  
 depte and brought þ **lettur** to bynge **charle** and when  
 he had rad them and vnderstode them he was wroth  
 with þ **Dystram** for he demed þ **he** had sente þ **dame**  
 sell to bynge **Artur** for bynge **Artur** and þ **lance**  
**lot** in a man thretned bynge **charle** in his lettur And  
 as bynge **charle** red this lettur he demede treson  
 by þ **Dystram** **damesell** seyde bynge **charle** woll ye  
 ryde a gayne and beare lettur frome me vnto bynge  
**Artur**. So she seyde I woll be at your comandement  
 to ryde when ye wyll. ye sey wel seyde the bynge Com  
 ye a gayne to morne and fetch your lettur. And  
 she depte and cam to la beath **Isode** and to þ **Dystram** it  
 tolde hem how she sholde ryde a gayne w<sup>th</sup> lettur to  
 bynge **Artur**. And we pray you seyde they that  
 when ye have receyved your lettur that ye wolde  
 com by so that we may se the p<sup>er</sup>te of your lettur  
 all that I may do madame ye wote well I myste do  
 for þ **Dystram** for I have be longe his owne may  
 dy. So on the morne the **damesell** wente vnto  
 bynge **charle** to have receyved his lettur and to  
 depte. **Damesell** I am nat abyssed seyde bynge  
**charle** as at this tyme to sende my lettur. But so  
 pryvayly and secretly he sente lettur vnto bynge  
**Artur** and vnto quene **Gwenyn** and vnto þ **lance**  
**celot**. So the varlet depte and founde þ bynge and the  
 quene in walys at **Canlon** and as þ bynge and þ  
 quene was at masse þ varlet cam with the lettur  
 and when masse was done the bynge and the quene



opened the letter prebary and to be gynn the bynging  
letter spake wondirly sqa sforte unto bynge **Artur**  
and bade hym entente w<sup>t</sup> hym self and w<sup>t</sup> q<sup>r</sup> hys  
wyff and off q<sup>r</sup> bynging for he was able to rule  
q<sup>r</sup> wyff and q<sup>r</sup> bynging. Whan bynge **Artur**  
vnderstode the letter he mused of many thyngs and  
thonght of q<sup>r</sup> systyr wordys quene **Morganle fay**  
that she had seyde be thypte quene **Gweny** and **l**  
**launcelot** and in this thonght he studyed a grette  
wyle. Whan he be thonght hym a gayne how q<sup>r</sup>  
owne systyr was q<sup>r</sup> enemy and that she hated the  
quene and **l** **launcelot** to the dethe and so he put y<sup>e</sup>  
all oute of q<sup>r</sup> thonght. Whan bynge **Artur** rad  
the lett a gayne and the lattir clause seyde y<sup>e</sup> bynge  
**marke** to be y<sup>e</sup> **Dyrstram** for q<sup>r</sup> mortall enemy  
where fore he put bynge **Artur** oute of doute  
he wolde be reuenged of y<sup>e</sup> **Dyrstram**. Whan was  
bynge **Artur** wrotte w<sup>t</sup> bynge **marke** and whan  
quene **Gweny** rad hir letter and vnderstode q<sup>r</sup>  
she was wrotte oute of mesure for y<sup>e</sup> lett spake  
shame by hir and by **l** **launcelot** and so prebary she  
sente y<sup>e</sup> letter unto y<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** and whan he wyfte  
the entente of y<sup>e</sup> lett he was so wrotte y<sup>e</sup> helayde  
hym downe on q<sup>r</sup> bed to slepe where of y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan**  
was ware for hit was q<sup>r</sup> maner to be preynt  
all good bynging And as y<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** slepte he stole  
the letter oute of q<sup>r</sup> honde and rad hit worde by  
worde and than he made grette forow for angir  
And y<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** so wakened and wente to a wyu  
dowe and redde the lett a gayne wylche made  
hym angry For seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** where fore be

ye angry I pray you discom y<sup>e</sup> harte to me for parde ye  
 know well that I wolde you but well for I am a poor  
 knyght and a knyght vnto you and to all good knyghts  
 for thougt I be nat of worship my self I love all  
 tho that bene of worship hit is trouthe seide **Lan-**  
**celot** ye ar a trusty knyght and for grette truste I wol.  
 shewe you my conceple and whan **Dynadan** un-  
 derstode hit well he seide **I** t<sup>h</sup>ink<sup>e</sup> is my conceple  
 sette you ryght naught by thes thretenyngs for  
 bynge **marke** is so vplamce a knyght that by fayre  
 speche shall neu<sup>e</sup> man gete onght of hym But ye  
 sh<sup>al</sup> shall se what I shall do. I woll make a lay for  
 hym and whan hit is made make an harpe to syng  
 hit I shall a fore hym and so anon he wente & made  
 hit & tanght hit to an harpe that hyght **Elyot** and  
 whan he coude hit he tanght hit to many harpers  
 and so by the wyll of bynge **Arture** and of **Sir**  
**Lancelot** the harpers wente in to walys and in  
 to Cornuayle to syng the lay that **Dynadan** ma-  
 de by bynge **marke** whiche was the worst lay p<sup>r</sup>  
 en harper souge w<sup>th</sup> harpe or w<sup>th</sup> any op<sup>r</sup> instrument

**N**ow tyme we a gayne vnto **Dystrin** and  
 to bynge **marke** now ad **Dystrin** was  
 at a iustys and at a turnemente hit fortun<sup>e</sup>d he  
 was sore hurt bothe w<sup>th</sup> a speare and w<sup>th</sup> a swerde  
 But yett all wayes he wan the que and for to re-  
 pose hym he wente to a good knyght that dwelled  
 in Cornuayle in a castell whos name was **Sir**  
**Dyvel** the seneschall So by mysse fortune there  
 come oute of **Sysoyne** a grette numbre of men of



armys and an hedecond oste and they entred nye the castell  
of **Byntagyll** and hir capten name was **Elia** a good  
man off armys. Whan kynge **marke** vnderstood his enemy-  
es were entred in to his lond he made grete dole & sorow  
for in no wyse by his good wyll kynge **marke** wolde nat  
sende for **Trystram** for he hated hym dedly. So whan his  
conceple was com they delysed and caste many pells off &  
grete strengthe off hir enemyes. And thair they concluded all  
at onys and seyde thus vnto kynge **marke**. Sir wyte you  
well ye muste sende for **Trystram** the good knyght off  
ellys they woll ned be on com for by **Trystram** they muste  
be foughtyn w all off ells. We wote a yeste & strene well  
seyde kynge **marke**. I woll do by your conceple but yette  
he was full lothe & to but nede constrayned hym to sende for  
hym. And so he was sente fore in all haste that myght be  
that he sholde com to kynge **marke**. And whan he vnderstood  
that he had sente for hym he be strode a softe ambular & rode  
to kynge **marke**. And whan he was com the kynge seyde thus  
fayre neber **Trystram** this is all here be com oure enemy  
es off **Deffoyne** that ar here ny honde and woute taryng  
they muste be mette wyth shortly off ells they woll destroy  
this contrey. Sir seyde **Trystram** wyte you well all my  
pouer is at yo comendement. But & this. My dayes I may  
beare none dys for my woundis be nat hole. And by & day  
I shall do what I may. ye say well seyde kynge **marke**. Than  
go ye a gayne and repose you and make you freysch and I  
shall go mete & **Deffoyne** w all my pouer. So the kynge  
depyed vnto **Byntagyll** and **Trystram** wente to repose hy  
and the kynge made a grete oste and depyed them in. My. The  
fyrste pte ledde **Symas** the seneschall. And **Andret** led  
the secunde pte and **Argus** led the thirde pte and he was

of the bloode of **kyng** **marke** And the **Bessorned** had. m. que  
 te batayled and many good men of armys And so **kyng**  
**marke** by the advyce of his knyghts yssued oute off his cas  
 tell off **Byntagyll** vppon his enemyes And **synad** the  
 good knyght rode oute a fore and slewe y. good knyghts  
 his owne hondis And than he gan the batayled And there  
 was merbaylous brekyng of spears and smytynge of  
 swordys and bylled downe many good knyghts And eir was  
**synad** the seneschall beste of **kyng** **marke** pty it thynk  
 the batayle endured longe w. grette moralyte But at the  
 laste **kyng** **marke** and **synad** were they nen so lott they  
 were drybyn to the castell off **Byntagyll** w. grette slaught  
 off people And the **Bessorned** folowed on faste that y. off  
 them were getyn wyth in the yatynd. m. slayne wyth  
 the portecolped When **kyng** **marke** sente for **synstram**  
 by a varlet a gayne that tolde hym of all the moralyte  
 When he sente the varlet a gayne and bade hym telle  
**kyng** **marke** that I wol com ad sone ad I am hote for  
 arste I may do hym no goode When **kyng** **marke** hadde  
 his answer And there w. can **elyas** and bade **syn** **kyng**  
 yelde up the castell for ye may not holde hit norwyle  
**syn. elyas** seyde **kyng** **marke** and yf I be nat y. sower  
 rescowed I muste yelde up this castell And anon the  
**kyng** sente a pen for rescow to **synstram** And by that  
 tyme **synstram** was nye hote And he had getyn hym  
 y. good knyghts of **kyng** **artur** And wyth hem he rode  
 vnto **Byntagyll** And when he sawe the grette oste off **Bes**  
**sorned** he merbayled wondir gretly And than **synstram**  
 rode by the woodys and by the dyche ad secretly ad he  
 myght tyll he cam ny the gatio And anon there dressed  
 a knyght to hym When he sawe that **synstram** wolde



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hane entred **Edm** & **Trystram** ran to hym and smote hym  
downe dede And so he fued. in. mo And enyche off these. x.  
knyghts slewe a man off armys. So þ **Trystram** entrede  
in to the parys of **Dynagyll** And when kynge **Marke** wyste  
that þ **Trystram** was com he was glad of his comynge and  
so was all þ felyschyp and of hym they made grette joy And  
on the morn **Elyas** the capytayn cam and bade kynge  
**marke** com oute And do batay for now the good knyght  
Sir **Trystram** is entred And hit wolt be skame seyde **Elyas**  
for to kepe thy wallys. When kynge **marke** understoode  
that he was wrotte and seyde no worde but wente to  
þ **Trystram** and axed hym his counceyle Sir seyde Sir  
**Trystram** wolt ye that I gyff hym his answer I wolt  
well seyde kynge **marke** **Edm** & **Trystram** seyde that to  
the messengere beare thy lordes worde frome þ kynge  
and me and sey how þ we wolt do batayle to more wytt  
hym in the playne felde. Sir what is þ name seyde þ  
messengere Sir wyte you well my name is þ **Trystram**  
de lyoned. So there w all þ messengere deputed it tolde  
his lord **Elyas** Sir seyde þ **Trystram** I pray opon gyff  
me lebe to hane the rule of yourre ofte to morowe Sir  
I pray you take the rule seyde kynge **marke** **Edm** Sir  
**Trystram** lete debyse the batayle in what man þ they  
sholde be So he lete his ofte be deputed in. viij. batayled  
and ordayned þ **Dynas** the seneschall to hane þ vaward  
and of good knyghts to rule the remenantz And the  
same nyght þ **Trystram** gart buen all the **Desoyned**  
schyppis vnto the colde wat And anon ad **Elyas** wyst  
þ he seyde hit was of þ **Trystrams** doynge for he cal-  
tyth that we shall men askepe modyns soune off vs  
Where fore fayre felows fyght frely to morow and

my comfort you nought for one knyght for tought he be  
 the beste knyght of the worlde he may nat haue a do w<sup>t</sup>  
 w<sup>t</sup> all. Then they ordayned þ batayles. iij. partyes won-  
 derly well apparayled apparayled and garnysshed men  
 of armys. And they w<sup>t</sup> in issued onto and they w<sup>t</sup>  
 onto sette fuely vpon them and there þ **Dynad** ded gre  
 dedid of armys nat for than þ **Dynad** and his felystys  
 were put to the word. Do w<sup>t</sup> that cam þ **Trystram**  
 and slew. ij. knyghts w<sup>t</sup> one speare. Then he slew on þ  
 ryght honde it on the lyfte honde that men mayled  
 that en he myght do suche dedid of armys and than  
 he myght se som tyme the batayle wad drybyn a how  
 draught frome the castell and som tyme hit wad  
 at the partyes of the castell. Then cam **Elyad** þ cap-  
 tayne russhynge here and there and smote kynge  
**harke** so sore vpon the helme that he made hym to  
 a voyde his sadyl. And than þ **Dynad** gate kynge  
**harke** a gayne to horse backe and þ w<sup>t</sup> cam syr  
**Trystram** lybe a lyon and there he mette w<sup>t</sup> syr  
**Elyad** and he smote hym so sore on the helme that  
 he abyrded his sadyl and thus they fonght tyll hit  
 wad myght and for grete slaughter of peple and for  
 wounded peple eny pty w<sup>t</sup> drew there respyte. And  
 wgan kynge **harke** wad com w<sup>t</sup> in the castell of  
**Tryntagart** he lacked of his knyghts an. C. And they  
 w<sup>t</sup> onto lacked. ij. C. Then they seych the wounded  
 men on bothe ptyes and than they wente to comceyle  
 And w<sup>t</sup>te you well. exten pty were lotz to fyght mo-  
 re so that aytyn myght ascape w<sup>t</sup> þ w<sup>t</sup>shyp. Wgan  
**Elyad** the capayne vnderstoode the detz of his men  
 he made grete dole also wgan he knew that they wer



lot to go to batayle a gayne he was wrote oute off  
mesure. Then elyad sente unto kynge **charles** in  
crete dyspyte vpon hede wher he wolde fynde a  
knyght that wolde fyght w<sup>th</sup> hym body for body and  
yf that he myght sle kynge **charles** knyght he to  
hane þe trewgarre of Cornuayle perely and yf that  
his knyght sle myne I fully releace my clayme for  
eu. Then the messynge depyted unto kynge **charles**  
and tolde hym how that his lorde **Elyad** had sent  
hym worde to fynde a knyght to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym  
body for body. When kynge **charles** vnderstood  
the messynge he bade hym a kyde and he sholde hane  
his answere. Then callid he all the batayle to gydw  
to wyte what was beste counceyle and they seyde all  
at onys to fyght in a fylde we hane no luste for  
had nat bene the probes off þe **Frystran** hit sholde  
bene lytly that we neu sholde hane scaped and ther  
fore þad we deme hit were well done to fynde  
a knyght that wolde do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym for  
he knyghtly proferyt. That for that when all  
that was seyde they coude fynde no knyght that  
wolde do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym. But kynge seyde they  
all here is no knyght that dare fyght w<sup>th</sup> **Elyad**  
Alas seyde kynge **charles** than am I shamed and  
vntwely dystroyed ouled that my neveu þe **Frys**  
**trian** wolde take the batayle vpon hym. But wyte  
you well they seyde all he had yest day on myche  
on hande and he is wey and trauayled and sore  
wounded. Where is he seyde kynge **charles**. Then  
one answered and sayde þe lyett in his bedde for  
to repose hym. Alas seyde kynge **charles** but I

gave the succo of my neibis þ **Trystram** I am bitte ly  
 destroyed for eu And þ w<sup>t</sup> all one wente to þ **Trys-**  
**tram** there he lay and tolde hym what kynge **char-**  
**le** seyde & there w<sup>t</sup> þ **Trystram** arose lyghtly and  
 put on hym a longe gowne and cam a fore þ kynge  
 and the lordis And when he saw theu so ~~dis~~ dismay-  
 ed he asped theu what tydynge fien worse seyde  
 the kynge And there w<sup>t</sup> he tolde hym all ad þe same  
 geude a fore gonde And ad for þon seyde the kynge we  
 may aske no more of þon for shame for thorow þoure  
 hardynesse yesturday ye sated all oure lybyd. þu seyde  
 þ **Trystram** now I vnderstonde ye wolde haue my succo  
 and resou wolde that I sholde do all þ lytt in me to do  
 salyng my worschipp & my lyff how be that I am sore buri-  
 sed & quyte & syttyn þ **Elyas** p<sup>r</sup>euysit so largely I shall  
 fyggt w<sup>t</sup> hym of ellys I woll be slayne in the fylde of  
 ellys delyu Corubayle of the olde trewage and there for  
 lyghtly calle his messyngere & he shall be answerde for  
 ad yett my woundis beue grene & they woll be sover  
 here after vii. wyght than they be now And þ fore he skal  
 haue his answer that I woll do batayle to morne þan  
 was þ messyngere bronggt be fore kynge **charle** Row  
 her þu my felow seyde þ **Trystram** go faste vnto thy  
 lorde & bid hym make twelue assuraunce on his pty for þe  
 trewage ad the kynge here shall on his pty And than  
 tell thy lorde þ þ **Trystram** kynge **Arturus** bynght  
 and bynght of the table rounde w<sup>t</sup> ad to morne mete  
 w<sup>t</sup> thy lorde on horse bak to do batayle ad longe ad I may  
 endure And after that to do batayle w<sup>t</sup> hym on foote to the  
 vtramuice þe messyngere be hylde þ **Trystram** frome  
 þ top to þ too & þ w<sup>t</sup> all he deyped and so he cam to his



londe it tolde hym how he was answere of **Þristram**  
 And þat all was made ostage on bothe ptyes and made  
 hit as sure as hit myght be that whetyn som en pty had  
 the victory so for to ende and than were bothe ostry assembe  
 led on bothe ptyes the fylde wyth oute the castell of Tyn-  
 tagyll And there was none that bare armys But for  
**Þristram** and **Þ Elyas** So when all þat populement  
 was made they deþted in funder and cam to gydw wyth  
 all þat myght that there horsys myght ren that apperunt  
 smote oþer so hard that bothe horsis þat byngt wente  
 to the erthe þat for than they bothe a rose lyghtly and  
 dressed þat shylde on þat sholdys wth naked swerds in þat  
 hondis and they daysshed to gydw so that hit semed a fla-  
 mynge fyre a bonte then þat they traced and tranced  
 and helpe on helms and halberds & cut a way many can  
 tell of þat shylde and oþer wounded oþer passynge  
 sore that the hote blood ran freysly vpon the erthe  
 and by than they had foughtyn the mowtendunce of  
 an owre Sir **Þristram** waped faynte & wery and  
 bled sore and gass sore a bath þat sawe **Þ Elyas** and  
 folowed fyerly vpon hym & wounded hym in many  
 placis And en **Þristram** traced & tranced & wente  
 forward hym here and there & coude hym wth shylde  
 as he myght all waybely þat all men sayde he was on  
 com for **Þ Elyas** had gyvyn hym .xx. strob a yeste  
 one þan was þat lawgynge a monge the Besorned  
 pty & grete dole on bynge **Garbis** pty alas seyde the  
 bynge we ar all shamed & destroyed for en for as the  
 booke seyth **Þristram** was neu so mached but yf  
 hit were of **Þ launcelot** þat ad they stode & be hylde  
 bothe ptyes that one pty langgynge and the oþer pty

Thus

wepyng. **Þu Brystram** remembred hym of **his** lady  
 la beale **Isode** that lobed vpon hym & how he was neu  
 lytly to com in hir presence. **Þan** he pulled up **his** shyl  
 de that be fore hyng full lowe and **þan** he dressed hy  
 vnto **þ** **Elyas** and gaff hym many sad strobys. **xxv.** a yest  
 one and all to brabe **his** shylde and **his** qatberke that  
 þe hote bloode ran downe ad **hit** had bene rayne. **Þan**  
 he gan hyng **charke** and all corrupste men to lawze  
 and þe op pty to wepe and en **þ** **Brystram** seyde to **þ**  
**Elyas** yelde the and **þan** **þ** **Brystram** saw hym so  
 statw on the grounde he seyde **þ** **Elyas** I am vyzt for  
 for the for þe arte a passyng good bynggt ad en mette  
 w<sup>t</sup> all excepte **þ** **Lancelot** and þe w<sup>t</sup> all **þ** **Elyas** fell to  
 the erthe and there dyed. **Þan** what shall I do seyde **þ**  
**Brystram** vnto hyng **charke** for **his** batayle go at  
 an ende. **Þan** they depte and hyng **charke** toke of  
 hem many presoners to redresse the harmys & þe scath  
 and the wemenante he sente in to **his** contrey to bo  
 row oute þe felowys. **Þan** was **þ** **Brystram** serched  
 and well healed. yett for all **his** hyng **charke** wolde  
 hane slayne **þ** **Brystram**. But for all that en **þ** **Brys**  
**tram** saw op hende by hyng **charke** he wolde neu be  
 ware of **his** treson. But **en** he wolde be þe ad la beale  
**Isode** was. **Þan** wolt we passe on **his** mater and  
 speke we of the harper & **þ** **Lancelot** and **þ** **Dyna**  
**dan** had sente in to Cornwayle and at þe grete feste þe  
 hyng **charke** made for the joy that the Desoyned were  
 put oute of **his** contrey. **Þan** cam **Elyas** the harper  
 w<sup>t</sup> the lay that **þ** **Dynadan** had made and secretly  
 brought **hit** vnto **þ** **Brystram** and tolde hym the lay  
 that **þ** **Dynadan** had made by hyng **charke** and **þan**



**Þ** **Trystram** hadde hit he sayde O lord Ihu þ<sup>t</sup> **Dynadan**  
 can make wonderly well and yll þ<sup>t</sup> he sholde make evyll þ<sup>t</sup>  
 seyde **Elyad** dare I synge thio songe a fore bynge **charke**  
 yee on my perell seyde þ<sup>t</sup> **Trystram** for I shall be thy wa-  
 namte. So at the mete þ<sup>t</sup> can **Elyad** the harper a  
 mouge of mynstrels and be gan to harpe and be cause  
 he was a corpond harper men hadde hym synge þ<sup>t</sup> same  
 lay þ<sup>t</sup> **Dynadan** made wrothe spake the moste vylany  
 by bynge **charke** and of his treson þ<sup>t</sup> end man herde.  
 And wgan the harper had synge his songe to the ende  
 bynge **charke** was wonderly wrothe and sayde harper  
 how durste þ<sup>t</sup> be so bolde on thy dede to synge thio songe a  
 fore me. Þ<sup>t</sup> seyde **Elyad** wyte <sup>þou</sup> well I am a mynstrell þ<sup>t</sup>  
 I muste do as I am comanded of thio lordis that I beare  
 the armys of and þ<sup>t</sup> wyte þou well that þ<sup>t</sup> **Dynadan** a knyght  
 of the table rounde made thio songe and made me to synge  
 hit a fore þou. Þ<sup>t</sup>on seyde well seyde bynge **charke** and  
 by cause þou arte a mynstrell þou shalt go quyte but I  
 charge the hye the faste onte of my synge. So **Elyad** the  
 harper depte and wente to þ<sup>t</sup> **Trystram** and tolde hym  
 how he had sped. Þ<sup>t</sup>gan þ<sup>t</sup> **Trystram** let make lettys as  
 goodly as he coude to Camelot and to þ<sup>t</sup> **Dynadan** and so  
 he let condwyte the harper onte of the contrey. But to  
 sey that bynge **charke** was wonderly wrothe for he demed  
 that the lay that was songe a fore hym was made by þ<sup>t</sup>  
**Trystram** and conceple where fore he thonght to sle hym  
 and all his well wyllers in that contrey.

**N**ow turne we to a noþ<sup>r</sup> mater þ<sup>t</sup> felle be thene byng  
**charke** and his broþ<sup>r</sup> that was called the good prynce  
**Bedwyne** that all þ<sup>t</sup> people of the contrey loved hym passyng  
 well. So hit be felle on a tyme that the dyscreunt þ<sup>t</sup>

Barezynes

Barezyned londid in the Contrey off Cornwaille some after  
 these Bessorned were depte. And wgan þ good pryncce þ  
**Bodwyne** was aware off tñem where they were londe and  
 tñan at the loundunge he arested the peple pryvayly & hastily  
 by and or hit were day he let put wylde fyre in .ij. of his  
 owne schyppis and sudderly he pulled up the sayle and wytt  
 þ wynde he made the schyppis to be drownd amonge the naby  
 off the Barezyned and to make a short tale .x. schyppis set  
 on fyre all the schyppis þ none were saved and at the poynte  
 off the day the good pryncce **Bodwyne** w<sup>t</sup> all his felyschip set  
 on the mystreaunty w<sup>t</sup> shewtyd & cryed and flew the nuber  
 of .xl. and lefft none on lyve. wgan kynge **Harle**  
 wyfte this he was wondurly wrothe þ his broþr sholde wyne  
 finge worschip & hono<sup>r</sup> and by cause this pryncce was better  
 be loved tñan he in all þ contrey and also this pryncce **Bod**  
**wyne** loved well þ **Drystram** and there fore he thought  
 to sle hym and tñis hastily & upon hede ad a man that  
 was full off treson he sente for pryncce **Bodwyne** and **An**  
**glydes** his wyff and bade tñem bringe þ yonge sone w<sup>t</sup>  
 hem þ he myght sle hym and all this he ded to the entente  
 to sle the chyldre ad well ad his fadir for he was þ falsist  
 trayto<sup>r</sup> þ er was borne alad for the goodnes & for his  
 good dedis this hantyll pryncce **Bodwyne** was slayne so  
 wgan he cam wytt his wyff **Anglydes** the bynge made  
 tñem fayre semblante tyll they had dñed. And wgan  
 they had dñed bynge **Harle** sente for his broþr and seyde  
 tñis broþer how sped you wgan the mystreaunty rybed  
 by you // the sempst<sup>r</sup> hit had bene vñ pte to hane sente me  
 worde þ I myght hane bene at þ journey for hit had bene  
 resow that I had had þ honoure & nat<sup>r</sup> you // þu seyde þuce  
**Bodwyne** hit was so þ and I had sente for you vñ mystreaunty



had dystroyed my contrey / Whon byeste false traytoure  
seyde bynge **charle** for you arte en a bonte to myne won  
schip from me & put me to dishonoure and p<sup>r</sup> cherysch p<sup>r</sup>  
gate and p<sup>r</sup> the stroke hym to the herte w<sup>th</sup> a dagger  
p<sup>r</sup> the new astir spake worde Whan the lady **Anglydes** made  
grette dole & sowned for she saw her lorde slayne a fore her  
face Whan was p<sup>r</sup> no more to do but prync **Bodwyne**  
was dyspoled & brought to his buryellys But his lady  
**Anglydes** prybaly gate her husbandis dubled and his  
sawte & p<sup>r</sup> she kepte secretly Whan was p<sup>r</sup> muche sorow  
and crynge & grette dole made be wryt p<sup>r</sup> **Gyrtrau**  
p<sup>r</sup> **Dynad** and **fferguo** and so ded all bynggt p<sup>r</sup> were pe  
ffor that prync was passyngly well be loved So labeall  
Hode sente for **Anglydes** his wyff and bade her a boorde  
delynly of ellys her yonge sonne **Alisaundir le Orphelyne**  
sholde be slayne / Whan she harde this she toke her horse  
and her chylde & rode a way w<sup>th</sup> such poore men as durste  
ryde w<sup>th</sup> her ffor wrytstondyng / Whan bynge **charle**  
had done this dede yet he thonght to do more vengeance  
and w<sup>th</sup> his swerde in his honde he songht frome chamber  
to chamber for **Anglydes** and her yonge sonne And whan  
she was myst he called a good bynggt to hym p<sup>r</sup> bynggt p<sup>r</sup>  
**Sadoke** and charged hym in payne of dethe to fette a gay  
ne **Anglydes** and her yonge sonne So p<sup>r</sup> **Sadoke** depted and  
rode aftir **Anglydes** And w<sup>th</sup> m. x. myle he on toke her and  
bade her turne a yew & ryde w<sup>th</sup> hym to bynge **charle** Alas  
fayne bynggt she seyde what shall ye wyne be my fyny  
dethe of ellys by myne for I have on muche harme and to  
grette a losse Madame seyde p<sup>r</sup> **Sadoke** for yo losse w<sup>th</sup> grette  
dole and pite but Madame seyde p<sup>r</sup> **Sadoke** wolde ye de  
parte oute off this contrey w<sup>th</sup> your sonne and kepe

hym tyll he be of age that he may revenge his fadyr  
 dett. than wolde I suffir you to depte frome me so ye p  
 myse me to revenge the dett of pryuce **Bodwyne** A  
 Jantyll byrggt. than thanke the and yf end my sonne **Aly**  
**samudir le Orphelyne** lybe to be a byrggt. he shall have  
 his fadyr dublet & his squyte w<sup>th</sup> the bloody markes and I  
 shall gyff hym such a charge that he shall remem  
 ber hit whyle he lyveth and there w<sup>th</sup> all depte of **Sadoke**  
 frome her and after depte frome o<sup>r</sup> and when **Sir**  
**Sadoke** cam unto byrge **marke** he tolde hym faytfully  
 that he had drowned yonge **Alysamudir** her sonne and p<sup>r</sup>  
 of byrge **marke** was full glad. Now turne we unto  
**Anglydeo** that rode bothe wyght and day by adventure  
 oute off Cornuayle and sylden and in feaw placis she  
 rested but en she drewe southward to the see syde tyll by  
 fortune she cam to a castell p<sup>r</sup> is called **Magoun** p<sup>r</sup> now  
 is called **Arundell** in southsex and the Conestable of that  
 castell welcomed **Anglydeo** and seide she was well com  
 to her owne castell and so she was p<sup>r</sup> wourthyfully rescey  
 ved for p<sup>r</sup> Conestable his wyff was her ny Cousyn and  
 the Conestabyls name was p<sup>r</sup> **Bellyngere** and he tolde  
**Anglydeo** that the same castell was herd by wyght in  
 Brytayne. So **Anglydeo** endured yerys and wyntyr  
 tyll **Alysamudir** was bygge & stronge and p<sup>r</sup> was none  
 so wyghty in all p<sup>r</sup> contrey that p<sup>r</sup> was no man wyght  
 do no man of maystry a fore hym. So gan wypon a day  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Bellyngere** the Conestable cam to **Anglydeo** and seide  
 madame hit were tyme ny lorde p<sup>r</sup> **Alysamudir** were  
 made byrggt for he is a stronge yonge man. So seide  
 she wolde he were made byrggt but than muste I gyff  
 hym the moste charge p<sup>r</sup> en synfull modir gaff to hir childe



ad for that do as ye lyfte it I shall gyff hym warnyng p  
 he shall be made knyght And hit wolle be well done p  
 he be made knyght at oure lady day in lentre // Be hit  
 so seyde **Auglydes** and I pray you make ye redy p fore  
 Do cam p Conestable to **Alysaunder** and tolde hym p  
 he sholde at oure lady off lentre be made a knyght. But  
 I thanke god and you seyde **Alysaunder** for this is p beste  
 trydng p eu cam to me. And the conestable ordayned  
 xx. of the grettyste Iantylmened fynysh and the beste  
 borne men of that contrey whiche sholde be made knyght  
 the same day p **Alysaunder** was made knyght And so on  
 the same day p he and his. xx. felowys were made  
 knyght at the offeryng of the masse there cam this lady  
**Auglydes** unto her sounne it seyde thus a my fayre sounne  
 sounne I charge the vppon my blyssyng and off the hyze  
 order of chivalry p pon tabyste here this day to take  
 hede what I shall sey and charge the wryt all And there  
 w<sup>t</sup> all she pulled oute a bloody dublet and a bloody squyte  
 p was be held bled w<sup>t</sup> olde bloode // And **Alysaunder** saw  
 this he sterte a bab it waped pale and sayde fayre mod  
 what may this be or meane I shall tell p fayre son  
 this was thyne owne fadyr<sup>s</sup> dublet and squyte that  
 he ware vppon hym that same tyme p he was slayne  
 and p she tolde hym why it wqere fore and for his  
 good dedis byng **marke** flew hym w<sup>t</sup> this dagger a  
 fore myne owne yzen And p fore this shall be your  
 charge p I gyff you at this tyme

**D**ow I requere the and I charge the vppon my  
 blyssyng and vppon the hyze order of knyght  
 gode that you be reuenged vppon byng **marke** for  
 the dethe of thy fadir and there wryt all she sounned

Then **Alysamund** lepte to his modur & toke her up in his  
 armys and sayde fayne modur ye have gydyng me a gte  
 charge and here I promyse you I shall be avenged vpon  
 kynge **Harke** when I may & that I promyse to god and to  
 you So this feste was ended & the Conestable by p<sup>r</sup>abyce  
 of **Anglydes** let p<sup>r</sup>ince that **Alysamund** were well horsed  
 & harneyed Then he iusted w<sup>th</sup> his .xx. felowys & were  
 made knyghts w<sup>th</sup> hym but for to make a shorte tale he  
 on threwe all this .xx. & none myght w<sup>th</sup> stonde hym a  
 buffet Then one of this knyghts depte into kynge **Har-**  
**ke** and tolde all how **Alysamund** was made knyght and  
 all the charge that his modur gaf hym as ye have  
 harde a fore tyme // Alas false treson seyde kynge **Har-**  
**ke** I wente that yonge traytoure had bene dede Alas  
 when may I truste and there w<sup>th</sup> all kynge **Harke**  
 toke a swerde in his honde and songht f<sup>r</sup> **Badoke** from  
 chambur to chambur to sle hym // When f<sup>r</sup> **Badoke** saw  
 kynge **Harke** com w<sup>th</sup> his swerde in his honde // Byr he  
 seyde be ware **Harke** and com nat to nyze me for wyte  
 you well I saved **Alysamund** his lyff of the wayche I  
 ned repente me for you falsely & cowardly flew his  
 fadir pryuce **Bodwyne** traytounly for his good dedis  
 where fore I pray all myghty Ihu sende **Alysamund**  
 myght & power to be rebenged vpon the And now be  
 ware kynge **Harke** of yonge **Alysamund** for he is ma-  
 de a knyght Alas seyde kynge **Harke** that en I sholde  
 have a traytoure sey so a fore me and p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> .iii. knyghts  
 of kynge **Harke** drew p<sup>r</sup> swerdis to sle f<sup>r</sup> **Badoke** but a  
 none kynge **Harke** his knyghts were slayne a fore  
 hym and f<sup>r</sup> **Badoke** paste forth in to his chambur &  
 toke his harneys and his horse and rode on his way



for þe was noþ þ **Trystram** þ **Dynas** noþ þ **ffergus**  
 that wolde þ **Dadok** ony wyll wyll þe was  
 þynge **charke** wood wrote and tought to destroy þ  
**Alysamund** for hym he dradde it gated moste of any  
 man lybynge // And þ **Trystram** vnderstood that **Aly**  
**samund** was made bynggt a none furth w<sup>t</sup> all he sent  
 hym a lett<sup>r</sup> prayyng and chargyng hym that he  
 draw hym to the counte of þynge **Arthure** and þe  
 put hym in þe rule it in the hondis of þ **Lancelot**  
 So this lett<sup>r</sup> was sente vnto þ **Alysamund** from his  
 Cousyne þ **Trystram** And at þe tyme he tought to do aft<sup>r</sup>  
 his comandement **þe** þynge **charke** called a knyght  
 that brought hym the tydyngs frome **Alysamund** and hade  
 hym a byde styll in þe contrey **Br-seyde** þe bynggt so  
 muste I do for in my nowne contrey dare I nat com  
 þe force seyde þynge **charke** for I shall gyff the here  
 double ad muche londis ad en þe qaddyste of thyne owne  
 But w<sup>t</sup> in shorte space þ **Dadok** mette wyth that false  
 bynggt it flew hym **þe** was þynge **charke** wood wro  
 the oute of mesure **þe** he sente vnto quene **Morgan**  
**le fay** and to the quene of North **Galys** prayyng them  
 in his lett<sup>r</sup> that they sh<sup>d</sup> forserve wolde sette all þe con  
 trey enbyrone w<sup>t</sup> ladys that were enthamt<sup>o</sup> and by  
 force þe were dangerous bynggt ad þe **Malagryne** and þe  
**Brellwyn** samyng pyte that by no meane **Alysamund** le or þe  
 lyne shulde neu<sup>r</sup> ascape but of he sholde be takyn or slayne  
 And all this ordynance made þynge **charke** to destroy þe **Alysamund**  
**I**n Owtyme we vnto þe **Alysamund** that at his deptyng  
 his mod<sup>r</sup> toke w<sup>t</sup> hym his fad<sup>r</sup> bloody fere and  
 so he bare hym w<sup>t</sup> hym tyll his det<sup>r</sup> day in tokyng to t<sup>r</sup>ube  
 vpon his fad<sup>r</sup> det<sup>r</sup> So was **Alysamund** purposed to ryde

to london by the conncycle of **Trystram** to **Lancelot** and  
 fortune he went after þe see hyde and rode wronge and there  
 he was at a tñement the Be that kynge **Carados** made it  
 there he smote downe kynge **Carados** and xx. of his knyghts  
 And also **Saffir** a good knyght þat was **Palomides** broþer  
 And all that sawe a damysell and went to **Morgan le fay** þat  
 tolde hir how she saw the beste knyght iuste þat en she sawe  
 And en ad he smote downe knyghts he made them to fwere  
 to were none harmysse of a. xij. montye it a day. **Þat** is  
 well seyde seyde **Morgan le fay** for þat is the knyght that  
 wolde fayne se and so she toke her palfrey and rode a grete  
 wyple And than she rested her in her pavylyon So þat cam  
 iij. knyghts. ij. of them were armed and. ij. were unarmed  
 and they tolde **Morgan le fay** there namys. The fyrste was  
**Elyas de gomet** The secunde **Carde gomet** po. ij. were  
 armed And þat of. ij. were of **Camplynde** Cousyns unto  
 quene **Gweny** And that one knyght **Gye** and that other  
 knyght **Garam** po. ij. were unarmed And that. iij.  
 knyghts tolde **Morgan le fay** how a yonge knyght had smyt  
 tyn them downe a fore a castell for the maydyn of that  
 castell seyde þat he was but late made knyght and yonge  
 but ad we suppose but yf hit were **Trystram** other **Lan-  
 lancelet** or ellys **Lamerole** the good knyght þat myght  
 fyte hym a buffette w a speare well seyde **Morgan le fay**  
 I shall mety wyth þat knyght or hit be longe tyme and he  
 dwelle in þat contrey. So turne we to the damysell of þat  
 castell that was **Alysamdr le Orphelyne** had for iusted  
 the. iij. knyghts she called hym to her and seyde that þat knyght  
 wolte þat for my sake iuste it fyrst wyth a knyght of that  
 contrey that is and that bene longe and evyll neygghbonre  
 to me his name is **Dalegryne** And he woll nat suffer me



to be marryde in no man Damesell seyde **f. Alysandir.**  
And he com the wyple p<sup>r</sup> and here I wolt fyght w<sup>th</sup> hym  
And there w<sup>th</sup> all the sente for hym for he was at q<sup>ue</sup>n  
comandement And whan app<sup>r</sup> had a fyght of op<sup>r</sup> they  
made hem redy for to fyste and so they cam to gyd pr  
egwly and th<sup>is</sup> **f. Malegryue** brused q<sup>ue</sup>n speare bypon  
**f. Alysandir** and he smote hym a gayne so harde he bare  
hym quyte from q<sup>ue</sup>n horse But th<sup>is</sup> **Malegryue** debop  
ded & lyggtly arose & dresed q<sup>ue</sup>n sylde & drew q<sup>ue</sup>n swer  
de and hade hym a lyght for wyte p<sup>r</sup> well f. knyghte  
ponze p<sup>r</sup> hane the better on horse backe pon shalt fynde  
that I shalt endure the lybe a knyght on foote ye sey well  
seyde **f. Alysandir** And so he abyded q<sup>ue</sup>n horse & by toke  
hym to q<sup>ue</sup>n barlet And than they rusted to gyd pr lybe  
iij. boorys and leyde on p<sup>r</sup> helmyd & sheldis longe tyme by  
the space of .ij. boorys that nen man conde sey wyse  
was p<sup>r</sup> better knyght And in p<sup>r</sup> meane wyple cam **Thorger**  
**le fay** to the damesell of p<sup>r</sup> castell and they be sylde p<sup>r</sup> batay  
le But th<sup>is</sup> **Dr. Malegryue** was an olde rooted knyght  
and he was called one of the dangerous knyghts of the  
worlde to do batayle on foote but on horsebacke there was  
many better And en th<sup>is</sup> **Malegryue** a wayted to sle fir  
**Alysandir** and so wounded hym wondurly fore that hit  
was merdayle that en he myght stonde for he had bled so  
much for th<sup>is</sup> **f. Alysandir** fought en wyldey and nat  
wyttly and that oth<sup>r</sup> was a felous knyght and a wayted  
hym and smote hym fore and som tyme they rusted to gy  
d pr w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> sheldis lybe .ij. boorys op<sup>r</sup> vampo and felle gro  
velynge bothe to the erthe / Now f. knyght seyde **f. Male**  
**gryue** golde t<sup>he</sup>ne honde a wyple and telle me what  
pon arte That wolt I nat seyde **f. Alysandir** but yf me

lyft well. But tell me thy name and why þu becomste tȝis  
 contrey of elliȝ þu ſhalt dye of my hondis. Þu wyte þu well  
 ſeyde þu **Malagryne** tȝat for tȝis maydyns love of tȝis cas-  
 tell I have ſlayne x. good knyghts by myſſe qay and by oute-  
 rage orgulyte of my ſelf. I have ſlayne oȝer x. knyghts  
 So god helpe me ſeyde þu **Alyſamund** tȝis is tȝe fowlyſte  
 confeffion tȝat en I have knyght make and hit were  
 pite þu ſouldyſte lybe ony leuger and þu forȝe bepe þu for  
 ad I am a trewe knyght of þu ſhalt ſle me of elliȝ I ſhall  
 ſle tȝe. Þan tȝey layſſed to gydys ſpyerſely and at tȝe  
 laſte þu **Alyſamund** ſmote hym to tȝe erthe and þan he ra-  
 ced of qis helme & ſmote of qis hede and wȝan he had  
 done tȝis batayle he toke qis horſe & wolde have moun-  
 ted uppon qis horſe but he myght nat for ſaynte. And  
 þan he ſeyde a þu ſuccoure me. So by tȝat com **Gorgau  
 le fay** and bade hym be of good comforte and ſo ſhe layde  
 hym tȝis **Alyſamund** in an horſe lettur and ſo led hym  
 in to tȝe caſtell for he had no foote to ſtonde uppon tȝe  
 erthe for he had. þu grette woundis and in eſpeciall one  
 of tȝem was lyke to be qis detȝ. Þan quene **Gorgau le  
 fay** ſerched qis woundis and gaſt hym ſucce and oynement  
 tȝat he ſould have dyed and ſo on tȝe morne wȝan ſhe  
 cam to hym a gayne he complayned hym ſore and þan  
 ſhe put a uoy oynemente uppon hym and þan he was  
 oute of qis payne. Þan cam tȝe dameſell of þu caſtell  
 and ſeyde unto **Gorgau le fay** I pray you helpe me tȝat  
 tȝis knyght myght wedde me for he gatȝe wonne me w  
 qis hondis. ye ſhall ſe ſeyde **Gorgau le fay** wȝat I ſhall  
 ſey. Þan tȝis quene **Gorgau le fay** wente to þu **Alyſamund**  
 and bade hym in ony wyſe tȝat he ſould refuse tȝis lady  
 and ſhe deſyre to wed you for ſhe is nat for you. So tȝis



damysell cam & desired of hym marriage. Damysell seyde  
þ **Alysaunder** I thanke you but as yet I caste me nat to  
marry in this contrey. Þw she seyde þt hym þe wolt  
nat marry me I pray you in so muche as þe hane wone  
me þt þe wolt gyff me to a byrght of this contrey that  
hath bene my frende and loved me many yeris. Wyth  
all myne herte seyde þ **Alysaunder** I wolt assente there  
to. Þan was the byrght sente four and thow name  
was þ **Beryue le gosse** and anon he made them  
honde faste and wedded them. Þan cam quene **Mor-  
gan le fay** to þ **Alysaunder** and bade hym a ryse and so  
put hym in an horse lytter and so she gaff hym succre  
a drynke þ of. iij. dayes and. iij. nyghts he waked neu  
but slepte and so she brought hym to hir owne castell þ  
at that tyme was called **la beale regarde**. Þan **Mor-  
gan le fay** com to þ **Alysaunder** and axed hym yf he wolde  
fayne be hote madame who wolde be syde & he myght  
be hote. Well seyde **Morgan** Þan shall þe pmyse me  
by your byrghtode that this. xij. monthes & a day  
þe shall nat passe the compase of this castell and þe  
shall lyghtly be hote. I assent me seyde þ **Alysaunder**  
and þe made hir a promyse and was sone hote. And  
whan þ **Alysaunder** was hote he repented hym of this  
oth for he myght nat be reuenged wypon kynge **Ar-  
thur** byrght so þ cam a damysell that was Cousyn nyce  
to the Erle of Pale and she was Cousyn also wito  
**Morgan le fay** and by ryght þ castell of la beale regar-  
de holde hane bene her by trewe enserptance. So  
this damysell entyrd in to this castell wher lay þ  
**Alysaunder** and þ she founde hym wypon this bedde pas-  
singe hely and all sad. Þw byrght seyde þ damysell

and ye wolde be myrry I coude tell you good tydyngis  
 well were me seyde þ **Alysamur** and I myghte have of  
 good tydyngis for now I stonde as a prysoneer be my pro-  
 myse. So she seyde wyte you well that ye be a priso-  
 nere and word than ye were for my lady my Cousyn  
 quene **Morgan** keppe you here for none oþer entente  
 but for to do hir plesure whan hit lybyth. And I shal  
 defende me seyde þ **Alysamur** frome such plesure  
 for I had leue but a way my hangere than I wolde do  
 her any such plesure. And I shal me helpe seyde þ da-  
 mesell and ye wolde love me and be ruled by me I  
 shal make yow delynnance wth yow worship. Telle me now  
 by what meane þ ye shal have my love fayre knyght  
 sayde she thow castell onght of myght to be myne and I  
 have an uncle is a myghty Erle and he is Erle of  
 the Pace and of all folde he hath **Morgan le fay**  
 And I shal sende vnto hym þ pray hym for my sake to  
 destroy thow castell for the evyll customys that bene  
 used þ in And than wolt he com þ sette fyre on eny pte  
 wth wynde fyre þ so shal I gete you at a prety postren  
 and þ shal ye have yow horse þ yowre harnes fayre  
 damessell ye shal passyng well And than may ye kepe  
 the rone off thow castell thow. xij. monthes and a day  
 and than breke ye nat yowre othe Truly fayre dame  
 sell seyde þ **Alysamur** ye say sothe And than he byssed hir  
 and ded to her plesance as hit pleased them bothe at  
 tyme and leysers. So anon she sente vnto hir uncle  
 and bade hym com to destroy that castell for as þ booke  
 seyth he wolde have destroyed þ castell a fore tyme had  
 nat þ damessell bene. Whan þ Erle understode hir lettys  
 he sente her worde on such a day he wolde com þ destroy



that castell. So when þat day cam þe **Alysamund** rode to a  
 postren where he sholde fle in to the gardyne and þe  
 sholde fynde his armour and his horse. So when þe  
 day cam that was sette thyn cam the Erle of þe West  
 wylth. my. C. byrght and sette on fyre all the pyres of  
 the castell þe or they seased they leste nat one stone stou-  
 dyng. And all the while that the fyre was in the  
 castell he a bode in the gardyne. And when þe fyre  
 was done he let crye that he wolde bepe that pyce  
 of erthe þat the castell of la beale regarde was a  
 my. monthe þe a day frome all man of byrght þe wolde  
 com. So qit happed þe was a Denke amysyne. And he  
 was of þe bynne of þe **Lancelot** and the byrght was a  
 grete pylgryme for eny tynge yere he wolde be at  
 herlin and by cause he used all his lyff to go in pylgry-  
 mage men called hym Denke **Amysyne** þe pylgryme  
 And the Denke had a dought that byrght alþo that  
 was a passyng fayre woman and by cause of her  
 fadir she was called **Alþo le beall pylgryme** And a  
 none ad she garde of the crye she avente unto byrght  
**Artur** and seyde apynly in hyr ynge of many byrght  
 that what byrght may on com that byrght þe bepyt  
 the pyce of erthe shal have me and all my londis when  
 byrght of the rounde table garde qit sey the many  
 of them were glad for she was passyng fayre and  
 myce and of grete ventur byrght so she lete crye in  
 castells þe townys ad faste on her syde ad þe **Alysamund**  
 ded on his syde. So when she dressed his pavilion  
 strete by the pyce of erthe that þe **Alysamund** kepte  
 So she was nat so lone þe but there cam a byrght of  
 bynne **Artur** courte that byrght þe **Sagranour** le

desyround and he ppyrde to Juste wyrt of Alysamund. And  
 so they encountred and he bruse his speare vpon **Aly-**  
**samund.** But **Alysamund** smote hym so sore w<sup>th</sup> he a voyded  
 his arbow of his sadyl to the entyre w<sup>th</sup> and la beale **Alys-**  
 samund. Juste so well she t<sup>h</sup>ought hym a passyng goodly  
 knyght on horse backe and than she lepe oute of hir pabyllion  
 and toke **Alysamund** by his byrdyl and t<sup>h</sup>an she seyde fayre  
 knyght of t<sup>h</sup>y knyghtode shew me t<sup>h</sup>y vylage. What dare I  
 well seyde **Alysamund** shew my vylage. And than he put of  
 his helme and w<sup>th</sup> and she sawe his vylage she seyde a swete  
 fadir I t<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>h</sup>e I muste love and new oth<sup>er</sup>. Than shew me your  
 vylage seyde he and anone she vntympeled her at w<sup>th</sup> and he  
 sawe her he seyde a lorde I t<sup>h</sup>an here have I founde my love and  
 my lady. And there fore fayre lady I promyse you to be your  
 knyght and none of his byrt<sup>h</sup> t<sup>h</sup>e lyf. Now I am t<sup>h</sup>y knyght  
 seyde she telle me your name. Thadame my name is **Dr.**  
**Alysamund** le orphelyne. And she seyde she t<sup>h</sup>an ye lyf to know my  
 name wyte you well my name is **Alys** la beale pellaron. And  
 w<sup>th</sup> and we be more at our hartys ease bot<sup>h</sup> ye at I shall telle  
 of what bloode we be com. So there was grete love betw<sup>th</sup>  
 them and ad they t<sup>h</sup>an talbed p<sup>er</sup> and a knyght t<sup>h</sup>at t<sup>h</sup>yght **A-**  
**harlense** le **Verbuse** and axed p<sup>er</sup> of **Alysamund** spearyd  
 Than **Alysamund** encountred w<sup>th</sup> hym at his fyrste **Aly-**  
**samund** smote hym on his horse croupe and than p<sup>er</sup> and a noy  
 knyght p<sup>er</sup> t<sup>h</sup>yght **Redgon** and **Alysamund** smote hym downe  
 ad he ded t<sup>h</sup>at oth<sup>er</sup>. Than **Redgon** p<sup>er</sup> fnde batayle on foote at  
 anone **Alysamund** on t<sup>h</sup>e t<sup>h</sup>e hym w<sup>th</sup> in. n. strob<sup>er</sup> And pan  
 he rased of his helme at p<sup>er</sup> wolde have slayne hym had nat<sup>h</sup> yel  
 ded hym. So than **Alysamund** made bot<sup>h</sup> ye knyght to swere  
 to were none armo<sup>r</sup> of a xij. monthes and a day. Than **Aly-**  
**samund** a lyght and wente to reste hym and to repose hym.



Whan the damysell that halpe **f** **Alysandir** oute of þe castell  
in her play tolde **Alys** all to godir how he was þenore in þe  
castell of la bealle regarde and þe she tolde her how she gate  
hym oute of prison þe seide **Alys** la bealle pillerou me so  
myghte ye ar myghte be holdynge to this mayden. That is  
trouthe seide **f** **Alysandir** And þe **Alys** tolde of what bloode  
she was com and seide **f** wryte you well þe I am of the bloode  
of bynge **Ban** than was fadir vnto **f** **Lancelot** / **Alys** seide  
lady seide **f** **Alysandir** my modir tolde me my fadir was bro-  
ther vnto a bynge and I am mye Cousyn vnto **f** **Bystram**  
So this meane whyle cam. iij. byggt that one byggt **f**  
**Bayne** and þe op byggt **Garbriele marcquid** and þe thirde byggt  
**Peryne de lamountayne** and w<sup>t</sup> one speare **f** **Alysandir**  
pnote them downe all. iij. and gaff them such a fallys þe they  
had no lyft to byggt vpon foote So he made them to swere  
to were none armys of a. xij. monthe So whan they were  
defted þe **Alysandir** be hylde his lady **Alys** on horse back ad  
she stode in hir pabyllion and than was he so enamored vpon  
her þe he wryt nat wher he were on horse backe op on foote  
byggt so cam the false byggt **f** **Mordred** and saue **f** **Alysam**  
**ir** was so a foumed vpon his lady and þe w<sup>t</sup> all he toke his  
horse by the byddyll and lad hym here and þe it had caste to hane  
lad hym oute of þe place to hane shamed hym So whan the  
damysell þe halpe hym oute of þe castell saue how shamefully  
he was lad anone she lete arme her þe sette a spylde vpon  
her schuldr And þe w<sup>t</sup> she amownted vpon his horse þe gate  
a naked swerde in hir honde and she treste vnto **Alysandir**  
w<sup>t</sup> all hir myght and she gaff hym such a buffet that hym  
thonght þe fyre flowe oute of his ygen / And whan **f** **Aly**  
**sandir** felte þe stroke he lobed a bonte hym and drew his  
swerde and whan she saue that she fledde þe so ded **f** **Mordred**

in to the foreyste And the damisell fled in to the parvlyon  
 . So when **Alysaunder** vnderstood hym self how the false  
 knyght wolde hane slaymed hym had nat the damisell bene  
 than was he wroth w<sup>t</sup> hym self p<sup>r</sup> **Thorndred** had so ascaped  
 his hondis But than **Alysaunder** and his lady **Alis** had good  
 game at p<sup>r</sup> damisell how sadly she smote hym upon p<sup>r</sup> helme  
 . Than **Alysaunder** lusted thus day be day and on foote ded  
 many batayles w<sup>t</sup> many knyghts of bynge **Artours** courte  
 and w<sup>t</sup> many knyghts strangers that for to tell batayle by  
 batayle hit were on muche to reherse for eyn day in that  
 xij. monthe he had to do w<sup>t</sup> one knyght on p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> another on  
 And son day w<sup>t</sup> .ij. or .iii. And p<sup>r</sup> was new knyght that put  
 hym to the warre And at the .xij. monthe ende he depte  
 w<sup>t</sup> his lady **la bealle pyllerowne** and p<sup>r</sup> damisell wolde new  
 go frome hym and so they wente in to p<sup>r</sup> contrey of **Benoy**  
 & lyved p<sup>r</sup> in grete joy // But ad the booke tellyt bynge **Mar**  
**ke** wolde new stynte tyme he had slayme hym by treson And by  
 Alis he gate a chylde that was **Belleugene** le Bense &  
 by good fortune he cam to the courte of bynge **Artours** &  
 preved a good knyght and he reuenged his fadir dethe for  
 this false bynge **marke** slew bothe **Bystram** and **Pr**  
**Alysaunder** falsely & felously And hit gapped so p<sup>r</sup> **Alysaunder**  
 had new grace ne fortune to com to bynge **Artours** courte  
 for and he had com to **launcelot** all knyghts seide that  
 knew hym p<sup>r</sup> he was one of the strengyste knyghts that was  
 in his bynge **Artours** dayes and grete dole was made for  
 hym So lette we hym passe and turne we to a new tale //  
 . So hit be felle p<sup>r</sup> **Galahalte** the haunte pryncce lorde of  
 p<sup>r</sup> contrey of **Burhuse** where of cam onte many good knyghts  
 And this noble pryncce was a passynge good man of armys &  
 en he hylde a noble felyschyp to gyfours And than he cam to



Kyng **Artur** comte it tolde hym his entente how this was  
 this wyll he had let cry a iustys in þe contrey of **Sur-luse**  
 the wyseste contrey was w<sup>t</sup> in þe bandis of kyng **Artur**  
 and þe assted leve to crye a iustys I wolt gyff you leve  
 seyde kyng **Artur**. But wyte you well I may not be  
 þe my self. So seyde quene **Gwenyū** please hit you to  
 gyff me leve to be at that iustis wyth ryght a good wyll  
 seyde kyng **Artur** for þe **Galagalte** the good pryncce  
 schall have you in gouernance So ad ye wyll so be hit  
 Sohan the quene seyde I wolt take w<sup>t</sup> me sucche knyght  
 ad hylt me beste Do ad ye lyte seyde kyng **Artur**  
 Do a none the comanded þe **Lancelot** to make hym redy  
 w<sup>t</sup> sucche knyght ad hym tōnght beste So in eny goode  
 towne it castell off the londe was made a crye that in  
 þe contrey of **Sur-luse** So **Galagalte** schulde make a  
 iustis that scholde laste vii. dayes And how þe harte þuce  
 w<sup>t</sup> þe helpe of quene **Gwenyū** knyght scholde iuste a  
 gayne all man of men that comyt w<sup>t</sup>han the crye  
 was knowyn kyng and prynces Deuþ Erlor þe Barow  
 ned it nolle knyght made them redy to be at þe iustys  
 And at þe day of iustenyng Sohere cam in þe **Dynadan**  
 dysgyssed it ded many grete dedis off armys Sohan at þe  
 requeste of quene **Gwenyū** and of kyng **Bagdema**  
**gno** þe **Lancelot** com in to the tōrange but he was  
 dysgyssed þe was þe cause þe feaw folke knew hym And  
 there mette wyth hym þe **Ector de marys** his owne  
 broþer it arþe brabe þe spearyd vpon oþ to þe handis And þe  
 arthm gate a noþ speare And than þe **Lancelot** smote  
 doune þe **Ector** his owne broþer Sohan sawe þe **Bleobe**  
**ryd** And he smote þe **Lancelot** vpon þe helme sucche  
 a buffet that he wyte nat well where he was þan

Byr Lancelot

Sir **Launcelot** smote **Bleoberys** so sore vppon the  
 helme þat he bowed downe bakwarde & he smote  
 hym effe a noþ stroke & þat he a voyded his sadyl & and so  
 he rode by & treste in a munge þat trestyft. When the  
 kynge of North galys saw **Ector** and **Bleoberys**  
 ley on þe grounde than was he wrothe for they cam on  
 his pty a gayne gaynst them of Surlyse. So þe kynge  
 of North galys ran vnto **Launcelot** and brake a  
 speare vppon hym all to pecio. And þat **Launcelot**  
 on toke the kynge of North galys & smote hym such  
 a buffet on þe helme wth his swerde þat he made hym to  
 a voyde þe arse of his sadyl. And a none þe kynge  
 was horsed a gayne so kynge **Bagdemagus** and þe kynge  
 of North galys aytyn. Pte hym led to oþ and than be gan  
 a stronge mede but they of North galys were much  
 bygger than þe oþ. So when **Launcelot** saw his party  
 go so to the warre he tprange oute to the threlyft wth a  
 bygge swerde in his honde and þe he smote downe on  
 the ryggt honde & on the lyfte honde & pulled downe knyght  
 and rissed of helmys that all men had wondr þe  
 knyght myght do suche dedis of armys. When **Ayelly**  
**agance** that was some vnto kynge **Bagdemagus** saw  
 how **Launcelot** fared and when he vnderstood that hit  
 was he he myste well that he was dyspyssed for his  
 sake. When **Ayellyagance** prayde a knyght to sle Sir  
**Launcelot** horse oþ wth swerde or speare and at þe tyme  
 kynge **Bagdemagus** mett wth an oþ knyght þe ryggt  
**Bausyse** a good knyght and sayde now fayre knyght þe  
**Bausyse** encountre wth my sonne **Ayellyagance** and  
 geff hym laynge pay for þe wolde that he were well  
 beatyn of thy hondis that he myght depte oute of thy



felyshyp And than **of** **Sausseysse** encountred w<sup>th</sup> **of** **Myllpaganice**  
and ayt<sup>er</sup> smote o<sup>f</sup> a downe And than they fonght on foote  
And **of** **Sausseysse** had wonne **of** **Myllpaganice** had there nat<sup>ur</sup>  
com rescowp<sup>er</sup> So than **of** **hante** prynce blewe to lodgyng  
and eny bynght vnarmed hym it coente to the grette feyste  
Than in **of** meane whyle **of** came a damessell to the hante  
prynce and complayned **of** there was a bynght **of** bynght **of**  
**Goueyes** that w<sup>th</sup> **of** **gylde** all<sup>er</sup> **of** **londis** And so **of** bynght was  
**of** **presente** and beste **of** **globe** to **of** or to ony **of** **wolde** **of**  
in **of** name So the damessell toke up the globe all<sup>er</sup> **of** **hebyl** for  
**of** **defaute** o<sup>f</sup> a champpon Than **of** **cam** a warlet to **of** **seide**  
damessell **wol** **of** **do** **of** **me** **of** **full** **of** **sayne** **of** **seide** **of** **damessell**  
Than go **of** **unto** **of** **suche** a bynght **of** **lyett** **of** **here** **of** **byde** in an  
Ermytage **of** **of** bynght **of** **folowyt** **of** **questyng** **of** **beste** And pray  
hym to take the batayle **of** **pon** **of** **it** **of** **anone** **of** **he** **wol** **of** **grante**  
pon So anone she toke **of** **palferer** **of** **in** a whyle she fonde  
that bynght **wyche** was called **of** **Dalouydes** And when she  
requyred hym **of** **armed** **of** **it** **of** **rode** **of** **her** and made **of** **go**  
to **of** **hante** **of** **prynce** **of** **to** **asse** **of** **leve** for **of** **bynght** to do batayle  
I **wol** **wel** **of** **seide** **of** **hante** **of** **prynce** Than the bynght made  
them redy and cam to **of** **fylde** to **of** **juste** on horse backe **of** **ayt**  
gate a grette speare in **of** **goude** **of** **so** **mette** to **of** **gydys** so hard  
**of** **there** **of** **speare** all<sup>er</sup> to **of** **shew** And anone they flange oute **of**  
**of** **werdis** And **of** **Dalouydes** smote **of** **Goueyes** downe to the erthe  
And than **of** **naced** o<sup>f</sup> **of** **helme** **of** **smote** o<sup>f</sup> **of** **hede** Than they  
wente to **of** **son** And **of** **damessell** **of** **loved** **of** **Dalouydes** **of** **her**  
**of** **paran** But **of** **booke** **of** **seyt** **of** **she** was o<sup>f</sup> **of** **hym** So than **of**  
**Dalouydes** **of** **disgyssed** **of** **hym** **of** **self** in **of** **maid** in **of** **shylde** **of**  
**of** **have** the **of** **questyng** **of** **beste** and in all **of** **trapouns** And when  
**of** **was** **of** **redy** **of** **he** **of** **sente** to the **of** **hante** **of** **prynce** to **of** **gyss** **of** **hym**  
**of** **leve** to **of** **juste** w<sup>th</sup> **of** **bynght** but **of** **he** was a **of** **douted** o<sup>f</sup> **of** **Syr**

**Lancelot** Then the hante prynce sente hym worde a gayne  
 þat he sholde be well com and that þe **Lancelot** sholde nat juste  
 wytt þe hant þe **Galaahalte** the hante prynce lete cry þat  
 what bygget som en smote downe þe **Palomides** sholde hane  
 his damesell to hym self to his demaure

**H**ere be gymyng þe secunde day and anone ad þe **Palomides**  
 came in to the fynde þe **Galaahalte** the hante  
 prynce was at þe kynge ende it mette wytt þe **Palomides**  
 and he wytt hym w. i. grette spearyd þat they cam so hant to gy-  
 dynd þe þe spearyd all to shewde But þe **Galaahalte** smote hym  
 so hant þe he bare hym bakwarde ow his horse but yet he loste  
 nat his styroppis Then they pulled oute þe swerdis it layssed  
 to gydynd many sad strokis that many worschippfull bygget  
 leste þe bysnes to be hant thew But at þe laste þe **Galaahalte**  
 smote a stroke off mygget unto þe **Palomides** so sore wytt þe  
 helme but þe helme was so hant þe þe swerde mygget nat byste  
 but flipped and smote off the hede off his horse But when þe  
**Galaahalte** saw the good bygget þe **Palomides** fall to þe erthe  
 he was a shamed off þe stroke and þe w. all he a lygget a downe off  
 his owne horse and prayde þe **Palomides** to take that horse  
 off his gyfte and to for gyft hym that dede. Þe seyde þe **Palomides**  
 I thanke you off your grette goodnes for en off a man  
 off worschipp a bygget shall ned hane distworschipp And so he moun-  
 ted wytt þe horse and þe hante prynce had a noþ horse anone  
 þe seyde þe hante prynce I releace to you that maydyn for  
 I hane wonne her I sayde þe **Palomides** þe damesell þe I be at  
 your comamendement So they deþted þe **Galaahalte** ded grette  
 dedis off armys And rygget so cam þe **Dynadan** and encomm-  
 tynd wytt þe **Galaahalte** and wytt cam ow of so faste that þe  
 spearyd brake to there hondis But þe **Dynadan** had wente  
 the hante prynce had bene more werpar than he was And



than he smote many sad strok at y<sup>e</sup> hante prynce. But when  
y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** saw he myght nat gete hym to the erte he  
seyde my lord I pray you leve me & take a notur. So the  
hante prynce knew nat y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** but lefte hym goodly  
for his fayre wordis. And so they deptyd but a nyght y<sup>e</sup>  
cam & tolde y<sup>e</sup> hante prynce that hit was y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan**.  
And seyde y<sup>e</sup> hante prynce y<sup>e</sup> fore am I hely y<sup>e</sup> is so asca-  
ped fro me for w<sup>th</sup> his molles & his Jappo now shall I new  
hane done w<sup>th</sup> hym. And than y<sup>e</sup> **Galagalte** rode faste aftyr  
hym & bade hym a byde y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** for bynge **Arturo**.  
Late they seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan**. So god me helpe we mete no  
more to gydyng this day. Than in y<sup>e</sup> haste y<sup>e</sup> **Galagalte** mett  
w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> **ayellynganne** and he smote hym so in y<sup>e</sup> throte that  
and he had fallyn his necke had be brokyn & w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> same  
speare he smote dourne an othyr knyght. Than cam In  
they of the portre galyd & many strangers w<sup>th</sup> them &  
were lyke to hane put them of. But luse to the worse for  
y<sup>e</sup> **Galagalte** the hante prynce had on myghte in honde.  
So y<sup>e</sup> cam y<sup>e</sup> good knyght y<sup>e</sup> **Symonde** the valyante w<sup>th</sup>  
pl. knyght & bete them all a backe. Than quene **Gweny**  
and y<sup>e</sup> **Lancelot** let blow to lodgyng and edy knyght unar-  
med hym & dressed them to the feste. So when y<sup>e</sup> **Palomys**  
**des** was unarmed he axed lodgyng for hym selff and y<sup>e</sup>  
damesell. And a none y<sup>e</sup> hante prynce comanded them to  
lodgyng and he was nat so fone in his lodgyng but y<sup>e</sup>  
cam a knyght that hys **Arche** he was broght w<sup>th</sup> Sir  
**Gomor** y<sup>e</sup> that y<sup>e</sup> **Palomys** stowe a fore in the same  
seld quarell. And this knyght **Arche** called y<sup>e</sup> **Palomys**  
traytonne & appeled hym for the dett of his brop. By the  
leve of the hante prynce seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Palomys** I shall an-  
swere the. When y<sup>e</sup> **Galagalte** vnderstood there quarell

he bade them go to the dyner And as sone as ye have dyned  
 lobe þat qn þynggt be redy in þe fylde Do wþan they had  
 dyned they were armed hotte and toke þe horsys þat þe quene  
 and þe prynce And þe **Lancelot** were sette to be holde them  
 And so they let ren þe horsys And þe **Palomydes** and **Br  
 Arcaide** mette and he bare þe **Arcaide** on his speare ende  
 on his horse tayle And than þe **Palomydes** a lyzt þe drewe  
 his swerde but þe **Arcaide** myght nat a ryse And there for  
**Palomydes** waces of his helme and smote of his hede þat  
 the hante prynce and quene **Gwenyn** went to souþ þan  
 þynge **Bagdemagus** sente a way his sonne **Myllpaga  
 unce** by cause þe **Lancelot** sholde nat mete wþ hym for he  
 hated þe **Lancelot** and that knewe he nat

**O**n þe gynnytt þe thirde day of iustis And at that  
 day þynge **Bagdemagus** made hym redy and þe  
 cam a gaynste hym þynge **Charlyt** that had in gyfte an  
 floude of þe **Galagalte** the hante prynce And that floude  
 was called **Pomytayne** þan hit be felle thow þe þynge  
**Bagdemagus** and þynge **Charlyt** of **Pomytayne** mett  
 to gydr wytt spearys And þynge **Charlyt** had such a  
 buffet that he felle on his horse cronpe þan cam þe  
 in a bynggt of þynge **Charlyt** to reuenge his lorde  
 And þynge **Bagdemagus** smote hym downe horse and  
 man to the erthe So there came an erle that bynggt þe  
**Arrolse** and þe **Brense** and an .C. bynggt wytt hem  
 of **Pometaynes** and the bynge of **Porthe** galys was  
 wþ hem And all they were a gaynste them of **Enrluse**  
 And than þe be gan a grete batayle and many bynggt  
 were caste vnder þe horse fyete And en þynge **Bagde  
 magus** ded beste for he fyrste be gan and en he was  
 lengyste that helde on But þe **Gaherys** **Galwaynes**



broþ smote en at the face of kynge **Bagdemagus** and at  
the laste he smote downe þ **Gakerys** horse & man And by  
aventure þ **Dalouydes** mette w<sup>th</sup> þ **Blaino de Ganyo**  
broþ vnto þ **Bleoberys** and app<sup>er</sup> smote oþ<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> grete spearis  
that bothe horse and men felle to the erthe But þ **Blaino**  
had all moste broke his necke for the blood braste oute  
at þ nose molte and earys. Then cam in Denbe **Chalence**  
of Clarence and vnder his gouernance there cam  
a byrght that byrght þ **Elys la uoyre** and þ encounterd  
w<sup>th</sup> hym kynge **Bagdemagus** and he smote þ **Elys** that  
he made hym to a voyde his arson of his sadyl. So this  
Denbe **Chalence** of Clarence dede there grete dedis of  
armys And so late as he cam in the thirde day þ dede no  
man so well excepte kynge **Bagdemagus** and Sir  
**Dalouydes** And þ pryncce was gydyn that day vnto  
kynge **Bagdemagus** and then they blew vnto lodgyng  
and unarmed them & wente to the feyste byrght so cam  
in þ **Dynadan** and mocked &aped wyth kynge **Bagdemagus**  
that all byrghts lowze at hym for he was a  
fyne pape and lobynge vnto all good byrghts. So a  
none as they had dyned þ cam a varlet beerynge .iii.  
spearys on his backe and he cam to þ **Dalouydes** and  
seyde thus here is a byrght by þ byrght that sente þ knyght  
of .iii. spearys & requyrt þ you for youre ladyes sake  
to take that one halff of thes spearys and iuste w<sup>th</sup> hym  
in the fylde. Telle hym seyde þ **Dalouydes** wolt nat  
fayle you. So þ **Salagalte** seyde make you redy. So  
quene **Gweny** the haute pryncce and þ **Lancelot**  
they were sette in scaffolds. Then þ **Dalouydes**  
and þ strange byrght ran to gydnis and brake there  
spearys to þ hondys And a none aftur of them toke a

nor speare and shypyrd them in pectis And than app toke  
 a gretter speare And than the knyght smote dolme Sir  
**Palomydes** horse and man and as he wolde have passed  
 on hym the knyghts horse stonbeled & felle downe vpon  
 & **Palomydes** Than they drewe there swordis & laysshed  
 to gydnor wondurly fore Than the hante prynce and &  
**launcelot** seyde they saw neu. ij. knyghts fyght bettir but en  
 y framige knyght doubled his strokyng & put & **Palomy**  
**des** a bat And there w<sup>th</sup> all the hante prynce cryed w<sup>th</sup>oo  
 And than they wente to lodgyng And w<sup>th</sup>an they were un  
 armed anone they knew hym for & **launcelot** And w<sup>th</sup>an  
**launcelot** knew & **launcelot** he made muche of hym for of  
 all certely men he loved hym beste excepte & **Trystram**  
 Than quene **Gwenyver** comanded comended hym and  
 so did all good knyghts made muche of hym excepte &  
**Galwynes** brethirne Than quene **Gwenyver** seyde  
 vnto & **launcelot** Sir I requyre you y<sup>t</sup> and ye iuste any  
 more that ye iuste w<sup>th</sup> none of y<sup>r</sup> blood of my lorde  
 kyng **Artoure** & so he promysed he wolde nat as at y<sup>r</sup> tyme  
**H**ere be gymyng the. iij. day Than cam in to the  
 fylde y<sup>r</sup> kyng w<sup>th</sup> the. C. knyghts And all they of  
 North galys And Dente **Caleus** of Clarence And  
 kyng **Marshall** of Demetayne And y<sup>r</sup> cam & **Sapin**  
 & **Palomydes** brop and he tolde hym tydyngs of his  
 fadir and of his modir and his name was called an  
 Erle And so I appeled hym a fore y<sup>r</sup> kyng for he made  
 warre vpon oure fadir and modir And there I slewe  
 hym in playne batayle So they. ij. wente in to y<sup>r</sup> fylde  
 And the damysell w<sup>th</sup> hem And there cam to encount  
 a gayne t<sup>h</sup>en Sir **Bleoberys de gany** and & **Ector**  
**de mavy** and & **Palomydes** encountred w<sup>th</sup> Sir



**Bleoberys** and arthur smote of downe in þe same wyse  
ded þe **Burgh** and þe **Ector** and tye. ij. couplys ded batay-  
le on foote **Brian** cam in þe **Lamerok** and he encom-  
tynd w<sup>th</sup> the kynge of the C. **Burgess** and smote hym  
fyrte on his horse taylor and in the same wyse he smote  
the kynge of Portage galye and also he smote downe  
kynge **Martha** and so on eu he styrte he smote downe  
w<sup>th</sup> his speare and w<sup>th</sup> his fawerde xxxi. **Burgess**  
w<sup>th</sup> **Deute** **Calend** saw þe **Lamerok** do so grete pro-  
ved he wolde nat meddyt w<sup>th</sup> hym for shame and than  
he charged all his **Burgess** in payne of dett þe none  
of you towche hym for hit were shame to all goode  
**Burgess** þe that **Burgess** were shamed **Brian** þe. ij. **Burgess**  
gadd to hym to gyde and all they sett vpon þe **Lame**  
**roke** and he fayled them nat but ruffed here and  
there and rased of many helmyd that þe hante þuce  
and quene **Gweny** seyde they sawe ned **Burgess** do  
fuche dedis of armyt on horse backe. **Alad** seyde  
þe **Lancelot** to kynge **Bagdemagus** I wolt arme  
me and helpe þe **Lamerok** and I wolt ryde w<sup>th</sup> you  
seyde kynge **Bagdemagus** and w<sup>th</sup> they. ij. were  
horsed they cam to þe **Lamerok** that stood amonge xxxi.  
**Burgess** and well wad hym that myght recche hym  
a buffet and eu he smote a gayne myghtly **Brian**  
cam there in to the p<sup>re</sup>s þe **Lancelot** and he t<sup>re</sup>wre  
downe þe **Ador de la porte** and w<sup>th</sup> þe troncheon of  
that speare he t<sup>re</sup>wre downe many **Burgess** þe **Burgess**  
**Bagdemagus** smote on the lyfte honde and on þe  
ryght honde maylously well and than t<sup>re</sup>w. ij. **Burgess**  
fledde a bat and þe w<sup>th</sup> a þe **Galaalte** lat blow to lod-  
gynge and all gervoldis gaff þe **Lamerok** the pryce

And all this while fought **Palamides** and **Belshazzar**  
 And **Safer** and **Ector** on foote and ned was p. m. byght  
 more wymer macthed And anone they were depte and had  
 vnto p. lodgyng and vnarmed and so they wente to p. grete  
 feste But when **Lamerok** was com vnto p. counte quene  
**Gwenyn** embraced hym in her armys and seyde p. well hane  
 ye done this day When cam the hante prynce and he made  
 of hym grete joy and so ded **Dynadan** for he wepte for  
 joy But p. joy that **Lancelot** made of **Lamerok** p. myght  
 no tonge telle When they wente vnto reste and so on p. morne  
 the hante prynce Sir **Galahad** blew vnto the fylde

**H**ere be gymyng the v. day So hit be fell that Sir  
**Palamides** cam in the morne tye and proforde  
 to iuste there ad bynge **Artur** was in a castell p. be syde  
 Burlyse p. p. encountred w. hym a worschippfull Denke that  
 byght **Adrallus** and p. **Palamides** smote hym on his horse  
 crouppid and this Denke was vnto bynge **Artur**  
 When **Elyce** his some rode vnto **Palamides** and so he  
 seid **Elyse** in the same wyse. When **Gawayne** sawe  
 this he was wrotte When he toke his horse and encountred  
 w. **Palamides** and **Palamides** smote hym so harde that  
 he wente to the erthe horse and man and for to make a short  
 tale he smote downe his m. brepne that is for to say Sir  
**Mordred** **Safer** and **Aggravayne** A p. seyde bynge  
**Artur** this is a grete dyspyte that succe a Daryson shall  
 smyte downe my blood And there w. all bynge **Artur** was  
 wrotte and thought to hane made hym redy to iuste That  
 aspyed Sir **Lamerok** that bynge **Artur** and his blood was  
 so discomfite And anone he was redy and ayed **Palamides**  
 if he wolde ony more iuste why sholde I nat iuste seyde Sir  
**Palamides** So they quired to gydw and brake p. spearyd A



all to spynd then that all the castell range of p dnytyd pa  
aytyn gate a gretter speare and they cam so fyersly to gydn p  
p **Palomydes** speare brake p **lamerof** hylde and p wryt all  
p **Palomydes** losse his spynnyd and so he lay up ryght on his  
horse backe But p **Palomydes** reconde a gayne and toke  
his damessell and so p **Saffir** and he went p way So when  
he was deptyd p bynge cam to p **lamerof** and thankyd hym  
of his goodnes and prayde hym to tell hym his name Syr  
seyde p **lamerof** wryte you well I owe you my knyght but ad  
at this tyme I wolle nat a byde here for I se off myne enemy  
ed many a bonte you alas seyde bynge **Artquire** nowte wote  
I wolle nat a byde **lamerof** de galyd I **lamerof** a byde wryt me  
and be my crowne I shall nen fayle the and nat so hardy in fir  
**Galwayne** hede notyn none of his breynne to do the wronge  
Dn grette wronge hane they done me and you botte That  
is trontke seyde bynge **Artquire** for they slew p owne modur  
my sistr hit had bene muche fayrer and bettir that ye hadde  
spredde her for ye ar a bynge some ad well ad they I shu  
mcy seyde p **lamerof** her detch shall I nen for gete and if hit  
were nat at p renance of yowre hymned I sholde be rebenged  
vpon p **Galwayne** and his breynne Truly seyde bynge **Artquire**  
I wolle make you at acorde / Dn seyde p **lamerof** ad at this  
tyme I may nat a byde w you for I muste to the justid where  
is p **lamicelot** and the hante prynce p **Galasalte** So there  
was a damessell p was donghtn unto bynge **Banda** and p  
was a Barazen bynght that hyght p **Corfabryne** p he loved  
the damessell and in no wyse he wolde suffir her to be marryed  
for en this **Corfabryne** moyled her and named her p she was  
oute of her mynde and thnd he lette her that she myght nat  
be marryed So by fortune this damessell harde telle that fir  
**Palomydes** ded muche for damessels and anone she sente hym

a pensell and prayde hym to fyght w<sup>th</sup> **Corisabryne** for her  
 love and he sholde have her and all her londis and off her fa-  
 dres that sholde falle after hym. Then the damessell sente vnto  
**Corisabryne** and bade hym go vnto **Palomides** w<sup>ch</sup> was  
 a paynym as well as he and she gaff hym warnynge y<sup>t</sup> she  
 had sente hym her pensell. And yf he myght on com **Pa-**  
**lomydes** she wolde wedde hym. When **Corisabryne** wiste of  
 her dedis then was he wood wrothe and anon he rode in-  
 to **Surlyse** where the hante prynce and y<sup>e</sup> he founde **Sir**  
**Palomydes** redy the wyche had y<sup>e</sup> pensell. And so y<sup>e</sup> they  
 waged batayle aytur w<sup>th</sup> o<sup>th</sup>er a fore **Galahalte** wellseyde  
 the hante prynce that day myste noble knyghts iuste and  
 at after dyner we shal se how ye can do than they blew to  
 iustys and in cam **Dynadan** and mette w<sup>th</sup> **Geryne** a  
 good knyght and he trowe hym downe on his horse croupen  
 and **Dynadan** on t<sup>he</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> my. knyghts mo and y<sup>e</sup> he dede gte  
 dedis of armys for he was a good knyght but he was a gte  
 boffer and a gaper and y<sup>e</sup> meryste knyght a mouge felyskip  
 that was that tyme lhyng and he loved eyn good knyght  
 and eyn good knyght loved hym. So when the hante prynce  
 saw **Dynadan** do so well he sente vnto **Lancelot** and bade  
 hym stryke hym a downe and so bryngge hym a fore me and  
 quene **Gweny** then **Lancelot** ded as he was requyred  
 then cam **Lancelot** and smote downe many knyghts  
 and rased off helms and droff all y<sup>e</sup> knyghts a fore hym  
 and **Lancelot** smote a downe **Dynadan** and made his  
 men to vuarne hym and so bronght hym to the quene  
 And to the hante prynce lowze at **Dynadan** that they  
 myght nat stonde wellseyde **Dynadan** yet have I no  
 shame for the olde schew **Lancelot** smote me downe so  
 they wente to dyner all the comte and had quete disporte



at þ **Dynadan** So wān þ dñer was done tñey blew to þ  
 fylde to be golde þ **Palomydes** and þ **Corfabryne** Dñ  
**Palomydes** pyggt qñ pensell in myddp of þ fylde &  
 tñan tñey quiled to gydnw wñ her spearpo ad qñ were  
 tñundw And tñey smote dytñw of to tñe ertñe And tñan  
 tñey pulled oute tñere swordis & dressed þ sñyldis and  
 layssñed to gydnw myggtly ad myggtly buyggt þ well  
 myze þ was no pyse of qñneyse wolde golde tñem for  
 tñis **Corfabryne** was a passyng felowise buyggt. Dñan  
**Corfabryne** seyde þ **Palomydes** wolt þ release me  
 yondw damessell and tñe pensell. Dñan was he wrotñe  
 oute of mesñure and gaff þ **Palomyde** sñage a buffet þ  
 he bueled on qñs bñe Dñan þ **Palomydes** arose lyggtly  
 and smote hym vppon tñe helme þ he fell vp ryggt to þ  
 ertñe And þ wñ all he raced of qñs helme & seyde yelde  
 þ **Corfabryne** or þou shalt dye. fñe on tñe seyde Dñ  
**Corfabryne** and do tñy warste Dñan he smote of qñs  
 hede and tñere wñ all cam a stynde of qñs body wñan  
 tñe soule deþted tñat þ myggt no body a byde tñe sabowd  
 So was tñe corpus had a way & buryed in a wood by  
 cause he was a paymyñ Dñan tñey blew vnto lodgynge  
 and þ **Palomydes** was unarmed Dñan he wente vnto  
 quene **Gwenyn** to tñe qante pryncce and to þ **Lamucelot**  
 Dñ seyde tñe qante pryncce here qane ye seyne tñis day  
 a gñete myracle by **Corfabryne** wñat saboure was tñe  
 ve wñan tñe soule deþted frōme tñe body Dñere forewe  
 all requyre þou to take tñe baptyne vppon þou and þa  
 all buyggt wolt sette tñe more be þou. Dñ seyde fir  
**Palomydes** I wolt tñat ye all þuowe tñat in to tñis londe  
 I cam to be crystñed and in my qante I am crystñde

and crystynde wolle / be. But I haue made fucge a bowe þat  
 may nat be crystynde tyll I haue done by. trewe bataylis  
 for Ihus sake and than wolle / be crystynde and I truste that  
 god wolle take myne entente for I meane truly. **Then** þe  
**Palomydes** prayde quene **Gweyn** and þe quene pryncce  
 and so he ded bothe þe **Lancelot** and þe **Lamerok** and many  
 of good knyghts. So on the morne they herde þe masse &  
 blewe to the and pan many worshippfull knyghts made þe redy  
**Then** be gynneth the vi. day. **Then** cam þe in **the**  
**Gaherys** and þe encounterd wth **the** **Ossayse** of  
**the** **luse** and þe **Gaherys** smote hym on his horse cronpe  
 and than aþer þe encounterd wth **the** **otter** and þe were many  
 knyghts caste vnder fyete. So þe cam in þe **Daruarde** and  
 þe **Agglovale** that were brenne vnto þe **Lamerok** and they  
 mette wth of þe knyghts and ather smote of so hard that  
 all. my. knyghts and horsis fell to the erthe. **Then** for  
**Lamerok** saw his brenne downe he was wrothe oute  
 of mesure and than he gate a grete spere in his hande  
 and þe wth all he smote downe. my. good knyghts & than  
 his speare brake. **Then** he pulled oute his sword and  
 smote a bonte hym on the rygth hande and on the lyfte  
 hande and rased off his myght and pulled downe knyghts  
 that all men meruayled of fucge dedis of armys as he  
 ded for he fared so that many knyghts fledde. **Then** he  
 horsed his brenne a gayne and sayde brenne ye onght  
 to be a shamed to falle so of yow horsis. **What** is a knyght  
 but **when** he is on horse backe. for I sette nat by a  
 knyght **when** he is on foote for all batayled on foote  
 as but pylours in batayled for þe sholde no knyght fyte  
 on foote but yf hit were for treson or ellys he were  
 dreynd by force to fyght on foote. **Then** fore brenne



fytte faste In y<sup>e</sup> sadyl or ely<sup>e</sup> fyght ned more a fore me  
Do w<sup>t</sup> that cam in y<sup>e</sup> Deute **Chalence** of Clarance And  
p<sup>r</sup>encomtyr<sup>d</sup> w<sup>t</sup> h<sup>r</sup>yd y<sup>e</sup> Erle of **Ulba<sup>r</sup>we** of **Sm<sup>r</sup>luse** and  
ayt<sup>r</sup> of h<sup>r</sup>em smote of downe **Edan** the knyght of botte p<sup>r</sup>ty  
as horsed y<sup>e</sup> lordis a gayne for y<sup>e</sup> **Ector** and y<sup>e</sup> **Bleobery<sup>e</sup>**  
were on foote waytynge on the Deute **Chalence** And y<sup>e</sup>  
kyng w<sup>t</sup> the C. knyght was w<sup>t</sup> the Erle of **Ulba<sup>r</sup>we** Do  
w<sup>t</sup> that cam **Sm<sup>r</sup> Sagery<sup>e</sup>** and layssed to the kyng w<sup>t</sup> the  
the C. knyght And he to h<sup>r</sup>yd a gayne **Edan** cam y<sup>e</sup> Deute  
**Chalence** and depte<sup>d</sup> them Do they blew to lodgynge and y<sup>e</sup>  
knyght unarmed them and drewe them to there dyner t<sup>r</sup>  
at the myddys of h<sup>r</sup>o dynar. In cam y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** and he gan  
to rayle And than he be helde the hante prynces y<sup>e</sup> h<sup>r</sup>yd semed  
wrote w<sup>t</sup> som hante y<sup>e</sup> he sawe for he had a condission y<sup>e</sup> he  
loved no fyssh and by cause was serued w<sup>t</sup> fyssh and gated  
hit y<sup>e</sup> fore he was nat myrry. And w<sup>t</sup> that y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan**  
had a fpyed y<sup>e</sup> hante prynces he aspyed where was a fyssh  
w<sup>t</sup> a grette hede And anone that he gate be thyrpte. y<sup>e</sup> dyspyd  
and fued y<sup>e</sup> hante prynces w<sup>t</sup> that fyssh And than he sayde  
that **Sm<sup>r</sup> Galahalte** well may I lybbid you to a wolff for he  
well ned ete fyssh but fleyssh And anone y<sup>e</sup> hante prynces  
lowze at h<sup>r</sup>o wordis. Well well seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** to **Sm<sup>r</sup>**  
**Lancelot** w<sup>t</sup> that debyt do ye in th<sup>r</sup>o contrey for here may  
no meane knyght wyne no worship for the. I ensue  
the y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Lancelot** I shall no more mete w<sup>t</sup>  
the nor w<sup>t</sup> thy grette speare for I may nat fyte in my sadyl  
w<sup>t</sup> that thy speare hit y<sup>e</sup> me And I be happy I shall be ware  
of thy boyteous body that y<sup>e</sup> beryst. Well seyde y<sup>e</sup> **Lancelot**  
make good wache. On god for bode y<sup>e</sup> end we mete but hit  
be at a dysse of mete **Edan** lowze the quene and y<sup>e</sup> hante  
prynces that they myght nat fyte at y<sup>e</sup> table And that they

made grete joy tyll on the morne and than they gaue masse  
 and blew to the fylde and quene **Gwenyn** and all astat yow  
 were sette ad'longed armed cleue w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>r</sup> shylde to bepe p<sup>r</sup> ryght  
**D** On be gynyng p<sup>r</sup> vy. batayle here cam in p<sup>r</sup> Deuke  
**Cambynes** and p<sup>r</sup> encomytred w<sup>th</sup> hym f<sup>r</sup> **drystaince**  
 that was counted a good knyght and they mette so harde that  
 aytyn bare of a donne horse and man. Thā there cam in  
 the Erle **lambayle** and halpe the Deuke a gayne to horse  
 backe. Thā p<sup>r</sup> cam in f<sup>r</sup> **Ossayse** of Burlyse and he smote p<sup>r</sup>  
 Erle **lambayle** downe frome his horse and so they be gan gte  
 dedid' of armys and many spearys were brokyn and many  
 knyghts were caste to the erthe. Thā the kynge of f<sup>r</sup> Dorthie  
 galys and the Erle **albawes** smote to gydys p<sup>r</sup> all p<sup>r</sup>longed  
 thōnghts q<sup>u</sup>it was mortall det<sup>r</sup> Thā meane wyle quene  
**Gwenyn** and the gante prynce and f<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** made p<sup>r</sup> f<sup>r</sup>  
**Dynadan** to make hym redy to iuste. I wolt seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Dyna**  
**dan** ryde in to the fylde but thā of one of yow twayne  
 wolt mete w<sup>th</sup> me. Perdens seyde the gante prynce and Sir  
**launcelot** ye may se how we fyttē here ad'longed w<sup>th</sup> our  
 shylde and all way may ye be holde where we fyttē here  
 or nat<sup>r</sup>. So f<sup>r</sup> **Dynadan** depte and toke his horse & mette  
 w<sup>th</sup> many knyghts and ded passyngly well and as he was dep  
 ted Sir **launcelot** dysgyed hym selff and putt vpon his armo  
 a maydyns garmente freyschely attyred. Thā f<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
 made f<sup>r</sup> **Galyhodyn** to lede hym thow the rāunge and all  
 men had wondr what damysell was that and so ad f<sup>r</sup> **Dyna**  
**dan** cam in to the rāunge f<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** that was in p<sup>r</sup> dame  
 selfs a way gate f<sup>r</sup> **Galyhodyn** speare & ran vnto f<sup>r</sup> **Dyna**  
**dan** and all wayed he lobed up there ad f<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** was  
 and thā he sawe one fyttē in the fete of f<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** armed  
 But wā f<sup>r</sup> **Dynadan** saw a man of a damysell he dradde



pellys left hit sholde be þ **Lancelot** dysgyfed But þ **Lancelot**  
 cam on hym so faste that he smote þ **Dynadan** ou his hounse  
 croupe And anon grete coystroun gate þ **Dynadan** and  
 in to the foreyste thene be fyde and thene they dyspoyled hy  
 vnto his shente and putte vpon hym a womans garmente  
 and so broughtt hym in to fylde and so the blew vnto lodgyng  
 And chy broughtt avenge and vmarmed them And than was  
 þ **Dynadan** broughtt in amonge them all And whan  
 quene **Gwenyn** sawe þ **Dynadan** broughtt in so a mon  
 ge them all than she louge that she felt downe And so dede  
 all that þ was Well seyde þ **Dynadan** þ **Lancelot** þ  
 ante so false þ I can neu be ware of the Than by all þ  
 assente they gaff þ **Lancelot** the pryce the next was sir  
**Lamerok de galys** And the tynde was þ **Palomydes**  
 The my was kynge **Bagdemagus** So thes my broughtt  
 his þ pryce And thene was grete joy and grete nobylar in  
 all the cownte And on the morne quene **Gwenyn** and sir  
**Lancelot** depte vnto kynge **Artur** But in no wyse sir  
**Lamerok** wolde nat go wyth them Sir I shall vndyr take  
 seyde sir **Lancelot** that and ye wolt go wyth vs kynge  
**Artur** shall charge þ **Gawayne** and his brethe neu to do  
 you quyte As for that sayde sir **Lamerok** I wolt nat truste to  
 þ **Gawayne** nor none of his brethe And wyte you well sir  
**Lamerok** and hit were nat for my lorde kynge **Artur**  
 sake I shuld make þ **Gawayne** and his brethe well I nouge  
 But for to sey that I shall truste them that shall I neu and  
 þ I pray you recomaunde me vnto kynge **Artur** and all my  
 lordys of the rounde table And in what place that eu I com  
 I shall do you all fuyse to my polwar And þ vet hit is but late  
 that I reuenged them whan they were put to the by þ **Palomydes**  
 Tha þ **Lamerok** depte frome þ **Lancelot** and all

The felyschyp

the felyschyp and ayrthir of theiſe wepte at her deptyng

**N**ow turne we fro this mater and ſpeke of **Syr** **Trystram** of whom this booke is principall off and lede we the kyng and the queene and **Syr** **Lancelot** and **Syr** **Lamerok** and here be gyntes the treson of kyng **marke** that he ordayned a gayne **Syr** **Trystram** and ywas cryed by the coſtyr of Cornwalle a grette turnemente and juſtyſe and all was done by **Syr** **Galaad** pſaute pryncce and kyng **Bagdemagus** to the entente to ſle **Syr** **Lancelot** of ellys vnturly to deſtroy hym and ſhame hym by cauſe **Syr** **Lancelot** had en more the hyer degre. There fore this pryncce and this kyng kyng made this juſtyſe a penyſe **Syr** **Lancelot** and this her comceyle was diſconde vnto kyng **marke** where off he was glad. Then cam kyng **marke** by be thought hym that he wolde hane **Syr** **Trystram** vnto the turnemente diſgyſed that no man ſholde knowe hym to that entente that the grette pryncce ſholde wene that **Syr** **Trystram** were **Syr** **Lancelot** and ſo at that juſtyſe cam **Syr** **Trystram** and at that tyme **Syr** **Lancelot** was not there. But when they ſawe a knyght diſgyſed do ſuche dedis of armys they wente hit had bene **Syr** **Lancelot** and in eſpeciall kyng **marke** ſeyde hit was **Syr** **Lancelot** playnly. Then they ſette vpon hym bothe kyng **Bagdemagus** and the grette pryncce and there knyghts ſeyde that hit was wounde that en **Syr** **Trystram** myght endure that payne ſot wythſtondyng for all payne that they ded hym he wan the degre at that turnemente and there he quyte many knyghts and bruiſed them woundynly ſore. So when the juſtyſe was all done they knewe well that he was **Syr** **Trystram** de hyoned and all they that were on kyng **marke** pty were glad that **Syr** **Trystram** was quyte and all the remenante were ſory of his quyte. For **Syr** **Trystram** was nat ſo be gatted as was **Syr** **Lancelot** nat wyth in p realme



of Jugelonde Bhan cam kynge **marke** vnto **f Brystram**  
and sayde fayre nebew I am hery of y<sup>e</sup> hertyd Gramercy  
my lorde seyde **f Brystram** Bhan kynge **marke** made hym  
to be put in an horse letter in grete tokenyng of love And  
sayde fayre Cousyne I shall y<sup>e</sup> lece my selff and so he rode  
forth w<sup>th</sup> **f Brystram** and brought hym to a castell by  
day l<sup>yg</sup>ht And t<sup>h</sup>an kynge **marke** made **f Brystram** to ete  
And aft<sup>r</sup> t<sup>h</sup>at he gaff hym a drynke And anon as he hadde  
drynke he felle on slepe And w<sup>h</sup>an h<sup>is</sup> was w<sup>g</sup>ht he made  
hym to be carryed to a ny<sup>e</sup> castell and there he put hym in a  
stronge prison And a man and a woman to gyff hym wh<sup>at</sup>  
mete and wh<sup>at</sup> drynke So there he was a grete w<sup>h</sup>yle  
Bhan was **f Brystram** myssed and no creature w<sup>ys</sup>t wher  
he was be cam And w<sup>h</sup>an la beatt rode garde how he was  
myste pr<sup>o</sup>bably she wente vnto **f Badoche** and prayde hym  
to aspyre wher was **f Brystram** And w<sup>h</sup>an **f Badoche** knew  
how **f Brystram** was myste he songht and made spyes for hym  
And t<sup>h</sup>an he aspyed t<sup>h</sup>at kynge **marke** had put t<sup>h</sup>e good l<sup>yg</sup>ht  
in prison by h<sup>is</sup> owne assente and t<sup>h</sup>e traytoure of **Magoun**  
Bhan **f Badoche** toke w<sup>th</sup> hym too of h<sup>is</sup> Cousyn And he layde  
t<sup>h</sup>em and hym selff anon in a busshemente faste by t<sup>h</sup>e castell  
of Syntagyll in armys And as by fortune there cam ryd<sup>yn</sup>g  
kynge **marke** and .iii. of h<sup>is</sup> nebewys and a stayne of t<sup>h</sup>e  
traytours of **Magoun** So w<sup>h</sup>an **f Badoche** aspyed t<sup>h</sup>em  
he brake oute of busshemente and sette t<sup>h</sup>ere upon t<sup>h</sup>em And  
w<sup>h</sup>an **f** kynge **marke** aspyed **f Badoche** he fledde as faste as  
he myght And t<sup>h</sup>ere **f Badoche** slew all t<sup>h</sup>e .iii. nebewys of  
kynge **marke** h<sup>is</sup> Cousyn But t<sup>h</sup>es traytours of **Magoun**  
smote one of **f Badoche** Cousyn a grete wounde in y<sup>e</sup> necke  
But **f Badoche** smote op t<sup>h</sup>ayne to t<sup>h</sup>e det<sup>h</sup> Bhan **f Badoche**  
rode upon h<sup>is</sup> way vnto t<sup>h</sup>e castell t<sup>h</sup>at was called **Lyona** t<sup>h</sup>

there he a spyde of the treson and felony of kynge **harke**. So off  
that castell they rode wyth **Sadocke** tyll they cam to a castel.  
that hyt **Arbray** and there in the towne they founde **Dynas**  
the Benescriall that was a good knyght. But when **Sadocke**  
had tolde **Dynas** of all the treson of kynge **harke**. Then he  
desyred suche a kynge and seyde he wolde gyff up all his lordis  
that he lde of hym and when he seyde thes wordis all man  
burght seyde as **Sadocke**. **Dynas** seyde. Then by this ad  
vyse and of **Sadocke** he lett stuff all the towne & castel  
wyth in the contrey of lyones & assemble all that they coude  
make

**Now** tyme vnto kynge **harke** that was when he was  
ascaped frome **Sadocke** he rode vnto the castell of  
Byntaght and there he made a grete cry and noyse and cryed in  
to harneysse all that myght bere armys. Then they sought and  
founde where was dede. ny. Cousyns of kynge **harke** and the  
traytoure of **Magoun**. Then the kynge lette entyre then in a  
casapell. Then kynge **harke** lette cry in all the contrey & hyld  
of hym to go vnto armys for he vnderstood that to the warre  
he muste nedis. So when kynge **harke** hnde & vnderstood  
how **Dynas** and **Sadocke** were a rysh in the contrey of  
lyones he remendred of treson and wycheles and so then he ded  
lete make and comitrefete lettres from the Pope and dede  
make a straunge clarke to brynge po lettres vnto kynge **harke**.  
The wychele lettres specified that kynge **harke** sholde ma  
ke hym redy vpon payne of Tynsyng wyth his othe to com  
to the Pope to helpe hym to go to Ierlm for to make warre vpon  
the Saracyns. So when this clarke was com by þe meane  
of the kynge anon & wyth kynge **harke** sente that clarke vnto  
to **Grystram** and bade hym sey then that and he wolde go ward  
vpon the myscreant he sholde go oute of preson and haue all



his power w<sup>th</sup> hym. Whan **Trystram** vnderstood this letter than  
he sayde this to the clerke. A kynge **marke** en haste you bene  
a traitoure and en wolt be. But you clerke seyde **Trystram**  
sey you this vnto kynge **marke**. Byne the pope hath sente for  
hym bid hym go this. Hym self for telle hym traitoure kynge  
as he is. I wolt nat go at this comendemente gete oute of prison  
as well as I may for I se I am well rewarded for my trewe  
fynse. Than the clerke returned a gayne vnto kynge **marke**  
and tolde hym of the answer of **Trystram**. Well seyde kynge  
**marke** yet shall he be gyled and anon he wente vnto the  
chamber and committetted letters specified that the pope desy  
red **Trystram** to com hym self to make warre against hym  
creant. So whan the clerke cam a gayne vnto **Trystram**  
and tolde hym the letters he a spred them they were of kynge  
**marke** committetunge and sayde a kynge **marke** false hast you  
en bene and so wolt you ende. Than the clerke deputed frome  
**Trystram** and cam vnto kynge **marke** a gayne and so by pan  
there was com. my wounded knyght w<sup>th</sup> in the castell of Bryta  
nyll and one of them his necke was wyse broken in twayne  
and a noþ had his arme wyse stykyn a way. The thirde was  
boren thorow w<sup>th</sup> a speare. The fourthe had his thyghte styken  
in twayne. And whan they cam a fore kynge **marke** they cryed  
and sayde kynge wy fleyste you nat for all this contrey so  
clerly anysen a yente the. Than was kynge **marke** wrothe  
oute of mesure and so in the meane while there cam in to the  
contrey **Percivale de Galys** to see after **Trystram** and  
whan **Percivale** harde that **Trystram** was in prison he  
made clerly the delynance of hym by his knyghtly meanyng  
and whan he was so delynce he made grete joy of **Percivale**  
and so dede chouse of op. Than **Trystram** seyde vnto **Percivale**  
and ye wolt a lyde in this marquis I wolt ryde w<sup>th</sup> you

Day seyde þ **Percivale** In thes contrayes I may nat tary for  
 I muste nedis in to wales. So þ **Percivale** deþted frome Sir  
**Grystram** and streyte he rode vnto kynge **charles** and tolde hy  
 how he had deluyed þ **Grystram** and also he tolde þ kynge that he  
 had done hym selff grete shame for to preson þ **Grystram** so for  
 he is now the buyght of moste reverence in the worlde by kynge  
 and wyte you well that the noblyste buyght of the worlde lo-  
 vyth þ **Grystram** and yf he wolt make warre vpon you ye may  
 nat a byde hit. That is trouthe seyde kynge **charles**. But I may  
 nat lobe þ **Grystram** by cause he lobyth my quene la beall **Mede**.  
 A fy for shame seyde þ **Percivale** sey ye neu so more for an nat  
 ye vncle vnto þ **Grystram** and by your nebeal ye sholde neu  
 tynke that so noble a buyght as þ **Grystram** is that he wolde  
 do hym selff so grete vylany to golde his vncle. Wyth that he hit  
 seyde þ **Percivale** he may lobe your quene fyled be cause she is  
 called one of the fayrest ladyes of the worlde. Than þ **Percivale**  
 deþted frome kynge **charles** but yet he be thought hym of more  
 treson. Not wstondyng he graunted vnto þ **Percivale** neu by no  
 man of meanyng to quyte þ **Grystram**. So anone kynge **charles**  
 sente vnto þ **Dynas** the seneschall that he sholde put downe  
 all the peopple that he had rayled for he sente hym and othe that  
 he wolde go hym selff vnto the Pope of Rome to warre vpon  
 the mystreantys and I trow that is fayrer warre than to  
 to a reyse peopple a gaynste your kynge and anone as Sir  
**Dynas** vnderstood that he wolde go vpon the mystreantys  
 Than þ **Dynas** in all the haste that myght be he putte  
 downe all his peopple and when the peopple were deþted  
 eny man to his home. Than kynge **charles** aspyed where  
 was þ **Grystram** wyth la beall **Mede** and there by treson  
 kynge **charles** lete take hym and put hym in preson contrary  
 to his promyse that he made vnto þ **Percivale**. When



prayer

quene **Isode** vnderstode that **Trystram** was in prison a  
gayne she made grete sorow ad' en' made lady or ladyt  
woman. **Isode** **Trystram** sente a letter vnto la beall **Isode**  
and sh' to be hir good lady and sayde yf hit pleased her to ma-  
ke a vessel redy for her and hym and she wolde go wyth her  
vnto the realme of logryd' that is to say londre. **Isode** la beall  
**Isode** vnderstode **Trystram** and hir entente she sente hym and  
op' and bade hym be of good conforte for she wolde do make  
the vessel redy and all man of thyng to purpose. **Isode** la  
beall **Isode** sente vnto **Dynas** and to **Sados** and prayde  
hem in ouer wyse to take thyng **ajayle** and put hym in pre-  
son vnto the tyme that she and **Trystram** were departed  
vnto the realme of logryd'. **Isode** **Dynas** the seneschall  
vnderstode the treson of thyng **ajayle** he p'mysed her to do  
her comendement and sente her wordes a gayne p' thyng  
**ajayle** sholde be put in prison and so ad' they derysed hit was  
done and than **Trystram** was deliuered oute of prison and  
anone in all haste quene **Isode** and **Trystram** wente to  
take there comenche and so they toke wyth hem what  
they lyst best and so they departed.

**W**hen la beall **Isode** and **Trystram** toke p' vessel and  
cam by water in to toky londre and so they were nat-  
urly dayed in toky londre but p' was made a crye of a iustys  
and turnement that thyng **ajayle** let make. **Isode** **Trystram**  
**Trystram** harde tell of that turnement he dysguysed hym  
self and la beall **Isode** and rode vnto that turnement and  
when he cam there he sawe many knyghts iuste & turney  
and so **Trystram** dressed hym to the ränge and to make  
shorte conclusyon he on t'p'we. xiiij. knyghts of the rounde  
table. **Isode** **launcelot** saw the knyghts of the rounde  
table t'quid on t'p'we he dressed hym to **Trystram** and

that saue la beall. **How** how **of** **Lancelot** was comyn in to  
 the fyld. **Then** he sente vnto **of** **Lancelot** a ryng to lat  
 hym wete hit was **of** **Trystram** de lyones. **When** **of** **Lance**  
**lot** vnderstood that he was **of** **Trystram** he was full glad &  
 wolde nat iuste and than **of** **Lancelot** aspyed whydm. **By**  
**Trystram** yede and after hym he rode and than artur made  
 grete joy off op and so **of** **Lancelot** brought **of** **Trystram** and  
**How** vnto **Joyus** garde that was his owne castell and he  
 had wonne hit w<sup>th</sup> **of** **Trystram** his owne hondis and there **Sn**  
**Lancelot** put them in to welde hit for p<sup>r</sup> owne. And wyte  
 you well that castell was garnysched and furnysched for a  
 kyng and a quene. **For** all there to haue suggeoned and fir  
**Lancelot** charged all his people to honoure them and love  
 them as they wolde do hym selff. So **of** **Lancelot** deyped vnto  
 kyng **Artur** and than he tolde quene **Gwenyn** how he p<sup>r</sup>  
 iusted so well at the laste turnemente was **of** **Trystram**  
 and p<sup>r</sup> he tolde her how that he had w<sup>th</sup> hym la beall. **How** ma  
 gie kyng **Arthur** and so quene **Gwenivere** tolde all this to  
 kyng **Artur** and when kyng **Artur** wiste p<sup>r</sup> **of** **Trystram**  
 was a **fynd** scaped and comyn from kyng **Arthur** and had  
 brought la beall. **How** w<sup>th</sup> hym **Then** was he passyng glad  
 So by cause of **of** **Trystram** kyng **Artur** let make a cry  
 that on may day shulde be a iustis by fore the castell of **lone**  
**zey** and that castell was faste by **Joyus** garde. And thus kyng  
**Artur** deyped that all the byggitt of this londe of **Conway**  
 le and of **North** walys shulde iuste a yeste all thes contrey  
 is **Irelonde** & **Scotlonde** and the remenante of walys and  
 the contrey of **Goore** and **Struluse** and of **lystenopse** and  
 they of **Northmubur-londe** and all those that hyld londis  
 of kyng **Artur** a this halff the se. So when this crye  
 was made many byggitt were glad and many were sad



Sir seyde **Lancelot** vnto kynge **Arture** by this cry that  
ye haue made ye woll put vs that bene a bonte you in  
grette soupte for þe many byrggys that hathe enuy to  
vs. Wherefore when we shall mete at the day of ius-  
tice there woll be garde byste for vs. As for þe seyde  
kynge **Arture** care nat there shall we prebe whoo  
shall be beste of his hondis. So when **Lancelot** indir  
stood wherefore kynge **Arture** made this iustynge  
than he made such puruynce that la beall shode  
sholde be holde the iustis in a secrete place that was ho-  
nestre for her astate. Now turne we vnto þe **Trystram**  
and to la beall shode how they made joy to gydyns dayly w  
all man of myrtis that they coude debyse and eny day  
þe **Trystram** wolde go ryde in huntynge for he was called  
that tyme the chysse chacer of the worlde and the noblyst  
blower of an horne of all man of mesured for as booke  
reporte of þe **Trystram** cam all the good termys of venery  
and of huntynge and all the sydes & mesured of all blowyng  
wyth an horne and of hym we had fyrst all the termys  
of hawkynge and whiche were bestis of Chace & bestis  
of venery and whiche were vermyus and all þe blastis  
that longed to all man of game fyrste to the unconpelyn-  
ge to the selynge to the fyndynge to the recchace to the  
flyggt to the detch and to strake and many oþer blastis and  
termys that all man /antylmen hathe cause to the world  
ende to prayse þe **Trystram** and to pray for his soule Amen  
seyde Sir **Gyonio d'alleorre**. So on a day la beall shode  
seyde vnto þe **Trystram** / meynayle me uniche þe ye reme-  
ber nat your self how ye be here in a strange contrey  
and here be many pelous byrggys and well ye wote that  
kynge **Artur** is full of treson and that ye woll ryde this

to chase and to quite unarmed ye myght be sone destroyed //  
 My fayre lady and my love mercy I wolt no more do so So  
 than þ **Drystram** rode dayly an huntynge armed and his  
 men beynge his schylde and his speare So on a day ahytill  
 a fore the moneth o may þ **Drystram** chased an harte pas-  
 synge eynly and so the harte passed by a fayre welle and  
 than þ **Drystram** a lyght and put of his helme to drynke  
 of that swete welle and ryght so he harte and sawe the  
 questynge beste comynge towarde the welle So when þ  
**Drystram** saw that beste he put on his helme for he demed  
 he sholde have of þ **Palomydes** for that beste was his  
 queste // Ryght so þ **Drystram** saw where cam a byrght  
 armed upon a noble courser and so he saluted hym So  
 they spake of many thyngs and this byrght name was sir  
**Brenyns** samyze pite and so anon w that þ cam into þe  
 þ **Palomydes** and aytur saluted of and spake fayre to of  
 þow fayre byrght seyde þ **Palomydes** I can tell you by  
 thyng what is that seyde the byrght Sir myte you  
 well that kynge **marke** of Cornubayle is put in prison by  
 his owne byrght and all was for the love of þ **Drystram**  
 for kynge **marke** had put þ **Drystram** to ryse in prison to  
 on þ **Percivale** delynde hym and at the laste tyme la beall  
 rode delynde þ **Drystram** and wente cheryly a way wyth  
 hym in to this realme and all this whyle kynge **marke**  
 is in prison and this be trouth seyde þ **Palomydes** we  
 shall have fastly of þ **Drystram** and as for to say that I  
 love la beall rode pamonred I dare make good that I do  
 and that she hath my synse a bobyll all of ladyes it shall  
 have all the terme of my lyff and ryght so as they stode  
 thus talkynge they sawe a fore them where cam a byrght  
 all armed on a grete horse and his one man have hym



shylde and the other who speare and anone ad that knyght assured  
hym he gate who shylde and who speare and dressed hym to juste  
frow fayre felowys seyde þ **Dyrstram** yowdu yow a knyghte  
wolt juste wyth vs now lette vs se whiche of vs shall enconu  
tur wyth hym for I se well he is of the counte of bynge **Artur**  
hit shall nat be longe ar he be mitte wyth all seyde þ **Palomydes**  
for I fynde neu no knyght in my queste of that glatissynge beste  
but and he wolde juste I neu ret refused hym **Dr** ad well may  
I seyde þ **Br** **ewyn** sawe pite folow that beste ad ye **Dr** and shall  
ye do batayle wyth me seyde þ **Palomydes** So þ **Palomydes**  
dressed hym vnto that other knyght whiche knyght þ **Bleoberys**  
that was a noble knyght and wyz kynne vnto þ **Lancelot** and so  
they mette so harde that þ **Palomydes** felle to the erthe horse  
and man **Dr** and þ **Bleoberys** cryed a lowde and seyde that ma  
be vedy yow false traytonne knyght þ **Br** **ewyn** sawe pite  
for I wolt hane a do wyth the to the vittraunce for the noble  
knyght and ladyed that yow harte be trayde **Dr** and þ **Br** **ewyn**  
sawe harde hym sey so he toke his horse by the brydyl and fledge  
his way **Dr** and þ **Bleoberys** saw hym fle he felowed faste aft  
thorow threbe and thorow thymme and by fortune ad þ **Br** **ewyn**  
fled he saw **Dr** a fore hym in knyght of the table rounde  
that one knyght þ **Ector de marpo** and the other knyght þ **Pebale**  
**de galye** the thirde knyght þ **Garry de fyze lake** a good knyght  
and an hardy and ad for þ **Pebale** he was called that tyme ad  
of his age one of the beste knyghts of the worlde and þ beste  
assured So **Dr** and þ **Br** **ewyn** saw these knyghts he rode stryde  
vnto them and cryed a prayde them of rescowp **Dr** what nede  
hane ye seyde þ **Ector** a fayre knyght seyde þ **Br** **ewyn** here fo  
lowyth me the moste trayto knyght and the moste coward and  
moste of vylany and his name is þ **Br** **ewyn** sawe pite and  
if he may gete me he wolt sle me wyth oute mercy and pite

Then a byde ye w<sup>th</sup> us seide þ **Percivale** and we shal<sup>l</sup> warraunte  
 And anone were they ware of þ **Bleoberys** myghte cam rydynge  
 all that he myghte Then þ **Ector** put hym selff fyrste forth to  
 Juste a fore them all And when þ **Bleoberys** saw that they were  
 my knyghts and he hit hym selff he stode in a dwene whetyn he  
 wolde turne of golde his way Then he seide to hym selff I am  
 a knyght of the table rounde and ratyn that I sholde shame myne  
 othe and my bloode I wolde golde my way what som en falle there  
 off And then þ **Ector** dressed his speare and smote aytyn of passynge  
 fore But þ **Ector** felle to the erthe That saw þ **Percivale** and he  
 dressed his horse towarde hym all that he myghte drybe But þ **Percivale**  
**Percivale** had such a stroke that horse and man felle bothe to the  
 erthe When þ **Harry** saw that they were bothe to the erthe Then  
 he seide to hym selff neu<sup>e</sup> was þ **Brewnes** of such a probe<sup>d</sup> So þ **Harry**  
**Harry** dressed his horse and they mette to gydys so strongly þ bothe  
 the horsys and the knyghts felle to the erthe But þ **Bleoberys** horse  
 be gan to recon a gayne That saw þ **Brewnys** and cam quite  
 lyng and smote hym on and on and wolde have slayne hym as he  
 lay on the grounde Then þ **Harry** a rose lyghtly and toke þ byrdyl  
 off þ **Brewnys** horse and sayde fy for shame stryke neu<sup>e</sup> a knyght  
 When he is at the erthe for this knyght may be called no shamefull  
 knyght of his dedis for on this grounde he hath done worschypfully  
 and put to the warre passynge good knyghts There fore wol I nat  
 let seide þ **Brewnys** Thou shalt nat chose seide þ **Harry** as at this  
 tyme So when þ **Brewnys** saw that he myght nat have this  
 wyll he spake fayre Then þ **Harry** let hym go and then anone  
 he made his horse to venne on þ **Bleoberys** and possed hym to  
 the erthe lyke to have slayne hym When þ **Harry** saw hym do so  
 vylainously he cryed and sayde traitoure knyght lebe off for shame  
 And as þ **Harry** wolde have takyn his horse to fygge wyth þ **Brewnys**  
**Brewnys** Then þ **Brewnys** as he was quyt vpon his horse



and smote hym downe horse and man and had slayne nere **f Harry**  
the good knyght. That saw **f Percyvale** and than he cryde trayt  
knyght what doste thou and when **f Percyvale** was upon his  
horse **f Brewnys** toke his horse and fledde all that en he myght  
and **f Percyvale** and **f Harry** folowed hym faste but en p lenger  
they chased the further were they be hynde. Than they turned a  
gayne and cam to **f Ector de marys** and to **f Bleoberys**. Than  
sayde **f Bleoberys** why haue ye so succoured that false traytoure  
knyght. Why sayde **f Harry** what knyght is he for well I wote hit  
is a false knyght seyde **f Harry** and a coward and a felon knyght.  
In seyde **f Bleoberys** he is the moste coward knyght & a deuor  
ner of ladyes and also a destroyer of kynge **Arturus** knyght as  
grette as ony ys now lyfynge. Sir what is youre name seyde **f**  
**Ector** my name is he seyde **f Bleoberys de Gains** Alas fayre  
Consyn seyde **f Ector** for gyff me for I am Sir **Ector de marys**  
Than **f Percyvale** and **f Harry** made grette joy of **f Bleobe-**  
**rys**. But all they were hely that **f Brewnys** samze pite had a  
scaped them where of they made grette dole. Knyght so as they  
stood there cam **f Palourdes** and when he saw the schilde of  
**f Bleoberys** ly on the erthe. Than sayde **f Palourdes** he that  
owt of that schilde lette hym dresse hym to me for he smote me  
downe here faste by here at a fountayne and there fore I wolt  
fyght wyth hym on foote. Sir I am redy seyde **f Bleoberys**  
here to answer the for wyte thou well **f knyght** hit was I and  
my name ys **f Bleoberys de Gains** well art thou mette seyde  
**f Palourdes** and wyte thou well my name ys **f Palourdes**  
the Baroun and artur of them hated of to the dethe. Sir **Pa-**  
**lourdes** seyde **f Ector** wyte thou well there is nof thou not for no  
knyght that bereth the lyff that sleth ony of oure bloode but he  
shall dye for hit. There fore and thou lyst to fyght go and syke **f**  
**Lancelot** othir ellys **f Brystram** and there shalt thou fynde thy

mathe Wytte them hane I mette seyde *f* *Palamides* but I had  
 neu no worschyp of them Was there neu no man of knyght sey-  
 de *f* *Ector* but they too that en metted yon yee seyde *f* *Palo-*  
*mydes* there was the tynne ad good a knyght ad ony of them it  
 of his arge he was the beste for yet founde I neu his pyere for  
 and he myght hane lybed till he had bene more of arge an hardyer  
 man there lyvyn nat than he wolde hane bene And his name was  
*f* *lamorak de Galys* and ad he had lusted at a turnemente there  
 he on tynne me and .xxxv. knyghts mo and p he was the gre  
 And at his deptynge there mette hym *f* *Galwayne* and his bre  
 yne and Wytte grete payne they slewe hym felonously vnto all  
 good knyghts grete damage And a none ad *f* *Percyvale* her  
 de that his brotyn was dede *f* *lamorak* he felle on his horse ma  
 ne somynge and p he made the grettyste dole and sorow that  
 en made any noble knyght And when *f* *Percyvale* a rose he  
 seyde alas my good and noble brop *f* *lamorak* now shall we neu  
 mete And I trowe in all the wyde worlde may nat a man fynde  
 such a knyght ad he was of his arge and hit is to myche to suffer  
 the dethe of oure fadir kynge *Pellynor* and now the dethe of oure  
 good brop *f* *lamorak* So in that meane whyle there cam a bar  
 let frome the counte of bruce *Artur* and tolde hem of p gte  
 turnemente that sholde be at *lonezep* And how that lordis Corn  
 wayle that Galys shulde luste a peny all p wolde com of op coteyd

**I**n ow tyme we vnto *f* *Grystram* that ad he rode an  
 huntynge he mette Wytte *f* *Dynadan* that was comyn  
 in to the contrey to seke *f* *Grystram* And a none *f* *Dynadan*  
 tolde *f* *Grystram* his name But *f* *Grystram* wolde nat tell  
 his name wherefore *f* *Dynadan* was wrothe for such a  
 folysshe knyght ad ye ar seyde *f* *Dynadan* I saw but late the  
 day lynnge by a well and he fared ad he slepte and there he  
 lay lyke a fole gvenynge and wolde nat speke and his shylde



luy by hym and quod horse also stood by hym and well I wote he  
was a lovear a fayre þe seyde þe **Dystram** ar nat ye a lovear  
þe seyde on that cranstre seyde þe **Dynadan** þe tthat is  
rebell seyde þe **Dystram** for a knyght may neu be of proved  
but yf he be a lovear ye say well seyde þe **Dynadan** now I  
pray you telle me your name fyth ye be hiche a lovear  
otfor ellys I shall do batayle wth you do for that seyde fir  
**Dystram** hit is no reson to fyght wth me but yf I telle  
you my name and ad for my name ye shall nat wte ad  
at that tyme for me fyre for shame ar ye a knyght þe dare  
nat telle your name to me þere fore þe I wolt fyght wth  
you do for that seyde þe **Dystram** I wolt be a vyfed for I wolt  
nat do batayle but yf me lyte and yf I do batayle wth you  
seyde þe **Dystram** ye ar nat able to wstonde me fyre on þe  
cowarde seyde þe **Dynadan** and thus ad they habed styll they  
saw a knyght com rydunge a gayuste them lo seyde þe **Dystram**  
se where comyth a knyght rydunge wthych wolt juste wth  
you anone ad þe dynadan be hylde hym he seyde be my fayth  
that same is the doted knyght that I saw lye by the welles nor  
slepyng nor wakyng well seyde þe **Dystram** I know þe  
knyght well wth the conde shylde of assure for he is the  
kyngs sonne of Northumbrelonde his name is þe **Epyus**  
guyd and he is a grete a lover ad I know and he loveth the  
kyngs donght of walys a full fayre lady And now I suppose  
seyde þe **Dystram** and ye requyre hym he wolt juste wth  
you and than shall ye preve wher a lover be better knyght  
or ye that wolt nat love no lady well seyde þe **Dynadan** now  
shall you se what I shall do and there wth all þe **Dynadan** spa  
ke on knyght and sayde þe knyght make the redy to juste wth  
me for juste ye muste nedis for hit is the custom of knyghts  
arramte for to make a knyght to juste wolt he otfor well he

Bn. seyde þ **Epyuogryd** yd that the rule and custome of you. do  
 for that seyde þ **Dynadan** make the vedy for here is for me  
 and þ wyth all they spured þ horsys and mette to gydys so  
 gande that þ **Epyuogryd** smote downe þ **Dynadan** & anone  
 þ **Drystram** rode to þ **Dynadan** and sayde how now me se  
 myth the lover hath well sped. ffre on the cowarde seyde þ  
**Dynadan** and yf you be a good knyght revenge me. Pray  
 seyde þ **Drystram** I wolle nat. Juste ad at this tyme but take  
 your horse and let us go hene. God defende me seyde Bn.  
**Dynadan** frome thy felyschyp for I neu spedde well synd I  
 mette wyth the and so they deyped well seyde þ **Drystram**  
 pabenture I coude tell you tydynge of þ **Drystram** Godde  
 save me seyde þ **Dynadan** from thy felyschyp for þ **Drystram**  
 were myth the warre and he were in thy company and  
 they deyped. Bn. seyde þ **Drystram** yet hit may happyn  
 that I may mete wyth you in othyr placis. So rode Bn.  
**Drystram** into forþ gande and there he gande in þ towne  
 grete noyse and cry. What is this noyse seyde þ **Drystram**  
 Bn. seyde they here is a knyght of this castell that hath be  
 longe a monge us and ryght now he is slayne w. y. knyght  
 and for none oþ cause but that our knyght seyde that þ  
**Lancelot** was better knyght than þ **Gawayne**. That was  
 a symple cause seyde þ **Drystram** for to sle a good knyght  
 for sayyng well by this mayster That is bytyll remedy  
 to us seyde the men of the towne ffor and þ **Lancelot** had  
 bene hys sone we sholde hane bene revenged vppon this  
 false knyght. When þ **Drystram** gande then sey so he sente  
 for his schylde and his speare and byggeth so wyth in a whyle  
 he had on take then and made then turne and a mende þ  
 they had myssed done. What amendis woldste you hane  
 seyde the one knyght and there wyth they toke there course



and artoyn mette of so harde that **Trystram** smote downe that  
 knyght on his horse tayle. Then the other knyght dressed hym to  
**Trystram** and in the same wyse he serbed the other knyght and  
 than they gate of y<sup>e</sup> horsis ad well as they myght and dressed y<sup>e</sup>  
 fowendis and y<sup>e</sup> schuld to do batayle to the utterance & now knyght  
 seyde **Trystram** wolt ye telle me of wifens ye be and what is  
 your name for such men ye myght be ye schulde have ascape  
 my hondis and also ye myght be such men and of such a cuntry  
 that for all your ydell dedis ye myght passe quyte Wyte y<sup>e</sup>  
 well y<sup>e</sup> knyght seyde they we fere nat muche to telle the our name  
 for my name is **Aggravayne** and my name is **Gaherys** bre-  
 thirne vnto the good knyght **Galwayne** and we be neber y<sup>e</sup> vnto  
 to kynge **Artour** well seyde **Trystram** for kynge **Artour** sake  
 I schall lette you passe as at this tyme But hit is same seyde for  
**Trystram** that **Galwayne** and ye be comyn of so grette blood y<sup>e</sup>  
 ye my brethir be so named as ye be for ye be called the grettyste  
 distroperis and murterers of good knyghts that is now in the re-  
 alme of Ingelonde and as I have harde say **Galwayne** and ye  
 his brethirne amonge you slew a better knyght than eny of you  
 was wifore was called the noble knyght **Lamorak de Galys**  
 and hit had pleased god seyde **Trystram** I wolde I had bene  
 by hym at his dethe day Then schuld y<sup>e</sup> you have gone the same  
 way seyde **Gaherys** Now fayre knyghts than muste there have  
 bene many mo good knyghts than ye of your bloode and there  
 wyth all **Trystram** depte frome them towarde Joye garde  
 and when he was depte they toke there horsis and the toun sey-  
 de to the totyn we wolt on take hym and be revenged vpon hym  
 in the despyte of **Lamorak** So when they had on takyn **Trystram**  
**Aggravayne** bade hym turne traytoure knyght ye sey well sey-  
 de **Trystram** and there wyth all he pulled on the fowende  
 and smote **Aggravayne** such a buffet vpon the helme that the

Thunbeled done

tumblede doun of his horse in a fowne and he had a greuous woun-  
 de and than he turned to **f Gaherys** and **f Brystram** smote his  
 swerde and his helme to gndr wyth fuche a myght that **f Gaherys**  
 felle oute of his sadyl and so **f Brystram** rode vnto Joye garde and  
 there he a lyght and vnarmed hym So **f Brystram** tolde la beall  
**Isode** of all this adventure as ye haue harde to forne and when she  
 harde hym tell of **f Dynadan** she seide is nat that he made  
 the souge by hyng **marke** That same is he seide **f Brystram** for  
 he is the beste bounder and Iaper that I know and a noble knyght of  
 his hondis and the beste felawe that I know and all good knyghtis  
 lobyth his felshipp Alas **f** seide she why brought ye hym nat wyth  
 you hydr haue ye no care seide **f Brystram** for he rydeth to seke  
 me in this contrey and there fore he wolt nat a way tyl he haue  
 mette wyth me And there **f Brystram** tolde la beall **Isode** how  
**f Dynadan** kylde a yente all lovers Kyght so cam in a barlette  
 and tolde **f Brystram** how he was com an arrauite knyght in to  
 the towne wyth fuche a coloured wypon his shylde Be my fyt  
 that is **f Dynadan** seide **f Brystram** There fore madame wote  
 ye what ye shall do sende ye for hym and I wolt nat be seyne and  
 ye shall hye the myrreste knyght that en ye spake wyth all and  
 the maddyst talber and I pray you hertaly that ye make hym good  
 chere So anone **la beall Isode** sente vnto the towne and prayde  
**f Dynadan** that he wolde com in to the castell and repose hym  
 there wyth a lady wyth a good wyll seide **f Dynadan** And so  
 he mounted wypon his horse and rode in to the castell and there  
 he a lyght and was vnarmed and brought in to the halle And  
 anone **la beall Isode** cam vnto hym and aytis salued op Then  
 she asked hym of whend that he was Madame seide **f Dynadan**  
 I am of the counte of hyng **Arture** and a knyght of the table  
 rounde and my name is **f Dynadan** what do ye in this con-  
 trey seide **la beall Isode** for sothe madame Isode aft **f Brystram**



the good knyght for hit was tolde me that he was in this contrey  
hit may well be seyde la beall. **Isode** but I am nat ware of hym  
Madame seyde þ **Dynadan** I merdayle that þ **Grystram** and mo  
of such lovers. What alytth them to be so madde and so a soted up  
pon women. Why seyde la beall. **Isode** ar ye a knyght and ar no lo  
vear for sotte hit is grette shame to you where fore ye may nat  
be called a good knyght by reson but yf ye make a quarell for a  
lady God dessende me seyde þ **Dynadan** for the joy off love is  
to shorte and the sorow there of is durad on longe. A seyde  
la beall. **Isode** say ye neu more so for hye faste by was þ good  
knyght þ **Bleoberys de Galys** that fonght wyth. my knyght  
at ony for a damessell and he wan her a fore the knyge off  
Portymburlonde and that was worschypfully done seyde la be  
all. **Isode** for sotte hit was so seyde þ **Dynadan** for I knowe  
hym well for a good knyght and a noble and comyn he is of no  
ble bloode and all be noble knyght off the blood off þ **Lancelot  
de lake** now I pray you for my love seyde la beall. **Isode** wyll  
ye fyght for me wyth. my knyght that dotz me grette wronge  
and in so muche as ye bene a knyght off knyge **Arturus** I re  
quyre you to do batayle for me. **Isode** þ **Dynadan** seyde I  
shall sey you ye be as fayre a lady as evn I sawe ony so much  
fayrer than is my lady quene **Gweny**. But wyte you well  
at one worde I wolt nat fyght for you wyth. my knyght I shal  
me defende. **Isode** lowe and had good game at hym. So  
he had all the chyre that she myght make hym and there he  
lay all that nyght and on the morne early þ **Grystram** ar  
med hym and la beall. **Isode** gaff hym a good helme and than  
he promysed her that he wolde mete wyth þ **Dynadan** and  
so they. ij. wolde ryde to gadys but **lonezep** where the tur  
nemente sholde be and there shall I make redy for you where  
ye shall se all the seyght. So deyped þ **Grystram** wyth. ij.

knyghtes that bare his schylde and his speare that were grete  
 and longe. So after that **ſ Dynadan** deþted and rode his way  
 a grete ſpace untill he had on takyn **ſ Drystram** and when **ſ Dynadan**  
 had on takyn hym he knew hym anon and hated the  
 felysſhip of hym of all oþer knyghtes. And ſeyde **ſ Dynadan** arte  
 þou that comest knyght that I mette wyth yestern day well þeþe  
 the for þou ſhalt juſte wyth me mayne tyme hede. Well ſeyde  
**ſ Drystram** and I am paſſynge lothe to juſte and ſo they lette  
 there horses venne and **ſ Drystram** myſte of hym a purpoſe  
 and **ſ Dynadan** brake his ſpeare alto ſchylþro and there  
 wyth all **ſ Dynadan** dreſſed hym to drawe oute his ſwerde  
 ſot ſo **ſ Drystram** wyth ar ye ſo wrote I am nat  
 diſpoſid to fyght at this tyme. ſpe on the colwarde ſeyde **ſ Dynadan**  
 þou ſhamyſte all knyghtes. do for that ſeyde **ſ Drystram**  
 I care nat for I will waite vpon þou and be vnder  
 þoure protection for cauſe ye ar ſo good a knyght that ye  
 may ſaue me. God delyn me of the ſeyde **ſ Dynadan** for þ  
 arte ad goodly a man of armys and of thy þſone ad en I ſawe  
 and alſo the moſte colwarde that en I ſaw. what wolt þou do  
 wyth grete ſpearys and ſuche wepen as þou carreſte w the  
 Br. I ſhall yeſt them ſeyde **ſ Drystram** to ſom good knyght  
 when I com to the turnemente and yf I ſe that þou do beſte  
 Br. I ſhall gyſt them to þou. So thow ad they rode talkynge  
 they ſaw where cam an arrauite knyght afore them that  
 dreſſed hym to juſte. lo ſeyde **ſ Drystram** yowur is one that  
 wolt juſte now dreſſe þou to hym. a ſhame be thyde the ſeyde  
**ſ Dynadan** ſay nat ſo ſeyde **ſ Drystram** for that knyght  
 ſemþt a ſquire. Then ſhall I ſeyde **ſ Dynadan** and ſo they  
 dreſſed there ſchylþro and there ſpearys and there they mett  
 to gydw ſo harde that the oþer knyght ſmote downe Br.  
**Dynadan** frome his horſe. lo ſeyde **ſ Drystram** hit had



þene bettir þe had lestt ffre on tþe comarde seyde þ **Dynadan**  
and tþan he sterte up and gate his swerde in his honde and  
proffyd to do batayle on foote. Wþer in love of in wratþe  
seyde tþe of þynggt. Sw lat us do batayle in love seyde þ  
**Dynadan**. Wþat is your name seyde tþat þynggt. I pray you  
telle me. Sw wyte you wellt my name is þ **Dynadan**  
a þ **Dynadan** seyde tþat þynggt and my name is þ **Garet**  
your gyft broþer vnto þ **Galwayne** þan arþer made of  
of grette chere for tþis þ **Garet** was tþe beste þynggt of  
all tþe bretayne and he prebed a good þynggt. þan tþey  
told þ þousys and tþere tþey spoke of þ **Dystram** how sucþe  
a comarde he was and eny worde þ **Dystram** hant t long  
tþem to scorne. þan were tþey ware wþere cam a þyngt  
a fore tþem well horsed and well armed and he made hym  
redy to suste. þow fayre þynggt seyde þ **Dystram** love  
be tþypte you who shall suste wytt youm þynggt for I war-  
ne you I wolt nat hane a do wytt hym þan shall I seyde þ  
**Garet** and so tþey encounterd to gydyng and tþere þ þyngt  
smote doun þ **Garet** on his horse croupe. how now seyde  
þ **Dystram** vnto þ **Dynadan** now dresse you and rebeuge  
tþe good þynggt þ **Garet**. Wþat shall I nat seyde þ **Dynadan**  
for he hat þyngt doun a nuncþe bygger þynggt tþan I  
am a þ **Dynadan** seyde þ **Dystram** now I se and fele tþat  
your harte faylytt you and þ fore now shall ye se wþat  
I shall do and tþan þ **Dystram** quytelyd vnto tþat þynggt  
and smote hym quyte frome his horse. And wþan þ **Dyna-**  
**dan** saw tþat he mēdayled gretly and tþan he demed tþat  
he was þ **Dystram** and anone tþis þynggt tþat was on  
foote pulled onte his swerde to do batayle. Sw wþat is  
your name seyde þ **Dystram**. Wyte you wellt seyde tþat  
þynggt my name is þ **Dalomydes** a þ þynggt wþyrtþe.

knyghte qate ye moſte in the worlde ſeyde **f Bryſtram** // For  
 ſothſe ſeyde he ſate **f Bryſtram** moſte to the dethe for and  
 I may mete wyth hym the tone of vs ſhall dye // ye ſey well  
 ſeyde **f Bryſtram** and now wyte you well that my name is  
**f Bryſtraw de honyed** And now do ye warste wgan **f Pa**  
**lonnyed** ſaw hym ſey ſo he was a ſtoned and than he ſeyde  
 thud I pray you **f Bryſtram** for gyff me all my evyll wyll  
 and yff I lyve I ſhall do you ſerbyſe a fore all the knyghts that  
 bene lhynges and there as I have owed you evyll wyll me ſore  
 repent I wote nat what clypeth me for me ſennyth that ye  
 ar a good knyght and that ony of knyghts that namyth hym  
 ſelf a good knyght ſholde hate you me ſore merdaylyth And  
 there I requyre you **f Bryſtram** take none diſplayſure at  
 myne unkynde wordis **Sir Palomnyed** ſeyde **f Bryſtram**  
 ye ſey well and well I wote ye ar a good knyght for I have  
 ſeyne you pruned and many grette entrepryſes ye have done  
 and well enſpyced then **Baſe** fore ſeyde **f Bryſtraw**  
 and ye have ony rebyll wyll to me now may ye ryghtlyt  
 for I am redy at your hande // ſat ſo my lorde **f Bryſtram**  
 for I woll do you knyghtly ſerbyſe in all thyng as ye woll  
 comande me // **Sir** ryght ſo I woll take you ſeyde **f Brys**  
**tram** and ſo they rode forth on þ wayes talkyng of ma  
 ny thyngs **Baſe** ſeyde **f Dynadan** a my lorde **f Brys**  
**tram** ſowle have ye mocked me for god knowyth I came  
 in to this contrey for your ſake and by the adyſe of my  
 lorde **f Lancelot** and yet wolde he nat tell me the ſtaye  
 of you where I ſholde fynde you // Truly ſeyde **f Bryſtram**  
 and **f Lancelot** wyſte beſte where I was for I a byde in  
 his owne caſtell And thud they rode butyll they were  
 ware off the coſte off **Louezep** and than were they ware  
 off fourme .C. tent and pavelons and merbaylons gte



ordynance So god me helpe seyde *f* *Trystram* yondur I se the  
grettyste *ordyn* ordynance that eu I sawe *f* seyde *f* *Palomides*  
me semyt that *f* a grette ordynance at the castell of maydyn  
vpon the roche where ye wan the pryce for I saw my self whe  
re ye for lusted. xxx. byggt. Sir seyde *f* *Dynadan* and in  
Durlene at the turnemente that *f* *Salahalte* of the longe sleo  
made whiche there dured .vij. dayes for there was a grette a  
gaderunge ad w hyre for there were many nacion. Syr  
who was the beste there seyde *f* *Trystram* Sir hit was Sir  
*launcelot du lake* and the noble byggt *f* *lamorok de galys*. Be  
my fayt seyde *f* *Trystram* and *f* *launcelot* were there I doute  
nat seyde *f* *Trystram* but he wan the worschyp So he had nat  
bene on mached wth many byggt. And of the dett of *f* *laun-*  
*oak* seyde *f* *Trystram* hit was on grette pite for I dare say he  
was the clemyst myggted man and the beste wynded of his ay  
ge that was on hye for I knew hym that he was one of the best  
byggt that eu I mette wth all but yf hit were *f* *launcelot*  
Alas seyde *f* *Dynadan* and *f* *Trystram* that full wo is wo for  
his dett. And yf they were nat the Cousyns of my lorde bynge  
*Artoure* that flew hym they sholde dye for hit all that were con  
centunge to his dett and for such taryng seyde *f* *Trystram*  
I feare to drawe vnto the courte of bynge *Artoure* Sir I wote *f*  
ye wote hit seyde *f* *Trystram* vnto *f* *Gareth*. As for that I blame  
you nat seyde *f* *Gareth* for well I vnderstonde the vengeance  
of my brethre *f* *Galwayne* *f* *Aggravayne* *f* *Gagerys* and sir  
*Mordred*. But as for me seyde *f* *Gareth* I meddyt nat of *f*  
maters and there fore there is none that lobyt me of them  
And for cause that I vnderstonde they be myghter and of good  
byggt I lefte there company And wolde god I had bene be syde  
*f* *Galwayne* whan that moste noble byggt *f* *launorak* was  
slayne. Now ad Iqu be my helpe seyde *f* *Trystram* hit is

passyngly well sayde of you for I had leu sayde of **Trystram**  
 than all the golde be wypte this and home I had bene there  
 I wyse seyde of **Palomides** so wolde I and yet had I neu the gre  
 at no iustis not for turnemente and that noble knyght **Lamo-  
 ras** had be there but on on horse bat other ellys on foote he put  
 me on to the ward And that day that **Lamorak** was slayne he  
 ded the moste dedis of armys that eu I saw knyght do in my lyff  
 And whan he was gydyn the gre be my lord knyge **Artoure** for  
**Gawayne** and his my brenne **Aggravayne** **Gaherys** and **Thor-  
 dre** **Thorndre** sette vpon **Lamorak** in a pryvy place and there  
 they slew his horse and so they fanght w hym on foote more than  
 my owys bothe by fore hym and be hynde hym And so **Thor-  
 dre** gaff hym his detris wounde be hynde hym at his bakke and  
 all to hewe hym for one of his squyers tolde me that sawe hit  
 Now fre vpon trefon seyde of **Trystram** for hit slept myne  
 harte to hyre this tale And so hit dotte myne seyde of **Gareth**  
 brenne as they be myne Now speke we of other dedis seyde  
 of **Palomides** and let hym be for his lyff ye may nat gete a  
 gayne that is the more pite seyde of **Dynadan** for **Gawayne**  
 and his brenne excepte you **Gareth** that ys all good knyghts  
 of the rounde table for the moste pty for well I wote and they  
 myght prebably they hate my lord **Lancelot** and all his kyn  
 and grete pryde dyspyte they haue at hym And stably that is  
 my lord **Lancelot** well ware of and that causyth hym the  
 more to haue the good knyghts of his kynne a bonte hym Now  
 I seyde of **Palomides** let vs leue of this mater and let vs se  
 how we shall do at this turnemente And by myne adyce lat  
 vs my golde to gydyn a yent all that wolt com That be my  
 comceyle seyde of **Trystram** for I se by y pabyllous there wolt  
 be my C. knyghts And doute ye nat seyde of **Trystram** but there  
 wolt be many good knyghts and be a man neu so valyaunte nor



so bygge but he may be oñ matched and so hane I seyne knyght  
done many and when they wente beste to hane womme wor-  
shipp they losse hit. for manhode is nat worthe but yf hit be  
medled w<sup>th</sup> wysdome and as for me seide þ **Trystram** hit may  
happen I shall kepe myne owne hede as well as a noy. So tñ  
they rode but yll they cam to qumbr banke where they harde  
a crye and a dolefull noyse. Then were they ware in þ wynde  
de where cam a ryche vessel keled oñ w<sup>th</sup> rode fylbe and the  
vessel loded faste by them. Then w<sup>th</sup> þ **Trystram** alyght  
and qñ knyght and so þ **Trystram** wente a fore and entred  
in to that vessel and when he cam in he saw a fayre bedde  
rychely conde and þ vpon lay a semely dede knyght all ar-  
med sauff the hede was all bloody w<sup>th</sup> dedly woundys  
vpon hym w<sup>th</sup> ryche semed to be a passynge good knyght.  
Then how may tñ be seide þ **Trystram** that tñ knyght is  
tñ slayne and anone þ **Trystram** was ware of a lettir  
in the dede knyghts honde. Now mayster marynard seide  
þ **Trystram** what meanyth tñ lettir. Sir seide they in  
that lettir shall ye hyre and knowe how he was slayne and  
for what cause and what was his name. But sir seide þ  
marynard wryte you well that no man shall take þ lettir  
and rede hit but yf he be a good knyght and that he woll  
faythfully pmyse to revenge his dethe and ellis shall there  
no knyght se that lettir opyn and wryte you well seide Sir  
**Trystram** that som off us may revenge his dethe as well as  
a noy and yf hit so be as ye marynard sey that his dethe  
shall be revenged. And there w<sup>th</sup> all þ **Trystram** toke  
the lettir oute of the knyghts honde and then he opened  
hit and rad hit and tñ hit specified **harmanuce** knyght  
and lorde of the rede cite I sende to all knyghts arraunte  
recomandynge unto you noble knyght of **Artur**

comte that I be secche then all a monge them to fynde one knyght  
 that wold fyght for my sake w. h. bresne that I brought vp off  
 nonght and felonysly and traytounly they slewe me where fore  
 I be secche one good knyght to reuenge my dethe And that reben  
 gyth my dethe I wold that he shawe my rede cite and all my castels  
 Sir seyde the marynard wyte you well this knyght and knyge  
 that your lyett was a full worshipfull man and of grette pro  
 ves and full he loved all man of knyghts arramte. So god me  
 helpe seyde **Trystram** here is a pyteuous case and full payne  
 I wolde take this enturpryse but I shawe made se hiche a purpse  
 that nedis I muste be at this grette iustys and turnement otter  
 ellys I am shamed for well I wote for my sake in a speciall my  
 lorde knyge **Artoure** made this iustys and turnemente in this  
 contrey and well I wote that many worshipfull people wold  
 be here at this turnemente for to se me and y fore I feare  
 to take this enturpryse vpon me that I shall nat com a gayne  
 be tyme to this iustys. Sir seyde **Palomydes** I pray you  
 gyff me this enturpryse and ye shall se me encheue hit wor  
 shipfully or ellys I shall dye in this quarell. Well seyde sir  
**Trystram** and this enturpryse I gyff hit you wyth this that  
 ye be w me at this turnemente whiche shall be ad this day  
 my nyght. Sir seyde **Palomydes** I promyse you I shall be  
 wyth you by that day and I be vnslayne and vn maymed. So dep  
 ted **Trystram** **Gareth** and **Dynadan** and so lefte **Pa  
 lomydes** in the vessel and so **Trystram** be hylde the mary  
 nard how they sayled on longe quynbr and when **Palomy  
 des** was oute of there fyght they toke y horsys and lobed a  
 bonte then and than were they ware of a knyght that cam  
 rydynge a gaynste them vn armed and no knyge but a swer  
 de a bonte hym and when he cam nyze this knyght salowed  
 them and they hym a gayne. Now fayre knyghts seyde y



knigght I pray you in so muche as ye be knigghts arraunte  
that ye wolt com and se my castell and take such as ye  
fynde þ I pray you gently wyth a good wyll seyde sir  
**Trystram** and so they rode w<sup>th</sup> hym vntyll his castell and  
there they were brought in to the halle whiche was well  
apparayled and so they were there vnarmed and sette at  
a borde And when this knigght sawe þ **Trystram** anon  
he knew hym and wexed passynge pale and wrote at þ  
**Trystram** and when þ **Trystram** sawe his ofte make  
suche chere he inuayled and sayde þ myne ofte what che-  
re make you wyte you well sayde he I fare muche  
the worse that I se the for I know the for þ **Trystram**  
de lyoned for you slewyste my broþ and there fore I  
gyf the warnynge that I wolt sle the and en I may  
gete the at large Sir knigght seyde þ **Trystram** I am  
new aduysed that en I slew my broþ of yourys and  
yf ye say that I ded hit I wolt make a mendys vnto  
my power I wolt no mendys haue seyde the knight  
but bepe the frome me So when he hadde dynd Sir  
**Trystram** asked his armys and deptes and so they rode  
on there wayes and wyth in a myle way þ **Dynadan**  
saw where cam a knigght armed and well horsed wyth a  
whytte shylde Sir **Trystram** seyde þ **Dynadan** take  
bepe to your self for I dare vnder take yonder comyth þ  
ofte that wolt haue a do wyth you lat hym com seyde  
þ **Trystram** I shall a byde hym as I may and when the  
knigght cam nyze to þ **Trystram** he cryed and bade hym  
a byde and bepe hym and anon they quireled to gydyns  
But þ **Trystram** smote the of knigght so fore that he bare  
hym on his horse croupen When the knigght arose lightly A  
told his horse a gayne and rode fyerly to þ **Trystram**

and smote hym myse of taryse harde vpon the helme for  
 byrght seyde þ **Trystram** I pray you leue of and fuyte me  
 no more for I wolde be lotte to deale w<sup>th</sup> you and I myght op  
 se for I haue of yo mete and drynke in my body And for all  
 that he wolde nat leue þan þ **Trystram** gaff hym fuche  
 a buffette vpon the helme that he felle vp so downe from  
 his horse that the bloode braste oute at the ventayles  
 of his helme and so he lay styll lybly to be dede þan  
 þ **Trystram** sayde me repent yo of this buffette that I  
 smote so sore for as I suppose he is dede and so they left  
 hym and rode on þ wayes. So wgan they had ryddyn  
 a whyle they sawe com rydunge a gayenst them. ij.  
 full lytely byrght well armed and well horsed and  
 goodly fnamt a bonte them and that one byrght hyst  
 þ **Berrant** le apud and he was called the bynge w<sup>th</sup>  
 the C. byrght and the oþ was þ **Segwarde** þ were  
 renomed. ij. noble byrght So as they cam aytur by  
 oþ the bynge had seyne to fore w<sup>th</sup> the quene of north  
 galys and that quene the bynge loved as pamo and þ  
 helme the quene of north galys gaff to la beatt I  
 sode and quene Isode gaff hit to þ **Trystram** So as  
 they cam aytur be oþ the bynge loved vpon þ **Tryst**  
 and at that tyme þ **Dynadan** had þ **Trystrams** hel  
 me vpon his squeldr whiche he had seyne to fore  
 þ byrght seyde þ **Berrante** where had ye þ helme  
 what wolde ye seyde þ **Dynadan** for I woll haue a  
 do wyth you seyde the bynge for the love of her that  
 ougth this helme and there fore kepe you So they  
 cam to gydw wyth all there myght of þ horsis and  
 þ the bynge w<sup>th</sup> the C. byrght smote downe þ **Dyna**  
**dan** and his horse and than he commanded his fnamte



to take that helme off and kepe hit. Bothe varlet wente to and  
buckyll his helme. What wolt you do seyde þ **Drystram**  
leve that helme. So what entente seyde the kynge Wylt  
ye meddyll w<sup>t</sup> that helme. Wyte you well seyde þ **Drystram**  
that helme shall nat depte fro me tyll hit be derrer bouggt.  
Then make you redy seyde þ **Berramite** vnto þ **Drystram**  
So they hurteled to gydyro and there þ **Drystram** smote  
hym downe on his horse tayle and than the kynge a rose lyghtly  
and gate his horse a gayne and than he strabell persly at þ **Dry-**  
**stram** many grete strols. And than he gaff þ **Berramite** such  
a buffet vpon the helme that he felle downe on his horse  
fore a stonyed. So seyde þ **Dynadan** that helme is vngappyto  
us thwayne for I had a falle for hit and now þ kynge hane ye  
a nop falle. Then þ **Begwaryded** asked who shall iuste wyth  
me I pray you seyde þ **Garety** vnto þ **Dynadan** let me hane  
that iustys. So seyde þ **Dynadan** I pray you qertely take hit  
as for me. That is no reson seyde þ **Drystram** for that ius-  
ty shulde hane bene poured. At a worde seyde þ **Dynadan**  
I wolt nat p<sup>o</sup>st. Then þ **Garety** dressed hym vnto þ **Begwa-**  
**ryded** and there þ **Begwaryded** smote þ **Garety** and his horse  
to the cutte. Flow seyde þ **Drystram** vnto þ **Dynadan** iuste  
ye w<sup>t</sup> proude. Byggit I wolt nat p<sup>o</sup>st seyde þ **Dynadan**. Then  
wolt I seyde þ **Drystram** and than þ **Drystram** ranne vnto  
hym and gaff hym a falle and so they leste hem on foote and  
þ **Drystram** rode vnto joye garde and there þ **Garety** wolde  
nat off his curtesy hane gone in to his castell. But þ **Drystram**  
wolde nat suffer hym to depte and so they a lyght and unarmed  
them and had grete chere. But when þ **Dynadan** cam a fore  
la beak. Note he cursed her that en he bare þ **Drystram** hel-  
me and there he tolde her how þ **Drystram** had mocked hym  
Then þ was lawyrnge and lapyng at þ **Dynadan** þ they

wyfte natwqat to do wyte hym. Now wolt we lebe tgen  
 myrry wyte in joye garde and speke we off **Palomydes** p  
 wyche sayled ewy longe tynen. Butt that he came unto  
 the see costye and p by was a fayre castell and at that tyme  
 hit was evly in p mornyng a fore day. Then the marynard  
 wente unto **Palomydes** that slepte faste. Sir knyght seyde  
 the marynard ye muste aryse for here is a castell that ye  
 muste go in to. I assente me seyde **Palomydes** and p w<sup>t</sup> all  
 he arybed and then he blew his horn that the marynard had  
 yebyn hym and wgan they in the castell garde that horn  
 they put oute many knyghts and there they stood vpon the  
 wallys and sayde w<sup>t</sup> one voysse well com be ye to this castell  
 and then hit waped chere day and **Palomydes** entrede in  
 to the castell and w<sup>t</sup> in a wyle he was fued w<sup>t</sup> many dysse  
 metys. Then **Palomydes** hadde a houte hym muche wepyng  
 and grette dole. What may this meane seyde **Palomydes**  
 for I love nat to fyre such a sorowful voysse and there fore  
 I wolde knowe what hit meaned. Then p cam a knyght a  
 fore hym his name was **Ebel** that seyde this wyte  
 you well p knyght this dole and sorow is made here evy  
 day and for this cause we had a bynge that hys **harmaine**  
**ce** and he was bynge of the rede cite and this bynge that  
 was oure lorde was a noble knyght laynge and lyberall  
 of his expence and in all the worlde he loved no bynge  
 so muche as he ded arrunte knyghts of bynge **intyned**  
 comte and all justynge quytynge and all man of knyghtly  
 gawys for so good a bynge and knyght had ned the wyle of  
 poore peple and by cause of his goodnes and jantyl demea  
 nys we be moone hym and ev shalt. And all byngis and  
 astatys may be ware by your lorde for he was destroyed  
 in his olde defaute for had he cheryshed his olde bloode



he had bene a hynd bynge and lybed w<sup>th</sup> grette myght and  
veste But all astatyd may be ware by owne bynge But  
alas seyde þ **Ebett** that en we sholde gyff all op<sup>er</sup> marrynge  
by q<sup>uo</sup> dethe Belle me seyde þ **Palomides** how and in  
what man was y<sup>e</sup> lorde slayne and by whom þu seyde  
þ **Ebett** oure bynge brought up off c<sup>o</sup>pylon. .ij. men þ now  
ar pelond bynggt and tged. .ij. bynggt oure bynge had  
thend so in favo<sup>r</sup> that he loved no man nor trusted no man  
of q<sup>uo</sup> owne bloode nor none of that was a bonte q<sup>uo</sup>m  
and by tged. .ij. bynggt oure bynge was goyned and so  
they ruled q<sup>uo</sup>m peasably and q<sup>uo</sup> lordys and new wolde  
they suffer none of q<sup>uo</sup> bloode to have no rule w<sup>th</sup> oure  
bynge And also he was so fre and so scantyll þ they  
so false and so dysseparable that they ruled q<sup>uo</sup>m peasably  
and that assayed the lordys of oure byngs bloode & separ-  
ted frome q<sup>uo</sup>m unto þ owne lyeffloode And when þ  
traytoor vnderstood that they had dryvyn all the lordys  
of q<sup>uo</sup> bloode frome q<sup>uo</sup>m than were they nat pleased w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>he</sup>  
fuche kele but en thought to have more And as en hit  
is an olde sawe. Gress a chorle rule and þ by he wolt nat  
be suffysed for what som en he be that is reviled by a bylay-  
ne borne and the lorde of the soyle be a scantylman born  
that same bylayne shall destroy all the scantylmen a  
bonte q<sup>uo</sup>m Thene fore all the astatyd and lordys of what  
a state ye be lobe ye be ware w<sup>th</sup>om ye take a bonte you  
and þ fore fir and ye be a bynggt of bynge **Arturo** com-  
te remembre t<sup>he</sup> tale for t<sup>he</sup> is the ende and conclusy-  
on my lorde and bynge rode unto the foreyste here by By  
the adyse of tged. .ij. traytoores and there he chased at  
the rede deere armed at all peacis full lyke a good byzt  
and so for labo<sup>r</sup> he mayed drye and than he a lynggt & drake

at a well And when he was a byggt by the assente of the  
 y. traytored the <sup>whyche</sup> tene byggt **helyn** he suddenly smote  
 oure kynge thorow the body w<sup>th</sup> a speare and so they lefte  
 hym there And when they were depte<sup>d</sup> than by fortune I  
 cam to the well and founde my lorde and kynge wounded  
 to the dett And when I harde his complaynte I lat bynge  
 hym to the watir syde and in that same shyppe I put hym  
 on lybe And when my lorde kynge **harman** was in p<sup>t</sup>  
 vessel he requyred me for the trowe feythe I owed unto  
 hym for to wryte a letter in this maner. **Be**comande  
 me unto kynge **artur** and to all his noble byggt y<sup>e</sup>  
 arrunte be sechunge then all. That in so muche as I  
 bynge **harman** kynge of the rede cite than I am slay-  
 ne by felony and treson thorow. y. byggt of myne owne  
 byngunge vp and of myne owne makynge be sechunge  
 som worschippfull byggt to reuenge my dethe in so muche  
 as I haue bene en to my power well wyllunge unto kynge  
**artur** comte and w<sup>th</sup> p<sup>t</sup> well adventure his lyff for my  
 sake to reuenge my dethe and sle the. y. traytored in one  
 batayle I bynge **harman** kynge of the rede cite frely  
 w<sup>th</sup> gress hym all my londis and rent that en I welded in  
 my lyff and this letter seyde **Chett** I wrote be my lordis  
 comandement And than he resceyved his creature And  
 when he was dede he comanded me or en he were colde  
 to put that letter faste in his hende and than he coman-  
 ded me to sende forth that same vessel downe by humbr  
 streyme And that I sholde gress the marynard in coman-  
 dementen to stynte tyll they cam unto **lonezep** where  
 all the noble byggt shall assemble at this tyme and there  
 shall som good byggt haue pite of me and reuenge my  
 deathe for p<sup>r</sup> was neu byggt no p<sup>r</sup> lorde falselyar notfor



traytours slayne than I am hyere wounded vnto my  
 dethe. Thus was the complaynte of oure kynge **Harmanice**  
 now seyde. **Chert** ye knowe all how oure lorde  
 was be trayed And yf fore we requyre you for goddis  
 sake haue pite vpon his dethe and worshipfully  
 may ye welde all his lordis for we all wyte well and  
 ye may see that .ij. traytours the rede cite and all that be  
 yf in wolle take you for yf kyndely lorde Truly seyde sir  
**Palomydes** hit grevyth myne harte for to hyre you tell  
 this dolefull tale and to say the trouth I saw that same  
 letter that ye speke of And one of the beste knyghts of yf  
 worlde rad that same letter to me that ye speake of And  
 by his comendement I cam hyer to reuege yf kynge  
 deathe And yf fore haue done and let me wyte where  
 I shall fynde yo traytours for I shall ned be at ease  
 in my harte tyll I be in handis wyth them. Sir seyde  
**Chert** I can take youre shyppe a gayne and that shyppe  
 muste kynge you vnto the delectable Ile faste by yf  
 rede cite And we in this castell shall pray for you &  
 a byde you a gayne compunge for this same castell  
 and ye shal well muste ned be youred for oure  
 kynge **Harmanice** lette make this castell for the love  
 of this .ij. traytours and so we kepe hit wif stronge  
 honde and there fore full fore an we thretened  
 wote ye what ye shall do seyde **Palomydes** what  
 sow our com of me loke ye kepe well this castell for  
 and hit myse fortune me so to be slayne in this queste  
 I am sure there wolle com one of the beste knyghts  
 of the worlde for to reuege my dethe And that is  
 yf **Trystram de lyones** otter elliot yf **Lancelot de la**  
**Re** I can Sir **Palomydes** depected frome that castell

And ad the

And ad' he cam nyze y' schypp. There cam oute of a schypp a goodly  
 knyght armed a yeste q'm wyth q'is' schylde on q'is' schuldr and  
 q'is' honde uppon q'is' swerde And anon ad' he cam nyze vnto y'  
**Palomydes** he seyde y' knyght what seke you h'ue leue t'is' ques-  
 te for q'it is myne and myne q'it was or q'it were youred and  
 y' fore I wolt' haue q'it. Sir knyght seyde y' **Palomydes** q'it may  
 well be that t'is' queste was youred or q'it was myne. But when  
 the letter was talyn oute of the dede knyght's honde at y' tyme by  
 lyfelyhode there was no knyght had vnder take to reuenge y' knyght  
 dethe And so at that tyme I promysed to avenge q'is' dethe and so I  
 shall op' ellys I am shamed. ye say well seyde the knyght. Butte  
 wyte you well than wolt' I fyght wyth you and wher of y' be  
 better knyght lat q'm take the batayle on honde. I assente me  
 seyde y' **Palomydes** and than they dressed y' schylde and pulled oute  
 y' swerde and layssed to gydys many sad strobys ad' men of myght  
 and t'is' fyghtynge lasted more than an dre But at the laste  
 y' **Palomydes** waxed bygge and better wynded and than he smote  
 that knyght succe a stroke y' he kneled on q'is' kneis. Than that  
 knyght spake on q'yggt and seyde seantyl knyght holde t'is' honde  
 and y' wyth y' **Palomydes** wyth drewe q'is' honde. Than t'is'  
 knyght seyde y' wyte you well ye ar better worth y' to haue t'is'  
 batayle than I and I requyre you of knyghtsode telle me youre  
 name. Sir my name is y' **Palomydes** a knyght of kynge Arturus  
 and of the table rounde whiche am com h'yr to reuenge t'is'  
 same dede. Sir well be ye founde seyde the knyght to y' **Palo-  
 mydes** for of all knyghts that bene on lyde excepte .ij. I had le-  
 vyfte haue you. And the fyrste is y' **Lancelot du lake** and the  
 secunde y' y' **Trystram de lyones** and the thyrde is my nyze  
 Cousyn the good knyght y' **Lamorak de galys** and I am brotyn  
 vnto kynge **harmauce** that is dede and my name is y' **hermyu-  
 de** ye say well seyde y' **Palomydes** and ye shall se how I shall



spede And yff I be there slayne go ye vnto my lorde **Lamuelot**  
of ells to my lorde **Drystram** and pray them to reuenge my  
dethe for as for **Lamorak** hym shall ye neu se in this worlde  
Alas seyde **hermynde** how may that be that he is slayne By  
**Gawayne** and his breynne seyde **Palomydes** So god me hel  
pe seyde **hermynde** I was nat one for one I slew hym That  
is trouth seyde **Palomydes** for they were. my. daungers  
bryght that slew hym that was **Gawayne** **Aggrynayne** **Saherys**  
and **thondred** but **Sarett** the v. brotyn was a wey  
the beste bryght of them all And so **Palomydes** tolde sir **her**  
**mynde** all the man and how they slew **Lamorak** all only by tre  
son So **Palomydes** toke his shyppe and drobe up to the delecta  
ble fle And in the meane whyle **hermynde** the kynge brotyn  
he arised up at the rede cite and he tolde them how he was com  
a bryght of kynge **Arturus** to avenge kynge **harmanuce** dethe  
and his name ys **Palomydes** the good bryght that for the  
moste pty he folowyt the beste Gladyssante Thau all the cite  
made grete joy for muche had they garde of sir **Palomydes**  
and of his noble pvesse So they lette ordayne a messyngere and  
sente vnto the .ij. breynne and bade them to make them redy for  
there was a bryght com that wolde fyght wyth them bothe So  
the messyngere wente vnto them where they were at a castell  
there be fyde and he tolde them how he was a bryght comyn  
of kynge **Arturus** to fyght w them bothe at onys he is well  
com seyde they but is hit **Lamuelot** of any of his bloode For  
he is none of that bloode seyde the messyngere Thau we ca  
re the lesse seyde the .ij. breynne for none of the bloode of **L**  
**amuelot** we kepe nat to haue a do wyth all Sir wyte ye  
well seyde the messyngere his name is **Palomydes** that  
yet is vncrystened a noble bryght Well seyde they and he be  
now vncrystynde he shall neu be crystynde So they appoynted

to be at the cite w<sup>th</sup> m. y. dayes. And w<sup>th</sup>an f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** was  
comyn to the cite they made passaynge grete joy of hym and than  
they be hylde hym and t<sup>h</sup>onght he was well made and cleuly  
and bygly and unmaymed of q<sup>u</sup>id l<sup>y</sup>nyd and ney<sup>r</sup> to yonge ney<sup>r</sup>  
to olde and so all the peop<sup>l</sup>e prayssed hym and t<sup>h</sup>onght he were  
nat crystynde yet he be lyved in the beste man and was full  
faythefull and trew of q<sup>u</sup>id p<sup>r</sup>myse and well condyssyonde And  
by cause he made q<sup>u</sup>id a vow that he wolde neu<sup>r</sup> be crystynde in  
to the tyme that he had encyryed the beste gladyfante p<sup>r</sup> why  
che was a full woundyfull best and a grete syngyfication  
for **herlyon** p<sup>r</sup>phesied unce of that best and also f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes**  
a vowed neu<sup>r</sup> to take full crystyndon vntyll that he had  
done by batayles w<sup>th</sup> m. lysty<sup>r</sup> So w<sup>th</sup> in the thirde day there  
cam to the cite thes. y. bret<sup>r</sup>arne the tone kynght f<sup>r</sup> **Gelynd** and  
**Gelake** the wyche were men of grete p<sup>r</sup>bess how be hit p<sup>r</sup>  
they were falsse and full of treson and but poore men born  
yet were they noble kynghts of p<sup>r</sup> handys And w<sup>th</sup> them they  
bronght. xl. kynghts of t<sup>h</sup>erre q<sup>u</sup>ond noble men to that  
entente that they shulde be bygge I nowze for the rede cite  
So cam the. y. b<sup>r</sup>ep<sup>r</sup>ne w<sup>th</sup> grete bobbanne & pryde  
for they had put the rede cite in grete feare and damage  
So an they were bronght to the lyst And f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes**  
cam in to the place and seyde t<sup>h</sup>at be ye the. y. b<sup>r</sup>et<sup>r</sup>arne  
**Gelynd** and **Gelake** that slew yome kyng and lorde for  
harmance by felony and treson for whom that I am co  
mynd hyd to reuenge q<sup>u</sup>id dethe wyte you well f<sup>r</sup> seyde  
**Gelynd** and f<sup>r</sup> **Gelake** that we ar the same kynghts p<sup>r</sup> flewe  
kyng harmance and wyte you well you f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes**  
sareyn that we shall so handyll the or that you depte that  
you shall wysse that you haddyt be crystynde/ hit may  
well be seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Palomydes** But ad yet I wolde nat dye

how f<sup>r</sup> **palom**  
**des** reuenged  
p<sup>r</sup> dethe of kyng  
harmance of  
ye rede cite



or that I were full crystynde and yette so a ferde and I nat off  
yon botte but that I shall dye a better crystyn man than any  
of yon botte and doute ye nat sepe of **Palomydes** app ye  
of I shall be lesste dede in this place So they depte in gte  
wreathe and the .ij. bresne cam a yent of **Palomydes** and  
he a yente them as faste as p horsis myght ren and by  
fortune of **Palomydes** smote of **Helake** thorow his shylde  
and thorow his breste more than a fadom all this while  
of **Helyns** hylde up his speare and for pryde and orgule  
he wolde nat smyte of **Palomydes** wyth his speare But  
wgan he saw his knyght lye on the erthe and saw he myght  
nat helpe hym self So gan he sepe vnto of **Palomydes**  
bepe the and p wyth he cam quytelynge vnto of **Palomy**  
**des** wth his speare and smote hym quyte frome his horse  
So of **Helyns** rode on of **Palomydes** twyse or thryse and  
there wyth of **Palomydes** was a flamed and gate the  
horse of of **Helyns** by the brydyl and p wth all the horse  
arered and of **Palomydes** halpe after and so they felle to  
the erthe But a none of **Helyns** starte up lyghtly and  
there he smote of **Palomydes** a grete stroke vpon the  
helme that he kneled vpon his kne and than they lay  
layssed to godys many sad the strokes and trased and  
trased now bakwarde now sydelynge quytelynge to  
godys lyke .ij. borys and that same tyme they felle  
botte grobelynge to the erthe So gan songer styll w  
onte any repelynge .ij. owred and nen brettid and  
than of **Palomydes** waxed faynte and wery and sw  
of **Helyns** waxed passynge stronge and doubeled his  
strok and drove of **Palomydes** durtwarte and ende  
longe all the fylde So gan wgan they of the cite saw  
of **Palomydes** in this case they wepte and cryed & made

grete dolo and the of pty made ad grete Joy : Alas sey  
 de the men of the cite that this noble knyght shulde  
 thus be slayne for oure kyngs sake and as they were  
 thus wepyng and cryyng þ **Palomydes** whyche had  
 suffyrde an. C. strols and wonder hit was that he stode  
 on his fete So at the laste þ **Palomydes** lobed a bonte  
 as he myght weyably vnto the comyn people how they  
 wepte for hym and than he seyde to hym selff a fye for  
 shame þ **Palomydes** why haunge ye yowre hede so lowe  
 and there w<sup>t</sup> he bare vp his shylde and lobed þ **helyn**  
 in the wysse and smote hym a grete stroke vpon  
 the helme and after that a notyn and a noy And þa  
 he smote þ **helyn** w<sup>t</sup> such a myght that he felde hym  
 to the erthe grobelynge and than he rased of his  
 helme from his hede and so smote of his hede from  
 the body And than were the people of the cite the  
 myrrest people that myght be So they brought hym  
 to his lodgyng w<sup>t</sup> grete solempnyte and þa all the  
 people be cam his men and than þ **Palomydes** py  
 de them all to take bepe vnto all the lordeship of kyng  
**harmaunce** for fayre surys wyte you well I may  
 nat as at this tyme a byde w<sup>t</sup> you for I muste in all  
 haste be wyth my lorde kyng **Arthur** at þe castel  
 of **louezep** Than were people full gedy at his de  
 ptyng for all the cite profynd þ **Palomydes**  
 the thirde pte of þe goodus so that he wolde a byde  
 wyth hem But in no wyse as at that tyme he ne  
 wolde a byde And so þ **Palomydes** deþted & cam  
 vnto the castell there as **Sir** **Isbell** was lyeffte  
 namte and when they in þe castell wyfte how **Sir**  
**Palomydes** had sped there was a joyfull mayne



And so **f** **Palomides** deputed and cam to the castell of **lonezep**  
And whan he knew that **f** **Trystram** was nat **p** he toke his  
way on fumble and cam vnto **loy** garde where was **f** **Trys-**  
**tram** and la baill. **Note** **Do** **f** **Trystram** had comaunded that  
what byyggt arramte cam w<sup>t</sup> in **loy** garde ad<sup>m</sup> the tollme  
that they sholde warne **f** **Trystram**. **Do** **p** cam a man of the  
towne and tolde **f** **Trystram** how **p** was a byyggt in **p** town  
a passyng goodly man. What man of man **yo** he seyde **f** **Trys-**  
**tram** and what sygne beryt<sup>g</sup> he. And anone he tolde hym all  
the tokyng of hym. **Be** my fap<sup>g</sup> **p** **yo** **f** **Palomides** seyde **f**  
**Dynadan** for sothe hit may well be seyde **f** **Trystram** than  
go **yo** **f** **Dynadan** and fecche hym hym. Than **f** **Dynadan**  
wente vnto **f** **Palomides** and there aft<sup>r</sup> made oth<sup>r</sup> grete  
chere and so they lay to gydw<sup>t</sup> that nyght. And on the morn<sup>e</sup> erly  
cam **f** **Trystram** and **f** **Gareth** and toke them in **p** beddis and  
so they arose and brake **p** faste. And than **f** **Trystram** dressed **f**  
**Palomides** vnto the fyldis and woodis. And so they were ac-  
corded to repose them in the foreyste. And whan they had play-  
ed them a grete whyle they rode vnto a fayre well. At anone  
they were ware of an armed byyggt cam rydyng a garyste  
them and **p** app<sup>r</sup> salewed of. Than this armed byyggt spake  
to **f** **Trystram** and asked what were those byyggt **p** were  
lodged in **loy** garde. **I** wote nat what they ar seyde **f** **Trys-**  
**tram**. But what byyggt be **yo** for me sempt<sup>g</sup> **yo** be no byyggt  
arramte be cause **yo** ryde unarmed. **So** what<sup>r</sup> we be byyggt  
or nat we lyst<sup>e</sup> nat to telle the oure name. **Why** wolt **p** nat  
tell me thy name seyde that byyggt than kepe the for **yo**  
shalt dye of myne hondis and there w<sup>t</sup> all the gate and speare  
and wolde haue roune **f** **Trystram**. That saw **f** **Palom-**  
**ides** and smote his horse traveyse in myddis the fyde that he  
smote horse and man spytelously to the erthe and there w<sup>t</sup>q

þ **Palomydes** a lyght and pulled oute his swerde to hane slayne  
 hym. lat he seide þ **Drystram** sle hym nat for the knyghte  
 is but a foole and hit were shame to sle hym. But take a way  
 his speare seide þ **Drystram** and lat hym take his horse and  
 go where that he wyll. So when this knyght arose he groined  
 fore of the falle and so he gate his horse and when he was up  
 he turned his horse and requyred þ **Drystram** and þ **Palomy**  
**des** to telle hym what knyght they were. Now wyte you well  
 seide þ **Drystram** my name is þ **Drystram de lyones** and  
 this knyghts name is þ **Palomydes** when he wyst what he  
 knyght he toke his horse with the spurs by caus they shulde  
 nat aske hym his name. And so he rode faste a way thorow thicke  
 and thorow thynne. When cam þ by them a knyght w a bended  
 shylde of Assure his name was þ **Eppynogryd** and he cam a  
 grete walop. Whos ar ye a way seide þ **Drystram** aye fayre  
 lordis seide þ **Eppynogryd** I folow the falsste knyght þ beryst  
 the best. Wherefore I requyre you telle me whatt ye se he  
 for he beryst a shylde w a case of rede on hit. So god me helpe  
 seide þ **Drystram** such a knyght deyped frome us nat a quant  
 of an owe a gone and þ fore we pray you to telle us his na  
 me. Alas seide þ **Eppynogryd** wyll let ye hym asape from  
 you and he is so grete a foo butyll all arraunte knyghtys  
 whos name is þ **Brewyns samze prete** a fy for shame seide  
 þ **Palomydes** and alas thatt he a scapyd myne hondis for  
 he ys the man in the worlde whom I hate moste. When every  
 knyght made grete sorow to othir. And so þ **Eppynogryd** deyped  
 and folowed the chace aftir hym. When þ **Drystram** and hys  
 m. felows rode towarde Joyngarde and there þ **Drystram**  
 talbed unto þ **Palomydes** of the batayle and how thatt he had  
 sped at the rede cite And ad ye hane garde a fore so was hit  
 ended. Truly seide þ **Drystram** I am glad ye hane well sped



so ye haue done Worshypfully. Well seyde þ **Trystram** we must  
te forwarde ad to morne and than he deuyfied how hit shulde be  
And þ þ **Trystram** deuyfied to sende qid. n. pabelond to set hem  
faste by the well of **loncey** and þ in shatt be the quene **la beall**  
**Isode** ye sey. Well seyde þ **Dynadan** But when þ **Palomydes**  
herde of that qid qarte was rabyssed oute of mesure. For  
wytstondyng he seyde but lpyt. So when they cam to  
joye garde þ **Palomydes** wolde nat haue gone in to  
the castell but ad þ **Trystram** lad hym by the honde in  
to joye garde And when þ **Palomydes** saw **la beall** **Isode**  
he was so rabyssed that he myght vmette speche. So they  
wente vnto mete. But þ **Palomydes** myght nat ete  
and þ was all the cyure þ myght be had And so on the morne  
they were apparayled for to ryde towarde **loncey**. So þ **Trystram**  
had. m. squyer And **la beall** **Isode** had. m. fan  
tyll women and bothe the quene and they were ryche ly appa  
rayled and op people had they none w them but varlett to  
beare þ sheldis and þ spearys and than they rode forth  
And as they rode they saw a fore them a route of knyghts  
And that was þ **Galyhodyn** w. xx. knyghts w. qm. & low  
fayre fealows. seyde þ **Galyhodyn** yonder comyt. m.  
knyghts and araye and a well fayre lady And I am in myll  
to take þ fayre lady from them. þ **Trystram** nat beste sey  
de one of them but sende ye to them at a wyte what they  
woll say And so they ded And anon þ cam a squyer vnto þ **Trystram**  
and asked them wher they wolde luste op ellys  
to lose that lady. For so seyde þ **Trystram** But telle ys  
lorde & hydde hym com ad many ad we bene at Wynne her  
and take her. þ **Palomydes** and hit please  
you lat me haue that dede & I shall vnder take them all. m.  
þ **Trystram** þ ye haue hit seyde þ **Trystram** at yonne

pleasure. Now go and telle þo lorde þ **Galyhodyn** <sup>þat</sup> t<sup>h</sup>is knyght  
 woll encomitt<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> hym & his fellowes. So t<sup>h</sup>is knyght deputed  
 it tolde þ **Galyhodyn** t<sup>h</sup>an he dressed his shylde & put forth  
 a speare and þ **Dalomydes** smote þ **Galyhodyn** so harde  
 þ horse & man bothe rode to the erthe & þ he had an horry-  
 ble falle and t<sup>h</sup>an cam a noþ knyght and þ same wyse he  
 fued hym and so he fued þ t<sup>h</sup>irde and þ fourthe þ he smote  
 t<sup>h</sup>em on þ horse crouped and all wayed þ **Dalomydes** spe-  
 are was hole. T<sup>h</sup>an cam þ. vi. knyghts mo of þ **Galyhody-**  
**nes** men and wolde hane bene avenged vpon þ **Dalomy-**  
**des** lat be seide þ **Galyhodyn** nat so hardy none of you all  
 meddyt<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>h</sup>is knyght for he is a man of grete bouite  
 & honoure and yf he wolde do his bit myste ye ar nat all  
 able to deale w<sup>th</sup> hym and ryght so t<sup>h</sup>ey hylde t<sup>h</sup>em styll  
 and en þ **Dalomydes** was redy to juste and w<sup>h</sup>an he sawe  
 t<sup>h</sup>ey wolde no more he rode vnto þ **Dyrstram** & þ **Dalo-**  
**mydes** ryght well hane ye done and worschypfully ad a  
 good knyght sholde. So t<sup>h</sup>is þ **Galyhodyn** was nyze kny-  
 vnto þ **Galasalte** t<sup>h</sup>e hante prynce and t<sup>h</sup>is þ **Galyhodyn**  
 was a knyge w<sup>th</sup> in t<sup>h</sup>e Contrey of Bureuse. So ad þ **Dyr-**  
**stram** w<sup>th</sup> his. iij. fellowes and laboure. Asode rode t<sup>h</sup>ey  
 saw a fore t<sup>h</sup>en. iij. knyghts and eny knyght had his speare  
 in his hande. The fyrst was þ **Garwayne** the secunde was  
 þ **Wayne** the thirde was þ **Sagranno** le desyrnd and t<sup>h</sup>e  
 iij<sup>th</sup> was þ **Dodynas** le saueage and w<sup>h</sup>an þ **Dalomydes**  
 be hylde t<sup>h</sup>en t<sup>h</sup>at þ. iij. knyghts were redy to juste he pray-  
 de þ **Dyrstram** to gyff hym leue to hane a do w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>h</sup>en also  
 longe ad he myght holde hym on horse bak and yf t<sup>h</sup>at I be  
 smytyn downe I pray you reuenge me. Well seide þ **Dyr-**  
**stram** and ye ar nat so fayne to hane worschyp but I  
 wolde ad fayne encrease your worschyp and w<sup>th</sup> all



**Gawayne** put forth his speare and **Palomydes** a noy And  
 so they cam egurly to gydyno þ **Palomydes** smote hym so harde  
 that **Gawayne** felle to the erthe horse & all And in þ same wyse  
 he fued **Wayne** and **Dodynaas** and **Sagrano** and all thes  
 my. luyggt **Palomydes** smote them downe w<sup>th</sup> his speare  
 And than **Frystram** depte towarde loneyep And w<sup>th</sup> gan they  
 were depte than cam theyd **Galygodyn** w<sup>th</sup> his x. luyggt  
 vnto **Gawayne** and þ he tolde hym all how he had sped Be  
 my trouthe seyde **Gawayne** | merdayle what luyggt they ben  
 þ ar so arayed all in grene And that luyggt vpon þ w<sup>th</sup>zte  
 horse smote me downe seyde **Galygodyn** and. my. of my fello  
 wyo so ded he me seyde **Gawayne** and my. my. fello wyo And  
 well | wote seyde **Gawayne** that op he vpon the w<sup>th</sup>zte horse  
 yof **Frystram** oter allyo **Palomydes** and þ well be seyne  
 lady w<sup>th</sup> quene **Mede** And ad they talked thus of one thyng & of  
 op And in þ meane wyle **Frystram** passed on tyll þ he cam  
 to the welle where his p<sup>er</sup>phous were sette & þ they a lyghted  
 and þ they sawe many pabylou & grete aray **Than** **Frystram**  
 lefte þ **Palomydes** and **Garet** w<sup>th</sup> la **baath** **Mede** And **Frystram**  
 and **Dynadan** rode vnto loneyep to herbyd tydyng And  
**Frystram** rode vpon **Palomydes** w<sup>th</sup>zte horse And w<sup>th</sup> gan  
 he cam in to the castell **Frystram** garde a grete horne blowe  
 And to the horne drewe many luyggt **Than** **Frystram**  
 asked a luyggt what meanyth the blaste of þ horne. In seyde  
 that luyggt he is for all tho þ shall holde a yeste kyng **in**  
**time** at this turnemente / The fyrst yof the kyng of Irelon  
 de And the kyng of Swylse And the kyng of Iystenoyse the  
 kyng of nortqumbyrlonde And þ kyng of the beste pte of Ma  
 lyd w<sup>th</sup> many op contreyo And all thes drewe them to a conncyle  
 to vnderstonde what gouernance they shall be of // But þ kyng  
 of Irelonde his name was **Marqalte** that was fadur vnto

the good knyght **Marqalte** that **Brystram** knew and he had þe  
 speache that **Brystram** myght hye flow lordis and felowis  
 lat w<sup>l</sup> lobe to oure selff for wyte you well kynge **Artoure** þe  
 sure of many good knyghts of ellys he wolde nat w<sup>l</sup> feaw knyghts  
 haue a do w<sup>l</sup> þe here fore be my rede lat eny knyght haue  
 a standarde and a cognysaunce by hym selff þe eny knyght may  
 draw to his naturall lorde and than may eny kynge þe Captayne  
 helpe his knyght yf he haue nede. Whan **Brystram** had sayd  
 de all þe comceple he rode vnto kynge **Artoure** for to hye his  
 comceple. But **Brystram** was nat so lone com vnto þe place  
 But **Gawayne** and **Gylgodyn** wente vnto kynge **Artoure**  
 and tolde hym that þe same grene knyght in the grene hammyse  
 w<sup>l</sup> the wyghte horse smote w<sup>l</sup> y. downe and. vii. of oure felows  
 the same day. Well seyde kynge **Artoure** and than he called for  
**Brystram** to hym it asked what was his name do for þe seyde  
 þe **Brystram** ye shall holde me excused ad at the tyme ye shall  
 nat know my name and þe **Brystram** returned it rode his way  
 I haue merchaile seyde kynge **Artoure** that yondir knyght woll  
 tell me his name. But go ye **Gryfflet** and pray hym to speke  
 w<sup>l</sup> me be taryet w<sup>l</sup> wayne. Whan **Gryfflet** rode after hym  
 and on toke hym and seyde þe kynge **Artoure** prayde hym to  
 speake w<sup>l</sup> hym. Sw<sup>l</sup> vpon the covenante seyde **Brystram**  
 I woll turne a gayne so þe ye woll ensure me that þe kynge woll  
 nat desyre to hye my name I shall vndertake hit seyde Sw<sup>l</sup>  
**Gryfflet** that he woll nat gretly desyre of you. So they rode  
 to gydw<sup>l</sup> tyll they cam to kynge **Artoure** flow fayre sw<sup>l</sup> seyde  
 kynge **Artoure** what is þe cause ye woll nat tell me þe name  
 Sw<sup>l</sup> seyde **Brystram** w<sup>l</sup> oute a cause I wolde nat hyde my  
 name. Well vpon what pty woll ye holde seyde kynge **Ar-**  
**thure** Truly my lorde seyde **Brystram** I wote nat yet on  
 what pty I woll be on vntyl I com to the fylde and there ad



my harte gybtyt me þi wolle I holde me But to morow ye  
shall se þe preve on what pty I shall com and þat all he retur-  
ned and went to his pabelous And upon þe morne they armed  
them all in grene & cam in to the fylde & þe yonge knyght  
be gan to iuste & ded many woushyppfull dedes Then spake  
þe **Garette** vnto þe **Dystram** and prayde hym to gyff hym  
love to breake his speare for hym thonght shame to beare  
his speare hole a gayne And þe **Dystram** had harte hy  
sey so he lowe and sayde I pray you do youre beste Then þe  
**Garette** gate his speare & pferde to iuste And that sarve a  
knyght þat was neveall vnto þe kynge wth the .C. knyght his  
name was þe **Selysed** a good knyght and a good man of armys  
So this selysed dressed hym vnto þe **Garette** and they .ij. mette  
to gyrd so harte that they smote oþer downe horse and man  
to the erthe And so they were bothe hurt & brused & þe they  
lay tyll þe kynge wth the .C. knyght halpe up þe **Selysed** and þe  
**Dystram** and þe **Palomides** halpe up þe **Garette** a yen And  
so they rode wth hym to þe pabylous And then they pulled  
of his helme and wgan la beath Wode sarve þe **Garette** brused  
so in þe face she assted hym what ayled hym chadame sayde sir  
**Garette** I had a grete buffet and I suppose I gaff a notch But  
none of my fealows god thanke hem wolde rescowe me þden  
seyde þe **Palomides** hit longyt nat to none of us at this day  
to iuste for þe that nat this day iusted no þred knyghts & wgan  
the oþer pty saw þe þe profynd þe self to iuste they sente a passyng  
good knyght vnto you for I know hym well his name is sir  
**Selysed** And woushyppfully ye mette wth hym & neyþ of you  
ar dishonoured and þe fore refrefse þe self þe ye may be redy  
to hole to iuste to morne do for that seyde þe **Garette** I shall  
nat fayle you & I may be stoyde myne horse Now so vpon  
what pty is hit beste seyde þe **Dystram** þe hit hit beste to

be w<sup>t</sup> all to morne. **Sn** seyde **f** **Palomides** ye shall have my  
 ne aduise to be a yentyl knyge **Artur** ad to morne for on this  
 pty w<sup>t</sup> be **f** **Lancelot** and many good knyghts of this blood w<sup>t</sup>  
 hym and y<sup>e</sup> mo men of worship that they be y<sup>e</sup> more worship  
 shall we wyne. That is full knyghtly spokyn seyde **f** **Trys-**  
**traun** and so shall hit be ryght ad y<sup>e</sup> conueyle me. In the name  
 of god seyde they all. So y<sup>e</sup> myght they were reposed w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> beste  
 And in the morne whan hit was day they were arrayed all in  
 grene tunnyrs botte shylow y<sup>e</sup> spearys And la beatt rode in  
 y<sup>e</sup> same coloure y<sup>e</sup> her m. dameseld y<sup>e</sup> ryght tged. my knyght  
 cam in to y<sup>e</sup> fylde endyng y<sup>e</sup> tborow And so they lad la beatt  
**ffode** tgidw ad the sholde stonde y<sup>e</sup> be holde all the just in a  
 bay wyndow but all wayes she was wrympled y<sup>e</sup> no man myght  
 se her wylage And than tged. my knyght rode streyte into  
 the pty of the knyge of Scottis. Whan knyge **Artur**  
 had seyne hem do all this he asked **f** **Lancelot** what were  
 this knyght and this quene. **Sn** seyde **f** **Lancelot** I can  
 nat tell you for no stayne. But yf **f** **Trystraun** be in this  
 contrey or **f** **Palomides**. **Sn** wote you well hit be they  
 and y<sup>e</sup> no quene la beatt **ffode**. Whan knyge **Artur** called  
 vnto hym **f** **Ray** and seyde go ye lyghtly and wote how many  
 knyghts y<sup>e</sup> bene here lackyng of the table rounde for by the  
 segis ye may know. So went **f** **Ray** and saw by the wrytunge  
 in y<sup>e</sup> freget y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> lacked. x. knyghts y<sup>e</sup> tged were for namys.  
**Sn** **Trystraun** **f** **Palomides** **f** **Percivall** **f** **Gareth** **f** **Gale-**  
**rys** **f** **Erynogrys** **f** **chordred** **f** **Dynadan** **f** **la cote male taylor**  
 and **f** **Pelleas** the noble knyght. Well seyde knyge **Artur**  
 som of tged I dare vndertake that on here this day a yentyl  
 wol. Whan cam y<sup>e</sup> m. y. brenne consyn vnto **f** **Gawayne** y<sup>e</sup>  
 one knyght **f** **Edward** And that of knyght **f** **Sadok** the wyse  
 were. y. good knyghts And they asked of knyge **Artur** y<sup>e</sup> they



myght have the fyrste luste for they were of **Orkeney** and  
pleased seyde kyng **Artur** **Edwarde** encommende  
w<sup>t</sup> the kyng of **Scottis** in whos pty was **Trystram** and **Palomydes**  
and tho **Edwarde** of **Orkeney** smote p<sup>r</sup> kyng of  
**Scottis** myte frome his horse a grette falle And **Sados**  
smote the kyng of **Scottis** downe and gaff hym a won  
der grette falle y<sup>t</sup> there was a grette cry on kyng **Artur**  
pty And that made **Palomydes** passynghly wrothe And so **Palomydes**  
dressed his shilde & his speare and wyth all his  
myght he mette w<sup>t</sup> **Edwarde** of **Orkeney** & smote hym so har  
de y<sup>t</sup> his horse had no myght to stonde on his fete And so he fur  
led downe to the erthe And than w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> same speare **Palomydes**  
smote downe **Sados** on his horse croupe & then seyde kyng  
**Artur** what myght y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup> arrayed so all in greue for he lustyly  
myghtyly Wrote you well seyde **Gawayne** he y<sup>e</sup> good myght  
and yet shall ye se hym luste better or he septe And yet shall ye  
se a more bygger myght in the same cold than he is for that  
same myght seyde **Gawayne** that smote downe myght now  
my. ij. consyns he smote me downe w<sup>t</sup> in the. ij. dayes and. vij.  
felows mo **Edwarde** meane while as they stood thus talkynge  
ye cam in to the place **Trystram** vpon a blacke horse and or  
en he strute he smote downe w<sup>t</sup> one speare. iij. good myghts  
of **Orkeney** & were of the byrme of **Gawayne** and **Gareth**  
and **Dynadan** eyer of them smote downe a good myght & then  
seyde **Artur** yonder myght vpon the blacke horse dothe myght  
tyly and meruaylously well a hyde you seyde **Gawayne** that  
myght on p<sup>r</sup> blacke horse he gan nat yet. **Edwarde** **Trystram**  
made to horse the. ij. myghts a gayne p<sup>r</sup> **Edwarde** and **Sados**  
had vnhorsed at p<sup>r</sup> be grynge And than **Trystram**  
drew his swerde & rode vnto the thyrd p<sup>r</sup>ease & yente them  
of **Orkeney** and p<sup>r</sup> he smote downe myghts and raced off

helmyd and pulled a way þe skyldis and smitede downe many of  
 þe knyghts And so he fared that kynge **Artur** and all knyghts  
 had grete mayle to se ouy o knyght do so muche dedis of armys  
 And þe **Palomides** fayled nat vpon the op syde þe so merday-  
 lously ded and well þe all men had wonder for kynge **Artur**  
 lyfened þe **Grystram** that was on þe black horse vnto a wood hon  
 And he lyfened þe **Palomides** vpon the wyght horse vnto a  
 wood lybarde And þe **Gareth** and þe **Synadan** vnto eyn wolke  
 But the custom was such a monge them þe none of þe knyghts  
 wolde helpe op but all the felshyp of eyn standarde to helpe op  
 ad they myght But en þe **Grystram** ded so muche dedis of armys  
 þe they of Orbeney weped very of hym And so wdraw them vnto  
**lonceper** þan was þe cry of herowdis þe all man of comyn  
 people þe grene knyght that he done merdaylously and beatyn  
 all them of Orbeney And þe herowdis mibnd þe þe **Grystram**  
 þe was vpon þe blacke horse had smytten downe wþe spearyd þe  
 fowendis. xxx. knyghts And þe **Palomides** had smytten downe  
 xxx. knyghts þe þe moste pty of thes. l. knyghts were of þe house  
 of kynge **Artur** and þe knyghts. So god me helpe seyde  
 kynge **Artur** vnto þe **Lancelot** the is a grete shame to se my  
 knyghts beate so many knyghts of myne And þe fore make you  
 redy for we woll gane a do wþe them. Sir seyde þe **Lancelot**  
 wyte you well þe þe ar. ii. passynge good knyghts þe grete worshyp  
 were hit nat to vo now to gane a do wþe them for they ar grete  
 travayled do for þe seyde kynge **Artur**. I woll be a venged.  
 And þe fore take wþe you þe **Bleoberys** and þe **Ector de marys** and  
 I woll be the fourþ seyde kynge **Artur**. Well sir seyde þe **Lance**  
**lot** ye shall fynde me redy And my broþr þe **Ector** and my couyn  
 þe **Bleoberys** And so wgan they were redy and on horse backe  
 þe now chose seyde kynge **Artur** vnto þe **Lancelot** wgan þe  
 ye woll encounter wþe all. Sir seyde þe **Lancelot**. I woll comt



how f. trystm.  
had a fille

how f. palom.  
deo had a fille

how f. Garet.  
had a fille

how f. d. and  
d. and f. f. f.

Wytte the grene byrght vpon the blacke horse That was fir  
**Brystram** and my Cousyn f. **Bleobery** shall make y grene  
byrght vpon y wyrght horse f. was f. **Palomides** And my  
brop f. **Ector** shall make wyte y grene byrght vpon the  
dune horse f. was f. **Garet** That muste / seyde bynge **Artur**  
hane a do w f. grene byrght vpon the Grefylde horse And  
f. was f. **Dynadan** Now eyn man take kepe to his fellow sey  
de f. **Lancelot** and so they trotted on to gydyr And y encomun  
de f. **Lancelot** a yent f. **Brystram** and they smote app othir  
so sore that horse and man yode to the erthe But f. **Lance**  
**lot** wente that hit had be f. **Palomides** and so they passed  
vter and than f. **Bleobery** encomuntyr wyte f. **Palomides**  
and he smote hym so harde vpon the sylde that f. **Pal**  
**omides** and his wyrght horse rosteled to the erthe / Than f.  
**Ector** smote f. **Garet** so harde that downe he felle frome  
his horse And than noble bynge **Artur** he encomuntyr  
wyte f. **Dynadan** and bynge **Artur** smote hym quyte  
frome his horse And than the nyse turned a whyle f. sey  
de the grene byrght were felde downe / When y byng  
of notte galyo saw y f. **Brystram** was on foote f. than  
he remembryd hym how grete dedid of armys they had  
done Than he made redy many byrghts for the custon  
and the cry was such that what byrghts were smytten  
downe and myght nat be horsed a gayne by his fellowys  
othir by his owne strengthe that ad that day he sholde be  
presonere vnto the pty that smote hym downe // So y  
cam in the bynge of notte galyo and he rode streyte  
vnto f. **Brystram** and when he cam nyze hym he a lyzt  
delyvryly and toke f. **Brystram** his horse and seyde that  
noble byrght I know y nat notyn of what contrey ye be  
But for the noble dedid that ye hane done this day take

There my

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there my horse and let me do as well as I may for as I shal be my  
 helpe ye ar better worth to have myne horse than my selff. Gra-  
 unte mercy sende **f Brystram** and yf I may I shal quyte you and  
 lobe y<sup>e</sup> go nat far frome us and as I suppose I shal wyne you  
 sone a new horse And there wyth all **f Brystram** mounte uppon  
 his horse And anon he mette wyth kynge **Artoure** and he  
 gaff hym such a buffet that kynge **Artoure** had no power to be  
 pe his sadyl. And than **f Brystram** gaff the kynge of north  
 galys kynge **Artours** horse. Than was there grete p<sup>re</sup>ase  
 a bonte kynge **Artoure** for to horse hym a gayne. But en sir  
**Palomydes** smote on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde  
 and raced of helmyd myghtyly as a noble knyght And this meane  
 whyle **f Brystram** rode thorow the thyrtyse p<sup>re</sup>ce and smote  
 downe knyghts on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde and  
 raced of helmyd and so passed forth to his pabeloun and  
 lefte **f Palomydes** on foote And than **f Brystram** chonged  
 his horse and dysgyed hym selff all in rede horse and harnes  
 And when quene **Mede** saw **f Brystram** ynhorsed and she wist  
 nat where he was be com than she wepte hartely. But sir  
**Brystram** when he was redy cam darstynge lyghtly in to the  
 fylde. And than la beatt **Mede** aspyed hym and so he ded grete  
 dedis of armys wyth one speare that was grete for **f Brystram**  
 smote downe .v. knyghts or en he stynted. Than **f Lancelot** aspy-  
 ed hym redyly that hit was **f Brystram** and than he repented  
 hym of that he had smytyn hym downe And so **f Lancelot** wente  
 oute of the p<sup>re</sup>ce to repose hym and lyghtly he cam a gayne And  
 so when **f Brystram** was com in to the p<sup>re</sup>ce thorow his gre-  
 forse he put **f Palomydes** uppon his horse and **f Gareth** and **f**  
**Dynadan** and than they be gan to do merdaylously. But **f Pa-**  
**lomydes** notyn none of his .ij. felows knew nat who had golpen  
 them to horse bat. But en **f Brystram** was wyse them and knew



them and they nat hym be cause he had esonged in to rede armo  
and all this while **f** **l**amucelot was a way So when la beatt  
**l**ode assayed **f** **T**rystram a gayne vpon his horse bat she was  
passynge glad and than she louze and made good chere and ad  
er happened **f** **P**alomydes looked up towarde her she was in the  
wyndow and **f** **P**alomydes assayed how she lauzed and there  
wyt she toke such a reyn reioysynge that he smote downe what  
wyt she speare and wyt she swerde all that en he mette for  
thorow the syght of her he was so enamored in her love that  
he semed at that tyme that and bothe **f** **T**rystram and **f** **l**am  
**c**elot had bene bothe a yeste hym they sholde hane womme no  
worshyp of hym and in his harte ad the booke saythe **f** **P**alo  
**m**ydes wysshed that wyt she his worshyp he myght hane a do  
wyt **f** **T**rystram be fore all men by cause of la beatt **l**ode //  
Than **f** **P**alomydes be gan to doubte his strengthe and he ded  
so meruaylously all men had wondr and en he faste up his yee  
vnto la beatt **l**ode // And when he saw her make such chere  
he fared lyke a brow that there myght no man wyt stonde  
hym And than **f** **T**rystram be hylde hym how he styrred a  
boute and seyde vnto **f** **S**ynadan so god me helpe **f** **P**alomy  
**d**e is a passynge well enduryng but such dedis saue  
hym neu do noy neu eyste herde I tell that en he ded so muche  
in one day But hit is his day seyde **f** **S**ynadan and he wolde  
sey no more vnto **f** **T**rystram but to hym self he seyde tquo  
and **f** **T**rystram knew for wgos love he dotz all this dedys of  
armys sone he wolde a bate his corrage Alas seyde **f** **T**rystram  
that **f** **P**alomydes were nat crystynde So seyde kynge **ar**thure  
and so seyde all that be hylde them Than all peopple gaff hym  
the pryse ad for the beste knyght that day and he passed **f** **l**am  
**c**elot othir ellys **f** **T**rystram well seyde **f** **S**ynadan to hym  
self all this worshyp that **f** **P**alomydes hatz here tquo day

he may thanke the quene. **Mode** for had she bene a way this day  
 had nat. **Palomides** gotyn the pryse. **Byggt** so cam in to the  
 fylde **f** **launcelot** du lake and sawe and harde the grette noyse  
 and the grette worschip that **f** **Palomides** had he dressed hy  
 a yent **f** **Palomides** wyth a grette speare and a longe and  
 thonggt to hane smytyn hym downe. And when **f** **Palomides**  
 saw **f** **launcelot** com vpon hym so faste he toke his horse wyth  
 the spurys and ran vpon hym ad faste wyth his swerde. And  
 ad **f** **launcelot** sholde hane smytyn hym he smote the speare  
 on hyde and smote hit a too wyth his swerde. And there wyth  
**f** **Palomides** russed vnto **f** **launcelot** and thonggt to hane put  
 hym to shame. And wyth his swerde he smote of his horse ne  
 that **f** **launcelot** rode vpon and than **f** **launcelot** felle to pertye.  
 Then was the cry guge and grette how **f** **Palomides** the Da  
 resyn gat smytyn downe **f** **launcelot** horse. **Byggt** so there we  
 re many byggtt wyth **f** **Palomides** by cause he  
 had done that dede and helde there a yente hit and seyde hit  
 was vnbyggttly done in a turnemente to bylle an horse wyl  
 fully othir ellys that hit had bene done in playne batayle byff  
 for byff. When **f** **Ector de marys** saw **f** **launcelot** his brother  
 hane succe a dyspyte and so sette on foote. Then he gate a spe  
 are egaly and ran a yent **f** **Palomides** and he smote hym so  
 harde that he bare **f** **Palomides** quyte frome his horse. That  
 sawe **f** **Dyrstram** and he smote downe **f** **Ector de marys** quyte  
 frome his horse. Then **f** **launcelot** dressed his shylde vpon  
 his shuldr and wyth his swerde naked in his honde and so  
 he cam streyte vpon **f** **Palomides** wyte pon well pon haste  
 done me this day the grettyste dyspyte that en ony worschip  
 full byggt ded me in turnemente othir in iustys and there  
 fore I woll be abenged vpon the and there fore take kepe  
 to your selff a mercy noble byggt seyde **f** **Palomides** of



my dedis and I antyll bryggst for gyff me myne in bryggstly de  
dis for I have no power notyn myggst to crytsttonde you. And  
I have done so muche this day that well I wote I ded new so mu  
che notyn new shall do so muche in my dayes. And there fore  
moste noble bryggst of the worlde I requyre the spare me ad  
this day and I promyse you I shall en be your bryggst wchyle  
I lybe for and yf ye put me from my worschyp now ye put  
me from the grettyst worschyp that en I had or en shall have  
well seide **launcelot** I se for to say the sotte ye have done  
merbaylously well this day and I understonde a pte for wchod  
love ye do hit and well I wote that love is a grette maystry  
And yf my lady were here ad she is nat. Wyte you well **pa  
lomydes** ye shulde nat beare a way the worschyp. But be  
ware your love be nat disconde for and **Trystram** may  
know hit ye wolt repente hit and fyttyn my quarrell is nat  
here ye shall have this day the worschyp ad for me consyde  
rynge the grette trubayle and payne that ye have had this  
day hit were no worschyp for me to put you frome hit. And  
there wyte all **launcelot** suffryd **palomydes** to departe  
thaw **launcelot** by grette forse and myggst gate house a gay  
ne magre. **Trystram** and **palomydes** in lybe wyse. Thaw **launcelot** sm  
te a downe wyte a speare **Trystram** and the kynge off  
Scotlonde and the kynge off north walys and the kynge  
off northumbrelonde and the kynge off hystenoyse. So thaw  
**launcelot** and his felows smote downe well nye a forty  
bryggst. Thaw cam the kynge off Irelonde and the kynge of  
the streyte marquis to rescolve **Trystram** and **palomy  
des** and there be gan a grette medle and many bryggst  
were smytyn downe on bothe partyes. And all wayed in

**Lancelot** spared **Trystram** and he spared hym and **Palomides** wolde nat meddyll wyth **Lancelot** and so there was  
 hurlyng here and there and than byng **Artur** sente oute  
 many byrght of the table rounde and **Palomides** was en  
 in the formyste frunte and **Trystram** ded so strongly that  
 the byng and all othir had merdayle and than the byng  
 let blowe to lodgyng and by cause **Palomides** be game  
 fyrste and neu he wente nor rode oute of the fylde to repose  
 hym but en he was doyng on horse bak othir on foote and  
 lengyst durynge byng **Artur** and all the byngs gaff  
**Palomides** the honoure and the gre ad for that day than  
**Trystram** comanded **Dynadan** to fecthe the quene la  
 beall Asode and byng hew to his y. pabelous by the well.  
 And so **Dynadan** ded as he was comanded But when **Palomides**  
 vnderstode and knew that **Trystram** was he that  
 was in the rede armo and on the rede horse wyte you well  
 that he was glad and so was **Gareth** and **Dynadan** for all  
 they wente that **Trystram** had be takyn presonere and pan  
 en byrght dret to his june and than byng **Artur** and  
 en byng spake of the byrght but of all men they gaff **Palomides**  
 the pryce and all byrght that knew **Palomides** had wonder of his dedis  
 For seyde **Lancelot** unto  
 byng **Artur** ad for **Palomides** and he be the grene  
 byrght I dare say ad for this day he is beste worthy to have  
 the gre for he repored hym neu nor neu camynged his  
 wedis and he be gaw fyrste and lengyste fylde on and yet  
 well I wote seyde **Lancelot** that there was a bett byrght  
 than he and that ye shall prebe or we depte fro them of  
 my lyff than they talbed on artur pty and so **Dynadan**  
 rayled wyth **Trystram** and sayde what the depplyd  
 vpon the this day for **Palomides** strengthe feblede

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neu' this day but en he doubled and þ **Grystram** fared all  
this day as he had bene on slepe and there fore I calle  
hym a coward. Well þ **Dynadan** seyde þ **Grystram** I  
was neu' called coward or now of earthly byggt in  
my lyff and wyte þon well þ **Dynadan** thought for  
**launcelot** gaff me a falle for I oute cepte hym of all  
byggt and doute ye nat þ **Dynadan** and þ **launcelot** have  
a quarell good he is to ou' good for my byggt that now yd  
lybynge and yet of his sufferance larged bonite and curtesy  
I calle hym a byggt pyerles and so þ **Grystram** was in ma  
ner wrote wyte þ **Dynadan**. But all this langage for  
**Dynadan** sayde be cause he wolde argu þ **Grystram** for  
to cause hym to wake and spert for well knew þ **Dynadan**  
that and þ **Grystram** were thorowly wrote þ **Palomydes**  
shulde wryme no worshipp vpon the morne and for this  
entente þ **Dynadan** seyde all this waybynge langage  
a yente þ **Grystram** Truly seyde þ **Palomydes** as for þ  
**launcelot** of noble byggtode and of his curtesy probed  
and lantylned I know nat his piere for this day seyde þ  
**Palomydes** I ded full vncurtesly vnto þ **launcelot** and full  
vubyggtly and full byggtly and curtesly he ded to  
me a gayne for and he had bene of v' lantyl to me as  
I was to hym this day had I wryme no worshipp and there  
fore seyde þ **Palomydes** I shall be þ **launcelot**'s byggt  
wryple that I lyve and all this was talkyng off in all  
the howse of the byng and all byng and lordis and  
byggt seyde of clyere byggtode and of pure strengthe  
and of bonite and of curtesy Dr **launcelot** and þ **Grystram**  
bare the pryce of all byggt that en were in byng  
Arthur's dayes and there were no byggt in byng Ar  
thur's dayes that ded halff so many dedis of armys as they

y. ded ad the booke seynti no .x. knyghts ded nat halff the  
 dedis that they ded and there was ned knyght in there  
 dayes that requyred þ **Lancelot** othir ellis þ **Trystram** of  
 any queste so hit were nat to there shame but they perfor-  
 med there desyre. So on the morne **Sir Lancelot** deptyd  
 and **Sir Trystram** was redy and la beattysode wyte for  
**Palomydes** and **Sir Gareth** and so they rode all in grene  
 full freysshely be sayne vnto the foreyste and **Sir Trys-  
 tram** lasste **Sir Dynadan** sleppynge in his bedde and so ad  
 they rode hit happened the kyng and **Sir Lancelot** stode in  
 a wyndow and saw **Sir Trystram** ryde and la beattysode  
**Sir seyde þ Lancelot** yondir rydyth the fayreste lady of  
 the worlde excepte yourre quene dame **Gwenyn** who ys  
 that seyde kyng **Artoure** **Sir seyde** he hit is quene **Isode**  
 that oute take my lady yourre quene she ys makeles Take  
 yourre horse seyde kyng **Artoure** and aray you at all wyte  
 ad I wolt do and I promyse you seyde the kyng I wolt se  
 her and anone they were armed and horsed and arthur toke  
 a speare and rode vnto the foreyste. **Sir seyde þ Lancelot**  
 hit is nat good that ye go to nyze them for wyte you  
 well there ar .ii. ad good knyghts ad any now ar lyryng  
 and there fore þ I pray you be nat to hasty. For padven-  
 ture there wolt be soun knyghts that wolt be displeased  
 and we com sudderly vpon them ad for that seyde kyng  
**Artoure** I wolt se her for I take no forse wgom I gnyue  
**Sir seyde þ Lancelot** ye put yourre self in grete iurde  
 ad for that seyde the kyng we wolt take the adventure  
 kyght so anone the kyng rode wyte to her and seyde  
 god you save. **Sir she seyde** ye ar well com. **Then the**  
 kyng be hylde her and hylde her wondirly well. So wyte  
 that cam þ **Palomydes** vnto kyng **Artoure** and seyde you



vncurteyse knyght what seyst þou here for þou art vncurteyse  
 to com vppon a lady tquid suddely tere fore wyth drawe  
 the. But kynge **Artur** toke none heed of **Sir Palomydes**  
 wordys but en he loked styll vppon quene **Mede** whan was þe  
**Palomydes** wrothe and tere wyth he toke a speare and cam  
 hurtelunge vppon kynge **Artur** and smote hym downe w<sup>th</sup>  
 a speare a grette fe<sup>ll</sup> fulle. Whan **Sir Lancelot** saw that des-  
 pyte of **Sir Palomydes** he seyde to hym selff I am lotte to haue  
 a do wyth þou knyght and nat for his owne sake but for **Sir**  
**Trystram** And off one tynge I am sure of hym yf I smyte  
 downe **Sir Palomydes** I muste haue a do wyth **Sir Trystin**  
 and that were to muche to macche tgem botte for me a lone for  
 they ar. ij. noble knyghts nat wythstondynge whate I lybe or  
 dye nedys muste I reuenge my lorde **Artur** and so I woll  
 what som en be falle me and tere wyth all **Sir Lancelot** &  
**Sir Palomydes** rissed to gydyn. Wyth. ij. spearys strongly  
 But **Sir Palomydes** so harde that he wente quyte oute of his  
 sadyl and had a grette falle. Whan **Sir Trystram** saw þe **Pal-**  
**omydes** haue that falle he seyde to **Sir Lancelot** þe knyght kepe  
 the for I muste iuste the do for to iuste wyth me seyde þe **Lance-**  
**lot** I woll nat fayle þou for no drede that I haue off þou but  
 I am lotte to haue a do wyth þou and I myght chose for I woll þe  
 ye wyte that I muste reuenge my speciall lorde and my moste  
 be drad fynde that was vnforseid vnrwarely and vnknyghtly  
 and tere fore þe tounse I reuenge that falle take ye no dysple  
 sure for he is to me such a fynde that I may nat se hym ska-  
 med. And **Sir Trystram** vnderstood by his pson and by his  
 knyghtly wordis hit was **Sir Lancelot** du lake And truly **Sir**  
**Trystram** demed that hit was kynge **Artur** that **Sir Palo-**  
**mydes** had smytyn downe and tgan **Sir Trystram** put his  
 speare frome hym and gate **Sir Palomydes** a gayne on his

horse backe And **Sir Lancelot** gate **kyng Artoure** a gayne  
 to horse backe and so deþted **So** god me helpe seide **Sir Trys-**  
**tram** vnto **Sir Palomydes** ye ded nat worshyppfully wþan  
 ye smote downe that knyght so suddynly as ye ded And wyte  
 you well ye ded yowre selff grette shame for the knyght came  
 qydw of there lantylued to se a fayre lady and that yowre good  
 knyght parte to be holde a fayre lady and ye had nat a do to  
 play sucþe maystryes for my lady wyte you well qit wolt tur-  
 ne to angir for he that ye smote downe was **kyng Artoure**  
 and that oþer was the good knyght **Sir Lancelot** But I shall  
 nat for grette seide **Sir Trystram** the wordys of **Sir Lancelot**  
**lot** wþan that he called hym a man of grette worshypp And there  
 by I wyte that qit was **kyng Artoure** And as for **Sir Lancelot**  
**lot** and there had bene an. C. knyght in the medow he wolde  
 nat a refused them and yet he seide he wolde refuse me And by  
 that a gayne I knew that qit was **Sir Lancelot** for en he for  
 berytþ me in eny place and shewtþ me grette byndened And of  
 all knyghts I outht take none say what men wyll say he berytþ  
 the flooure assay hym was som en wyll and he be well angred  
 and that hym lyst to do qid viterance wyttþ oute ony fabound  
 I know hym nat on lybe but **Sir Lancelot** yowre on garde on hym  
 take hym botþe on horse backe and on foote **Sir** I may ned be  
 lybe seide **Sir Palomydes** that **kyng Artoure** wolt ryde so  
 prybaly as a poure arrauite knyght I sayd **Sir Trystram**  
 ye know nat my lorde **kyng Artoure** for all knyghts may lerne  
 to be a knyght of hym And there fore ye may be sory seide **Sir**  
**Trystram** of yowre vnknyghtly dedys done to so noble a knyght  
 And a tþyng þu be done qit can nat be vndone seide **Sir Palo-**  
**mydes** Then **Sir Trystram** sente queene **Mede** vnto her lodgyng  
 in to the pryory there to be holde all the turnemente



**T**han there was a cry vnto all knyghts made that when  
they herde the horn blow they shoulde make justt as  
they ded the fyrste and lyke as the brethrene **Sir Edward**  
and **Sir Gadolf** be gan the justt the fyrste day **Sir Wayne**  
the knyght son **Wyren** and **Sir Lucanere de butler** be gan the  
justt the secunde day and at the fyrste encounter **Sir Way**  
**ne** smote downe the knyge of **Deitro** and **Sir Lucanere** raid a  
penste the knyge of **Walys** and they brake there spearys all  
to paces and they were so fyre botte that they quentled there  
horsys to gydw that botte felle to the erthe. Than they off  
Orkeney horsed a gayne **Sir Lucanere** and than cam in **Sir**  
**Trystram de lyones** and smote downe **Sir Wayne** and **Sir**  
**Lucanere** and **Sir Palomydes** smote downe othir .ij. knyghts  
and than cam **Sir Gareth** and smote downe othir .ij. good  
knyghts. Than seyde knyge **Artoure** vnto **Sir Lancelott**  
a se yowdur .ij. knyghts do passyngly well and namely the  
fyrste that justt **Sir** seyde **Sir Lancelott** that knyght be gan nat  
yet but ye shall se how do merdaylously and than cam in to  
the place the knyghts of Orkeney and than they be gan to  
do many dedys of armys. When **Sir Trystram** saw them  
so be how he seyde to **Sir Palomydes** how fele ye yowre  
self may ye do this day as ye ded yestirday. **Sir** seyde **Sir**  
**Palomydes** I fele my self so wery and so sore brused of the  
dedis of yestirday that I may nat endure as I ded. That me  
repentys seyde **Sir Trystram** for I shall lacke you this day  
but helpe yowre self seyde **Sir Palomydes** and truste nat  
to me for I may nat do as I ded and all thes wordis seyde **Sir**  
**Palomydes** but to be gyle **Sir Trystram** Than seyde **Sir**  
**Trystram** vnto **Sir Gareth** than muste I truste vpon yo  
where fore I pray you be nat farre fro me to rescow me  
and nede be. **Sir** I shall nat fayle you seyde **Sir Gareth**

in all that I may do. Then Sir **Palomydes** rode by hym  
 self And then in despyte of Sir **Trystram** he put hym  
 self in the tapytyst preece amonged tgeend of Orbeney And  
 there he ded so merdaylous dedis of armys that all men had  
 wondir of hym for tgeere myght none stonde hym a stroke.  
 When Sir **Trystram** saw Sir **Palomydes** do such dedys  
 he merdayled and sayde to hym self me tgyrnytyg he is weery  
 of my company. So sir **Trystram** be hylde hym a grete  
 wyple and ded but lytyll ellys for the noyse and cry was  
 so guete that Sir **Trystram** merdayled frome whens cam  
 the strengthe that Sir **Palomydes** had there. Sir seyde  
 Sir **Gareth** vnto Sir **Trystram** remembir ye nat of the  
 wordis that Sir **Dynadan** seyde to you yestir day when he  
 called you cowarde for he seyde hit for none ylle for ye  
 ar the man in the world that he lovytyg beste and all that  
 he seyde was for your worschyp. And there fore seyde sir  
**Gareth** lat me know this day what ye be and wondir ye  
 nat so vpon Sir **Palomydes** for he forsytyg hym self  
 to wyne all the honoure frome you. I may well be leue  
 hit seyde Sir **Trystram** and syttyn vnderstonde this yeml  
 wyll and hys endy ye shall se yf that I enforce my self  
 that the noyse shall be lesste that is now vpon hym Then  
 Sir **Trystram** rode in to the tapytyst of the preece and  
 then he ded so merdaylously well and ded so grete dedis  
 of armys that all men seyde that Sir **Trystram** ded dow  
 ble so muche dedys of armys as ded Sir **Palomydes** a  
 fore hande And then the noyse wente clene frome sir  
**Palomydes** and all the people cryed vpon Sir **Trys**  
**tram** and seyde a ffr a se how Sir **Trystram** smytytyg  
 wytyg hys speare so many burgitts to the ertse And se  
 seyde they all how many burgitts he smytytyg downe



wyrt qd fowende and how many knyghts he rucit of there  
helmyd and there schylde and so he bete all of Orbeney a  
fore hym. Now seide Sir **Lancelot** unto kynge  
**Artoure** I tolde you that this day there wolde a knyght  
play his pageante for yowre rydtyng a knyght ye may  
se he dotte all knyghtly for he hath strengthe and wynde  
de I now. So god me helpe seide kynge **Artoure** to  
Sir **Lancelot** ye sey sothe for I sawe new a battur knyght  
for he passyt farre Sir **Palomydes**. Sir wyte you  
well seide Sir **Lancelot** hit myght be so of ryght for hit is  
hym self that noble knyght Sir **Gryffram** I may ryght well  
be lyve hit seide kynge **Artoure** but whan Sir **Palomydes**  
garde the noyse and the cry was turned frome hym he  
rode oute on the fowre syde and be hylde Sir **Gryffram** and  
whan he saw hym do so merbaylously well he wepte passynghy  
sore for dyspyte for he wytt well than he sholde wyne no wor  
schyp that day for well knew Sir **Palomydes** whan Sir  
**Gryffram** wolde put forth his strengthe and his manhode  
that he sholde gete but lytyll workshyp that day. Than cam  
kynge **Artoure** and the kynge of north galys and Sir **Lancelot**  
du lake and Sir **Bleoberys** and Sir **Bors de gany**  
and Sir **Actor de mayn** thei. m. knyghts cam in to the fylde  
wytt Sir **Lancelot** and so thei. m. ded so grete dedys of armys  
that all the noyse be gan vppon Sir **Lancelot** and so thei bete  
the kynge of walys and the kynge of Scottys far a backe and  
made them to voyde the fylde. But Sir **Gryffram** and Sir  
**Gareth** a bode styll in the fylde and endured all that en there  
cam that all men had wondur that en ony knyght endured so  
many grete strollys. But en Sir **Lancelot** and his kynnes  
men for bare Sir **Gryffram** and Sir **Gareth**. Than seide  
kynge **Artoure** ys that Sir **Palomydes** that endurytt so well

Day seyde **Sir Lancelot** wyte you well hit ys the good knyght  
**Sir Brystram** for yowder ye may se **Sir Palomides** be holdyng  
 and gobyng and dotyng lytyll or nanght And sir ye shall vnderston  
 de that **Sir Brystram** wentyng this day to beate voball oute  
 of the fylde And as for me seyde **Sir Lancelot** I shall nat me  
 te hym mete hym who so wyll But sir seyde **Sir Lancelot**  
 ye may se how **Sir Palomides** gobyng yowder as yowze he we  
 re in a dreame And wyte you well he ys full hevy that sir  
**Brystram** doyng fuche dedys of armys Whan ys he but a  
 foolle seyde knyge **Artur** for neu yet was **Sir Palomy**  
**des** fuche a knyght nor neu shall be of fuche probed And yf  
 he haue eny at **Sir Brystram** seyde knyge **Artur** and co  
 myng in wyth hym vpon his fyde he ys a false knyght And  
 as the knyge and **Sir Lancelot** thus spake **Sir Brystram**  
 rode pryvayly oute of the preed that no man aspyed hym  
 but labeatly fode and **Sir Palomides** for they y wolde nat  
 leue off there ye fyght of hym And whan **Sir Brystram**  
 cam to his pabyllous he founde **Sir Dynadan** in his bedde  
 a slepe A wake seyde **Sir Brystram** for ye ougtht to be a ska  
 med so to slepe whan knyghts haue a do in the fylde Whan  
**Sir Dynadan** a rose lyghtly and sayde sir what wyll ye do  
 make you redy seyde **Sir Brystram** to ryde wyth me in to  
 the fylde / So whan **Sir Dynadan** was armed he lobed  
 vpon **Sir Brystrams** helme and on his shylde And whan  
 he saw so many strobys vpon his helme and vpon his shyl  
 de he seyde in good tyme was I thus a slepe for had I bene  
 wyth you I muste nedys for shame haue folowed wyth  
 you more for shame than for any probed that ys in me  
 for I se well now be thy strobys that I sholde haue bene tru  
 ly beate as I was yesternay / lebe yowre I appoy seyde **Sir**  
**Brystram** and com of that we were in the fylde a gayne



What sayde Sir **Dynadan** y<sup>e</sup> yourre harte up now. yesternay  
ye fared as ye had dremed. So t<sup>h</sup>an Sir **Grystram** was a  
raped all in blacke garneys a l<sup>l</sup>te seyde Sir **Dynadan** what  
wylt<sup>th</sup> you t<sup>h</sup>ys day me semyt<sup>th</sup> t<sup>h</sup>at ye be more wylde than  
ye were yesternay. T<sup>h</sup>an smyled Sir **Grystram** and seyde  
to Sir **Dynadan** a wayte well vpon me yf ye se me ovr  
maached and loke t<sup>h</sup>at en ye be by h<sup>h</sup>nde me and I shal<sup>l</sup> make  
you redy way by goddys grace. So they toke there horsys  
And all t<sup>h</sup>ys assayed Sir **Palomides** bot<sup>h</sup>e the goynge and  
the comynge and so ded la bea<sup>l</sup>th f<sup>o</sup>r the knew Sir **Gryf**  
**tram** passynge well. T<sup>h</sup>an Sir **Palomides** sawe t<sup>h</sup>at Sir  
**Grystram** was dysgyssed and thoug<sup>h</sup>t to s<sup>h</sup>ame hym And so he  
rode vnto a bygget t<sup>h</sup>at was sore wounded t<sup>h</sup>at sate vnder  
at<sup>h</sup>orne a good way frome the fylde. Sir bygget seyde Sir  
**Palomides** I pray you to lende me yourre arm<sup>o</sup> and yourre  
s<sup>h</sup>ylde for myne y<sup>e</sup> ou<sup>e</sup> well knowyn in t<sup>h</sup>ys fylde and t<sup>h</sup>at  
hath done me grete damage And ye shal<sup>l</sup> hane myne  
arm<sup>o</sup> and my s<sup>h</sup>ylde t<sup>h</sup>at y<sup>e</sup> as sure as yowre! I wyl<sup>l</sup> well  
seyde the bygget t<sup>h</sup>at ye hane myne armoure and also my  
s<sup>h</sup>ylde yf they may do you any a wayle I am well pleased.  
So Sir **Palomides** armed hym gastely in t<sup>h</sup>at bygget arm<sup>o</sup>  
and hys s<sup>h</sup>ylde t<sup>h</sup>at shone lyke ony crystall or sylu<sup>e</sup> and so  
he cam rydynge in to the fylde And t<sup>h</sup>an there was not<sup>h</sup>er  
Sir **Grystram** not<sup>h</sup>er none of hys party not<sup>h</sup>er of bynge  
**Arturus** t<sup>h</sup>at knew Sir **Palomides** And as sone as he  
was com in to the fylde Sir **Grystram** smote do<sup>u</sup>ne in  
bygget hym in the syght of Sir **Palomides** And t<sup>h</sup>an he  
rode a yente Sir **Grystram** and ayt<sup>h</sup>er mette o<sup>th</sup>er wyl<sup>l</sup>  
grete spearys t<sup>h</sup>at they all to braste to there hondys And  
t<sup>h</sup>an they dayssed to ged<sup>er</sup> wyl<sup>l</sup> fowendys egwylly. T<sup>h</sup>an Sir  
**Grystram** had mercha<sup>l</sup>le what bygget he was t<sup>h</sup>at ded batayle

so myghtyly wyth hym. Than was Sir **Grystram** wrothe  
 for he felte hym passynge stronge and he demed that he cou-  
 de nat hane a do wyth the remenantte of the knyghts by cause  
 of the strengthe of Sir **Palomides**. So they layssed to gydyn  
 and gaff many sad strobys to gydyn and many knyghtys mer-  
 vayled what knyght he was that so encountred wyth the blak  
 knyght Sir **Grystram** and full well knew la bealt. Hode that  
 hit was Sir **Palomides** that faught wyth Sir **Grystram**  
 for she aspyed all in her wyndow where that she stood how Sir  
**Palomides** chaunged hys harnes wyth the wounded knyght  
 and than she be gan to wepe so gently for the dyspyte of Sir  
**Palomides** that well nyze there she sorned. Than cam  
 in Sir **Lancelot** wyth the knyght of Orbeney and when  
 the todr party had a spyed Sir **Lancelot** they cryed and seyde  
 retorne for here comyth Sir **Lancelot**. So there cam in a  
 knyght vnto Sir **Lancelot** and seyde sir ye myste nedis fyt  
 wyth yondyr knyght in the blak harnesed wyche was Sir  
**Grystram** for he hatz all moste on com that good knyghte  
 that fyghtyth wyth hym wyth the fyls saylde wyche was  
 Sir **Palomides**. Than Sir **Lancelot** rode be twypte them  
 and Sir **Lancelot** seyde vnto Sir **Palomides** sir knyghte  
 let me hane this batayle for ye hane nede to be reposed.  
 Sir **Palomides** knew well Sir **Lancelot** and so ded Sir  
**Grystram**. But by cause Sir **Lancelot** was farr hardyer  
 knyght and bygger than Sir **Palomides** he was ryght  
 glad to suffer Sir **Lancelot** to fyght wyth Sir **Grystram**  
 for well wyste he that Sir **Lancelot** knew nat of **Grystram**  
 and there fore he hoped that Sir **Lancelot** sholde beate of  
 shame Sir **Grystram** and there of Sir **Palomides** was  
 full fayne. And so Sir **Lancelot** layssed at Sir **Grystram**  
 many sad strobys. But Sir **Lancelot** knew nat of **Grystram**



But Sir **Brystram** knew well Sir **Lancelot** and thus they  
 fanght longe to gydyr wpyche made la beall. **Hode** well nyze  
 oute of her mynde for sordw. **Then** Sir **Dynadan** tolde Sir  
**Gareth** how that knyght in the blak harnys was there lorde  
 Sir **Brystram** and that othir yd Sir **Lancelot** that fygghtyng  
 wyth hym that muste nedys gane the bettyr of hym for sir  
**Brystram** that had on muche trawayle that day. **Then** lat  
 he smyte hym downe seyde Sir **Gareth** so hit is beste that  
 we do seyde Sir **Dynadan** rathe than Sir **Brystram**  
 sholde be shamed for yondir. **God** yth the strange knyghte  
 wyth the fylid shylde to falle vpon Sir **Brystram** yf nede  
 be and so furth wyth all Sir **Gareth** rysted vpon Sir  
**Lancelot** and gaff hym a grete stroke vpon the helme y  
 he was a stoned and than cam in Sir **Dynadan** wyth  
 his speare and he smote Sir **Lancelot** such a buffet y  
 horse and man yode to the ertre and had a grete falle.  
 Now fye for shame seyde Sir **Brystram** unto Sir **Gareth**  
 and Sir **Dynadan** why ded ye so to smyte a downe soo  
 good a knyght as he ys and namely withan y had a do  
 wyth hym a lye ye do your self grete shame and hym  
 no dishonour for I shylde hym resonably qote thongh ye  
 had nat golpyn me. **Then** cam Sir **Palomides** wpyche  
 was dyspyed and smote downe Sir **Dynadan** frome his  
 horse. **Then** Sir **Lancelot** by cause Sir **Dynadan** had  
 smytyn hym downe a fore honde there fore he assayled  
 Sir **Dynadan** passynge fore and Sir **Dynadan** defended  
 hym myghtyly. But well vnderstood sir **Brystram**  
 that sir **Dynadan** myght nat endure a yente sir  
**Lancelot** where fore Sir **Brystram** was sory. **Then**  
 cam sir **Palomides** freyshe vpon sir **Brystram** and  
 when he saw sir **Palomides** com so freyshe he thoght

Tho delyn

to delyn hys at onys by cause that he wolde helpe  
 sir **Dynadan** that stode in pell wyth sir **launcelot**. Then  
 sir **Grystram** queteled vnto sir **Daloumydes** and gaff hym a  
 grete buffet. And then sir **Grystram** gate sir **Daloumydes**  
 and pulled hym downe vnder nethe his horse feete and  
 then sir **Grystram** lyghtly lepe up and lefte sir **Dalo**  
**mydes** and wente be twyete sir **launcelot** and sir **Sy**  
**nadan** and then they be gan to do batayle to gedyr. And  
 vyght so sir **Dynadan** gate sir **Grystrams** horse and seyde  
 on hyght that sir **launcelot** myght hys my lorde sir  
**Grystram** take youre horse and wgan sir **launcelot**  
 garde hym name sir **Grystram** a lye what have I do  
 ne seyde sir **launcelot** for now am I dishonoured and sey  
 de a my lorde sir **Grystram** why were ye now dysgyssed  
 ye have put youre selff this day in grete perell. But  
 I pray you to pdon me for and I had knowyn you we  
 had nat done this batayle. Sir seyde sir **Grystram**  
 this is nat the fyrste byndened and goodnes that ye  
 have shewed vnto me and I hope ther were horsed  
 bothe a gayne. So all the ple on that one syde  
 gaff sir **launcelot** the hono. and the gre and all the  
 people on the oter syde gaff sir **Grystram** the hono. and  
 the gre. But sir **launcelot** seyde nay there to for  
 I am nat worthy to have this honoure for I wolt re  
 porte me to all knyghts that sir **Grystram** hath bene  
 lenger in the fylde than I and he hath smytyn downe  
 many mo knyghts this day than I have done and y  
 fore I wolt gyff sir **Grystram** my horse and my na  
 me and so I pray all my lordys and felowys so to do  
 Then there was the hole voys of byngys deuth and  
 erlys barons and knyghts that sir **Grystram** de lyoned



thys day yow prebed the beste knyght. Than they blewe  
vnto lodgyng and quene Isode was lad vnto her pa-  
velond. But wyte yow well she was wrotte onte of  
mesure wyth sir **Palomides** for she saw all his treson  
froume the begynnyng to the endyng and all thys  
wyle nexten sir **Trystram** & **Gareth** notten. Sir  
**Dynadan** knew nat of the treson of sir **Palomides**.  
But afterward ye shall hye how there be felle the  
grettyst de bate be thysse sir **Trystram** and sir **Palomides** that myght be. So wgan the turnemente  
was done sir **Trystram** & **Gareth** and sir **Dynadan**  
rode wyth la beall Isode to his pabelond and en sir  
**Palomides** rode wyth them in there company dys-  
sed as he was. But wgan sir **Trystram** had a spyed  
hym that he was the same knyght wyth the sayde  
of hys that hyde hym so qote that day. Than seyde  
**Trystram** sir knyght wyte yow well here yow none  
that hatte nede of yowre felshipp and there fore I  
pray yow depte froume us. Than sir **Palomides** an-  
swered a gayne as thougt he had nat knowyn sir **Trys-**  
**tram** wyte yow well sir knyght that froume this fel-  
shipp wolt I nat depte for one of the beste knyghtys  
off the worlde comanded me to be in this company  
and tyll that he discharge me of my byse I wolt nat  
be discharged. So by his langage sir **Trystram** knew  
that hit was sir **Palomides** and seyde a hir an ye fust  
a knyght ye hane be named wronge for ye hane ben  
called en a jantyl knyght and as this day ye hane  
shewed me grette vn jantylned for ye had all mooste  
brought me to my dethe but as for yow I suppose I  
sholde hane done well I natte. But sir **Lancelot** w-

you was on miche for I know no knyght byrynge but þ  
**lamcelot** yd to on good for hym and he wold do hyr  
 vteryst Alas seyde þ **Dalomydes** ar ye my lord þ  
**Grystram** yee sir and that know you well I now Be  
 my knyght god seyde þ **Dalomydes** vntyll now I knew  
 you nat for I wente that ye had bene the bynge off  
 Irelonde for well I wote that ye bare qd armys I ba  
 re qd armys seyde þ **Grystram** and that wold I a byde bye  
 for I wanne them onys in a fylde of a full noble knyght whos  
 name was sir **harqalte** and wryth grete payne I wain that  
 knyght for there was none othr recon but Sir **harqalte**  
 dyed thorow false lechis and yet was he ned yoldyn to me sir  
 seyde þ **Dalomydes** I wente that ye had bene turned vpon sir  
**limicelot** yd pty and that caused me to turne ye sey well seyde  
 Sir **Grystram** and so I take you and for gyff you So than they  
 rode to there pabelons and when they were a lyght they vnan  
 med them and wrysse there facis and there hondys and so rode  
 vnto mete and were set at there table. But when la beall I so  
 de saw sir **Dalomydes** she chawged than her colourd for wa  
 the she myght nat speake anone sir **Grystram** a spyed her  
 countenance and seyde madame for what cause make ye so sad  
 there we have bene sore trabyled all this day // myne owne lor  
 de la beall I rode for godys sake be ye nat displeased wryth me  
 for I may none othr wyse do. I sawe this day how ye were be  
 trayed and wyse brought vnto your dethe truly sir I sawe eny  
 dele how and in what wyse And there fore sir how sholde I suffer  
 in your presence such a felonie and traytoure as ys sir **Dalo**  
**mydes** for I saw hym wryth myne yew how he be hylde you when  
 ye wente oute of the fylde for en he goved styll vpon his horse  
 tyll that he saw you com a gayne warde And than furtwryth all  
 I saw hym ryde to the quyte knyght and chawged his harnes w<sup>th</sup>



kynd and than streyte / I sawe kynd how he sought you all the fylde  
And anone as he had founde you he encountred wyth you And  
wylfully sir **Palomydes** ded batayle wyth you And as for  
kynd sir was nat gretly a ferde but I drad fore sir **Lancelot**  
whiche knew nat you Madame seyde sir **Palomydes** ye may  
say what ye woll I may nat contrary you but be my knyght  
I knew nat my lorde Sir **Trystram** so forse seyde **Trystram**  
unto **Palomydes** I woll take your excuse but woll I wote  
ye spared me but a lytyll but no forse all ye pdoned as was  
my pty Whan la beall / rode hylde downe her hede and seyde  
no more at that tyme And there wyth all .ij. knyghts armed  
come unto the pavelow and there they a lyght botte and cam  
in armed at all pced fayne knyghts seyde sir **Trystram** ye  
ar to blame to com tyme armed at all pced vpon me whyle  
we ar at our mete And yf ye wolde my tynge wyth you  
Whan we were in the fylde there myght ye have eased your  
hertys. Not so sir seyde the tone of the knyght we com nat for  
that entente But wyte you well **Trystram** we be com as  
your frendys And I am comyn hys for to se you And this knyght  
ye comyn for to se your quene / rode Whan seyde **Trystram**  
I requyre you do of ye helmyd that I may se you // Sir ye woll  
we do at your desire seyde the knyght And whan ye helmyd  
were of **Trystram** thought ye he shoulde know them Whan spake  
be **Trystram** prebably unto **Trystram** that is my lorde  
kyng **Artur** And that of that spake to you fyrst ye my lorde  
of **Lancelot** a madame I pray you aryse seyde **Trystram** for  
here ye my lorde kyng **Artur** Whan ye kyng and the quene  
byssed And **Lancelot** And **Trystram** embraced apen op in ar  
mys and than ye was Joy wyth oute mesure and at ye requeste  
of la beall / rode the kyng and **Lancelot** were unarmed and  
than there was mynnyng tal kyng // Madame seyde kyng **Artur**

that is many a day a go syttyn I desired fyrst to se you for ye have  
 bene praysed so fayre a lady And now I dare say ye ar y<sup>e</sup> fayryste  
 that eu<sup>r</sup> I sawe And **f Brystram** y<sup>e</sup> ad fayre and ad good a knyght  
 ad ony that I know And there fore me semyth ye ar well be sett  
 to gydn // Sir god thanke you seyde **f Brystram** and la beall  
**Wode** of yowre goodnes and of yowre larges ye ar pyerled And  
 thynk they talke of many thyng y<sup>e</sup> and of all the hole Just But  
 for what cause seyde kynge **Artoure** were ye **f Brystram** a yeust  
 v<sup>e</sup> and ye ar a knyght of the table rounde and of myght ye sholde  
 have bene w<sup>th</sup> v<sup>e</sup> Sir seyde **f Brystram** here y<sup>e</sup> **Dynadan** and  
**f Gareth** yowre ome newe caused me to be a yeust you //  
 thy lorde **Artoure** seyde **f Gareth** I may beare well for my baf  
 y<sup>e</sup> brode I nowge But for lotte that was **f Brystram** ome  
 dedis Be god that may I repente seyde **f Dynadan** for thy  
 vnkappy **f Brystram** brought v<sup>e</sup> to th<sup>e</sup> turnemente it many  
 grete buffetys he that caused v<sup>e</sup> to have Than the kynge it  
**f Lancelot** that vmethe they myght fyte // But what knyght  
 was that seyde kynge **Artoure** that hylde you so shorte // Sir  
 seyde **f Brystram** here he syttyn at th<sup>e</sup> table What seyde  
 kynge **Artoure** was that **f Palomides** Sir wyte you well  
 that that was he seyde la beall Wode Do god me helpe seyde kynge  
**Artoure** that was vnkynghly done of you ad of so good a knyght  
 for I have harde many peop<sup>le</sup> calle you a curtyse knyght // Sir  
 seyde **f Palomides** I knew nat **f Brystram** for he was so dysgy  
 sed Do god helpe me seyde **f Lancelot** that may well be for I knew  
 hym nat my self But I merwayled wyte ye turned on oure thy  
 Sir that was done for the same cause seyde **f Lancelot** Byr  
 ad for that seyde **f Brystram** I have p<sup>er</sup>doned hym And I wolde  
 be myght lotte to love hym felyssyp for I love myght well hym  
 company And so they lefte of and talke of op thyng And in the  
 evenyng kynge **Artoure** and **f Lancelot** depte vnto p<sup>er</sup>lodgynge



But wyte you well **f** **Palomydes** had grete eny hartely for  
all that myght he had ned reste in his bed but wayled it wepte  
oute of mesure. So on þe morn **f** **Trystram** **f** **Gareth** and **f**  
**Oyuadan** arose early and went vnto **f** **Palomydes** chambir  
and there they founde hym faste a slepe for he had all myght  
wached was sene vpon his ches that he had wepte full fore  
Say ye no tpyng seide **f** **Trystram** for I am sure he hath ta-  
ken angir and sorow for the rebuke that I gaff hym and la be  
all Iode. Then **f** **Trystram** let calle **f** **Palomydes** and bade  
hym make redy for hit was tyme to go to the fylde and anon  
they armed them and clothed them all in rede bothe la beatt  
Iode and all the felyschyp and so they lad her passynge freyschly  
thorow the fylde in the priory where was hir lodgyng and  
anone they harde .iii. blast blowe and eny byng and byng dres-  
sed hym to the fylde and the fyrste that was redy to fuste was  
**f** **Palomydes** and **f** **Kaynes le stramige** a byng of the table  
nomde and so they y. encountred to gydyr but **f** **Palomydes**  
smote **f** **Kaynes** so harde that he bare hym quyte on his horse  
croupe and furtre w<sup>t</sup> all **f** **Palomydes** smote downe a notur  
byng and brabe his speare and than pulled oute his swerde  
and ded wondrously well and than the noyse he gan gretly vpon  
**f** **Palomydes** lo seide byng **Artoure** yondir **f** **Palomydes** be  
gymyt to play his play. So god me helpe seide byng **Artur**  
he is a passynge goode byng and myght as they stood talbyng  
thnd. In cam **f** **Trystram** as tqundir and he encountred wyth  
**f** **Kay le senescall** and þe smote hym downe quyte frome his  
horse and wyth that same speare he smote downe .iii. byng  
more and than he pulled oute his swerde and ded meruaylous-  
ly. Then þe noyse and the cry chonged fro **f** **Palomydes** and  
turned vnto **f** **Trystram** and than all the people cryed. a  
**Trystram** a **Trystram** and than was **f** **Palomydes** cleue

for gotyn how now seyde þe **Lancelot** unto **kyng Artoure** yondyr  
 bydyt a byggt that playt qd pageant. So god me help  
 seyde **kyng Artoure** ye shall se this day that yondyr a byggt  
 shall do here wondyr. Þu seyde þe **Lancelot** the tone byggt  
 wayt yt vpon the top and enforst hym self to go to  
 passe þe **Tystram** and he knowt nat the prync of þe **Pa**  
**lomydes** for fir all þe **Tystram** dotz is towarde clene byggt  
 and than þe **Garet** and þe **Dynadan** ded rygt wolt that day þe  
**kyng Artoure** spake of thei guete worschyp and byng and the  
 byggt on þe **Tystram** seide ded passynge well and helde thei  
 truly to godys. Than **kyng Artoure** and þe **Lancelot** toke þe  
 horsys and dressed thei to the fylde a monge the thyeste of the  
 prece. And þe **Tystram** bukowyn smote downe **kyng Artour**  
 and than þe **Lancelot** wolde haue restowd hym but there were  
 so many vpon þe **Lancelot** that they pulled hym downe from his  
 horse and than the **kyng** of **Irelonde** and the **kyng** of **Scott**  
 w þe byggt ded þe payne to take **kyng Artoure** and þe **Lancelot**  
 psoner. Wgan þe **Lancelot** haue thei se so he fared ad qd had  
 bene an hungry lion for he fared so that no byggt durst nye hym  
 Than cam þe **Ector de mayn** and he bare a speare a yent þe **Pa**  
**lomydes** and braste hym vpon hym all to slypyn And than þe  
**Ector** cam a gayne and gaff þe **Palomydes** such a daysshe w a  
 swerde þe stotped a downe vpon his sadyl bowe and forth wayt  
 all þe **Ector** pulled downe þe **Palomydes** vnder his horse fyete  
 and than he horsed þe **Lancelot** But þe **Palomydes** lepe be fore a  
 gate þe horse by þe bydyt and lepe in to the sadyl. So god me  
 helpe seyde þe **Lancelot** ye ar bettir worth to haue þe horse than  
 I. Than þe **Ector** brongt þe **Lancelot** a new horse Graunte  
 mercy seyde þe **Lancelot** vnto his broþ and so wgan he was hor  
 sed a gayne w one speare he smote downe. iii. good byggt and  
 than þe **Lancelot** gate **kyng Artoure** a good horse. Than **kyng**



Artquire and **f** **launcelot** wyth a feawe of **his** knyghts of **f** **launce**  
**lottis** kynne ded merdaylonse dedid of armys for that tyme ad **f**  
booke recordyt **f** **launcelot** smote downe and pulled downe.  
**xxx**. knyghts that wstondynge p<sup>r</sup>op<sup>r</sup>te kylde them so faste to  
gyd<sup>r</sup> **than** kynge **artquire** and **his** knyghts were on macthed.  
And **when** **f** **Trystram** saw that what labour kynge **artquire** &  
**his** knyghts and in especia<sup>r</sup> the grette noble dedid **f** **launcelot**  
ded w<sup>th</sup> **his** owne hondid. **than** **f** **Trystram** called vnto hym **f**  
**Palomides** **f** **Gareth** and **f** **Dynadan** and seyde th<sup>us</sup> to them my  
fayre fealows w<sup>r</sup>te you well that I w<sup>ll</sup> turne vnto kynge **ar**  
**tquire** p<sup>r</sup>ty for I saw neu so feawe men do so well And q<sup>u</sup>it w<sup>ll</sup> be s<sup>h</sup>a  
me vnto v<sup>o</sup> that bene knyghts of p<sup>r</sup>omide table to se oure lorde  
kynge **artquire** and that noble knyght **f** **launcelot** to be dishonoured  
Sw<sup>r</sup> q<sup>u</sup>it w<sup>ll</sup> be well do seyde **f** **Gareth** and **f** **Dynadan** Sw<sup>r</sup> do y<sup>o</sup>  
beste seyde **f** **Palomides** for I w<sup>ll</sup> nat chawge my p<sup>r</sup>ty that I  
cam in w<sup>r</sup>tyg all. **than** id for endy of me seyde **f** **Trystram** but  
god spede you well in y<sup>o</sup> homney And so depte<sup>d</sup> **f** **Palomides**  
froume them. **than** **f** **Trystram** **f** **Gareth** and **f** **Dynadan** tur  
ned w<sup>th</sup> **f** **launcelot** and **than** **f** **launcelot** smote downe the kynge  
of frelonde quyte froume **his** horse And he smote downe p<sup>r</sup> **f** **kyng**  
of Scotts and the kynge walys And **than** p<sup>r</sup> **f** **kyng** **artquire** ran  
vnto **f** **Palomides** and smote hym quyte froume **his** horse And  
**than** **f** **Trystram** bare downe all p<sup>r</sup> en he mette w<sup>r</sup>tyg all And  
**f** **Gareth** and **f** **Dynadan** ded there ad noble knyghts And anone  
all the tod<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ty be gan to fle. alas seyde **f** **Palomides** that en  
I sholde se **his** day for now I hane losse all the worschyp that I  
wan And **than** **f** **Palomides** wente **his** way waylynge and so  
w<sup>r</sup>tyg drewe hym tyll he cam to a welle and there he put **his**  
horse froum hym and ded of **his** armonre and wayled & wepte  
lyke ad he had bene a wood man **than** they gaff the pryce v<sup>o</sup>  
to **f** **Trystram** many knyghts and there were many mo that

gaff the pryce vnto **f Lancelot** frow fayre lordys I thanke  
 you of youre honoure that ye wolde gyff me but I pray you  
 hartely that ye wolt gyff youre voyce vnto **f Lancelot** for be  
 my fayth I wolt gyff **f Lancelot** my voyce seyde **f Brystram**  
 But **f Lancelot** wolde none of hit and so the pryce was gessyn  
 be turyte them bothe And so eny man rode to that lodgyng and  
**f Bleoberys** and **f Ector** rode wryth **f Brystram** and la beall  
 rode vnto her pabelow. Than ad **f Palomides** was at the  
 welle waylyng and wepyng there cam fleyng the kynge  
 of walys and of Scotlunde And they sawe **f Palomides** in  
 that wayge. Alas seyde they so noble a man ad ye be sholde  
 be in this aray And than the kynge gate **f Palomides**  
 horse a gayne and made hym to arme hym and mowte  
 vpon his horse a gayne and so he rode wryth them makynge  
 grete dole. So wgan **f Palomides** cam wryth **f Brystram**  
 and la beall rode pabelow. Than **f Palomides** pray the  
 kynge to a byde hym there the wyle that he spake wryth **f**  
**Brystram** And wgan he cam to the porte of the pabelow  
**f Palomides** seyde an hye where art thou **f Brystram de**  
**lyones** f seyde **f Dynadan** that ys **f Palomides** what for  
**Palomides** wolt ye nat com nere a mouge to ffe on the  
 traytoure seyde **f Palomides** for wryte you well and hit  
 were day byght ad hit is nyght I sholde sle the my name  
 fondid And yf eu I may gete the seyde **f Palomides** you  
 shalt dye for this dayes dede. **Dr Palomides** seyde **Dr**  
**Brystram** ye wryte me wryth wronge for had ye done ad  
 I ded ye sholde haue had worshipp But fyttyng ye gyff me  
 so large warnyng I shall be well ware of you ffe on  
 the traytoure seyde **f Palomides** and there wryth all he  
 depte. Than on the morn **f Brystram** and la beall  
 de **f Bleoberys** **f Ector de mays** **f Garret** and **f Dynadan**



what by londe and by water they brought **la bealle** **Isode** vnto  
Joy's garde and there they reposed them a .viij. nyghts and  
made all the myrthful and desportys that they coude  
devyse and bynke **Arthure** and his knyghts drew vnto  
**Camelot** and **Palomides** rode wyth the .ij. knyghts  
and en he made the grettyt dole that any man coude  
thynke for he was nat all only so dolorous for the de  
ptynge frome la bealle **Isode** but he was as sorowful  
a pte to go frome the felyschipp of **Trystram** for he  
was so kynde and so iantyll that when **Palomides**  
remembryd hym he myght neu be myny. So at the  
viij. nyghts ende **Bleoberys** **Ector** deptyd frome  
**Trystram** and frome the quene and the .ij. knyghts  
had grette gystys and en **Gaietys** and **Dynadan**  
a bode wyth **Trystram** and when **Bleoberys** **Ector**  
were comyn there as quene **Gwenyver** was  
lodged in a castell by the se syde and thorow the grace  
of god the quene was recorde of hir malady. When  
she asked the .ij. knyghts from whence they cam and they sey  
de they cam frome **Trystram** and frome la bealle **Isode**  
how doth **Trystram** seyde the quene and la bealle **Isode**  
Truly madame seyde to knyghts he doth as a noble  
knyght shulde do and as for the quene she is pyerled  
of all ladyes for to speake of her beaute bonite and  
myrthe and of hir goodnes we sawe neu hir macche  
as far as we came ryddyn and gone a mercy I shal  
seyde quene **Gwenyver** thus seyth all folky that that  
sene her and spokyn wyth her God wolde seyde she is  
I had pte of her condycions and was now myse for  
tuned me of my syknesse while that turnemente en  
dured for as I suppose I shal neu se in all my lyff such

a semble of noble knyghts and fayre ladyes And than þe  
 knyght tolde the quene how þe **Palomydes** was þe gre  
 the fyrste day wyth grete nobles And the secunde day  
 þe **Trystram** was the grete And the thirde day þe **launce**  
**lot** was the grete well seyde quene **Gwenyver** who ded  
 beste all in dayes So god me help seyde the knyght  
 þe **launcelot** and þe **Trystram** had there leste dishonour  
 And wyte you well þe **Palomydes** ded passyngly well  
 and myghtyly but he turned a penyte the pty that he  
 cam in wyth all and that caused hym to loose a grete  
 pte of his worschyp for hit semed that þe **Palomydes**  
 yf passyng euyous Than shall he neuyn wryme wor  
 schyp seyde the quene for and hit happyn an euyous  
 man onys to wryme worschyp he shall be dishonoured  
 thys there fore and for this cause all men of wor  
 schyp hate an euyous man and wolle shewe hym no  
 favoure And he that yf curtesyse and bynde and jantil  
 that favoure in eny place / / Now leve we of this ma  
 ter and speke we of þe **Palomydes** that rode and lodged  
 wyth the .ij. knyght all that nyght And on the morne þe  
**Palomydes** depte frome the .ij. knyght where of they  
 were gety Than the kynge of Irelande sente a man  
 of his to þe **Palomydes** and gaff hym a grete comferte  
 And the kynge of Scotlande gaff hym grete gyfte  
 and fayre they wolde have had hym a byde wyth  
 them but he wolde nat in no wyse And so he depte  
 and rode as adventured wolde gyde hym tyll hitte  
 was nyge none And than in a foreyste by a well for  
**Palomydes** saw where lay a fayre wounded knyght  
 and his horse bounden by hym And that knyght ma  
 de the grettyst dole that eny herde man make for



en he wepte and there wylt fygged ad he wolde dye. Than  
þ **Palomydes** rode nere hym and salwed hym myldely and  
sayde fayre knyght wylt wayle you so lat me lye downe by  
you and wayle also. For dowte ye nat I am muche more hely  
ar than ye ar for I dare say seyde þ **Palomydes** that  
my sorow ys an. C. folde more than poures ys and there fore  
lat vs complayne aytur to op. fyrst seyde the woundid knyght  
I requyre you telle me your name for and you be none of þ  
noble knyghts you shalt neu know my name what som en com  
of me. fayre knyght seyde þ **Palomydes** succe ad I am be  
hit bettir be hit worse wyte you well that my name ys sir  
**Palomydes** sune and ayre vnto kynge asclabor and þ **Bapin**  
and þ **Begwarydes** ar my. y. bretayne and wyte you well  
ad for my self I was neu crystynde but my. y. bretayne ar  
truly crystynde. A noble knyght seyde that woundid knyght  
well ys me that I haue mette wylt you and wyte you well  
that my name ys þ **Epyuogryd** the kynge sonne of northun  
berlonde. Now fyte ye downe seyde þ **Epyuogryd** and lat  
vs aytur complayne to othr. Than þ **Palomydes** a lyght  
and tyed his horse faste and tqu þ **Palomydes** be gan his  
complaynte and sayde now shalt I tell you what wo I endure  
I love the fayryst quene and lady that en bare lyff and wyte  
you well her name ys la beall. Hode kynge **harth** wylt of  
Cornubayle that ys grete folly seyde þ **Epyuogryd** for to love  
quene Hode for one of the beste knyghts of the worlde loryt  
her that ys þ **Trystram de lyones** that ys trontre seyde sir  
**Palomydes** for no man knowyt that mater bettir than I  
do for I haue bene in þ **Trystrams** felyschyp tqu moneth and  
more and wylt la beall. Hode to godys and alad seyde sir  
**Palomydes** vn happy man that I am now haue I losse þ felys  
schyp of þ **Trystram** and the love of la beall. Hode for en and

I am neu lytly to se her more And þ **Trystram** and I bene aytq  
 to othw mortall enemyed. Well seide þ **Eppynogryd** sytq tqt  
 ye loved la beatt. Iode loved she end pon a gayne by ony tynge  
 tqt ye comde wyte othw elyos ded ye end reioyse her in ony ple  
 sure. f Day be my knyght gode seide þ **Dalomyded** for I neu a  
 spyed tqt end she loved me more tqtan all tqt worlde ded nor  
 neu had I pleasure wytq her. But tqt laste day she gaff me þ  
 grettyt rebuke tqt end I had whycht shall neu go fro my harte  
 and yet I well despyd tqt rebuke for I ded nat knyghtly And  
 there fore I hane loste tqt love of her and of þ **Trystram** for  
 end and I hane many tymes enforced my self to do many dedis  
 of armo for her sake And end she was tqt cause of my worship  
 wymynge And alad now hane I loste all tqt worship tqt end  
 I wanne for neu shall be falle me succie proved ad I had in þ  
 felyschyp of þ **Trystram** pray nay seide þ **Eppynogryd** yome  
 sorow yos but I appo to my sorow for I reioysed my lady and wad  
 her wyth myne hondis and loste her a gayne alad tqt day.  
 And fyrst tqt I wan her my lady was an Erlye dongstir and  
 ad tqt Erle and. ij. knyghts whycht cam home fro tqt turnenent  
 of longep and for her sake I sette vpon tqt Erle my self and  
 ad qid. ij. knyghts and my lady there beyng presente and so by  
 fortune there I slew tqt erle and one of tqt knyghts And tqt  
 othw knyght fledde And so tqt knyght I had my lady And on  
 tqt morne ad she and I reposed os at tqt welte fyde. Than  
 cam þ to me an arraunte knyght qid name was þ **Helvor**  
**le prelyse** an hardy knyght And he chalenged me to fyght  
 for my lady And tqtan we wente to batayle fyrst vpon horse  
 backe and aftw vpon foote. But at tqt laste þ **Helvor** woun  
 ded me so tqt he lefft me for dede And so he toke my lady w  
 hym and tqtan my sorow yos more tqtan youred for I hane re  
 ioysed and ye neuir reioysed. That yos trottse seide þ **Dalomyded**



But syth I can nat recon my selff I shall pmyse you yf I can  
mete w<sup>th</sup> **hellyor** that I shall gete to you yo lady a gayne of  
ellys he shall beate me Than **Palomides** made **Pyro**  
**gryps** to take his horse and so they rode vntyll an Emptage  
and y<sup>e</sup> **Pyrogryps** rested hym And in y<sup>e</sup> meane whyle **Palomides**  
walked pryncely oute to reste hym vnder the  
leuo And y<sup>e</sup> be sydes he sawe a knyght com rydynge wyth  
a shylde y<sup>e</sup> he had sene **Ector de marys** beare a fore honde  
and y<sup>e</sup> cam aftir hym a. x. knyghts and so thes knyghts goved  
vnder y<sup>e</sup> leuo for gete And anon aftir y<sup>e</sup> cam a knyght w<sup>th</sup>  
a grene shylde And y<sup>e</sup> in a whyle hyon ledynge a lady vpon  
a palfrey Than this knyght w<sup>th</sup> the shylde he semed to be  
mayster of y<sup>e</sup> x. knyghts And he rode fyrstly aftir **hellyor**  
for hit was he y<sup>e</sup> quyte **Pyrogryps** And when he cam  
nyz **hellyor** he bade hym deffende his lady I wolt deffende  
her seyde **hellyor** vnto my power and so they ran to gyrd  
so myghtyly y<sup>e</sup> app smote of downe horse and all to the erth  
And than they ran vp lyghtly and drewe swordys & dressed  
y<sup>e</sup> shylde and laysted to gyrd wondir fyrstly more than  
an owe And all this **Palomides** saw and be hylde but  
en at y<sup>e</sup> laste the knyght w<sup>th</sup> **Ector** shylde was far bigger  
And at the laste he smote downe **hellyor** And than y<sup>e</sup> knyght  
vn laced his helme to hane stryken off his hede And than he  
cryed meyn and prayed hym to save his lyff and bade hym  
take his lady Than **Palomides** dressed hym vp by cause  
he myste well that y<sup>e</sup> same lady was **Pyrogryps** lady And  
he had pmyssed hym to helpe hym Than **Palomides** went  
strepte to that lady and toke her by the honde and asked her  
why she knyght whiche was called **Pyrogryps** Alas she  
seyde that erir I knew hym of he me for I hane for his sake  
losse my worschyp And also his lyff that greveth me moste

of all that so fayre lady sayde þ **Palamydes** comyttt on w<sup>t</sup>  
 me for here y<sup>o</sup> þ **Eppynogryd** in t<sup>h</sup>is Crumytage dweltt y<sup>o</sup>  
 me seyde þ lady and he be on lyve. Than cam þ toþ knyght  
 and seyde w<sup>t</sup>yt<sup>h</sup> wolt<sup>h</sup> pou w<sup>t</sup> þ lady. I wolt<sup>h</sup> do w<sup>t</sup>yt<sup>h</sup> her  
 w<sup>t</sup>at me lyfte seyde þ **Palamydes** w<sup>t</sup>te pou w<sup>t</sup>ll seyde þ  
 knyght pou spekyt<sup>h</sup> on large pouze pou semyt<sup>h</sup> pou h<sup>h</sup>ste me  
 at a v<sup>h</sup>ntayge by cause pou sawyt<sup>h</sup> me do batayle but late  
 pou w<sup>h</sup>emyt<sup>h</sup> þ knyght to h<sup>h</sup>ne þ lady a way fro me so lyghtly  
 þay t<sup>h</sup>ynke h<sup>h</sup>t n<sup>h</sup>u and pou were ad good a knyght ad y<sup>o</sup>  
 þ **Lancelot** or þ **Trystram** of ellys þ **Palamydes** but pou  
 shalt w<sup>h</sup>u her more derar t<sup>h</sup>an en ded I and so t<sup>h</sup>ey wente  
 vnto batayle vpon foote and þ t<sup>h</sup>ey gaff many sad strobys  
 to g<sup>h</sup>du and ayt<sup>h</sup> w<sup>h</sup>ounded of w<sup>h</sup>onderly sore and t<sup>h</sup>us t<sup>h</sup>ey  
 fanght to g<sup>h</sup>du styll more t<sup>h</sup>an an owre Than þ **Palamydes**  
**des** had m<sup>h</sup>chayle w<sup>h</sup>at knyght he myght be t<sup>h</sup>at w<sup>h</sup>ad so  
 stronge and so w<sup>h</sup>ell b<sup>h</sup>et<sup>h</sup> duryng and at y<sup>h</sup> laste t<sup>h</sup>us  
 seyde þ **Palamydes** knyght I requyre t<sup>h</sup>e telle me t<sup>h</sup>y name  
 w<sup>t</sup>te pou w<sup>h</sup>ll seyde t<sup>h</sup>at knyght I dare telle t<sup>h</sup>e my name  
 so y<sup>h</sup> pou wolt<sup>h</sup> tell me t<sup>h</sup>y name. I wolt<sup>h</sup> seyde þ **Palamydes**  
**des** Truly seyde þ knyght and my name y<sup>o</sup> þ **Sir Saphir**  
 sonne of kyng **Asclabor** and þ **Palamydes** and þ **Segwary**  
**des** ar my b<sup>h</sup>reþne // Now and w<sup>t</sup>te pou w<sup>h</sup>ll my name y<sup>o</sup>  
 þ **Palamydes** Than þ **Saphir** b<sup>h</sup>ueled a dolt<sup>h</sup>ne vpon h<sup>h</sup> b<sup>h</sup>ue  
 w<sup>h</sup> and prayde h<sup>h</sup>m of m<sup>h</sup>cy and t<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>h</sup>ey unlaced þ q<sup>h</sup>elmyd  
 and ayt<sup>h</sup> kysed of wepyng and y<sup>h</sup> meane w<sup>h</sup>yle þ **Eppynogryd**  
 rose of h<sup>h</sup> bedde and h<sup>h</sup>arde t<sup>h</sup>em by t<sup>h</sup>e strobys  
 so he armed h<sup>h</sup>m to helpe þ **Palamydes** y<sup>h</sup> nede were  
 Than þ **Palamydes** toke t<sup>h</sup>e lady by t<sup>h</sup>e h<sup>h</sup>nde and b<sup>h</sup>onght  
 her to þ **Eppynogryd** and t<sup>h</sup>ere w<sup>h</sup>as grete joy be t<sup>h</sup>eypte  
 t<sup>h</sup>em for ayt<sup>h</sup> sorowed for joy w<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>h</sup>ey were mette  
 þ now fayre knyght and lady sayde þ **Saphir** h<sup>h</sup>t were



pite to depte you too And y fore I shende you Joy any of other  
 Graunte me Jantyll knyght seyde þ **Epyuogryd** and muche  
 more thanke to my lorde þ **Dalomydes** that that that the  
 now his probes made me to gete my lady than þ **Epyuogryd**  
 requyred þ **Dalomydes** and þ **Saffin** broþ to ryde w  
 hym vnto his castell for the fust garde of his pson. Sir  
 seyde þ **Dalomydes** we wolt be redy to conduyte you be can  
 se y pe ar fore woundid And so wad þ **Epyuogryd** and his  
 lady horsed vpon a soffte ambler And than they rode vnto  
 his castell and there they had grete chere and grete Joy ad  
 en þ **Dalomydes** and þ **Saffin** had m y lym. So on the  
 morne þ **Alpyn** and þ **Dalomydes** depte and rode  
 but ad fortune lad them And so they rode all y day vntyll  
 after noone And at the laste they had a grete wepyng  
 and a grete noyse doune in a man Sir seyde þ **Saffin**  
 lette vs wryte what noyse that yd I wolt well seyde þ  
**Dalomydes** And so they rode tyll that they cou to a fayre  
 gate of a man and there fate an olde man sayyng his  
 prayere and beady than þ **Dalomydes** and þ **Saffin**  
 a lyght and lefte y horsis and wente w m y gatys and  
 y they saw full goodly men wepyng many. Now fayre  
 fynyre seyde þ **Dalomydes** where fore wepe ye it make  
 thyd sorow And anone one of the knyghts of the castel  
 be hylde þ **Dalomydes** and knew hym And than he  
 wente to his felows and sayde fayre fealows wryte  
 you well all we haue w m this castell y same knyght  
 that slew oure lorde at **Lonezer** for I know hym well  
 for þ **Dalomydes** than they wente vnto harneys  
 all that myght beare harneys som on horse bak and  
 som vpon foote to the numbr of. xj. score And when  
 they were redy they cam furestly vpon þ **Dalomydes**

And vpon

and vpon **f Sapir** wyth a grete noyse and sayde thus kepe y  
**f Palomydes** for you arte knowyng and be wyght you myste  
 be dede for you haste slayne oure lorde and y fore wyte you  
 well we may do the none of favoure but sle the and there  
 fore dessende the **Tham f Palomydes** and **f Sapir** the tone  
 sette his bat to the todir and gaff many sad strok and also toke  
 many grete strok and thus thus they fanght wyth .xx. knyghts  
 and .xl. santlyt men and women wyse a .y. owerd But at the  
 laste thonght they were neu so lotte **f Palomydes** and **f Sapir**  
 were takyn and yoldyn and put in a stronge prison And w<sup>t</sup> m  
 ny. dayes .xij. knyghts passed vpon hym and they founde **f Palo**  
**mydes** gylty and **f Sapir** nat gylty of p lordis dett And  
 wgan **f Sapir** shulde be delynde there was grete dole be  
 twyxe his brop and hym and many peteous complayntis that  
 was made at her depection there ys no maber can reherse y  
 p. pte For fayre brop lat be yomre doloure seyde **f Palo**  
**mydes** and yomre sorow for and I be ordeyned to dy a shamfull  
 dett well com be hit But and I had wyfte of his dett that  
 I am demed vnto I sholde neu have bene yoldyn So depected **f**  
**Sapir** his brop at the grettyst sorow that eu made knyght  
 And on the morne they of the castell ordeyned .xij. knyghts for  
 to ryde wyth **f Palomydes** vnto the fadir of the same knyght  
 that **f Palomydes** slew and so they bounde his leggs vnder an  
 olde steeid bealy and than they rode wyth **f Palomydes** vnto  
 a castell by the see syde that hight **Dylownes** and y **f Palomy**  
**des** shulde have his justis thus was y ordynance and so they  
 rode wyth **f Palomydes** faste by the castell of Joy garde and  
 as they passed by that castell there cam rydynge one of p castell  
 by them that knew **f Palomydes** And wgan that knyght saw  
 hym lad bounden vpon a croked comser Than the knyght asked  
**f Palomydes** for what cause he was so lad And my fayre fellow



and knyght seide þ **Palamydes** ryde now towarde my dethe  
for the sleynge of a knyght at the tūmente of **lonceper** and  
yf I had deþted frome my lorde þ **Trystram** ad I onght to  
hane done now myght I hane bene sure to hane had my lyff  
~~for~~ saved But I pray þ þ knyght recomānde me vnto  
my lorde þ **Trystram** and vnto my lady quene **Isode** and sey  
to thew yf en I trespast to thew I aske thew for gyffnes And  
also I be sache þ recomānde me vnto my lorde kynge  
**Artour** and to all the felyschyp of the rounde table vnto my  
power Than that knyght wepte for pite and there wyth  
he rode vnto **hoy** Garde ad faste ad his horse myght reme  
and lyghtly that knyght descended dōme of his horse & went  
vnto þ **Trystram** and there he tolde hym all ad þe hane  
garde and en the knyght wepte ad he were woode When  
þ **Trystram** knew how þ **Palamydes** wente to his detour  
he was heby to hys tere of And sayde how he hit that I  
am wrotte wyth hym yet I wolt nat suffir hym to dye so  
shamefull a dethe for he ys a full noble knyght And anone  
þ **Trystram** asked his armys And when he was armed he  
toke his horse and .ii. squyars wyth hym and rode a quete  
pace thorow a foreyste after þ **Palamydes** the nexte way  
vnto the castell **Delowne** where þ **Palamydes** was low  
ged to his dethe And ad the .xii. knyghts lad hym by fore thew  
there was the noble knyght þ **Lancelot** whiche was a lyght  
by a well and had tyed his horse tyll a tre and had takyn  
of his helme to drynke of that well and when he sawe  
sucche a route whiche semed knyghts þ **Lancelot** put on his  
helme and suffyrd thew to passe by hym And anone he was  
ware of þ **Palamydes** bounden and lad shāmfully towarde  
his dethe A þen seide þ **Lancelot** what mysse aventure  
ys be fallyn hym that he ys thus lad towarde his dethe yet

þatend seide þ **Lancelot** hit were shame to me to suffer this  
 noble knyght to dye and I myght helpe hym and there  
 fore I wolt helpe hym what soue eu com of hit op ellys I  
 schall dye for his sake And than þ **Lancelot** mounted on  
 his horse and gate his speare in his hande and rode aȝyn  
 the .xij. knyghts whiche lad þ **Lancelot** **Palomides** sayre  
 knyght seide þ **Lancelot** whos lede ye that knyght for hit  
 be sempt hym full wyll to ryde bounden Than the .xij.  
 knyghts returned suddenly there horsis and seide to þ **Lancelot**  
 þ knyght we conueyle you nat to meddyll of this  
 knyght for he hath desired dethe and vnto dethe he ys longed  
 That me repent yth seide þ **Lancelot** that I may nat bound  
 hym wyth fayrenes for he ys on good a knyght to dye smyt  
 a shamefull dethe And there fore sayre knyght seide þ **Lancelot**  
 than bepe you as well as ye can for I wolt res-  
 coue that knyght oȝn ellys dye for hit Than they be gan  
 to dresse there spears and þ **Lancelot** smote the formyste  
 dolue horse and man and so he fued .ij. mo wyth one speere  
 and than that speare braste and there wyth all þ **Lancelot**  
 drewe his swerde and than he smote on the ryght hande  
 and on the lyfte hande and so wyth in a wyle he lest to no  
 ne of the knyghts but he had leyde them to the erthe and y  
 moſte pty of them were fore wounded And than þ **Lancelot**  
 toke the beste horse and lowsed þ **Palomides** and sette hym  
 vpon that horse and so they returned a gayne vnto Joyus  
 garde And than was þ **Palomides** ware of þ **Trystram**  
 how he cam rydunge And than þ **Lancelot** se hym he knew  
 hym well But þ **Trystram** knew nat hym be cause he had  
 on his schuldre a gylden shylde So þ **Lancelot** made hym  
 vedy to iuste wyth þ **Trystram** be cause he scholde nat we  
 ne that he were þ **Lancelot** Than þ **Palomides** cryed on



lowde to þ **Trystram** And seyde a my lord I requyre you  
Iuste nat wyth tþis knyght for he hath saved me frome  
my dethe. Whan þ **Trystram** hadde hym sey so he cam a  
sostre trottyng pace towarde hym And tþan þ **Palomides**  
seyde my lord þ **Trystram** muche am I be holdyng vnto  
you off your grete goodnes that wolde þfir your noble  
body to rescow me vndesyned for I haue greatly offended  
you þat wythstondyng seyde þ **Palomides** here mette we  
wyth tþis noble knyght that worshipfully and manly rescow  
ed me frome .xj. knyghts and smote tþem downe all and  
fore wounded hem // þayre knyght seyde þ **Trystram** vnto  
þ **launcelot** of wþens be ye. I am a knyght arraunte seyde  
þ **launcelot** that rydyth to seke many dedis. Sw. what ys  
your name seyde þ **Trystram** Sw. ad at tþis tyme I woll  
nat telle you. Whan þ **launcelot** seyde vnto þ **Trystram**  
to þ **Palomides** now ar ye mette to gydys aytur wyth op  
and now I woll depte frome you / þat so seyde þ **Trystram**  
I pray you and requyre you of knyghtgod to ryde wyth me  
vnto my castell wyte you well seyde þ **launcelot** I may nat  
ryde wyth you for I haue many dedis to do in op places þ  
at tþis tyme I may nat a lyde wyth you. A my þis seyde  
þ **Trystram** I requyre you ad ye be a trewe knyght to tþe  
order of knyghtode play you wyth me tþis knyght. Whan  
þ **Trystram** had a graunte off þ **launcelot** how be hit tþouze  
he had nat desyred hym he wolde haue gydden wþ hem  
op sone a com aytur hym for þ **launcelot** cam for none op  
cause in to tþat contrey but for to se þ **Trystram** þ whan  
tþey were com wyth in joye hadde tþey a lyght and tþere  
horsis were lad in to a stable And tþan tþey vndarmed  
tþem for þ **launcelot** ad sone ad his helme was off. Sw.  
**Trystram** and þ **Palomides** knew hym. Whan Sw.

**Trystram** toke þ **launcelot** in his armys and so ded  
 la beatt **Isode** and þ **Palomydes** kneled downe vppon  
 his kneis and thanked þ **launcelot** And wgan he sawe  
 þ **Palomydes** knele he lygettly ~~downe vppon his kneis~~  
 to toke hym up and seyde thus wyte you well þ **Palomy**  
**des** that I and my knyght in this londe of wonsqym mis-  
 te of verry ryght succoure and restow so noble a knyght  
 as ye ar prebed and renowned throuz onte all this re-  
 alme enlounge and on tharte **Iskan** was þ grette for  
 a monge them And þ after that þ **Palomydes** saw la beatt  
**Isode** the qeyn he waxed day be day **Iskan** þ **launce-**  
**lot** wyth m. iij. or iij. dayes depyed And wyth hym ro-  
 de þ **Ector de mury** and þ **Dynadan** and þ **Palomy**  
**des** was lesste there wyth þ **Trystram** a. ij. moneth  
 and more But en þ **Palomydes** faded and mourned þ  
 all men had merveyle where fore he faded so a way. So  
 vppon a day in þ dawninge þ **Palomydes** wente in to  
 the foreste by hym self alone and þ he founde a welle  
 and anon he lobed in to the welle and in the watr he  
 sawe his owne vyfayge how he was discoloured and  
 defaded a no thyng lyke as he was lorde þu wqat  
 may this meane seyde þ **Palomydes** And thus he seyde  
 to hym self a **Palomydes** **Palomydes** why arte thou  
 thus defaded and en was woute to be called one of the  
 fayrest knyghts of wylde for sothe I wolt no more have  
 this lyf for I love þ I may neu gete nor recon and þ  
 wyth all he leyde hym downe by the welle and so be-  
 gan to make a ryme of la beatt **Isode** and of þ **Trys-**  
**tram** and so in the meane whyle þ **Trystram** was ryd-  
 dyng in to the same foreste to chase and harte of grece  
 But þ **Trystram** wolde nat ryde an quytynge neu



more unarmed by cause of þ **Brewnys** samyze pite  
And so þ **Trystram** rode in to the foreyste up & downe  
And as he rode he harde one synge merdaylously lowde  
And that was þ **Palomydes** wpyche lay by the welle  
And than þ **Trystram** rode sofftly tward for he demed  
that þ was som byggt arramite wpyche was at þ  
welle And when þ **Trystram** cam nyze he descended  
downe frome his horse and tyed his horse faste tyll a  
tre And so he cam nere on foote And sone after he was  
ware where lay þ **Palomydes** by the welle & synge  
lowde and myrily and en the complayntyd were of  
la beall **Isode** wpyche was merdaylously well seyde  
and pyteously and full dolefully And all the hole  
songe þ **Trystram** harde worde by worde And when  
he had harde all þ **Palomydes** complaynte he was  
wrothe oute of mesure and thought for to sle hym  
there as he lay. Than þ **Trystram** remembryde  
hym selff that þ **Palomydes** was unarmed and of  
so noble a name that þ **Palomydes** had and also the  
noble tynname that hym selff had than he made a  
restraynte of his angir And so he wente vnto sir  
**Palomydes** a soffte pace and seyde þ **Palomydes**  
I have harde youre complaynte and of youre tresow þ  
ye have owed me longe and wyte you well there fore  
ye shall dye And yf hit were nat for shame of knyght  
hode you sholdyst nat ascape my hondys for now I  
know well you haste a wayted me wyth tresow And  
there fore seyde þ **Trystram** tell me how þ wolt  
acquyte the Sir I shall acquyte me thow as for  
quene la beall **Isode** you shall wyte that I love  
her a bodyn all of ladyes in this world & well

I wote hit schall be falle by me ad for her love ad be  
 felle on the noble knyght þe **Knyght** that dyed for  
 the love of la bealle Isode And now þe **Dystram**  
 I wote that ye wote that I have loved la bealle Isode  
 many a longe day And she that bene þe cause of my  
 worschyp And ellys I had bene the moste symplyste  
 knyght in the worlde for by her and by cause off her  
 I have wonne þe worschyp that I have for when I  
 remembred me of quene Isode I wanne þe worschyp  
 where som en I cam for the moste pty and yet I had  
 neu verwarde nor bouite of her dayed of my lyff it  
 yet I have bene her knyght longe gwardoules And  
 there fore þe **Dystram** ad for ony dethe I drede nat  
 for I had ad lyff dye ad lyve And ys I were armed  
 ad ye an I schulde lyghtly do batayle w the **Bar**  
 well have ye wtyrd youre treson seyde þe **Dystram**  
 Bar I have done to you no treson seyde þe **Palomides**  
 for love is fre for all men And thowze I have loved y  
 lady she ys my lady ad well ad yowred how be hit  
 that I have wronge if ony wronge be for ye reioy  
 se her and have youre desyre of her and so had I neu  
 nor neu y lyve to have and yet schall I love her to  
 the vther myste dayed of my lyff ad well ad ye  
 Bar seyde þe **Dystram** I wote fyght w you to the  
 vtheryste I graunte seyde þe **Palomides** for in a  
 bettir quarell bepe I neu to fyght for and I dye off  
 youre hondis of a bettir knyghts hondys myght I  
 neu be slayne And fyttyn I vnderstonde that I  
 schall neu reioyse la bealle Isode I have ad good wyll  
 to dye ad to lyve That sette ye a day seyde Bar  
**Dystram** that we schall do batayle Bar that day y



dayes seyde þ **Palomides** I wolt mete w<sup>th</sup> you here by in  
the medow vnder Joye garde. & Dow fre for shame seyde  
þ **Trystram** Wolt ye sette so longe a day lat w<sup>th</sup> fyght to  
morne. & Rat so seyde þ **Palomides** for I am megr & have  
bene longe fybe for the love off la bealt. & soðe And there fore  
I wolt repose me tyll I have my strengthe a gayne. So  
than þ **Trystram** and þ **Palomides** purposed faythfully to  
mete at the welle that day. xv. dayes. But now I am remem-  
bered seyde þ **Trystram** to þ **Palomides** that ye brabe me  
owys a pynse wgan that I rescolved you frome þ **Braboyd**  
samze pte and .ix. byrghts and than ye purposed to mete me at  
the perolone and the grave be syde Camelot wgere ad that ty  
me ye fayled off your pynse. Wryte you well seyde þ **Palom**  
**ides** vnto þ **Trystram** I was at that day in prison þ I myght  
nat holde my pynse. But wryte you well seyde þ **Palomides**  
I shall you pynse now and bepe qit. So god me helpe seyde  
þ **Trystram** and ye had holden your pynse that worke had  
nat bene here now at this tyme. Fyght so deyped þ **Trystram**  
and þ **Palomides** And so þ **Palomides** toke his horse and his  
harneys and so he rode vnto bynge **Artours** courte and there  
he gate hym. m. byrghts and. m. sergeants off armys and so  
he returned a gayne vnto Joye garde and so in the meane whyle  
þ **Trystram** chased and quited at all man off venery and a  
boute. m. dayes a fore the batayle that shulde be. And þ **Trystram**  
chased an harte there was an archer shotte at the harte and  
by myffortune he smote þ **Trystram** in the thigh off the thyghe  
and the same arrow flew þ **Trystrams** horse vnder hym.  
Wgan þ **Trystram** was so quite he was passynge hevvy and wryte  
you well he bled passynge sore and than he toke a ny horse  
and rode vnto Joye garde w<sup>th</sup> grete hevyned more for þ pynse  
that he had made vnto þ **Palomides** to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym.

wyth. m. iij. dayes aftir. Where fore there was no man  
 nor woman that coude chere hym for en he demed that sir  
**Palomydes** had smytten hym so be cause he sholde nat be able  
 to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym at the day appoynted. But in no wyse y<sup>e</sup>  
 was no bryggat a bonte. **Trystram** that wolde be lyde that  
**Palomydes** wolde quyte hym nor by his owne hondis no  
 t<sup>h</sup>ir by none of consentynge. And so w<sup>th</sup>an the .xv. day was  
 com **Palomydes** cam to the welle wyth. m. bryggat wyth  
 hym of kynge **Arturus** counte and. iij. sargeantys of armys  
 and for this entente **Palomydes** brought the bryggat w<sup>th</sup>  
 hym and the sargeantys of armys for they sholde leue recor-  
 de of the batayle be t<sup>h</sup>er. **Trystram** and hym and one  
 sargeante brought in his helme and the top his speare and  
 the t<sup>h</sup>irde his swerde. So **Palomydes** cam in to the fylde  
 and there he a bode wyse. y. owred. And than he sente a squyer  
 vnto **Trystram** and desyred hym to com in to the fylde to  
 holde his p<sup>er</sup>myse. W<sup>th</sup>an the squyer was com vnto lord gar-  
 de anone as **Trystram** hadde of his comynge he coman-  
 ded that the squyer shulde com to his p<sup>re</sup>sence there as he lay  
 in his bedde. // My lord **Trystram** seyde **Palomydes** squy-  
 ar wyte you well my lord **Palomydes** a bryggat you in the  
 fylde and he wolde wyte w<sup>th</sup>er ye wolde do batayle or nat  
 a my fayre brop<sup>er</sup> seyde **Trystram** wyte you well that I am  
 ryggat geby for this t<sup>h</sup>ing. But telle your lord **Pal-  
 mydes** and I were well at ease I wolde nat lye here not<sup>h</sup>ir  
 he sholde hane had no uede to sende for me and I myggat o<sup>th</sup>er  
 ryde or go. And for you shalt se that I am no lyar. **Trystri**  
 shewed hym his t<sup>h</sup>yrze and the depned of the wounde was. iij.  
 fathoms depe. And now you haste sene my quyte telle thy lord  
 that this is no fayned mater. And tell hym that I had levin  
 than all the golde that kynge **Arturus** hat that I were



hole And lat hym wyte that ad for me ad sone ad I may ryde I  
shall seke hym endelonge and outwarte this londe and that I  
pynse you ad I am a trewe knyght And yf en I may mete hym  
telle youre lorde þ **Palomydes** he shall haue of me his fylle  
of batayle And so the knyght deþted And wþan þ **Palomydes**  
knew that þ **Trystram** was querte than he seide this trunke  
I am glad of his querte and for this cause for now I am sure  
I shall haue no shame for I wote well and we had medled  
sholde haue had harde gandelunge of hym and by lyblyhode  
I myste nedys haue had the worse for he is the hardyeste  
knyght in batayle that now ys lydyng excepte þ **Lancelot**  
And than deþted þ **Palomydes** where ad fortune lad hym st  
and wþin a moneth þ **Trystram** was hole of his querte and  
than he toke his horse and rode frome contrey to contrey  
and all straunge aduentured he encheved where som en he  
rode And all wayed he enquired for þ **Palomydes** But off  
all that quarter of somer þ **Trystram** conde neu mete wþ  
þ **Palomydes** But this ad þ **Trystram** soughte and enquired  
aftir þ **Palomydes** þ **Trystram** enchevyd many grete batar  
les where thorow all the noyse and brewte felle to þ **Trys**  
**tram** and the name ceased of þ **Lancelot** And there fore þ  
**Lancelot** bresue and his kynnysmen wolde haue slayne  
þ **Trystram** by cause of his fame But wþan þ **Lancelot**  
wyte how his kynnysmen were sette he seide to them appu  
ly wyte you well that and ouy of you all be so hardy to way  
te my lorde þ **Trystram** wyth ouy querte shame or vylany  
ad I am trewe knyght I shall sle the beste of you all myne  
owne hondis // Alas fyre for shame sholde ye for his noble  
dedys a wayte to sle hym I sh defende seide þ **Lancelot**  
that en ouy noble knyght ad þ **Trystram** ys sholde be  
destroyed wyth trefon So of this noyse a fame sprange

In to Cornubayle and vnto them of lyoned wqere of they  
were passynge glad and made grete Joy / And tñaw they  
of lyoned sente lettyns vnto þ **Trystram** of recōmenda  
cion and many grete gyfftyng to mayntene þ **Trystram**  
astate And en þe tñaw tñene þ **Trystram** resorted vnto  
Joy gande wqere ad la beall / Hode was þ lond tñen en

**I**n þe leue we fir **Trystram** de lyoned and speke  
we of þ **Lamuelot** in laake and of þ **Galagad** þ  
**Lamuelot** some how he was be gotyn and  
in wqat man ad tñe booke of frensche mabytt mencion a  
fore tñe tyme tñat þ **Galagad** was be gotyn or borne  
tñere cam In and Ermyte vnto þynge **Artur** vppon wñit  
sonday ad tñe þynge sate at tñe table vounde And wñan  
tñe Ermyte saw tñe þynge þelond he asked tñe þynge  
and all tñe þynge wñy tñat þynge was voyde. Tñan  
þynge **Artur** for all tñe þynge answere and sepe  
tñere shall nen none fyte in tñat þynge but one but if  
he be destroyed. Tñan sepe tñe Ermyte þ wote þe  
wñat he ys. Tñay sepe þynge **Artur** and all þ þynge  
we know nat who he ys yet tñat shall fyte tñere. Tñan  
wote I sepe tñe Ermyte for he tñat shall fyte tñere  
ys yet vnborne and vnbe gotyn And tñis same yere  
he shall be by gotyn tñat shall fyte in tñat þynge þe  
lond And he shall wyne tñe Sankgreall. Wñan tñis  
Ermyte had made tñis mencion he deþted frome þ com  
te of þynge **Artur** And so after tñis feste þ **Lamuelot**  
rode on his aduenture tyll on a tyme by aduenture  
he paste on tñe **Pointe de Corbyn** and þ he saw tñe  
fayryste towre tñat en he saw and tñere vnder was  
a fayre lytyll towne full of people and all þ people



men and women cryed at onys well com þ **Lancelot** þ  
floure of knyghthode for by the we shall be golpyd  
oute of dangere. What meane ye seyde þ **Lance**  
**lot** that ye cry thus vpon me. A fayre knyght seyde  
they all here is wyth in this towre a dolorous lady  
that hath bene þ in payned many wytyr & dayes  
for en she boyleth in scaldyng water and but late seyde  
all the people þ **Gawayne** was here and he myght nat  
helpe her and so he lefte her in payne styll padnentre  
so may I seyde þ **Lancelot** leue her in payne ad well ad  
þ **Gawayne** say seyde the people we know well that  
hit ye þ **Lancelot** that shall deliue her. Well sey  
de þ **Lancelot** I shal telle me what I shall do and so  
a none they brought þ **Lancelot** in to the towre and  
whan he cam to the chambir there ad this lady was  
the doorys of iron vlosed and vn bolted and so þ  
**Lancelot** wente in to the chambir that was ad hote  
ad ony styll and there þ **Lancelot** toke the fayryst  
lady by the honde that en he sawe and she was ad  
naked ad a nedyl and by enchanterment quene  
**Orgain le fay** and the quene of north galys had  
put her there in that payned by cause she was cal  
led the fayryst lady of that contrey and there she  
had bene .v. yere and ned myght she be deliue  
oute of her payned vnto the tyme the beste knyght  
of the worlde had takyn her by the honde. Whan  
the people brought her clothys and whan so she  
was a rayed þ **Lancelot** thought she was þ fayryst  
lady that en he saw but yf hit were quene **Gwe**  
**nyu** I shal this lady seyde to þ **Lancelot** þ if hit ple  
ase you woll ye go wyth me here by in to a chapel.

that we may gyff lobynge to god // Madame seyde fir  
**Lancelot** comyt on wyth me and I woll go w<sup>th</sup> you  
 So wgan they cam there they gaff thankyngs to  
 god all the people bothe lerned and lewde & seyde  
 þe knyght syn ye have delyned this lady ye muste  
 delyn w<sup>th</sup> also frome a spente wyche yd<sup>r</sup> here in a  
 tombe // Then þe **Lancelot** toke his swerde & seyde I wyll  
 bynge me to yd<sup>r</sup> and what that I may do to the ple  
 sure of god and of you I shall do So wgan þe **Lance**  
**lot** com to yd<sup>r</sup> he saw wyrtten vpon the tombe wyth  
 lettyng of golde that seyde this lady shall com a  
 byarde of byngs blood and he shall sle this spente  
 and this byarde shall engender a lion in this forayne  
 contrey wyche lion shall passe all oþer knyghts So  
 wgan þe **Lancelot** had byfte up the tombe there came  
 oute an oryble and a frendely dragon spyttyng  
 wyde fyre oute of his mowthe Then þe **Lancelotte**  
 drew his swerde and fanght wyth that dragon longe  
 And at the laste wyth grete payne þe **Lancelot** slew  
 that dragon And there wyth all com bynge **Pelles**  
 the good and noble bynge and salowed þe **Lancelot**  
 and he hynd a gayne // From fayre knyght seyde the bynge  
 What is your name I requyre you of your knyght  
 gode telle ye me // Sw seyde þe **Lancelot** wyte you well  
 my name ys þe **Lancelot** In take and my name ys  
 bynge **Pelles** bynge of the forayne contrey and consyn  
 nyze vnto Joseph of **Armatry** And then aytur of them  
 made miche of oþer and so they wente in to the castell  
 to take there repaste And anon there cam in a dove  
 at a wyndow and in her mowthe þe semed a lytyll saw  
 ser of golde And þe wyth all there was such a saw



as all the spycery of the world had bene there and  
further wryt all there was upon the table all ma-  
ner of meat and drynke that they coude taryke up-  
pon So there came in a damysell passyng fayre  
and yonge and she bare a vessel of golde be taryt  
her hondis And there to the kynge knelyed devoutly  
and seyde hir prayere and so ded all that were þe  
A þen seyde þe **launcelot** what may this meane // Sir  
seyde the kynge this is the myghty knyght that my  
man hath by knyght And when this knyght gotte a  
bode the rounde table shall be broken for a season  
And wryte you well seyde the kynge this is the holy  
**Sant** **greal** that ye have here seyne // So the kynge  
and þe **launcelot** had there by the moste pty of that  
day to god and fayre wolde knyght **Pelles** have  
found the meane that þe **launcelot** shoulde have ley-  
by his donght fayre **Elexe** and for this entente  
the kynge knew well that þe **launcelot** shoulde gete  
a pnysh upon his donght whiche shoulde be cal-  
led þe **Galagad** the good knyght by whom all þe so-  
rayne cuntry shoulde be brought oute of danyer  
And by hym the holy **Grayle** shoulde be encheved // Then  
cam furth a lady that hyght dame **Brusen** and she  
seyde vnto the kynge Sir wryte you well þe **launce-**  
**lot** loveth no lady in the world but all only quene  
**Gwenyn** and there fore wote ye be my counceyle  
and I shall make hym to lye wryth your donght  
and he shall nat wryte but that he lyeth by quene  
**Gwenyn** // A fayre lady sayde the kynge hope ye þe  
ye may knyght this mater a bonte // Sir seyde she  
vpon payne of my lyf latte me deale for this





rose vp and wente to the wyndow And anon as he had  
 vnsquyte the wyndow the enchauntement was paste  
 Than he knew hym self that he had done a myse also  
 he seyde that I have loved so longe for now am I shamed And  
 anon he gate his swerde in his honde and seyde þat traytes  
 what arte thou that I have layne bye all this nyght thou  
 shalt dye nyght here of myne honour Than this fayre  
 lady **Elayne** stepped oute of her bedde all naked and seyde  
 fayre curtesye knyght þat **Lancelot** kelynge by fore hym  
 ye ar comyn of kynge bloode and there fore I requyre you  
 have mercy vpon me and as thou arte renowned þe moste  
 noble knyght of the worlde kepe me nat for I have in my  
 wombe by getyn of the that shall be the moste nobelyste  
 knyght of the worlde a false traytoured wyf haste thou  
 be trayed me telle me anon seyde þat **Lancelot** what thou  
 arte Sir she seyde I am Elayne the daughter of kynge  
**Pelles** well seyde þat **Lancelot** I wolt for gyft thou and there  
 wyth he toke her vp in his armys and byssed her for she  
 was a fayre lady and þat to lusty and yonge and wyse as  
 any was that tyme lyvynge So god me helpe seyde Sir  
**Lancelot** I may nat wyte thou but her that made thy  
 enchauntement vpon me and be thene thou and me and  
 I may fynde her that same lady dame **Briens** shall lose  
 her hede for her wyche craft for there was neu knyght  
 dysceybed as I am this nyght And so þat **Lancelot** arayed  
 hym and toke his lede myldely at that yonge lady **Elayne**  
 and so he deptyd Than she seyde my lord þat **Lancelot** I  
 be secche you se me as sone as ye may for I have a oþer  
 me vnto the ppeche that my fadir tolde me and by the  
 maundement to full fyll this ppeche I have gyfyn the þat  
 grettyst ryces and the fayryst flour that eu I had þat my

Naydynode





croupe and than **Bromell** ad an hardy man pulled oute his  
sweerde and dressed hym selfe to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> **Boro** At  
anone **Boro** a hyght and voyded his horse and there they  
daysshed to gydys many sad strokys and longe t<sup>h</sup>ys they  
fought And at the laste **Bromell** was leyde to the ent<sup>h</sup>e  
and there **Boro** be gan to unlace his helme to sle hym  
Than **Bromell** cryed hym myc and yeldyd hym vpon  
this covenanute you shalt have thy lyff seyde **Boro** so þ  
go vnto my lorde **Lancelot** vpon w<sup>th</sup>ysonday nexte co  
myuge and yelde the vnto hym ad a knyght recreanute //  
Boro do this seyde **Bromell** and so he swave vpon  
the crosse of the sweerde and so he lete hym depte And **Boro**  
rode vnto hyuge **Pelleas** that was w<sup>th</sup> in **Cor**  
**byne** And w<sup>th</sup>an the hyuge and **Clayne** hym donght knew  
that **Boro** was neww vnto **Lancelot** they made hym  
grette there Than seyde dame **Clayne** we merbayle we  
ne **Lancelot** ys for he cam new here but onys that en  
Hawe // Madame merbayle ye nat seyde **Boro** for this  
halff yere he hath bene in preson w<sup>th</sup> queene **Morgan**  
**le fay** hyuge **Arturus** sytt alas seyde dame **Clayne** that  
me sore repentyt And en **Boro** be hymde that chylde  
in her armys and en hym fumed hit was passyng lyke  
**Lancelot** truly seyde dame **Clayne** w<sup>th</sup>te you well  
this chylde he be gate vpon me Than **Boro** wept for  
joy and there he prayde to god that hit myght prebe ad  
good a knyght ad hym fadir was And so there cam in a  
w<sup>th</sup>hyght dowbe and she bare a lytyll sensar of golde in  
her mowp and there was all maner of metys and dryntis  
and a mayden bare that **Sant** greath and she seyde þ  
opynly w<sup>th</sup>te you well **Boro** that this chylde **Galat**  
shall fyte in the Pryge pelous and enchybe the **Sant**

**Grecall** And he shall be muche better than eni was his fadir  
 of **Lamucelot** that yow' hys owne fadir And than they buelid a  
 towne and made there deuotions and there was such a  
 fauoure as all the spycery in the worlde had bene there  
 And as the dowbe had takyn her flyggt the mayden vanysh  
 shed wyth the **Sant greall** as she cam Sir seyde þ **Bord**  
 than vnto bynge **Pelles** this castell may be named the  
 castell aduentured for here be many stronge aduentu  
 res That is sothe seyde the bynge for well may this  
 place be called the aduentured place for there com but  
 feaw bynges here that got a way wyth ony worschyppe  
 be he neu so stronge here he may be preued And but late  
 a go þ **Gawayne** the good good bynges gate lytyll wor  
 schyp here for I lat you wyte seyde bynge **Pelles** here  
 shall no bynges wyne worschyp but yf he be of worschyp but  
 hym self and of good bybynge and that loveth god and dredyth  
 god and ellys he getyth no worschyp here be he neu so hardy  
 a man That is a wondur to bynge seyde þ **Bord** what ye  
 meane in this contrey for ye haue many straunge aduentu  
 red and there fore wolt I lye in this castell this nyght Sir  
 ye shall nat do so seyde bynge **Pelles** be my counceyle for  
 hit is yow' garde and ye ascape wyth onte a shame Sir I shall  
 take the aduenture that wolt I say seyde þ **Bord** That I  
 counceyle you seyde the bynge to be clene confessed as for  
 that seyde þ **Bord** I wolt be schrybyn wyth a good wyll Do  
 þ **Bord** was confessed and for all women þ **Bord** was a vi  
 gyne sauff for one that was the daughter of bynge **Brande**  
**gord** and on her he gatte a chylde wythe a gylt **Elayne** it  
 sauff for her þ **Bord** was a clene mayden and so þ **Bord** was  
 lad vnto bed in a fayre large chambur and many dures were  
 sette a boute the chambur wgan þ **Bord** had a spyde all the



durryd he a boydded all the people for he myght have no body  
wytq hym But in no wyse þ **Boro** wolde vnaarme hym  
but so he leyde hym downe vpon the bed And myght so he saw  
a lyght com that he myght well se a speare grete and longe  
that cam freyte vpon hym poputelynge And þ **Boro** semed  
that the hede of the speare brente lyke a tapir And anone or  
þ **Boro** wryte þ speare smote hym in the skuldr and hande  
brede in depnes and that wounde grevnd þ **Boro** passyng  
sore and than he layde hym downe for payne And anone  
there wryt all cam a byggt armed wryt qd skylde on  
qd skuldr and qd swerde in qd honde and he bade Sir  
**Boro** aryse þ byggt a byggt wryt me I am sore hurt  
but yett shall nat faile the And than þ **Boro** sterte up  
and dressed qd skylde and than they layssed to gydyng myght  
tyly a grete while and at the laste þ **Boro** bare hym bat  
warde tyll that he cam to a chambir dore and there þ bygt  
yode in to that chambir and rested hym a grete while And  
than he had reposed hym he cam oute spersly a gayne and  
he gan new batayle wryt þ **Boro** myghtly and strongely  
than þ **Boro** tought he sholde no more go in to þ chambir  
to reste hym And so þ **Boro** dressed hym be tynpte þ bygt  
and the chambir dore And there þ **Boro** smote hym downe  
and than that bygt yelded hym What ys your name  
seyde þ **Boro** I my name ys þ **Bedybere** of the strete  
marcho So þ **Boro** made hym to swere that at whyt  
sonday nexte comynge to com to the counte of bynge  
**du**  
**tture** and yelde you there ad presouere and ad an on com  
bygt by the hondys of þ **Boro** So tqud depted þ **Bedybe**  
**re** of the straye marche And than þ **Boro** layde hym downe  
to reste And anone he garde muche noyse in that chambir  
than þ **Boro** a spyed that there cam In he wryt nat what

at dinnys or at Wyndowsyde ffolte of arowys & of quarellys  
so tpyt that he merdayled and many felle vpon hym & quite  
hym in the bare place And than f **Boro** was aware wge  
we cam in an qedyous lyon So f **Boro** dressed hym to p<sup>t</sup>  
lyon and anone the lyon be raufte hym ffo fpylde And w<sup>t</sup>  
fho fwerde f **Boro** smote of the lyons hede // Fyggt so  
funtz wptz all he fawe a dragon in the courte passynge  
pavelous and orryble and there semyd to hym that there  
were lettyr off golde wrytyn in fho ffor hede And f **Boro**  
tonggt that the lettyr made a fynysfycacion of bynge **dr**  
**thure** And ryggt so there cam an orryble lybarde and an  
olde and there they fanggt longe and ded grete batayle to  
gydyr And at the laste the dragon fpyte oute of fho mow  
the ad fho had bene an C. dragon and lyggtly all the fmale  
dragons flew the olde dragon and tore hym all to pecys &  
anone funtz wptz all there cam an olde man in to p<sup>t</sup> halle  
and he sette hym downe in a fayre chayre and there semed  
to be .ij. addms a bonte fho nef And than the olde man had  
an harpe and there he fange an olde lay of **Joseph of Ara**  
**maty** how he cam in to thio londe And wgan he had fungen  
thio olde man bade f **Boro** go frome thens ffor here shalt  
ye fane no mo adventured yet full worfpyfully fane ye  
enchebed thio and bettir shalt ye do fpyre aftr And than f **Boro**  
femed that there cam the wlyggtyst dowbe that en  
he faw wptz a lytyll goldyn sensar in her mowthe & anone  
there wptz all the tempeste ceased and passed a way that a  
fore was merdaylous to fpyre So was all that courte full  
of good favours Than f **Boro** faw .iiij. fayre chyl dren be  
rynge .iiij. fayre tapms and an olde man in the myddys of  
thio chyl dryn wptz a sensar in fho one honde and a fpeare  
in fho otir honde and that fpeare was called the fpeare of



vengeance Now seide that olde man to **Boro** go ye to  
yourre confyn **Lancelot** and telle hym that aduenture had  
be moste conuenient for hym of all earthly knyghts But  
hymne ys so foule in hym that he may nat encyfe none  
fynche qoly dedys for had nat bene qys hymne he had paste  
all the knyghts that en were in qys dayes And telle y<sup>e</sup>  
**Lancelot** of all worldly aduentured he passyt in man  
hode and qved all othyr But in this spyrtyuall matero  
he shal have many qys bettyrs And than **Boro** saue  
my lady women com by hym pouerly be seyne and he  
saw where that they entrede in to a chambur where was  
grete lyght ad qit were a fowens lyght and the women  
kneled doune be fore an auter of sylu wyth in pylowes  
ad qit had bene a bysshop wyche kneled a fore the table of  
And ad **Boro** lobed on qys hede he saw a swerde lybe sylu na  
ted qorynge on qys hede and clyerued y of smote in qys yzen  
that ad at that tyme **Boro** was blynde and there he harde  
a voyce wyche seide go hend you **Boro** for ad pet y arte  
nat worthy for be in this place and than he rode bakwarde  
tylle qys bedde tylle on the morne And so on the morne kyng  
**Pelles** made grete joy off **Boro** and than he deptyed and  
rode vnto **Camelot** and there he founde **Lancelot** and tolde  
hym of the aduentured that he had sene wyth kyng **Pelles**  
at Corbyn And so the noyse sprange in kyng **Artours** that  
**Lancelot** had gotyn a chyldre vpon **Elayne** the dougter of  
kyng **Pelles** where fore quene **Gwenyn** was wrothe st  
she was gass many rebulke to **Lancelot** and called hym false  
knyght And than **Lancelot** tolde the quene all and how he  
was made to lye by her in the lyfnes of you my lady the que  
ne And so the quene kylde **Lancelot** exchused And ad the  
booke septe kyng **Artour** had bene in france and hadde

Wanned vpon the myghty kynge **Claudas** and had wonne  
 nuncce of hyr lordys And wgan the kynge was com a gayne  
 he lete cry a grette feste that all lordys and ladyes of all  
 Ingelonde shulde be there but yf hit were suche as were  
 rebellous a gayuste hym And wgan dame **Elayne** the  
 dougth of kynge **Pelles** garde of the feste she rode to her  
 fadir and requyred hym that he wolde gyff her leue to ryde  
 to that feste The kynge answerde and seyde I woll that ye  
 go thyn but in ony wyse as ye love me and woll hane my  
 blyssynge lobe that ye be well be seyne in the moste rycheft  
 wyse and lobe that ye spare nat for no coste aske t ye shal  
 hane all that nedyt vnto you Then by the adyce of dame  
**Bruseu** her mayden all the kynge was appareyled vnto p pur  
 pose that there was neu no lady rychehyr be seyne So  
 she rode wyth .xx. knyghts and .x. ladyes and ladyes women  
 to the nuber of an .C. horse And wgan she cam to **Camelott**  
 kynge **Arture** and quene **Gwenyū** seyde wyth all p knyght  
 that dame **Elayne** was the beste be seyne lady that en was  
 seyne in that counte And auone as kynge **Arture** wyth  
 that she was com he mette her and salowed her And so ded  
 the moste pty of all the knyghts of the rounde table both  
 p **Dystram** p **Bleoberys** and p **Galwayne** and many  
 mo that I woll nat reherse But wgan p **Lancelot** hye  
 her he was so a shamed that by cause he drew hyr swerde  
 to her on the morne after that he had layne by her that he  
 wolde nat salewe her nor speke wyth her And yet p **Lan**  
**celot** thougth that she was the fayrest woman that en he  
 hye in his lyff dayes But wgan dame **Elayne** saw **Sir**  
**Lancelot** wolde nat speke vnto her she was so hely she  
 he wente her harte wolde hane to braste ffor wyte von  
 well oute of mesure she loved hym And then dame **Elayne**



seyde vnto her woman dame **Brusen** the vnfyndenes of **lancelot** slept myne harte nere A yea madame seyde  
dame **Brusen** I shall vnder take that this nyght he shall  
lye wyth you and ye woll holde you fyllle That were me  
leuer seyde dame **Elayne** than all the golde that ys a bovynd  
erthe lat me deale seyde dame **Brusen** So when dame  
**Elayne** was brought vnto the quene aythir made of goode  
chere as by comytynance but no tynge wyth there hart  
But all men and women spake of the beaute of dame **Elayne**  
and than hit was ordayned that dame **Elayne** shulde  
slepe in a chambr wyth by the quene and all vnder one roof  
and so hit was done as the kynge comanded Then the  
quene sente for **lancelot** and bade hym com to her cham  
ber that nyght of ellys seyde the quene I am sure that ye  
woll go to your luyed bedde dame **Elayne** by whome  
ye gate **Galahad** A madame seyde **lancelot** wyl say  
ye so for that I ded was a yeste my wyll Then seyde the  
quene lobe that ye com to me when I sende for you Tha  
dame seyde **lancelot** I shall nat fayle you but I shall be  
redy at your comandement Do this bargayne was nat  
so sone done and made be twene them but dame **Brusen**  
knew hit by her craft and tolde hit vnto her lady dame  
**Elayne** Alas seyde she how shall I do lat me deale seyde  
dame **Elayne** **Brusen** for I shall brynge hym by ponde  
er to your bedde and he shall wyne that I am quene  
**Gwenyn** messengere Then wel were me seyde dame  
**Elayne** for all the worlde I love nat so muche as I do **lancelot**  
So when tyme com that all folkyd were to bedde  
dame **Brusen** cam to **lancelot** bedde syde and seyde  
**lancelot** in labe slepe ye my lady quene **Gwenyn** lyeth  
and a wapyng vpon you A my fayre lady seyde **lancelot**





false traytoure buyggt that en more you com in my syght  
Alas seyde **Lancelot** and there wryt he toke succe an har-  
telz sorow at her wordys that he felle downe to the flour  
in a soune And there wryt all quene **Gwenyn** depte and  
wgan **Lancelot** a woole oute of his swage he lepte oute  
at a bay wyndow in to a gandyne And there wryt thowys he  
was all to craccsed of his wyfage and his body And so he rane  
furth he knew nat what he was ad wylde ad en was  
man and so he ran .ii. yere and new man had grace to know  
him For now turne we vnto quene **Gwenyn** and to the  
fayre lady **Elayne** that was dame **Elayne** garde of quene  
so rebuke **Lancelot** And how also he sorued and how he lepte  
oute of the bay wyndow And she seyde vnto quene **Gwenyn**  
Madame ye ar gretly to blame for **Lancelot** for now have  
ye loste hym for I saw and harde by his countenance that he  
was madde for en And there fore alas madame ye have  
done grette hym and your self grette dyshonoure for ye  
have a lorde royall of your owne And there fore hit were  
your pte for to love hym for there ys no quene in this wol-  
worlde that gat succe a noþ byrgen ad ye have And if ye  
were nat I myght have getyn the love of my lorde **Lan-**  
**celot** and a grette cause I have to love hym for he hadde my  
maydynode and by hym I have borne a fayre soune whose  
ys **Galahad** and he schall be in his tyme the beste buyggt  
of the worlde Well dame **Elayne** seyde the quene ad sone  
ad hit ys day byght I charge you to abyde my counte And for  
the love ye owe vnto **Lancelot** discou not his counceyle  
for and ye do hit wolt be his detour ad for that seyde dame **Elay-**  
**ne** I dare vnder take he ys married for en And that have you  
made for noþ ye nor I ar lyfe to reioyse hym for he made þ  
moste pyteuous gromys wgan he lepte oute at yond bay

Wyndow that en I haue man make alad seyde feyre **Elayne**  
 and alad seyde the quene for now I wote wel that we haue  
 losse hym for en. So on the morne dame **Elayne** toke her  
 love to depte and wolde no longer a byde Than bynge **Artur**  
 brought her on her way wyth mo than an .C. byggat toun  
 oute a foreyste And by the way she tolde þ **Bors** de ganyo all  
 how hit be tyde that same nyght And how þ **lanucelot** lepte  
 oute at a wyndow araged oute of hys wythe. alad than seyde  
 þ **Bors** where ys my lorde þ **lanucelot** be com. Su. seyde  
 dame **Elayne** I wote nere. Now alad seyde þ **Bors** be thygt  
 you bothe ye haue destroyed a good byggat. ad for me sw seyde  
 dame **Elayne** I seyde new no dede thyng that shulde in  
 ony wyse dysplese hym. But wyth the rebuke þ that quene  
**Gwenyn** gaff hym I saw hym sorne to the entye And when he  
 awoke he toke hys hounde naked save hys skyn and lepe oute  
 at a wyndow wyth the greselyest gowne that en I haue man  
 make. Now fare wel seyde dame **Elayne** unto þ **Bors** and  
 holde my lorde bynge **Artur** wyth a tale as longe as ye can  
 for I wolt turne a gayne unto quene **Gwenyn** and gyff her  
 an hete and I requyre you as en ye wolt haue my frysse make  
 good wacched and affyre yf en hit may happyn you to se my lorde  
 þ **lanucelot**. Truly seyde dame **Elayne** I shall do all that I may  
 do for I wolde lose my lyff for hym rather than he shulde be  
 quyte. Madame seyde dame **Bruse** lat þ **Bors** depte and  
 hysse hym as faste as he may to se þ **lanucelot** for I warne  
 you he ys cleue oute of hys wynde and yet he shall be wel  
 holpen and but by myracle. Than wepte dame **Elayne** and  
 so ded þ **Bors** de ganyo and anon they depte and þ **Bors** rode  
 threpte unto quene **Gwenyn** and when she saw þ **Bors** she  
 wepte as she were wood. Now fre on your wepyng seyde þ  
**Bors** de ganyo for ye wepe neu but when þ ys no boote.



Alas seyde **Boro** that en **lancelot** or any of **qys** blood en saw  
you for now have ye losse the beste knyght of our blood and  
he that was all our leader and our succoure And I dare say  
and make it good that all kynge crestynde nor qetynde may  
nat fynde sucche a knyght for to speke of **qys** noblenes & curte  
sy wyth **qys** beaute and **qys** ladyshode Alas seyde sir **Boro**  
what shall we do that ben off **qys** bloode Alas seyde **Ector**  
**de mery** And alas seyde **lyonell** and what the quene  
gawde hem sey so she falle to the erthe in a dede sorwe  
And than **Boro** toke her up and darged her And what  
she a waked she buled a fore tho. m. knyghts and gylde  
up bothe there hondys and be songht them to seke hym  
and spare nat for no goodys but that he be founden for  
I wote well that he ys oute off **qys** mynde And **Boro**  
**Ector** and **lyonell** depte frome the quene for they myght  
nat a byde no longer for sorow And than the quene sente  
them tresoure & nowre for there expence and so they toke  
there horsys and there armys and depte and than they  
rode frome contrey to contrey in forest and in wylowes  
ys and in wastys and en they leyde wayes bothe at forest  
and at all man of men as they rode to **qarbyn** and to spare  
affur hym as he that was a naked man in **qys** squyre wyth  
a swerde in **qys** honde And thus they rode nyge a quarter of  
a yere longe and outwarte and neu coude hyre worde of  
hym And wyte you well these .m. knyghts were passynge  
sory And so at the laste **Boro** and **qys** felowys mette wyth  
a knyght that heght **hellyon de Tartare** flow fayre byt  
seyde **Boro** what shal be ye a way for they knew apyn of  
a fore tyme Sir seyde **hellyon** I am in the way to **pr** court  
of kynge **Artoure** Than we pray you seyde **Boro** that  
ye wolt telle my lord **Artoure** and my lady quene **Gweny**

and all the felyschyp of the rounde table that we can nat m  
 no wyse here telle where **Lancelot** ys be com. **Tristan** for  
**Mellion** deyped from them and seyde that he wolde telle the  
 kynge and the quene and all the felyschyp of the rounde table  
 as they had desyred hym. And whan **Mellion** cam to the  
 courte he tolde the kynge and the quene and all the felyschyp  
 as they had desyred hym how **Tristan** had seyde of **Lancelot**  
**Tristan** **Gawayne** **Wayne** **Sagranoune le desyrous** for  
**Agglovale** and **Percyvale de galys** to be vpon them by the  
 quete desyre of the kynge and in especiall by the quene to  
 seke all the world walys and Gatlond to fynde **Lancelot**  
**Lot** and wyth them rode. **Tristan** byggt no to beare them  
 felyschyppe and wyte you well they lacked no man of spen  
 dyng and so were they. **Tristan** byggt. Now turne we  
 vnto **Lancelot** and speke we of his care and woo and  
 what payne he there endured for colde quene and thyrste  
 he hadde plente and thynke as these noble byggt rode to  
 gydn they by assente deyped and than they rode by. y. and  
 by. m. and by. m. by. v. and en they assygned where they shol  
 de mete and so **Agglovale** and **Percyvale** rode to gydn  
 vnto there moder wyche was a quene in the dayes and  
 whan she saw her. y. summed for joy she wepte tenderly and  
 than she seyde a my dere sones whan you be fadir was slay  
 ne he lefte me. my sones of the wyche now be. y. slayne  
 And for the dethe of my noble sone **Lamorak** shall myne  
 harte neu be glad and than she kneled downe vpon her kne  
 es to fore **Agglovale** and **Percyvale** and be songht them  
 to a byde at home wyth her. A my swete moder seyde **Tristan**  
**Percyvale** we may nat for we be comyn of kynge bloode  
 of bothe gydn and there fore moder hit ys omne fynde to  
 gamte at myn and noble dedys. Alas my swete sonyd pa



she seide for youre sake I shall fyrste lose my lyfynge & hys  
and than wynde and wedn. I may nat endure what for the  
of lyng. **Pellymor** youre fadir that was shamefully slayne  
by the hondys of **f Galwayne** and hys brotyn **f Galwayne Ga**  
**herys** and they slew hym nat manly but by treson and also  
my dere soune that ys a pyteous complaynte for me off  
your fadyr. Lette consyderynge also the dethe of **f Lamour**  
that off byggst god had but feaw fealows. And now my dere  
soune hane tyn in youre mynde and so there was but we  
pyng and sobbyng in the court wqan they sholde depte  
and she felle in sorowynge in the myddys of the court. And  
wqan she was a waked aftir them she sente a squyer wyth  
spendynge I nowze and so wqan the squyar had on take tyn  
they wolde nat suffir hym to ryde wyth tyn but sente hym  
home a gayne to comforte there moder prayyng her meke  
ly of her blyssynge and so he rode a gayne and so hit happened  
hym to be byggst and by mys fortune he cam to a castel.  
where dwelled a baronne and wqan the squyar was com  
in to the castell the lorde asked hym from wqen he cam  
and wqan he serbed. My lorde seide the squyar I serbe a  
good byggst that ys called **f Agglovale** the squyar sayde hit  
to good entente weynge vnto hym to hane be more for  
borne for **f Agglovale** sake. And than he seide he had fued  
the quene hys moder. Well my felow seide the lorde off the  
castell for **f Agglovalys** sake you shall hane byll lodgyng  
for **f Agglovale** slew my brof and there fore you shall hane  
thy dethe in pty of paymente and than that lorde comanded  
hys men to hane hym away and to sle hym and so they ded it  
than they pulled hym oute of the castell and there they slewe  
hym wyth oute mercy and ryght so on the morne com fr  
**Agglovale** and **f Percyvale** rydunge by a cquere yearde //

Where men and women were busy and be hylde the dede knyght  
 and so thought to bury hym what yow that there seyde **Agglo-  
 vale** that ye be holde so faste Anone a good woman sterte fure  
 and seyde fayre knyght here lyeth a knyght slayne shamefully  
 this knyght how was he slayne fayre moder sayde **Agglo-  
 vale** my fayre lorde seyde the woman the lorde of this castell  
 lodged this knyght this knyght and be cause he seyde he was  
 fynaunte vnto a good knyght wythe wythe kynge **Arture** whos  
 name yow **Agglovale** there fore the lorde comanded to sle  
 hym and for this cause yow he slayne Graunce seyde **Agglo-  
 vale** and ye shall se how detly lyghtly reuenged for I am that same  
 knyght for whom this knyght was slayne I quene **Agglovale**  
 called vnto hym **Percyvale** and bade hym a lyght lyghtly And  
 anone they be toke there men y horsys and so they rode on foote  
 in to the castell And as sone as they were wyth in the castell  
 gate **Agglovale** bade the porter go vnto his lorde and tell his  
 lorde that I am here **Agglovale** for whom my knyght was slay-  
 ne this knyght And anone as this porter had tolde his lorde  
 he yow welcom seyde **Goodwyne** and anone he armed hym it  
 cam in to the court and seyde wythe of you yow **Agglovale**  
 here I am loo but for what cause slewyth you this knyght my  
 moders knyght I slew hym seyde **Goodwyne** by cause of the  
 for you slewyth my brop **Gawdelyne** as for the brop seyde **Agglo-  
 vale** I a vow I slew hym for he was a false knyght and a  
 be trayer of ladyes and of good knyghts and for the dethe of my  
 knyght seyde **Agglovale** and anone they layssed to gyde as  
 agnely as hit had bene .ij. lyons And **Percyvale** he sang  
 wyth all the remenante that wolde fyght And wyth in  
 a wyyle **Percyvale** had slayne all that wolde w stonde



hym for **f Percyvale** deled so q<sup>uo</sup>d strobo<sup>us</sup> that were so rude  
 that there durste no man a byde hym and w<sup>it</sup>h in a wyle  
**f Agglouale** had **f Goodwyne** at the ert<sup>he</sup> and there he vula  
 ced q<sup>uo</sup>d helme and strake of q<sup>uo</sup>d hede and t<sup>he</sup>an they depte<sup>d</sup>  
 and toke y<sup>e</sup> q<sup>uo</sup>d h<sup>er</sup>e and t<sup>he</sup>an they let carry the dede squy<sup>ar</sup> in  
 to a pryory and there they entered hym and whan t<sup>he</sup> q<sup>uo</sup>d was  
 done they rode in many contrey<sup>s</sup> en inq<sup>ui</sup>rynge aft<sup>er</sup> **f Lann**  
**celot**. But they conde neu<sup>er</sup> fynde of hym and at the laste they  
 com to a castell that h<sup>ad</sup> q<sup>uo</sup>d **Candycan** and y<sup>e</sup> **f Percyvale** and  
**f Agglouale** were lodged to gyd<sup>er</sup> and prebaly a bonte  
 mydnyght **f Percyvale** com to **f Agglouales** squy<sup>ar</sup> and seyde  
 aryse and make the redy for ye and I w<sup>ill</sup> ryde away se  
 cretely. Sir seyde the squy<sup>ar</sup> I wolde full fayne ryde w<sup>it</sup>  
 you wher ye wolde haue me but and my lord<sup>e</sup> you<sup>re</sup>  
 bro<sup>th</sup>er take me he w<sup>ill</sup> sle me do<sup>er</sup> for that care not for I  
 sh<sup>al</sup>l be you<sup>re</sup> warramite and so **f Percyvale** rode tyll h<sup>er</sup>e  
 was aft<sup>er</sup> none and t<sup>he</sup>an he cam vppon a bryd<sup>ge</sup> of stone  
 and y<sup>e</sup> he fonde a knyght whiche was bounden w<sup>it</sup>h a  
 chayne faste a bonte the waste vnto a pyloure of stone  
 and my fayre knyght seyde that boundyn knyght I requyre  
 the of knyght<sup>es</sup> gode louse my bond<sup>ys</sup> of. Sir what knyght  
 ar ye seyde **f Percyvale** and for what cause ar ye bounden.  
 Sir I sh<sup>al</sup>l telle you seyde that knyght I am a knyght off  
 the table rounde and my name ys **f Percyvale** **f sydes**  
 and t<sup>he</sup>an by aduenture I cam t<sup>he</sup> way and here I lodged  
 in t<sup>he</sup> castell at the bryd<sup>ge</sup> foote and y<sup>e</sup> in dwellyng  
 an vncurteyse lady and by cause she proffyrd me to be  
 her p<sup>ar</sup>amoure and I refused her she sette her men vppon  
 me suddely or en I myght com to my wepyng p<sup>ar</sup>ty<sup>es</sup>

Hoke me and

toke me and bounde me and here I wote well I shall  
 dye but yf som man of worship breke my bondys. Sur-  
 be ye of good chere seyde þ **Percybale** and by cause ye ar  
 a knyght of the rounde table ad well ad I. I wolt truste  
 to god to breke youre bondys and þ comyt þ **Percybale**  
 pulled oute his swerde and strake at the chayne wylt  
 succe a myght that he cutte a to the chayne and thow  
 þ **Parfydes** garboure and quyte hym a lytill. A lye seyde  
 þ **Parfydes** that was a myghty stroke ad en I felte of manes  
 hande for had nat the chayne be ye had slayne me and þ w  
 all þ **Parfydes** saw a knyght wylt cam oute of þ castell  
 ad faste ad en he myght flynge. Sur be ware for yondyr  
 comyt a knyght that wolt dane a do w you lat hym com sey-  
 de þ **Percybale** and so mette that knyght in myddys the brydge  
 and þ **Percybale** gaff hym succe a buffet that he smote hy  
 quyte frome his horse and on a pte of the brydge that and  
 there had nat bene a lytill vessel vnder the brydge that knyght  
 had bene drownded and than þ **Percybale** toke the knyghts horse  
 and made þ **Parfydes** to mounte vpon hym and so  
 they .ii. rode vnto the castell and bade the lady delyd þ **Parfydes**  
 swamtyd otkir allyd he wolde see all that en he founde and so  
 for feare she delynde them all. Than was þ **Percybale** w  
 ware of a lady that stode in that towre. A madame seyde þ  
**Percybale** what use and custum ys that in a lady to destroy good  
 knyghts but yf they wolt be youre gamoure pde tyn a skame  
 full custum of a lady and yf I had nat a grete mater to do in  
 my honde I shulde for do all youre false custums and so fir  
**Parfydes** brought þ **Percybale** vnto his owne castell þ there  
 he made hym grete chere all that nyght and on the morne  
 wgan þ **Percybale** had hande a masse and broke his faste



he bade þ **Parfides** ryde vnto kynge **Artur** and telle  
ye þe kynge how that ye mette wyth me and telle you  
my broþr þ **Agglovale** how I rescued you and byd hym seþe  
nat aftir me for I am in the queste to fyke þ **Lancelot du**  
**lake** and thowge he seþe me he shall nat fynde me and tell  
hym I woll neu se hym notwyr the courte tyll that I have  
founde þ **Lancelot** also telle þ **Bay** the seneschall and **Syr**  
**gondred** that I truste to Ihu to be of ad grete worthynes  
ad aytur of them for tell them that I shall neu for gete  
þ nob mollys and scornys that day that I was made knyght  
and telle them I woll neu se that courte tyll men speke  
more worthyp of me than en they ded of any of them bothe  
and so þ **Parfides** deþted frome þ **Percyvale** and than he  
rode vnto kynge **Artur** and tolde of þ **Percyvale** and wgan  
þ **Agglovale** howe hym speke of how broþr þ **Percyvale** for  
bothe he seyde he deþted fro me vnkynly. Sir seyde þ **P**  
**rides** on my lyff he shall proue a noble knyght ad ony now  
yo ldyng and wgan he saw þ **Bay** and þ **gondred** þ **Par**  
**fides** sayde than my fayre lordys þ **Percyvale** gretyth  
you wel bothe and he sente you worde by me þ he trustyth  
to god or en he com to courte a gayne to be of ad gre nobles  
ad en were you bothe and mo men to speke of his noble  
nesse than en spake of yours. Gyt may well be seyde þ  
**Bay** and þ **gondred** but at that tyme he was made knyght  
he was full vnlyly to proue a good knyght. ad for that  
seyde kynge **Artur** he muste nedys proue a good knyght  
for how fadir and how breþre were noble knyghts all  
and now woll we turne vnto þ **Percyvale** that rode  
longe and in a foreyste he mette wyth a knyght wyth a  
brokyn sylde and a brokyn helme and ad sone ad aytur

saw of they made them redy to fuste and so they quiled to  
 gydyr wrytq all þ myght and they mette to gydyr so hard  
 that **f Percyvale** was smytyn to the erthe and than **f Percy**  
**vale** arose delyvly and kesse his shylde on his shuldr and  
 drew his swerde and bade the of byrght a byrght and do batay  
 le unto the vtr muste Well f Wylt ye more yet seyde that  
 byrght and þ wrytq he a byrght and put his horse from hym  
 And than they cam to gydyr an easy pace and layssed to  
 gydyr w<sup>th</sup> noble swerdys and som tyme they strote & som  
 tyme they forned that app<sup>er</sup> gaff of many sad strokyd & down  
 dyd And than they fanght nere hande halffe a day & nen  
 rested but lytyll and þ was none of them bothe that hadde  
 leste woundys but he had .xv. And they bledde so muche þ  
 qyt was merwayne they stode on þ feete But than byrght  
 that fanght wrytq **f Percyvale** was a proued byrght and a  
 wyse fyghtynge byrght And **f Percyvale** was yonge and  
 stronge nat knowynge in fyghtynge as the other was  
 Than **f Percyvale** spake fyrste and seyde þ byrght holde  
 thy honde a while for we have foughtyn on longe for a sym  
 ple mater and quarell and þ fore I requyre the tell me  
 thy name for I was nen at thy tyme than maced So  
 god me helpe seyde that byrght and nen on that tyme was  
 þ nen byrght that wounded me so fore as þon gaste done  
 and yet have I foughtyn in many batayles and now shall  
 þon wryte þ I am a byrght of the table rounde and my name  
 ys **f Ector de maye** knyght unto the good byrght **f Lancelot**  
 In lufe alas sayde **f Percyvale** and my name ys **f Percy**  
**vale de Galys** whiche gatt made my gyste to seke **f Lancelot**  
 and now am I hys that I shall nen fenysh my queste for ye  
 have slayne me w<sup>th</sup> your honyd hit is nat so seyde Dr  
**Ector** for I am slayne by your honyd and may not lyve and



þ fore I requyre you seyde þ **Ector** vnto þ **Percyvale** ryde ye  
here faste by to a priory and byryge me a prestre that I may  
resseyve my salyoun for I may nat lyve And whan ye com  
to þ court of byryge **Antoure** tell my broþr þ **Lancelot** how  
that ye slew me for than wold he be youre mortall enemy  
But ye may sey that I was slayne in my queste ad þ sonz  
 hym Alas seyde þ **Percyvale** ye sey that t. torynge that  
nen wold be for I am so faynte for bladyng that I may  
vmethe stonde how sholde I than take my horse Than they  
made bothe grete dole onte of mesure Than wold nat a  
vayle seyde þ **Percyvale** and than he kneled downe and made  
hyr prayer devoutely vnto all myghty Ihu for he was one  
of the beste knyghts of the worlde at that tyme in whon  
the verrey fyrst stode moste in Iyght so there cam by þ  
goly vessel the sainte Greal wyth all man of swetnesse  
and salounre but they coude nat se redyly who bare þ ves  
sell But þ **Percyvale** had a glemerynge of the vessel  
and of the mayden that bare hit for he was a pryte may  
den And furth w<sup>t</sup> all they were ad hole of hyde and lyne  
ad en they were in þ lyff Than they gaff thankyng to god  
w<sup>t</sup> grete myldenesse A Ihu seyde þ **Percyvale** what may  
thyng meane that we be thus heled and ryght now we be  
we at the poynte of dryng I wote full well seyde þ  
**Ector** what hit is hit is an goly vessel that is borne  
by a mayden And þ in y<sup>r</sup> a pte of the bloode of oure lorde  
Ihu cryste but hit may nat be seue seyde þ **Ector** but yff  
hit be by man So god me helpe seyde þ **Percyvale** I  
saw a damesell ad me thougtht all in wyght w<sup>t</sup> a vessel  
in bothe her hondys and furth w<sup>t</sup> all I was hole So than  
they toke þ horsys and þ harnys and mended hit ad well  
ad they myght that was doolyn And so they mounted up

and rode talkyng to gydyno' and þ' **Ector de marys** tolde  
 þ' **Percyvale** how he had sought hys broþ' **þ' Lancelot** longe  
 and neu' coude fynde wytyng of hym in many farde adven-  
 tured hane þ' bene in thys queste and so aytur tolde oþer  
 of there grete adventures

**A**nd now leue we of a wyfpe of **þ' Ector** and of **þ' Percyvale** and speke we of **þ' Lancelot** that suffred  
 and endured many sharpe skowred that en ran wyldde woode  
 froum place to place and byed by fynyte and fuche ad he myzt  
 gete and drinke water. y. yere and of clotsyng he had he buyt  
 tye but in hys shute and hys brebe and tye ad **þ' Lancelot**  
 wandred here and þ' he cam in to a fayre medow where he  
 founde a pabelon and þ' by upon a tre hynge a wyfyt skylde  
 and y. fwerdyo hynge þ' by and. y. fwearyo leued þ' by to a tre  
 and wgan **þ' Lancelot** saw þ' fwerdyo anone he lepte to þ' tone  
 fwerde and chyced that fwerde in hys honde and drew quite  
 oute and than he layssed at the skylde that all þ' medow ran-  
 ge of þ' dputyo that he gaff such a noyse ad. x. bynges hadde  
 sought to gydyno' Than cam furth a dwarff and lepe vnto  
**þ' Lancelot** and wolde hane had the fwerde oute of hys honde  
 and than **þ' Lancelot** toke hym by the botte shuldrys it tprew  
 hym vnto the grounde that he felle vpon hys neke and had  
 wy brofyn hit and þ' wyty all the dwarff cryede helpe  
 Than þ' com furth a lytly byng and well apparaylede in  
 a scarlet furred w' menybere and anone ad he saw **þ' Lancelot**  
 he demed that he shulde be oute of hys wyte and than  
 he seyde wyty fayre speche good man ley downe þ' fwerde  
 for ad me seuyt þ' more nede of a slepe and of  
 warme clotsio than to welde that fwerde ad for that  
 seyde **þ' Lancelot** com nat to wyze for and þ' do wyte þ' on



Well I wolt sle the And wgan the knyght of the pabylon saw  
þe starte bakwarde in to his pabylon And than þe dwarffe  
armed hym lyghtly and so the knyght thought by force and  
myght to have takyn the swerde fro þe **Lancelot** And so he  
cam sceppynge vpon hym And wgan þe **Lancelot** saw hym  
com so armed wyth his swerde in his honde. Than for  
**Lancelot** flowze to hym wyth such a myght and smote  
hym vpon the helme such a buffet that the strobe tron-  
bled his brayne and þe wyth all the swerde brake in. y. And  
the knyght felle to the erthe and semed as he had bene de-  
de the bloode brastynge oute of his mouth nose and eare  
And than þe **Lancelot** ran in to the pavelon and russhed ebyn  
in to the warme bedde and there was a lady that lay in  
that bedde and anone she gate her smokke and ran oute  
of the pabylon And wgan she sawe her lorde lye at the  
grounde lyke to be dede than she cryed and wepte as she  
had bene madde. And so wyth her noyse the knyght a wa-  
ked oute of his sowze and lobed up wepely wyth his yen  
And than he asked where was that madde man whiche  
had yebyn hym such a buffet for such a one had I neu-  
of named honde. Þe seyde the dwarff hit is nat your  
worshyp to hurte hym for he ys a man oute of his wythe  
and doute ye nat he that bene a man of grete worshyp  
and for som hartely sorow that he that takyn he ys fallen  
madde and me semyth seyde the dwarff that he resembe-  
lyth muche unto þe **Lancelot** for hym I sawe at the tur-  
mente of **lonceper** þe defende seyde that knyght that en-  
that noble knyght þe **Lancelot** sholde be in such a plyght  
but what son en he be seyde that knyght harre wolt I  
none do hym And the knyghts name was þe **Blayne** þe  
whiche seyde unto the dwarff go you faste on horse bak

vnto my broþr þe **Selybanute** wyrtge yd'm tþe castell þe blan-  
 be and telle hym of myne adventure and byd hym brynge  
 wyrtg hym an horsse lytter and tþan wolþ we beare tþy  
 byrggt vnto my castell / So tþe dwarff rode faste and  
 he cam a gayn and bronggt þe **Selybanute** wyrtg hym and  
 vj. men wyrtg an horsse lytter and so tþey toke up tþe fetter  
 bedde wyrtg þe **lamucelot** and so carped all a way wyrtg hem  
 vnto tþe castell blanke and he neu a waked tyll he was  
 wyrtg in tþe castell and tþan tþey bounde hys handys and  
 hys feete and gaff hym good metys and good drynkyng  
 and bronggt hym a gayne to hys strengtþe & his fayrenesse  
 But in hys wytte tþey coude nat brynge hym nor to know  
 hym self And tþan was þe **lamucelot** there more than a yere  
 and an halff honestely arrayed and fayre faryn wyrtg all  
 Tþan vppon a day tþy lord of tþat castell þe **Selybanute**  
 toke hys armys on horsse bak wyrtg a speare to sele aduen-  
 tured and as he rode in a foreyste there mette hym to knyght  
 adventures tþat one was þe **Brewyns samze pyte** & hys  
 broþr þe **Wartelot** and tþey. ij. ran botþe at onys on þe **Selybanute**  
 and brabe tþeyre spearyng vppon hys body and tþan tþey dre-  
 we tþere swerdys and made grete batayle and fonghte  
 longe to gydys But at tþe laste þe **Selybanute** was sore  
 wounded and felte hym selfe faynte and anon he fledde  
 on horsse bak towarde hys castell and as tþey cam qmlyng  
 vnder tþe castell and as tþey there was þe **lamucelot** at a  
 wyndow and saw how. ij. knyghts layde vppon þe **Selybanute**  
 wyrtg tþere swerdys and wþan þe **lamucelot** saw tþat yet  
 as woode as he was he was sory for hys lord þe **Selybanute**  
 and tþan in a brayde þe **lamucelot** brabe hys charynes of hys  
 leggyng and of hys armys and in tþe healyng he quete  
 hys hondys sore and so þe **lamucelot** ran oute at a posterne



and there he mette wyth tgo. ij. knyghts that chased Syr  
**Blyanite** and there he pulled downe þ **Bartelot** wyth his  
bare hondys frome his horse and there wyth all he  
wrote oute þ swerde oute of his honde and so he lepe  
vnto þ **Brewse** and gaff hym smyte a buffette vpon the  
hede that he tumbled bakwarde on his horse croupe  
and when þ **Bartelot** saw his broþr have smyte a buffet  
he gate a speare in his honde and wolde have remue  
þ **Lancelot** thorow And that saw þ **Blyanite** a strake  
of the hantle of þ **Bartelot** and than þ **Brewse** and þ  
**Bartelot** gate there horsis and fledde a way ad faste  
ad they myght / So when þ **Selyuanite** cam and saw  
what þ **Lancelot** had done for his broþr Than he thanked  
god and so ded his broþr that en they ded hym my good  
But when þ **Blyanite** sawe that þ **Lancelot** was quite  
wyth the brekyng of his hound than was he gory that  
en he bounde hym // I pray you broþr þ **Selyuanite** byn  
de hym no more for he ys happy and gracions Than  
they made grette joy of þ **Lancelot** and so he bode there  
aftir an halff yere and more and so on a morn þ **Lan**  
**celot** was ware where cam a grette bove wyth many  
houndys aftir hym But the bove was so bygge per  
myght no houndys tary hym and so the hunters cam  
aftir blowyng there houndys bothe vpon horse backe  
and fow vpon foote and than þ **Lancelot** was ware  
where one a byggt and tyed his horse tyll a tre and  
lened his speare a peny the tre So there cam Syr  
**Lancelot** and fowde the horse and a good swerde tyed  
to the sadyl bowe and anone þ **Lancelot** lepe in to pe  
sadyl and gate that speare in his honde and than he  
rode faste aftir the bove and anone he was ware

where he fate and his and to a rocche faste by an Ermytage And  
 than **Lancelot** ran at the boore wryth his speare and all to  
 fynd his speare and there wryth the boore turned hym lyghtly  
 and rode oute the longys and the harte of the horse that **Lance-  
 lot** felle to the erthe And on en he myght gete frome his horse  
 the boore smote hym on the bralme of the bygge up vnto the  
 horse boore And than **Lancelot** was wrotte and up he gate  
 vpon his fete and toke his swerde and smote of the boord  
 hede at one stroke And there wryth all cam oute the Ermyte  
 and saw hym hane such a wounde anone he meened hym and  
 wolde hane had hym come vnto his Ermytage. But when  
**Lancelot** hane hym speake he was so wrotte wryth his  
 wounde that he ran vpon the Ermyte to hane slayne hym  
 than the Ermyte ran a way And when **Lancelot** myght nat  
 on gete hym he threw his swerde after hym for he myght no  
 farther for bledynge. Than the Ermyte turned a gayne  
 and asked **Lancelot** how he was quyte And my fealow seyde sir  
**Lancelot** this boore gat bytten me sore Than com ye wryth  
 me seyde the Ermyte and I shall heale you Go thy way seyde **Lance-  
 lot** and deale nat wryth me Than the Ermyte ran his  
 way and there he mette wryth a goodly bygge. Sir seyde the  
 Ermyte here is faste by my place the goodlyest man that eu  
 I sawe and he ys sore wounded wryth a boore and yet he gat  
 slayne the boore But well I wote seyde the good man and  
 he be nat holpen he shall dye of that wounde and I were  
 grete pite. Than that bygge at the desyre of the Ermyte  
 gate a carte and in he put the boore and **Lancelot** for  
 he was so feble that he myght wryth easily deale w hym  
 And so **Lancelot** was brought vnto the Ermytage And  
 there the Ermyte healed hym of his wounde But the  
 Ermyte myght nat fynde hym his sustenance and so



he emperred and weped fyeble botte of body and of hys wythe  
for defaute of sustenance he wayed more woode than he was  
a fore tyme. And than vpon a day **Lancelot** ran his way  
in to the foreyste and by the adventure he com to the cite of  
**Corbyn** where dame **Elayne** was that bare **Galahad** **Lan-**  
**celotys** sone and so when he was entyre in to the towne  
he ran thorow the towne to the castell and than all the yonge  
men of that cite ran after **Lancelot** and there they towe  
turnd at hym and gaff hym many sad strols and en ad  
**Lancelot** myght receiue any of them he towe them so that  
they wolde neu com in hys honde no more for of som helbra  
be the leggyd and arnyd and so he fledde in to the castell  
And than cam oute knyghts and squyars and rescowd **Lance-**  
**lot** when they be hylde hym and lobed vpon hys pson they  
thonght they neu sawe so goodly a man And when they sawe  
so many woundys vpon hym they demed that he had bene  
a man of worth And than they ordayned hym clotys to  
hys body and straw and lytter vnder the gate of the castell  
to lye in And so euery day they wolde throw hym mete and set  
hym drynke But there was but feaw that wolde brynge  
hym mete to hys hondys So hit be felle that kynge **pel-**  
**leo** had a nebeall wyf name was **Castor** and so he desyred  
of the kynge to be made knyght and at hys owne rekyste  
the kynge made hym knyght at the feste of Candylmasse  
And when **Castor** was made knyght that same day he gaff  
many gownys And than **Castor** sente for the foole wyf  
was **Lancelot** And when he was com a fore **Castor** he  
gaff **Lancelot** a robe of scarlet and all that longed vnto  
hym And when **Lancelot** was so arrayed lyke a knyght he  
was the semelyste man in all the cunte and none so well  
made So when he hys hys tyme he wente in to the gardyne





a voyde that none shulde be in that way there ad þe kyng  
wolde com. And so when tþys was done tþes. my. men  
and tþes ladyes layde hounde on þe **launcelot** and so tþey ba  
re hym in to a towre and so in to a chambur where was  
tþe holy vessel of tþe **Sank Greal** And by fore þe holy  
vessel þe **launcelot** was layde And there cam an holy man  
and he fylled tþat vessel and so by myracle and by vertu  
of tþat holy vessel þe **launcelot** was heled and recorde And  
ad sone ad he was a whed he growed and sygged and com  
playned hym sone of tþys woodnes and strobys that he  
had had. And ad sone ad þe **launcelot** saw bynge **Pelleas**  
and dame **Elayne** he wayed a shamed and seyde tþus A  
londe Iþu how cam I hyder for goddys sake my fayre  
londe lat me wyte how tþat I cam hyder. Sir seyde da  
me **Elayne** in to tþys contrey ye cam lyke a mased man  
clene oute of youre wytte And here shal ye ben kepte  
ad a foole and no cyature here know what ye were  
vntyll by fortune a mayden of myne brought me vnto  
you where ad ye lay slepyng by a well And anone ad  
I veryly be chyldre you than I tolde my fadir and so were  
ye brought a fore tþys holy vessel and by tþe vertu of  
hit tþus were ye heled. A Iþu vny seyde þe **launcelot**  
yf tþus be sothe how many be þe tþat knowyt of my  
woodnes. So god me helpe seyde dame **Elayne** no  
mo but my fadir and I and dame **Briwen** flow for  
cryst love seyde þe **launcelot** kepe hit conueyle and lat  
no man knowe hit in tþe worlde for I am sore a shamed  
that I shal be mysse fortunad for I am banysed þe contrey  
of Iuglonde And so þe **launcelot** lay more than a fourte  
nyght or en that he myght styre for forenes And than  
vpon a day he seyde vnto dame **Elayne** tþes wordis. Fayre  
lady **Elayne** for youre sake I shal had muche care and

angwyske hit nedytis nat to reherse hit ye know how flat  
 wythstondyng I know well I have done forle to you wif  
 that I drewe my fowde to you to have slayne you vpon p  
 morne after wifan that I had layne wyth you And all was  
 for the cause that ye and dame **Briken** made me for to  
 lye be you magy myne hede And as ye sey þ **Galad** þo  
 sonne was be gotyn That þo trouth seide dame **Clay**  
**ne** I saw wofte ye for my sake seide þ **Lancelot** go ye vnto  
 yourre fadir and gete me a place of hym where in I may  
 dwelle for in the court of kyng **Artur** may I neu com  
 Sur seide dame **Elyne** I wofte lye and dye wyth you only  
 for yourre sake and yf my lyff myght nat a wayle you and  
 my dethe myght a wayle you wyte you well I wolde dye  
 for yourre sake And I wofte to my fadir and I am myght sure  
 there þo tpyng that I can desyre of hym but I shall have  
 hit And wher ye be lorde þ **Lancelot** doute ye nat but I  
 wofte be wyth you wyth all the bysse that I may do So  
 furth wyth all she wente to her fadir and sayde þ my lorde  
 þ **Lancelot** desyret to be hye by you in few castell off  
 yourre Well dongt seide the kyng sythp hit is his  
 desyre to a byde in this maner he shall be in the castell  
 of **Blyante** and there shall ye be wyth hym and .xx. of  
 the fayryste yonge ladyes that bene in this contrey and  
 they shall be all of the grettyst blood in this contrey and  
 ye shall have .xx. knyghts wyth you for dongt I wofte  
 that ye wyte we all be honoured by the blood of þ **Lancelot**  
 I saw wente dame **Elyne** vnto þ **Lancelot** and tolde  
 hym all how her fadir had deysed. I saw cam a knyght  
 wyche was called þ **Castor** that was nebeu vnto kyng  
**Pelle** and he cam vnto þ **Lancelot** and asked hym what  
 was his name Sur seide þ **Lancelot** my name is þe  
**kyvalere ill ma feete** that þo to sey the knyght that



that trespased þe seide þe **Castor** hit may well be so But  
ei me sempt þe your name shulde be þe **Lancelot** in la  
for or now I haue seyne you þe seide þe **Lancelot** ye  
ar nat iaiytll for I put a case that my name were  
þe **Lancelot** and that hit lyfte me nat to dyscon my na  
me what shulde hit greue you here to kepe my counsell  
and ye nat quite there by But wyte you well and ei  
hit lye in my powder I shall greue you and ei I mete w  
you in my way. Then þe **Castor** bueled a downe and be  
sought þe **Lancelot** of mercy for I shall neu vtru what  
ye be whyte that ye ar in tyeo ptyed. Then þe **Lancelot**  
þdowned hym and so kyng **Pelles** wyte. xx. knyghts and  
dame **Elayne** wyte her. xx. ladyes rode vnto the castel  
of **Blymmte** that stood in an flonde be closed enhyrrowne  
wyte a fayre watir depe and layrge and what they were  
there þe **Lancelot** lat calle hit the Joye fle and there was  
he called none of wyse but le **Schyvalere ma fete** þe knyght  
that that trespast. Then þe **Lancelot** lete make hym a  
shylde all of Sable and a quene crowned in the myddis  
of sylu And a knyght cleue armed buekyng a fore her  
And ei day onys for ony mytqis that all the ladyes  
myght make hym he wolde onys ei day lobe towarde  
the realme of **Logryd** where kyng **Artoure** and quene  
**Gwenyn** was And than wolde he falle vpon a wepyng  
ad hyo harte shulde to braste. So hit be felle that tyme  
þe **Lancelot** harde of a iustynge faste by wyte m. m. leagis  
Then he called vnto hym a dwarff And he bade hym go  
vnto that iustynge and on ei the knyghts depte lobe that  
you make there a cry in hyryng of all knyghts that there  
ys one knyght in **Joye fle** whyche ys the castel of **Bly  
amte** and sey that hyo name ys le **Schyvalere ma fete**  
that wolt iuste a yens knyght all that wolt com And

who that putteth that knyght to the ward he shall have  
 a fayre maydyn and a fair falcon. So when this cry was  
 cryed / unto lord Iles drew the men of .v. knyghts and wrote  
 you well there was nedfeyne in kynge **Arthur** dayed  
 one knyght that ded so muche dedys of armys as **launce**  
**lot** ded to. in. dayed to godys for as the boke makyth  
 truly mencyon he had the better of all the .v. knyghts &  
 there was nat one slayne of them And after that **launce**  
**lot** made them all a grete feste And in the meane while  
 cam **Percevale** de galys and **Ector de marys** undir p  
 castell whiche was called the lord Iles And as they be hylde  
 that gay castell they wolde have gone to that castell but  
 they myght nat for the brode watir and brydge conde  
 they fynde none. Than were they ware on the othir syde  
 where stode a lady wyth a spangalbe on her honde And  
**Percevale** called unto her and asked that lady who was in  
 that castell. fayre knyght she seyde here wyth in this  
 castell ys the fayryste lady in this londe and her name is  
 dame **Elayne** Also we have in this castell one of the fay-  
 ryste knyghts and the myghtyest man that ys I dare sey  
 ldyng and he callyth hym self le schyvalere ma fete  
 how cam he in to this marcyll seyde **Percevale** Truly  
 seyde the damysell he cam in to this contrey lyke a madde  
 man wyth doggys and boyed charynge hym thorow the cyte  
 of **Corbyn** And by the holy vessel of the **Sant grege** he was  
 bryngt in to this wythe a gayne but he wolt nat do batayle  
 wyth no knyght but by undirne or noone And ys he lyfte to  
 com in to the castell seyde the lady ye muste ryde unto the  
 farther syde of the castell and there shall ye fynde a vessel  
 that wolt beare you and your horse. Than they depyed and  
 cam unto the vessel And than **Percevale** a lyght And sayde  
 unto **Ector de marys** ye shall a byde me here untill that



I wote what man a knyght he ys. for hit were shame bi  
 to vs in as muche as he ys but one knyght and w schulde  
 bothe do batayle wth hym. So ad ye lyfte seyde Syr  
**Ector** and here I schall a byde you vntyll that I fynde off  
 you. Than passed **Percyvale** the water and when he cam  
 to the castell gate he seyde vnto the porter go you to  
 good knyght of this castell and telle hym fyre ys com  
 an arraunte knyght to fiste wth hym. Than the porter  
 rode in and cam a gayne and bade hym ryde in to the  
 comyn place there ad the fustynge schall be where  
 lordys and ladyes may be holde you and so anon  
 ad **Lancelot** had a cownynge he was soue redy and  
 there **Percyvale** and **Lancelot** were com bothe  
 they encomitunde wth fustynge a knyght and there spearyng  
 were so rude that bothe the horsys and the knyghtys  
 fell to the grounde. Than they aboyded there horsys at  
 flange onto there noble swerdys and gey a way many  
 cantels of there schyldys and so queteled to gydyns lyte  
 y. borys and aytyn wounded othir passynge sore and  
 so at the laste **Percyvale** spake fyrste when they  
 had fonghtyn there longe more than. y. owres.  
 Now fayre knyght seyde **Percyvale** I requyre  
 you of youre knyghthode to telle me youre name  
 for I mette neu wth fustynge a noþ knyght. Syn ad  
 for my name seyde **Lancelot** I wolt nat fynde  
 hit frome you but my name ys le schyvalere ma fete  
 Now telle me ys name seyde **Lancelot** I requyre you  
 truly seyde **Percyvale** my name ys **Percyvale de**  
**Galye** that was brotyn vnto the good knyght **Sir**  
**Lamorak de galye** and knyge **Pellynor** was oure  
 fadir and **Aggrovale** ys my brotyn. Alas seyde **Lan**  
**celot** what hane I done to fyght wth you whyche au

A knyght of

a byght of

the table rounde and som tyme I was yowre and there wyth  
 all **f** **launcelot** kneled downe vpon **hys** knees and threwe a  
 way **hys** swerde and **hys** fwerde frome hym. And **f** **Percevale**  
 sawe hym do so he merdayled what he meaned and than he  
 seyde than **f** **Percevale** what som en he be I requyre you vpon  
 the hye order of knyghthode to telle me yowre trewe name  
 Than he answerde and seyde so god me helpe my name ys  
**f** **launcelot** du lake kynge **Banyo** son of **Benoy**. Alas than  
 seyde **f** **Percevale** what have I now done for I was sente by  
 the queene for to seke you and so I have sought you nygthys  
 yf yere and yowder ys **f** **Ector de mario** yowre brother wyche  
 a bydyt me on the yowder syde of the watyr And there fore  
 for godys sake seyde **f** **Percevale** for gylt gyffe me myne  
 offencys that I have here done. Sir hys ys sone for godys  
 seyde **f** **launcelot** Than **f** **Percevale** sente for **f** **Ector de**  
**mario** And when **f** **launcelot** had a byght of hym he ran  
 vnto hym and toke hym in **hys** armys and than **f** **Ector**  
 kneled downe and aytur wepte vpon othyr that all men  
 had pite to be holde than. Than cam forth the dame **Elayne**  
 and she made them grete chere as myght be made And there  
 she tolde **f** **Ector** and **f** **Percevale** how and in what maner  
**f** **launcelot** cam in to that contrey And how he was heled  
 And there hys was knowyn how longe **f** **launcelot** was wth  
**f** **Blyanthe** and wyth **f** **Selybanthe** And how he fyrste  
 mette wyth them depyted frome them by cause he was hurt  
 wyth a boore And how the Ermyte healed hym off **hys**  
 grete wounde And how that he cam to the cite of **Corbyn**

**N**ow lebe we **f** **launcelot** In Joye she wyth **hys**  
 lady dame **Elayne** and **f** **Percevale** and **f** **Ector de**



playynge wryth t̃hem And now turne we vnto **f Bors de**  
**Gamo** and vnto **f Lyonell** that had sought **f Lancelot** long  
yere by the space of ij. yere and new conde they fyre of hym  
And as they t̃mo rode by aduenture they cam to the house  
of kynge **Brande gorys** and there **f Bors** was well kno-  
wun for he had gotyn a chylde vpon the kynge's daughter  
xv. yere to fore and q̃d name was **Elyne le blanke**  
And when **f Bors** sawe that chylde he lyked hym pas-  
singe well And so thes byggat had good chere of kynge  
**Brande gorys** and seyde here ys my sone **Elyne le**  
**blanke** and syt q̃t ys so I wyl that ye wryte I wyl  
hane hym wryth me vnto the court of kynge **Artur**  
So seyde the kynge ye may well take hym wryth you  
but he ys as yet on tender of age do for that seyde  
**f Bors** yet I wyl hane hym wryth me and bynge  
hym to the house of moste worship in the world  
So when **f Bors** shulde depte there was made grette  
sorrow for the deptyng of **Elyne le blanke** But at y  
laste they depte and wryth in a wyyle they cam vnto  
**Camelot** where as was kynge **Artur** And so when  
kynge **Artur** vnderstode that **Elyne le blanke**  
was **f Bors** son and nebeaw vnto kynge **Brande**  
**gorys** When kynge **Artur** let make hym byggate  
of the rounde table and so he prebed a good byggate  
and an aduenturid And now wyl we to our ma-  
ter of **f Lancelot** so q̃t he felle on a day that **f Ector**  
and **f Percyvale** cam vnto **f Lancelot** and asked of  
hym what he wolde do and whet̃er he wolde go wryth  
them vnto kynge **Artur** Pray seyde **f Lancelot**  
that may I nat do by no meane for I was so vengrably

defended the courte that I caste me new to com thene  
 more // Sir seyde þ **Ector** I am youre brotþir and ye ar  
 the man in the worlde that I love moſte and yf I vnder-  
 ſtoode that qyt were youre dyſworſſhypp ye may vnderſton-  
 de that I wolde new comceyle you there to // But kynge  
**Artour** and all qyð knyghts and in eſpeciall quene **Gue-  
 nyne** malytþ ſuche dola and ſorrow for you that qyt yð  
 merbayle to qyre and ſe and ye muſte remembir the  
 grete worſſhypp and renoune that ye be off how that ye  
 haue bene more ſpobyn of than any oþer knyght that yð  
 now lybynge for there yð none that berytþ the name  
 now but ye and þ **Tryſtram** and there fore broþ ſeyde  
 þ **Ector** make you redy to the courte wyth wð and I  
 dare ſey and make qyt good ſeyde þ **Ector** qyt that coſte  
 my lady the quene yð. 4. li the ſelynge of you // Welle  
 brotþir ſeyde þ **Lancelot** I woll do aſtir youre comceyle  
 and ryde wyth you // So than they toke and made redy  
 and anon they toke there labe at kynge **Pelles** and at  
 dame **Elayne** and wqan þ **Lancelot** ſkulde depte dame  
**Elayne** mad grete ſorrow By lorde þ **Lancelot** ſeyde  
 dame **Elayne** tþyð ſame feſte of **Pentecoſte** ſhall youre  
 ſonne and myne **Galahad** be made knyght for he yð now  
 fully. xv. wynter olde // Gadame do ad ye lyſte ſeyde  
 þ **Lancelot** and god gyff qyn grace to prebe a good knyght  
 ad for that ſeyde dame **Elayne** I doute nat he ſhall prebe  
 the beſte man of qyð kynne excepte one // Than ſhall  
 he be a good man I nowze ſeyde þ **Lancelot** // So anon  
 they depte and wyth in. xv. dayes journey they cam unto  
**Camelot** that yð in englyſhe calle **Wyncheſter** and wqan  
 þ **Lancelot** was com a mouge then the kynge and all



the knyght made grette joy of hys home comynge. And  
 there **¶** *Percyvale* and **¶** *Ector de mayn* be glad and tol  
 de the hole aduentured how **¶** *Lancelot* had bene oute of  
 hys mynde in the tyme of hys absence And how he called  
 hym self **le schyvalere mafete** the knyght that had trespass  
 And in. iij. dayes wryt in joye **¶** *Lancelot* smote dow  
 ne **¶** *C. knyght* And en ad **¶** *Ector* and **¶** *Percyvale*  
 tolde thes talys of **¶** *Lancelot* quene **Gwenyn** wepte  
 ad she schulde have dyed. **¶** *When* the quene made hym  
 grette chere. **¶** *A* **¶** *schyvalere* **Artoure** **¶** *merdayle* for  
 what cause ye **¶** *Lancelot* wente oute of your mynde  
 for **¶** and many othir deme qyt **¶** *was* for the love of fayre  
**Elayne** the daughtir of kynge **Pelleas** by whom ye ar  
 noysed that ye have gotyn a chylde and hys name ys **¶** *Ga*  
**luchad** and men sey that he schall do many merdaylouse tyn  
 gys. **¶** *My* lord seide **¶** *Lancelot* ys **¶** *I* ded ony foly **¶**  
 have that **¶** *I* sought And there wryt all the kynge spake  
 no more **¶** *But* all **¶** *Lancelot* **¶** *knights* knew for whom  
 he wente oute of hys mynde And than there was made  
 grette feystys and grette joy was there a monye tyme And  
 all lordys and ladyes made grette joy when they harde  
 how **¶** *Lancelot* was com a gayne vnto the corte

**I**n **¶** *which* we lebe of thys mater and speke we off  
**¶** *Lancelot* and of **¶** *Palomides* that was the  
 Barzen vncryptyde when **¶** *Tryptam* was com home  
 vnto joye Garde frome hys aduentured. And all thys may  
 le that **¶** *Lancelot* was tyn myste. **¶** *y* pere and more for  
**¶** *Tryptam* bare the breute and renoune thow all the  
 realme of **logys** and many stronge aduentured he felle

hym and full welly and worshipfully he brought hem to an  
 ende. So when he was com home la beall. Hode tolde off  
 the grette feste that sholde be at **Pentecoste** nexte folowyn  
 ge and there she tolde hym how **Lancelot** had bene myssed  
 y. yere and all that wyle he had bene oute of hys mynde  
 and how he was holpen by the holy vessel of the **Sankt gre**  
**all**. Alas seyde **Sir Brystram** that caused son debate be  
 twyxe hym and quene **Gwenyn**. Sir seyde dame Hode I  
 knowe hys all for quene **Gwenyn** sente me a letter all how  
 hys was done for be cause I sholde requyre you to seke hym  
 And now blessyd be god seyde la beall. Hode he yd hole and som  
 de and comyn a yow to the corte. A yf there of am I fayne  
 seyde **Sir Brystram** and now shall ye and I make us redy for  
 bothe ye and I wolle be at that feste. Sir seyde dame Hode  
 and hys please you I wolle nat be there for thorow me ye  
 bene marved of many good knyghts and that causyth you for  
 to have muche more labour for my sake than nedyth you  
 to have. Than wolle I nat be there seyde **Sir Brystram** but  
 yf ye be there. God defende seyde la beall. Hode for than  
 shall I be spolyd of shame a munge all quenyd and ladyed  
 of astate for ye that ar called one of the nobelyste knyghtys  
 of the worlde and a knyght of the rounde table how may ye  
 be myssed at that feste for what shall be sayde of you a mou  
 ge all knyghts. A se how **Sir Brystram** humylyt and galyblyt  
 and comyng wryt in a castell wryt hys lady and for sayth  
 vo. Alas shall son sey hys yd pte that end he was knyght or  
 end he shulde have the love of a lady. Also what shall quenyd  
 and ladyed say of me hys yd pte that I have my lyff that I  
 wolde holde so noble a knyght as ye ar frome hys worship  
 So god me helpe seyde **Sir Brystram** unto la beall. Hode hys



yo passynghly well seide of you and nobely comcepled. And  
now I well vnderstonde that ye love me and lyke as ye have  
comcepled me I wolle do a parte there after. But there shall  
no man nor chyld ryde wyth me but my selff a lone.  
And so I wolle ryde on tellysday next comynge and no mo-  
re harneysse of warre but my speare and my swerde.  
And so whan the day come Sir **Trystram** toke his love  
at la beall. He rode and she sente wyth hym. iij. knyghtys.  
And wyth in halff a myle he sente them a gayne and w-  
in a myle way after. **Trystram** sawe a fore hym where  
f **Palomydes** had stryken downe a knyght and all moste  
wounded hym to the dethe. Whan f **Trystram** repented  
hym that he was nat armed and there wyth he hoked  
styll. And anon as f **Palomydes** saw f **Trystram** he  
cryed on hym. f **Trystram** now be we mette for or we  
depte we shall redresse all oure olde sorow. As for that  
seide f **Trystram** there was neu yet no crystyn man that  
en myght make his boste that en I fledde from hym. And  
wyte you well f **Palomydes** you that arte a Barren skal-  
neid make thy boste that en f **Trystram de lyones** shall  
fle fro the. And there wyth f **Trystram** made his horse  
to ren and wyth all his myght he cam streyte vpon fir  
**Palomydes** and braste his speare vpon hym at an. C.  
pecid. And furth wyth all f **Trystram** drelve his swerde  
and than he turned his horse and strobe to gedyng. vj. grette  
strokys vpon his helme. And than f **Palomydes** rode  
styll and by chylde f **Trystram** and meruayled gretely at  
his woodnes and of his foly. And than f **Palomydes**  
seide vnto hym selff and to his knyghts f **Trystram** were armed  
yt were hard to cese hym frome his batayle. And yff

I turne a gayne and fle hym / and shamed where som com  
 I go. Then sir **Drystram** spake and seyde þou coward  
 knyght what castyste þou to do and why wolt þou nat do  
 batayle wityng me for þane þou no doute I schall endure  
 the and all thy malice. A Sir **Drystram** seyde sir **Palomides**  
 full well þou wotyste I may nat þane a do wityng  
 the for shame for þou arte here naked and I am armed  
 and yf that I sle the dyshonoure schall be myne And well  
 þou wotyste seyde þe **Palomides** vnto þe **Drystram** I knowe  
 thy strengthe and thy hardyned to endure a yeste a goode  
 knyght. That yf thou seyde þe **Drystram** I vnderstonde  
 thy valyante nesse. ye say well seyde þe **Palomides** Now I  
 requyre þou telle me a quest þou that I schall sey vnto þou  
 Then telle me what thyt þou seyde þe **Drystram** and I schall  
 answer þou of the thyt as god me helpe. Sir I put a  
 case seyde sir **Palomides** that ye were armed at all ryght  
 as well as I am and I naked as ye be what wolde ye do to  
 me now be þoure trewe knyghtode. A seyde sir **Drystram**  
 now I vnderstonde the well þe **Palomides** for now myste I  
 sey myne owne iugemente And as god me blyss that I schal  
 sey schall nat be seyde for no feare that I þane of the. Sir  
**Palomides** But thyt þou wite þou well sir **Palomides**  
 as at thyt tyme þou scholdyst depte from me for I wol  
 de nat þane a do wityng the. So more well I seyde Sir  
**Palomides** And there fore ryde forth on thy way. as for  
 that seyde sir **Drystram** I may chose of þu to ryde of þu to  
 go. But sir **Palomides** seyde þe **Drystram** I merdayle  
 greatly of one thyng that þou arte so good a knyght that  
 þou wolt nat be crystide And thy broþer sir **Baffin** hath  
 bene bene crystide many a day. as for that seyde þe **Palomides**



I may nat yet be crystnyed for a volue that I have made many  
yerys a gone how be hyt in my harte and in my soule I have  
had many a day a good be leve in Ihu cryste and hyd mylde  
modir many but I have but one batayle to do and were  
that onys done I wolde be baptizyd // Be my gedde seyde  
for **Trystram** ad for one batayle you shalt nat seke hyt  
longe for god dessende seyde for **Trystram** that thowow  
my defaute you sholdyste lengar lyde than a Sarayn for  
yondyr ys a knyght that ye have quyte and smyttyd  
downe // Now helpe me than that I were armed in hyd  
armoure and I shalt sone full fyll thye a bodye do  
ye wyll seyde for **Palomides** so shalt hyt be So they  
rode bothe unto that knyght that late vpon a banke  
and than for **Trystram** salewed hym and he maykely  
salewed hym a gayne // Sir knyght seyde for **Trystram**  
I requyre you telle me your ryght name Sir he  
seyde my ryght name ys for **Galleron** off **Salowey**  
and a knyght of the table rounde // So god me helpe  
seyde for **Trystram** I am ryght hely of your quyte  
But thys ys all I muste pray you to leane me your  
hole armoure for ye se that I am unarmed and I  
muste do batayle wyth thys knyght // Sir ye shalt have  
hyt wyth a good wyll but ye muste be ware for I  
warne you that knyght ys an hardy knyght ad en  
I mette wyth all // But for seyde for **Galeron** I pray  
you telle me your name and what ys that knyghts  
name that haty beatyde me // Sir ad for my name  
wyte you well ys for **Trystram** de lyoned and ad for  
hym hyd name ys for **Palomides** brot hym unto the  
good knyght for **Dapher** and yet ys for **Palomides**

vncryftynde. Alas seyde sir **Galleron** that y<sup>e</sup> grete pyte  
 that so good a knyght and so noble a man off armys shol  
 de be vncryftynde. So god me helpe seyde sir **Trystram**  
 whateyr he shal fle me othyr I hym but that he shal  
 be cryftynde or en we depte in fundir. My lord  
 sir **Trystram** seyde sir **Galleron** your renowme and  
 worschyp y<sup>e</sup> well knowyn thorow many realmys and  
 god save you t<sup>h</sup>y<sup>e</sup> day frome senschyp and shame. Than  
 sir **Trystram** unarmed sir **Galleron** the wyche was  
 a noble knyght and had done many dedys off armys  
 and he was a large knyght of flesche and boone  
 And whan he was ~~vnc~~ unarmed he stood on hys  
 feete for he was sore brused in the backe w<sup>th</sup> a  
 speare. yet as well as sir **Galleron** myght he ar  
 med sir **Trystram** and than sir **Trystram** moun  
 ted vpon hys horse and in hys honde he gate sir  
**Galleron** hys speare and there w<sup>th</sup> all sir **Walo**  
**mydes** was redy and so they cam quytelynge to gy  
 dyrd and ayt<sup>er</sup> smote othyr in myddys off there  
 schylde and there w<sup>th</sup> all sir **Walonmydes** speare  
 brake and sir **Trystram** smote downe sir **Walo**  
**mydes** horse and man to the erthe and than sir  
**Walonmydes** ad sone as he myght aboyded hys horse  
 and dressed hys schylde and pulled oute hys sword  
 That sawe sir **Trystram** and there w<sup>th</sup> all he a  
 lyght and tyed hys horse to a tre and than they cam  
 to gydyrd. Equyly ad. y. wyld boys and so they layked  
 to gydyrd trasynge and trasynge as noble men that  
 often had bene well proved in batayle. But en sir **Walo**  
**mydes** dred passynge fore the myght of s<sup>r</sup> **Trystram**



and there fore he suffred hym to breeth hym and tquid they  
faught more than .ij. dayes but oþer tyned sir **Grystram**  
smote such stroke at sir **Palomides** that he made hym  
to knele. And sir **Palomides** brake and butte many pece  
of sir **Grystram** shylde. And tquid sir **Palomides** wounded  
sir **Grystram** passynge sore for he was a well fyghtynge  
man. Then sir **Grystram** waped wood aboute oute off  
mesure and russhed vpon sir **Palomides** wyth such a  
myght that sir **Palomides** felle grovelynge to the erthe  
and there wyth all he lepe vp lyghtly vpon his feete. And  
tquid sir **Grystram** wounded sore sir **Palomides** thorow  
the shuldr. And en sir **Grystram** fonght stille in lyke manere  
And sir **Palomides** fayled hym nat but gaff hym many sad  
stroke a gayne and at the laste sir **Grystram** doubled  
his stroke vpon hym and by fortune sir **Grystram** smote  
sir **Palomides** swerde oute of his hande And yf sir **Palomides**  
had stouped for his swerde he had bene slayne. And tquid  
sir **Palomides** stood stille and be hylde his swerde wyth  
a sorrowfull harte. Now sayde sir **Grystram** for now  
I haue the at a vantage seyde sir **Grystram** ad þou haddest  
me this day but hit shal neu be seyde in no court nor a  
monge no good knyghts that sir **Grystram** shal sle my knyght  
that þou wepydest And there fore take þou thy swerde and lat  
us make an ende of this batayle. Ad for to do this batayle seyde  
sir **Palomides** I dare ryght well ende hit. But I haue  
no grete luste to fyght no more and for this cause seyde sir  
**Palomides** myne offence þou to þou nat so grete but that  
we may be frendys for all that I haue offended þou and was  
for the love of la bealle. Mode and ad for her I dare say she þou  
pyerled of all other ladyes And also I praye her neu no man

of dyshonoure and by her I have getyn the moste pte of my  
 worschyp And fyttyn I defended ned ad to her owne pson  
 And ad for the offence that I have done hys was a yente your  
 owne pson And for that desceuce ye have gyvyn me thys day  
 many sad strols and som I have gyfyn you a gayne And now  
 I dare sey I felte ned man of your myght notfor so well brethed  
 But yf <sup>all</sup> were **f Lancelot du lake** wherefore I requyre you  
 my lorde for gyff me all that I have offended unto you And  
 thys same day have me to the nexte church And fyrste let  
 me be cleue confessed and after that se your self that I  
 be truly baptysed And than woll we all ryde to gydys  
 unto the court of kynge **Artoure** that we may be there  
 at the nexte hye feste folowynge. Then take your  
 horse seyde sir **Trystram** and ad ye sey so shall hys be and  
 all my chyl wyll god for gyff hys you and I do And here  
 by wyll in thys myle ys the Suffrygan of **Carlehyll**  
 wherhe shall gyff you the Sacramente of baptyme And  
 anon they toke there horsys and sir **Galleron** rode wyth  
 them And whan they cam to the Suffrygan sir **Trystram**  
 tolde hym there desyre Then the Suffrygan let fylle a  
 grete vessel wyth watyr And whan he had halowed hys  
 he than confessed cleue sir **Palomides** and sir **Trystram**  
 and sir **Galleron** were hys. y. god fadyr And than some  
 after they departed and rode towarde **Camelot** where  
 that kynge **Artoure** and quene **Gwenyver** was and  
 the moste party of all the knyghts of the rounde table  
 were there also. And so the kynge and all the court we  
 re myght glad that sir **Palomides** was crystende And  
 that same feste In cam sir **Galahad** that was son unto **f**  
**Lancelot du lake** and sate In the Byge pelond And so there



Wyth all they departed and dysceynde all the knyghtys of  
the rounde table. And than sir **Trystram** returned on  
to Joye Garde and sir **Palmydes** folowed after the ques-  
tynge beste. Here endyth the secunde boke off Syr  
**Trystram de Lyones** whych was drawen oute of fre-  
ynsche by Sir **Thomas Mallore** knyght and schy-  
lar. Amen. But here ys no rekenyng of the tyn-  
de booke. But here folowyth the noble tale off the  
**Sante Greath** whych called ys the holy vessell and the  
sygnifycacion of blyssed bloode off oure lorde Ihu Cryste  
whych was brought in to this londe by **Joseph** off  
**Armathe** there fore on all synfull blyssed lorde have  
on thy knyght mercy. Amen

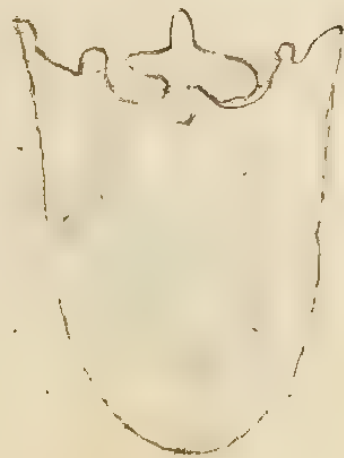




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**I**n the vigne of **Pentecoste**. Whan all þe felshipp  
 of the table rounde were com vnto **Camelot** and þe garde  
 hir syme So at the laste the tablys were sette redy to þe meete  
 Þyght so entred in to the halle a full fayre Iantill Woman on horse backe þe  
 had vnder full faste for hir horse was all be swette than she palyment  
 and com be fore the kynge and saluted hym And she seide damesell god  
 þou blyss // Sir seide she for goddis sake telle me where ys Sir **Lancelot** he  
 ys yondre ye may se hym seide the kynge / Than she wente vnto Sir **Lancelot**  
 and seide Sir **Lancelot** // I salde þou on kynge **Delles** be knytt and I also re-  
 quyre þou to com with me here by me to a forreste than Sir **Lancelot** asked  
 her with whom she dwelled // Dwelle she seide with kynge **Delles** What wilt  
 þe with me seide Sir **Lancelot** ye shall know she seide Whan ye com thider  
 wilt seide she // Wilt gladly go with þou // So Sir **Lancelot** take his syme  
 sadyl his horse and bringe his armes in haste So he ded his coman-  
 dement Than com the quene vnto Sir **Lancelot** and seide Wilt ye tede  
 vs now alone at this tyme seide // Adam seide the Iantill Woman  
 Wylt þou with he shall be with þou to morne by dyner tyme // If // Wylt  
 seide the quene that she shold nat be here with vs to morne he shold  
 nat go with þou be my good wyll // Þyght so departed Sir **Lancelot** and rode  
 vntill that he com in to a forreste and into a grete valey where ther was  
 an abbey of Nuns and there was a samye redy and opened the gattis  
 and so they entred and descended of þe horses And anone þe com a fayre  
 felshipp aboute Sir **Lancelot** and well comed hym And than they  
 lade hym vnto the abbas chambur and barmed hym And ryght so he  
 was laye vpon a bed hynged wth of his cosyns Sir **Bes** and Sir  
**Yonell** and anone he waiked them And Whan they seyn hym þey made  
 grete joy Sir seide Sir **Bes** vnto Sir **Lancelot** What adventure  
 hath brought þou hider for we wende to haue founde þou to morne  
 at **Camelot** // So god me helpe seide Sir **Lancelot** // Iantill Woman  
 brought me hider but I know nat the cause // So in the meane while



here Salahad  
was made  
knyght

that they þus taked to godur there com in þy tūnes that brought  
with hem **Salahad** the knyght was passinge fayne and wel made  
that knyght in the worlde men myght nat fynde hys mace and  
all the ladyes wepte / On seyd they all the knyght þyngs they  
of the knyght we have norysted and we pray þyng to make hym  
knyght for of amore worther maner / þoude may he nat vesterbe  
the order of knyghtode // On **Lancelot** he of the þyngs þyngs  
and said hym semely and demure as a dōde w<sup>t</sup> all man of gode  
fetures that he wende of hys age nen to have seene so fayne a  
fōrme of a man / Then seide on **Lancelot** com to the þyng of  
hym self he and all they seide yes / Then shall he seide on **Lance**  
**lot** vesterbe the order of knyghtode at the request of the þyng seide  
So that myght on **Lancelot** had passinge god chere and on þyng more  
at the þyng of þyng at **Salahad** he made hym knyght  
and seide god make þyng a good man for of beante faylty þyng none as  
ony that ys now þyng. Vider fayne he seide on **Lancelot** wolt  
þyng com with me into the court of þyng **Arthur** may seide he  
wolt nat go with þyng at the þyng / Then he depyt frome thē  
and to be hys / and com to the þyng and so they com into **Lancelot**  
by the dore of bndrye on wrytsonday / So by that tyme þyng  
and the quene was gone to the mynster to here þyng / Then þyng  
þyng and the quene were passinge glad of on **Bois** and on  
**Yonel** and so was all the feyltyng // So wgan the þyng and all þyng  
knyght were com frome fynes the bandones affred in the segys  
of the rounde table all a bōte wrytyn with golde letters here ony  
to sitte he and he ony to sitte hys and þyng wente so longe  
telle that they com to the sege xelons / where they founde letters  
newly wrytten of golde wryt seide my. & wrytyn and my. & felly  
a complaynted after the passion of ony lord / þyng ony  
they sege to be fulfilled / Then all they seide yes / a mynnyng

thyng and an adventures In the name of god seide **Lancelot**  
 and than accounted the terme of the knyghte frome the byrth of  
 my lord vntyll that day hit semyth me seyd **Lancelot** þat this  
 þyng ought to be fulfilled this same day for this the pentecoste aft-  
 er the iii. of and iii. of the yere and if hit wolde please all wyse  
 wolde none of thes letters were sene this day tyll that he be com-  
 onght to encheynte this adventure. Than made they to ordayne a  
 cloth of sylke for to conthe the letters in the herte pelous. Than þe  
 kynge hadd haste vnto dyner. Sir seide Sir **Kay** the knyghte if  
 if ye go now vnto your mete ye shall breke your olde custom of  
 your comynge for ye haue nat byd on this day to sytte at your mete  
 or that ye haue sene some adventure. ye sey both seide the kynge  
 but I had so grette joy of Sir **Lancelot** and of his forsynce whiche  
 he com to the comynge hole and founde that I be tynghed me nat  
 of none olde custom. So as they stode steynynge In com a knyght  
 seide vnto the kynge sir I brynge vnto you manylonis tynghynge  
 what he the seide the kynge Sir there is here by nethe at þe yn  
 a grette stone whiche I felle flecte adoun the doore and þe In I felle  
 þe brynge a swerde. Than the kynge seide I wolt se that manylon. So  
 all the knyghte wente with hym and whan they cam vnto yn  
 they founde there a stone steynynge as hit were of yede marbyle  
 there In stode a fayne yede swerde and the pomell þe of was of  
 precious stonys wrought with letters of golde subyle. Than þe  
 knyghtes redde the letters whiche seide in this wyse neu shall  
 man take me offense but only he by whiche side I onght to stonde  
 and he shall be the beste knyght of the world. So whan the  
 kynge had sene the letters he seide vnto Sir **Lancelot** fayne  
 sir this swerde onght to be yours for I am sure ye be the beste  
 knyght of the world. Than Sir **Lancelot** answerde first subyle



Er hit ye nat my swerde also I haue no hardnes to sette my honde  
p to for hit longit nat to haue to my syde alþo who that assayth to  
take hit and faylit of that swerde he shall vesse a wounde by  
that swerde that he shall nat be longe hole astur And I wolt that  
ye deye to that thys same day shall the aduenture of **Sant greiff**  
be hymne that ys called the holy vessel. Now farye nedes seyde the  
kyng vnto **Er Gawayne** assay ye for my love Er he seyde samff  
yours god grace I shall nat do that. Er seyde the kyng assay to  
take the swerde for my love and at my comendement Er yonge  
comendement I wolt obey and there with he toke the swerde by p  
handys but he myght nat sturve hit. I thanke you seyde the kyng  
ayf lorde **Er Gawayne** seyde **Er launcelot** now deete you well  
thys swerde shall touche you so soze that ye wold nat ye had sette  
yours honde p to for the beste castell of thys realme. Er he seyde  
I myght nat with for myne vntis wyll. Er when the kyng  
seyde thys he repented hit much and seyde vnto **Er percyvall**  
Er wolt ye assay for my love. And he assayed gladly for to deaye  
**Er Gawayne** felshyp and there with he sette to thys honde on p  
swerde and drede at hit strongly but he myght nat mede thys  
than were there mo that durste be so hardy to sette p hondis p to  
Now may ye go to yonge dyner seyde **Er kay** vnto the kyng for  
a medealons aduenture haue ye sene. So the kyng and all yey  
wente vnto the conrte and eny byngst knyt thys done place  
and sette hym p In And yonge men that were good byngst fued  
them. So when they were fued and all eyes fulfille samff  
only the eyege pelons. Anone p be selle and maylons aduenture  
that all the dayes and wyndowes of the paleys shute by yem  
self. Nat for than the halle was nat grety dwked and there w  
they abayssed to the one & of. Than kyng **Arthur** spake fyrste  
and seyde be god farye felows and lordis We haue sene p day many

But or myght I suppose he shall se greater merdayles in y meane  
 while com in a good olde man and an aduocente clothed all in  
 whyte and there was no knyght knyd from whens he com //  
 And with hym he brought a yonge knyght and botte on foote  
 in rede armys withoute swerde or shilde smiff a stabberd ham  
 gyng by hys syde And thes wordys he seyde toces to yon fayre  
 lordys / Then the olde man seyde vnto knyght **Arthur** Sir / knyght  
 yon here a yonge knyght the whych ys of knyght kynage And of the  
 kynede of **Joseph** of **Aramathy** where by the merdayles of pis  
 courte and of swyngte realmys shall be fully completysshed The  
 knyght was vyght glad of hys wordys and seyde vnto y good man  
 Sir ye be vyght well com and the yonge knyght w yon / Then y  
 olde man made the yonge man to vnaume hym and he was in  
 a cote of rede sendell and bare a mantell vpon hys sholder y  
 was furred with ermyne and put that vpon hym And the  
 olde knyght seyde vnto yonge knyght / Sir with me And a none  
 he lad hym to the **Syngre pelous** where he syde sate Sir **Lancelot**  
 and the good man lyfte vpon the clothe and founde y y letters that  
 seyde yns to hys ys the Syngre of Sir **Salahad** the hadote prynce  
 Sir seyde the olde knyght Weyte yon well that place ys yomes.  
 And then he sette hym dodeve surely in that syngre And then he  
 seyde vnto the olde man now may ye Sir go yowre way for well  
 hane ye done in that y ye were commaunded And recomaunde me  
 vnto my treunte syngre knyght **Pelles** And vnto my lord knyght  
**Peche** and sey hem on my be halff / I shall com and se hem  
 as sone as eny may So the good man depyed and y mette hym  
 y noble symers and so toke y horsys and wente y way Then  
 all the knyghts of the table rounde merdayled grethly of **Salahad**  
**had** that he dwelt sate there and was so tendre of ayte y wylle  
 nat frowne whens he com but all only be god All yey seyde to hys

Hold Sir Salahad  
 fate in Syngre  
 pelous



so he by wisdom the Sankgreal shall be encased for there sat none  
 but he there but he was mystified. Then Sir **Lancelot** he held his  
 stone and had grete joy of hym. Then Sir **Bois** tolde his felows upon  
 payne of my hiff this yonge knyght shall com to grete worship so this  
 noyse was grete in all the court that hit cam into the quene and she  
 had merdayle. What knyght hit myght that durste adventure hym  
 to fynde in that Sege palous. Then som seide he resembled much unto  
**Lancelot**. I may well suppose seide the quene that Sir **Lancelot** be  
 gate hym on King **pelles** don't. Wherof made hym to be by her by  
 enchantement and his name is **Salahad**. I wolde fayne se hym  
 seide the quene for he myght nedre be a noble man for so his fidre is  
 that hym be gate I reorte me unto all the table comde. So when  
 the mete was done that the kynge and all were vrsen. The kynge rode  
 to the Sege palous and byff by the clothe and founde þe name of  
 Sir **Salahad** and then he shedded hit unto Sir **Gawayne** and seide  
 fayne nedre nede same we amonge us. Sir **Salahad** þe good knyght  
 that shall worship us all and upon payne of my hiff he shall  
 encase the Sankgreal vngt as Sir **Lancelot** had done us to  
 vnderstonde. Then cam kynge **Arthur** unto Sir **Salahad** and seide  
 Sir ye be vngt well com for ye shall mowe many good knyght  
 to the queste of the Sankgreal and ye shall encase þe many of  
 knyght myght nen bynge to an ende. Then the kynge toke hym  
 by the honde and wente dore frome the palous to shewe **Salahad**  
 the adventures of the stone. Then the quene sayde there of þe and  
 after with many ladyes and shedded her the stone wher hit had  
 on the water. Sir seide the kynge unto Sir **Salahad** here is a grete  
 merdayle as en y false and vngt good knyght have assayed & failed  
 Sir seide þe **Salahad** hit is no merdayle for this adventure is nat  
 payre but myne and for the synete of this swerde I brought none  
 with me but here by my syde quing the staderte and a none  
 he seide his honde on the swerde and lyth drew hit out of þe stone  
 and put hit in the sheethe and seide unto the kynge now hit gott.

How Sir **Salahad**  
 pulled  
 the swerde out  
 of the  
 stone

Our seide the kynge a shylde and may sende you // Now hme the sterde  
 that som tyme was the good knyght **Balyns le laucage** and he  
 was a passynge good knyght of hys honours and w<sup>th</sup> thys sterde he  
 slede hys brother **Balan** and that was grette pite for he was a  
 good knyght and ertyn slede othyr thre a dolorous stele p<sup>r</sup> **Balu**  
 gaff unto kynge **pelles** the dogher ys nat rett hole nor namyt shal  
 be till that I thele hym // So there w<sup>th</sup> the kynge had aspyed com  
 ydmyng dedone the ryder a lady on a dogher walfeyr agte pace  
 towarde them than she saluted the kynge and the quene & asked  
 of that **Er** **launcelot** were there and than he answered hym selff  
 and seide I am here my fawre lady than she seide all w<sup>th</sup> wepyng  
 there d. **Er** **launcelot** how yowre grette dymge ys chonged fytthyn  
 thys day in the moyn **Dame** selff w<sup>th</sup> sepe ye so **Er** I say you shal  
 seide the damselff for ye were thys day in the moyn the best knyght  
 of the worlde but who sholde sey so now he sholde be a her for y<sup>r</sup> ys  
 now one better than ye be and well hit ys p<sup>r</sup>ved by the aduenture  
 of the sterde // Where to ye ~~fulle to yowre honde~~ dwyst nat sette to y<sup>r</sup> honde  
 And that ys the change of yowre name and dymge // Where fore I make  
 unto you a remembrynce that ye shal nat bene frome hene forth  
 that ye be the best knyght of the worlde as tolde hym unto y<sup>r</sup> seide  
**Er** **launcelot** I know well I was nen none of the beste yes seide y<sup>r</sup> damie  
 selff that were ye and ar yet of omy fynfull man of the worlde And  
**Er** kynge **Natru** the Gremeye sende the worde that y<sup>r</sup> shal be felle p<sup>r</sup>  
 grettest worshyp that en be felle kynge in **Britayne** and I sepe yn  
 where fore for thys day the **Sauke great** aspyed in thyr house and  
 fede the and all thyr felshyp of the rounde table So she deoted p<sup>r</sup> wente  
 the same way that she cam // Now seide the kynge I am hys at y<sup>r</sup> quest  
 of the **Sauke great** shal all ye of the rounde table dexte and nemy  
 shal I sepe you a gayne hole to g<sup>r</sup>dwes there fore ones shal I sepe  
 to g<sup>r</sup>dw in the medow all hole to g<sup>r</sup>dwes y<sup>r</sup> fore // Well sepe you all hole  
 to g<sup>r</sup>dw in the medow of **Camelot** to iuste and to tynney p<sup>r</sup> after  
 yowre dett men may speke of hit that such good knyght were here



such a day hole to godres. **T**hen into that comynge And at þe kyngs request  
they accorded all and took on the harneys that longed unto jousterynge  
But all this medynge of the kyng was for this entente for to se  
**Salahad** pydded for the kyngs demed he shold nat hyghtly com a gayne  
unto the comynge of kyngs **after** this deptyng. So were they assembled  
in the meddys both more and lasse. **Then** Sir **Salahad** by ppyer  
of the kyng and the quene dnd on a noble lesserance vpon hym  
and also he dnd on this helme but shold wolde he take none  
for no prymer of the kyng. So then Sir **Salahad** and other  
kyngs prayde hym to take a speare. **Right** so he dnd. So þe quene was  
in a tokyng with all hir ladyes for to be holden that turnement. **Then**  
Sir **Salahad** dressed hym in myddys of the meddys and began to  
breke spears medaynously that all men had wonder of hym for  
he there surmounted all other kyngs for with in a while he  
had despoiled many good kyngs of the table rounde sauf all only  
thene that was Sir **launcelot** and Sir **Percevale**

**T**hen the kyng at the quenes desire made hym to abyt þe  
to vnface this helme that the quene myght se hym in the  
byfynge. **When** she adysed hym she seyde I dare well sey sothely  
that Sir **launcelot** be quite hym hym for nen ymen resembled  
more in byknesse there fore hit ys no medayle pynze he be of gte  
pydes. So a lady that stood by the quene seyde madam for goddis sake  
ought he of right to be so good a kyng. **ye** for sothe seyde the quene  
for he ys of all ypes comyn of the beste kyng of the worlde and of  
the hyghest bynage for Sir **launcelot** ys com but of the viij. degre  
froume oure lord ihu cryst And this Sir **Salahad** ys th myneth  
degre froume oure lord ihu cryst. **There** fore I dare sey they be the  
grettist iantill men of the worlde And then the kyng and all the  
astutis wente home unto **Camelot** and so wente unto dynyng  
to the grette monester And so after vpon that to solow and eny  
kyng sette in this done place as they were to forchonde. **Then** a

none they haue aching and crying of thindir that hem thought  
 the palyse shoulde all to drye. So in the myddes of the blast entred  
 a sonne beame more cleer by vy tymys than en they saw day And  
 all they were abraghted of the grace of the holy goste than be gan  
 eny knyght to be holde op and eyr salu op by p semynge farther than  
 en they were be fore Nat for than p was no knyght p myght speke  
 one worde a grette whyple and so they toke eny man on op as they had  
 bene deome than entred in to the halle the holy trayle conde nat  
 whyght samte but there was none that myght se hit nor whom  
 that hure hit And there was all the halle fulfilled w god adomes  
 and eny knyght had such metis and drynk as he best loved in thys  
 worlde And when the holy **Crayle** had bene boyned thowth the hille  
 than the holy vessell depteed sudderly that they wyte nat where  
 hit be cam than had they all breth to speke and than the kyng yel  
 ded thankyng to god of hys god grace that he had sente them.  
 Certes sey the kyng we onght to thanke ome lorde I shd cryste gretly  
 that he hath schewed us thys day at the yendence of thys knyght feste  
 of **Deutecost** Now seyde sir **Gawayne** we have bene fynythys day  
 of what metis and drynk we thought on. But one thyng begyled  
 us that we myght nat se the holy **Crayle** hit was so piously conde  
 where fore I woll make here adw that to moyne with oute lenger  
 abydyng I shall laboure in the queste of the **Sauyrcall** And I  
 I shall holde me oute a ym month and a day or more if nede be I neu  
 shall retorne vnto the comte agayne tyll I have sene hit no more  
 opynly than hit hath bene shewed here and off I may nat speke I shall  
 retorne agayne as he that may nat be ayenst the wyll of god So  
 when they of the table rounde harde sir **Gawayne** sey so they arose  
 w the moste pty and made such adwys as sir **Gawayne** hath  
 made a none as kyng **Arthur** hadde thys he was gretly dyspleased  
 for he wyte well he myght nat agayne sey p adwys alas seyde  
 kyng **Arthur** vnto sir **Gawayne** ye have myght slayne me for  
 the adw that ye have made for thowth yon ye have be ranstte me



the farryst and the tredeyst of Emrysode that en was sene to gydn in  
 ony co realme of the worlde for wgan they depte frome hense / and  
 sine they all shall nen mete more to gydn in thys worlde for y<sup>e</sup> shall  
 dye many in the queste And so hit for thynkith nat me a lark for I  
 have loved them as well as my lyff wger for hit shall geede me ryt  
 for the depraon of thys felshyp for I have had an olde custom to have  
 hem in my felshyp and there with the treys selle in hys pen And  
 than he seyde **Er** **Gawayne** ye have sette me in grete sorow for I have  
 grete doute that my trew felshyp shall nen mete here more agayne  
 And **Er** seyde **I** **Lancelot** comforte yowre self for hit shall be unto us  
 a grete honoure and much more than we dyed in of place for of dethe  
 we be fter / **I** **Lancelot** seyde the kynge the grete love that I have had  
 unto yon all the dayes of my lyff makith me to sey such dolefult wordis  
 for there was nen cryster kynge that en had so many worthi men at  
 hys table as I have had thys day at the table rounde and that y<sup>e</sup> my  
 grete sorow wgan the quene ladies & launtill women knels of thys  
 tynge they had such sorow and hedynes that I myght no tynge  
 telle for y<sup>e</sup> Emrys had holde them in honore and charyte But a  
 loken all othir quene **Gwen** made grete sorow Inweyde seyde  
 she that my lord wold suffer hem to depte fro hym This was all  
 the comte twidled for the love of the deyrnge of these Emrys And  
 many of y<sup>e</sup> ladies that loved Emrys wold have gone w<sup>th</sup> hir lordis  
 and so had they done had nat an olde Emrys com amonge them  
 in religious cloutynge and spatz all on Emrys and seyde faye lordis  
 wghen have sworne in the queste of the saintys call This sendith  
 yon **Lancel** the exemyte worde that none in thys queste lede lady  
 nor launtill woman with hym for hit y<sup>e</sup> nat to do in so hyge a  
 fynse as they laboure In for I warne yon yowre he that y<sup>e</sup> nat  
 clene of hys synnes he shall nat se the mysterres of our lord Ihu  
 cryste and for thys cause they lefte thes ladies and launtill woman  
 So after thys the quene com unto **Er** **Salahad** & asked hym of  
 whens he was & of what contrey yam he tolde hyr of whens he was

and somme vnto **Sir launcelot** as to that she seide noþ yee noþ nay  
 So god me helpe seide the quene ye dare nat shame for here the  
 good hest knyght and of the beste men of the wyld comyn and of  
 the frene of all kynges of brytayne wherefore ye onȝt of myght to be of  
 yome dedys a passing good man and stayne she seide ye resemble  
 hym muche. Then **Sir Galahad** was a litte a shamed and seide  
 madame sitte yn ye knoll in stayne wherefore do ye aske hit me for  
 he that ys my fadir shall be knowyn openly and all be tynnyd and  
 than they wente vnto restetown And in honoure of the knyghtes  
 of brytayne **Sir Galahad** he was ledde in to kyng **Arthures**  
 chambur and there rested in hys owne bedde And as sone as hit was  
 day the kyng arose for he had no reste of all that myght for  
 sorow. Then he wente vnto **Sir Gawayne** and vnto **Sir laun-**  
**celot** that were arysen for to hyre masse And than þe kyng a  
 gayne seide **Sir Gawayne** **Gawayne** ye haue betrayed me for  
 now shall my corte be amended by you but ye wolt not be so for  
 for me as I am for you and there with the tearys began to fene  
 done by hys wyfange and there with the kyng seide a curteys  
 knyght **Sir launcelot** I requyre you that ye conceyle me for I  
 wolde þe thys queste were at an ende and hit myght be. **Sir** seide  
**Sir launcelot** ye said yesturday So many worthy knyghtes þe were  
 sworn that yee may nat lede hit in no man of wyse. That wote  
 I wolt seide the kyng but hit shall so helpe me at þe deptyng that  
 I wote well þe shall no man of Ioy remedy me And pan the kyng  
 and the quene wente vnto the mynster. So anon **Sir launcelot**  
 and **Sir Gawayne** comanded hys men to brynge hys armes And  
 when they all were armed sauff hys shyllys and her helmes pan  
 they com to þe felyschyp wher they were all redy in the same wyse for  
 to go to the monastery to hyre þe masse and synse. Then after synse  
 the kyng wolde wote how many had vndertake the queste of þe  
 holy **Grayle** Then founde they be tale an **C.** and fiftty and all



to were brought of the rounde table and pan they put on þe helme  
 and deputed and recomanded them all hole vnto the kynge & quene  
 And there was wepyng and grette sorow. Than the quene deputed  
 m to the chambur and holde hys there that no man shold pceyue hys  
 grette sorowys. When **ser launcelot** myssed the quene he wente  
 tht hys chambur and when she sawe hym she cryed a loudde and  
 seyde **a ser launcelot launcelot** ye haue be trayde me and putte  
 me to the dethe for to lode yns my lorde. A madam I pray you be  
 nat displeased for I shall con a gayne as sone as I may. Wt my  
 worship. Alas seyde she that en I fyze you but he that suffred dethe  
 vpon the crosse for all men kynde he be vnto you good condmyte  
 and sanfte and all the hole felshyp. Thygat so deputed **ser laun-**  
**celot** and founde hys felshyp that a boode hys comyng and than  
 they toke þe horsys and rode thowd the strette of **Danielot** and þe was  
 wepyng of ryche and poore. And the kynge turned a way & myght  
 nat speke for wepyng. So wyth in a wyche they rode all to godes  
 tht that they com to a cite and a castell that hys **vagon** and  
 so they entred m to the castell and the lorde þe of was an olde man  
 that hys **vagon** and so they entred m to the castell and þe lorde  
 there off was an olde man & god of hys byornng and sette omyd  
 the gatis and made hem all the chere that he myght. And so on  
 the moyn they were all accorded that per shold depte enyng from  
 othir. And on the moyn they deputed wt wepyng chere and than  
 eny brought toke the way that hym lyed best.

**Q**uod rydith. **Galahad** yet with outen shilde and so rode  
 my. dayes. With oute any aduenture and aft at the my. the  
 day after downfenge he com to a wyche abbay and there was he  
 reserued with grette penence and had vntyll a chambur and there  
 was he dwarmed and than was he ware of y brought of þe table  
 rounde on was **ser Bagdemagus** and **ser Uwayne** & when  
 they fy hym they wento **ser Galahad** and made of hym grette

solace and so they wente into Emper. Erre seide **Er Galahad**  
 what aduenture brought you hither. Erre seide hit ys tolde be  
 that in yis place ys a shylde that no man may bere hit a bonte  
 necke but he be mystified or dede w<sup>th</sup> in dayes of maymed for  
 en. But Erre seide kynge **Wagdemagus** I shall bere hit to morne  
 for to assay this aduenture. In the name of god seide **Er Galahad**  
 Erre seide **Wagdemagus** and I may nat enclose the aduenture of  
 this shylde of this shylde ye shall take hit vpon you for I am sure  
 ye shall nat fayle. Erre I vyght well agree me y<sup>e</sup> to for I have no  
 shylde. So on the morne they arose and herde masse. Then **Erre**  
**Wagdemagus** asked wher the aduentures shylde was. A none a  
 mynute ledde hym be hynde an adoter wher the shylde hynge as  
 whycht as om shoure but in the myddys was a rede crosse. Synne  
 seide to monke this shylde ought nat to be hanged a bonte ye neck  
 of no knyght but he be the worthiest knyght of the worlde y<sup>e</sup> fore  
 I comceylen knyght to be well adysed. Well seide **Erre**  
**Wagdemagus** I wote well I am nat the beste knyght but I shall assay to  
 bere hit and so bare hit oute of the monaster. Then he seide vnto  
**Er Galahad** and hit please you to abyde here styll tyll y<sup>e</sup> redete  
 how that I spede. Erre I shall abyde you seide **Er Galahad**. Then  
 kynge **Wagdemagus** toke with hym a good knyght to bynde hym  
 vnto **Er Galahad** how he spede. Then they rode y<sup>e</sup> myle and com  
 to a fowre valey be fore an Emptange and than they saw a knyght  
 com frome that wyse yn whycht arms horse and all and he com  
 as faste as hys horse myght yeme and hys speare in hys reeste.  
 Then **Erre Wagdemagus** dresse hys speare a yenste hym and brate  
 hit vpon the worthiest knyght but the oth<sup>r</sup> frote hym so hard y<sup>e</sup>  
 that he braste the mayles and preste hym thowd the vyght shold  
 for the shylde coude hym nat as at that tyme and so he bare hym  
 frome hys horse and there with he a lyght and toke hys whycht



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shilde frome hym saynge knyght þou hast done the selfe grete schy for  
thys shilde onght nat to be borne but by hym that shalt haue no pye  
that þouth and than he com to **Bagdennagus** knyght and bade  
hym bere thys shilde to the good knyght **Sir Galahad** that þou  
lestte in the abbey and grete hym well by me // **Sir** seyde þe knyght  
What ys þy name take þou none hede of my name seyde the  
knyght for hit ys nat for to knoow nof none ertely man // **Nodde**  
sayre **Sir** seyde the knyght at the renence of Ihu cryst telle me  
be what cause thys shilde may nat be borne but if þe seer þ of  
be mysteded // **Nodde** hym þou hast comynged me seyde the knyght  
thys shilde be borth vnto no man but vnto **Sir Galahad**  
than the knyght doente vnto **Bagdennagus** and asked hym  
whether he were soe doowded or none // he for soth seyde he  
shalt astape hede frome the dett. Than he sette hys horse &  
lede hym with a grete name telle they cam vnto the abbay  
than he was takyn doun sofftely and vnarmed and leyde in  
hys bedde and loked there hys woundes and as the booke tel-  
lit he lay there longe and asaped hard w the hys // **Sir Gala-**  
**had** seyde the knyght that knyght that wounded **Bagdennagus** sende  
þou greeting and bade that he sholde bere thys shilde where the world  
grete aduocates sholde be fatte **Nodde** blyssed be good fortune seyde  
**Sir Galahad** and than he asked hys armes and mountid vpon  
hys horsebacke and hangid the doynghyt shilde aboute hys necke  
and comanded hem vnto god So **Sir Wyne** seyde he wolde  
beare hym felshyp if hit pleased hym // **Sir** seyde **Sir Galahad**  
that may ye nat for I must go a lone sode thys knyght shall bere  
me felshyp and so depyed **Sir Wyne**. Than with in a while  
cam **Sir Galahad** there as the doynghyt knyght abode hym  
by the fyrmytarge and enygh fulowed of curtesy // **Sir** seyde  
**Sir Galahad** by thys shilde bene many meynles fallen // **Sir**

sende the knyght hit be selle after the passion of oure lord Ihu cryste  
 in þe xxxiij yere that **Joseph** of **Aramathie** that Iantylt knyght the  
 wyche toke done oure lord of the holy crosse at that tyme he depyed  
 frome Ierlm With a grete pry of hys knyghte w<sup>th</sup> hym and so he la-  
 somde tyll they com to a cite wyche knyght **Sarras** and þe same  
 doore that **Joseph** com to **Sarras** there was a knyght that knyght  
**Guelake** that had grete warre aynst the sarezens and mepetall  
 aynst one Sarezyn the wyche was knyght **Guelake** consyn aynst  
 knyght and a myghty wyche was marchid myze hys londe and hys  
 name was called **Cholome la seyntis** So on aday thes h. mette  
 to do batayle than **Joseph** the sonne of **Aramathie** wente to knyght  
**Guelake** and tolde hym he sholde be dystomfite and flayne but he  
 lefte hys hys belode of the olde lode and belede vpon the new  
 lode And anone he shelded hym the vrgt be lode of the holy try-  
 myte for the wyche he agreed vnto With all hys herte And there  
 the shilde was made for knyght **Guelake** in the name of hym that  
 dyed on the crosse and than thowd hys goodly behede he had the  
 bettir of knyght **Cholome** for whan knyght **Guelake** was in the  
 batayle there was a clothe sette a fore the shilde And whan he  
 was in the greetist pelt he lett put a doey the cloth and than hys  
 enemies sawe a vyrgyne of a man on the crosse where thowd per  
 all were dystomfite And so hit be selle that aman of knyght **Guelake**  
 was smyten hys honde off and bare that honde in hys op honde And  
**Joseph** called that man vnto hym and hade hym with good deuocion  
 tonche the crosse and as sone as that man had touchid the crosse  
 with hys honde and hit was as hole as en hit was to fore than  
 sone affter the selle a grete meruayle that þe crosse of the shilde  
 at one tyme vanyssed that no man wyte where hit be cam þe  
 than knyght **Guelake** was baptizid and the moste pry of all the  
 people of that cite So sone after **Joseph** wolde depte and knyght  
**Guelake** wolde nedys go with hym whetyn he wolde or nothe



And so by fortune they com In to thys londe that at that tyme was  
 called grete Britayne and there they founde a grete felon paynym p  
 pont **Joseph** in to prison and so by fortune that tyme com into a wo  
 thy man that bryght **arondraues** and he assembled all thys people  
 for the grete yendone he had herde of **Joseph** and so he com In to the  
 londe of grete Britayne and dysceyted thys felon paynym & cosom  
 ded hym and there with delynde **Joseph** oute of prison And aft that  
 all the people with turned to the crystyn fetythe / So nat longe after  
**Joseph** was leyde in hys dedh bedde And Wgham kynge **Enelake** saw  
 that he had muche sorow and seyde for thy love I wylle my contrey  
 and fith ye shalt depte frome me oute of thys worlde lode me som  
 to hym that I may thynke on you **Chau Joseph** seyde that doolt I do  
 fith gladly Now brynge me yome shylde that I take you Wgham ye  
 wente in to datyde azenst kynge **Eholome** Chan **Joseph** blode  
 for at the nose that he myght nat by no meane be framched and  
 p. vpon that shylde he made a crosse of hys odore blode and seyde  
 now may ye se a remembrance that I lode you for ye shalt nen  
 se thys shylde but ye shalt thynke one me And hit shalt be all  
 wayes as freysch as hit ys now and nen shalt no man beare  
 thys shylde a bonte hys necke but he shalt repente hit vnto p  
 tyme that **Galahad** the good knyght beare hit and laste of my  
 knynges hade hit a bonte hys necke that shalt do many may  
 lons dedys Now seyde kynge **Enelake** where shalt I put thys  
 shylde that thys worthy knyght may hade hit // Er ye shalt  
 lode hit there as **Natien** the frmyte shalt put hit after hys  
 dethe for thydr shalt that good knyght com the vii. day after  
 that he shalt resceyde the order of knyghthode And so that day  
 that they sette ys pps tyme that he hade hys shylde And In  
 the same abbay lyeth **Natien** the frmyte and than p. Wgham  
 knyght danyshed a none as the samy had herde pps wordis

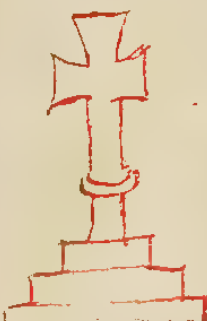
he a lyt

he alyght of hys hatenoy and knelid dōdne at **Salahadys** fete  
 and prayde hym that he myghtt yll he had made hym knyghtt // If //  
 wolde nat refuse pon tēhan wolte ye make me a knyghtt knyghtt seyde  
 the knyghtt and that order by the grace of god shall he well be sette  
 in me // So **Salahad** granted hym and turned a yen onto f abbay  
 there they cam fro and there men made grette joy of **Salahad**.  
 and anone as he was alyghtt there was a myke byrnt hym onto  
 a tombe in a churchyarde where ys such a noyse that who knyghtt  
 hit veryly shall myghte be made of lose hys strengthe and f the dome  
 hit ys a frende Nidw lede me thidw seyd **Salahad** and so they  
 dnd all armed samff hys helme Nidw seyd the good man go to f tombe &  
 hyfste hit vpon and so he dnd and fard a grette noyse and ptydously he  
 seyde that all men myghtt hye // **Salahad** the fnamte of shyd qyf  
 com pon nat mye me for pon shall make me go agayne there where  
 I fane done so longe // But **Salahad** was no thynge a fende but  
 hee vpon the stone and there com onte a fowle smote and aftr p he fard  
 the fowlyst bygome lepe f onte that en he fard in the byenes of a man  
 and tēhan he blyssed hym and wyft well hit was a frende // tēhan heye  
 he adoyce sey **Salahad** I se there enyrdone a tonte the so many  
 angels that my power may nat deare the // tēgatt so **Salahad**  
 fard a body all armed lye in that tombe and he fide hym a swerde Nidw  
 foyre brothw seyd **Salahad** lette remede thys body for he ys nat  
 worthy to lye with in thys churchyarde for he was a false aysted  
 man and there vortq all they dexted and wente to the abbay And a  
 none as he was bwarmed a good man cam and set hym dōdne  
 by hym // And seyd **Salahad** I shall telle pon what betokmyth of that  
 ye fard in the tombe **Salahad** that that wnde the body hit betokmyth  
 the dmeas of the worlde and the grette fyne that onye lorde fowde  
 in the worlde for there was such wretchednesse that the fadyr  
 foded nat the sonne noy the sonne foded nat the fadyr and that  
 was one of the camff that once lorde toke flesch and bloode of a

Here Salahad  
 crowne a dōd  
 ent of a  
 mule



elene maydyn for ome fynes were so grette at that tyme that well nye  
 all was wyckednesse. Tynly seide Sir **Salahad** I be lare you ryght  
 well. So Sir **Salahad** rested hym there þe myght and wypon the moyn  
 he made the knyght a knyght and asked hym his name and of what  
 kynge he was com. Sir he seide men calle me **ayelyas de hyle** and  
 I am the sonne of the kynge of denmarke. Now farrre he seide **Salahad**  
 fittyn that ye be com of kynge and knyght now loketh that knyght  
 had he well sette in you for ye ought to be a myrroure into all chydren.  
 Sir seide Sir **ayelyas** ye sey soth but Sir fittyn ye haue made  
 me a knyght ye myste of ryght graunte me my first desire þe  
 resonable. Ye sey soth seide Sir **Salahad** I graunte hit you quyt my  
 myne done forde seide he and that ye well suffer me to ryde w you  
 in thys queste of the **Saukgreaff** tyll that som aduenture depte be  
 I graunte you Sir. Than men bryngt Sir **ayelyas** his armo and his  
 spere and his horse and so Sir **Salahad** and he rode forth all þe  
 wyte or en they founde omy aduenture. And than wypon a mydday  
 in the mornynge as they were depyed frome an abbay they com  
 to a crosse whiche depyed in wayes and in that crosse were lette  
 wryten that seyd thus. Now ye knyght graunte which goth to  
 seke knyght aduentures. Se here in wayes that one way defendith the  
 that you ne go that day for he shall nat go oute of the way a gayne  
 but if he be a good man and a worthy knyght and if you go on the  
 lyfte honde you shall nat there lytlyly wyne pnesse for þe shall  
 in thys way be sone assayde. Sir seide **ayelyas** unto Sir **Salahad**  
 if hit lyke you to suffer me to take the way on the lyfte honde for  
 I shall well prede my strength hit were better seide Sir **Salahad** ye  
 rode nat that way for I dome I shold better asape in þe way bett than  
 ye. Nay my lord. I þe you lette me haue þe aduenture take hit in  
 godys name seide Sir **Salahad**.



Now tynnyth the tale unto Syr **ayelyas de hyle**

**H**ad than rode Sir **Aelyas** In to an olde foreyste and þe In he rode  
 In dayes and more and than he cam Into a fayre medow and  
 there was a fayre lodge of berys And than he aspyed in that lodge  
 a chayne where In was a crowne of golde ryche and subtylly wrought  
 Also there was clothys conde vpon the erthe and many delraons  
 metis sette þon So Sir **Aelyas** be hylde thys aduenture and thought  
 hit merdaylous but he had no honger but of the crowne of golde he  
 toke much kepe and there with the stowped dore and toke hit by  
 and rode hys way with hit And anon he saw a knyght com ryding  
 after hym and seyde knyght sett dore that crowne wher þe nat  
 yomes and there fore defende þon Than Sir **Aelyas** blyssed hym and  
 seyde fayre lord of heuyn helpe and save thy new made knyght And  
 than they sette þe horses venge as faste as they myght and so they  
 smote to gydwes but the othre knyght smote Sir **Aelyas** thorow  
 the bryke and thorow the hyff syde that he felle to the erthe mye dede  
 And than he toke the crowne and rode hys way And Sir **Aelyas**  
 lay styll and had no power to styve hym So in the meane whyle  
 by fortune by fortune com Sir **Salahad** and founde hym þe myght  
 of dede And than he seyde Sir **Aelyas** who hath wounded þe þe  
 fore hit had bene better to have rydyn the op way And when Sir  
**Aelyas** herde hym speke Sir he seyde for godys love lat me nat dre  
 in thys foreyst but brynge me to the abbey here be fyde that I may  
 be confessed and have my rytght hit shall be done seyde þe **Salahad**  
 But where ys he that hath wounded þe So do that Sir **Salahad**  
 herde on a mounthe the lordys cry on knyght knyght kepe the from  
 me I Sir seyde Sir **Aelyas** Be ware for that ys he that hath slayne  
 me Sir **Salahad** answerde and seyde Sir knyght com on þe goett  
 Than arthw dressed to op and com as faste as they myght dryde  
 And Sir **Salahad** smote hym so that hys speare wente thorow his  
 chuldre and smote hym dore of hys horse And in the fallynge  
 Sir **Salahad** speare brake So with that com onto a nof knyght

This Sir **Aelyas**  
 was toke the  
 the crowne  
 of golde



oute of the grene lorde and brake a speere vpon Sir **Salahad** or en he  
 myght tyme hym. Then Sir **Salahad** dyed oute hys swerde and  
 smote the byfthe arme off that hit felle to the erthe And than he felled  
 And Sir **Salahad** seded faste after hym and than he turned a gayne  
 vnto Sir **ayelhas** and there he abyggt and dressed hym softly on  
 hys horse to fore hym for the truncheon of hys speare was in hys  
 body And Sir **Salahad** ferte vpon he hynde hym and hyde hym in hys  
 armys and so brought hym to the abbay And there vnammed hym  
 and brought hym to hys chamber and than he asked hys sadcome  
 And when he had reserued hym he seide vnto Sir **Salahad** Syr  
 litte dethe com when hit pleasith hym and there w<sup>t</sup> he dyed the  
 truncheon of the speare oute of hys body And than he sadned Then  
 Then com þan olde manke which som tyme had bene a knyght and  
 he hyde Sir **ayelhas** and anone he ransaked hym And þan he seide  
 vnto Sir **Salahad** I shall heale hym of hys play by the grace of  
 god with in the terme of viij. mo. wykes. Then was Sir **Salahad**  
 glad and vnammed hym and seide he wolde abyde there styll all  
 that myght. Then dwelled he there iij. dayes And þan he asked Sir  
**ayelhas** how hit stood with hym. Then he seide he was myned in to  
 helpyng god betwixked. I doo well. I septe Sir **Salahad** seide for  
 hane mee on honde for many good knyghts be fülle by þe a londe hit  
 and thys knyght and I were in the same quest of the **Saukyreal**  
 Sir seide a good man for hys synne he was thys wounded it. I maye  
 seide the good man how ye dweste take vpon you so vnych a thyng  
 as the hyze order of knyghtshode ys with oute clene confession þe was  
 the cause that ye were biturly wounded for the way on þe ryght  
 hande be tokynd the hyze way of ome lorde I had aryst and the way  
 of a good trewe byder And the othre way be tokynt þe way of a  
 synners and of myse belevers And when the deuyll said ye pyde  
 and yowre psumpcion for to take you to the quest of þe **Saukyreal**  
 and that made you to be on throdbyn for hit may nat be encheved





by fayne maydens the doctres serde vnto hym. Sir Emgast ye ryde  
 here in grete foly for ye haue the water to passe on. Doth soold I not  
 passe the water serde Sir **Salahad**. So rode he a way frome hem  
 and mette with a fayne that serde Emgast. ye Emgast in þe castel  
 despoyleth you and defendeth you ye go no further till that ye mete  
 what ye wolde. Ffayne sir serde Sir **Salahad**. I com for to destroy  
 the wycked custom of this castel. Sir and ye woll abyde by þe  
 ye shall haue I nede to do. So ye rode serde Sir **Salahad** and  
 fast my nedre. Then the fayne entred in to the castel. And a  
 none after there com onte of the castel. by Emgast and all were  
 brethren. And when they saw Sir **Salahad** they cryed Emgast  
 kepe the for we assure you no thyng but death. Why serd **Salahad**  
 woll ye all haue a do with me at onys. ye serde they þe to mayste  
 you tryste. Then **Salahad** put forth his speare and smote the  
 formst to the erthe that nere honds he brake his necke. And  
 there with all the oþer. by smote hym on the shilde grete strech  
 that þe speare brake. Then Sir **Salahad** dede onte his swerde  
 and sette vpon hem so harde that hit was medayle and so  
 thowde grete force he made hem for to forsake the fild. And  
 Sir **Salahad** chased hem till they entred in to the castel. and  
 so passed thowde the castel at a noþ gate. And anon þe mette  
 an olde man clothed in cheryons clothynge and serde Sir  
 haue here the keyes of this castel. Then Sir **Salahad** opened  
 the gates and saw so many people in the stretes that he myght  
 nat mōbr hem. And all they serde Sir ye be woll com for longe  
 haue we a bydyn here onre dehydmance. Then com to hym a  
 quantill woman and serde sir thes Emgast be flode but then  
 woll com a gayne this myght and here to be gynn a gayne þe  
 doyth custom. What woll ye that. I do serde Sir **Salahad**  
 Sir serde the Iantillwoman that ye sende after all the Emgast  
 bydw that holde þe londys of this castel. And make hem all

to stowe for to use the customs that were used here of old tyme I will  
 well seide Sir **Salah** and there she brought hym an horne of wypp  
 boundyn with gode wyfely and seide Sir blode this horne which  
 will be quide y myles a bonte whan Sir **Salah** had blowyn  
 the horne he sette hym dore upon a hedde. Then com a pryste  
 to **Salah** and seide Sir hit ys past a by yere a gone y res by  
 brethren com into this castell and herberode w<sup>t</sup> the lord of y  
 castell that byght the dyke **Hyndwre** and he was lord of all y  
 contrey And whan they had assayed the dyke donz that was  
 a full fayne woman. Then by there false fowyn they made a bote  
 be doryte hem selff and the denke of hys goodnes wolde hane  
 depte them and there they slew hym and hys eldyf sone And  
 than they toke the maydyn and the tresore of the castell and so  
 by grette force they helde all the knyghts of the contrey vnder grette  
 seruaunce and trewauce So on a day the denke donz seide to  
 them ye hane done grette wronge to sle my fadir and my wyf  
 And than to holde oure londys Nat for yam she seide ye shall nat  
 holde this castell many yeres for by one knyght ye shall all be  
 on com. Than she pphesied by yeres a gone. Well seide the by  
 knyght hit hym ye sey so there shall neu lady nor knyght passe  
 this castell but they shall a byde magre y theys of dre y fore tell  
 that knyght be com by whom we shall lose this castell and y  
 fore hit ys called the maydyns castell for they hade deconyed  
 many maydyns. Noo seide Sir **Salah** ye she here for whom  
 this castell was loste Nay Sir seide the pryste she was dede w<sup>t</sup>  
 in my knyght after that she was yms forsed and hitthen hane  
 they kepte y longer syster withyn endmyth grette payne w<sup>t</sup> mo  
 of ladyes. By this were the knyghts of the contrey com And  
 than he made hem to do omage and feadite to the knyght donz  
 and sette them in grette case of harte And in the mozne y com



and tolde Sir **Salahad** how that Sir **Gawayne** & **Sareth** & **Blar**  
had slayne the vii. brethren & supposse wel seide Sir **Salahad** and  
toke hys armoure and hys horse and comanded hem into god hys  
hondis the tale of Sir **Salahad** and spech of Sir **Gawayne**

**I**n the seyth the tale after Sir **Gawayne** depte he rode many  
journys both towarde and frowarde and at the last they  
com to the abbey where Sir **Salahad** had the dochter syster and  
Sir **Gawayne** lemed the way to seche after Sir **Salahad** and so  
he rode to the abbey where **welshas** by site and there **seelyas**  
tolde Sir **Gawayne** of the merdaylous adventures that Sir **Salahad**  
dud & seith seide Sir **Gawayne** I am nat happy that I  
told nat the way that he wente for and I may mete w<sup>th</sup> hym  
I wold nat depte from hym hysgith for all merdaylous adven-  
tures Sir **Salahad** enchebith Sir seide one of the munny he wold  
nat of pome felshipp w<sup>th</sup> so seide Sir **Gawayne** Sir seide he  
for ye be docted and finisill and he ys full blyssed so ryght  
as they tyme talked there com in rydunge Sir **Sareth** and  
than they made grete joy arthyr of or and on the mornyng they  
herde masse and so depte and by the way they mett w<sup>th</sup> Sir  
**Gawayne** le **adventures** and the Sir **Gawayne** tolde Sir **Gawayne**  
that he had mette w<sup>th</sup> none adventures fith he depte home  
the comte now yet he seide Sir **Gawayne** and so app<sup>er</sup> promysed  
othyr of w<sup>th</sup> in Emgith nat to depte w<sup>th</sup>le they were in p<sup>er</sup> quest  
but if fuddayne fortune caused hys so they depte and rode  
by fortune tyll that they cam by the castell of mardyns and  
the vii. brethren assayed the in Emgith and seide fithyrn we  
be stemyd by one Emgith from thys castell we shall destroy  
all the Emgith of King **Arthurs** that we may on com for  
the lode of Sir **Salahad** And there w<sup>th</sup> the vii. Emgith sette  
w<sup>th</sup>pon hem in Emgith and by fortune Sir **Gawayne**  
slew one the brethren and eclyone of hys felows on the

another and so flew all the remenant and than they toke the  
 key vnder the castell and there they loste the way that **Salahad**  
**Salahad** rode and there enygh of hem deveded from of And **Syr**  
**Galwayne** rode tyll he com to an fymtarge and y he founde  
 the good man seynge hys adynsonge of ome lady And y **Syr**  
 asked herberde for charyte and the good man graunted hym  
 gladly Then the good man asked hym what he was // **Syr** he seide  
 I am a knyght of knyght **Arthur** that am in the queste of the  
**Raubys** and my name ys **Syr Galwayne** **Syr** seide y good  
 man I wolde wete how hit stondeth be Doyte god and you // **Syr**  
 seide **Syr Galwayne** I wyll wite a good wyll shew you my lyff  
 if hit please you There he tolde the freunte how amonke of an  
 abbot called me wyrted knyght he myght well sey hit seide the  
 freunte for when ye were made first knyght ye sholde have  
 taken you to knyghtly dedes and vertuous lyving And ye have  
 done the contrary for ye have lyved mystryously many wynters  
 And **Syr Galahad** ys a mayde and hymed nen and that ys y cause  
 he shal encyde where he goth that ye nor none such shal  
 nen attayne nor none in yowre felshyp for ye have used y moste  
 vntedwylly lyff that en I herd knyght lyde for ptes had ye nat  
 bene so wyrted as ye ar nen had the by brythene be slayne by  
 you and yowre y felows for **Syr Galahad** hym self a lone  
 bete hem all by the day to forue but hys lyving ys such y he  
 shal sle no man trawthly Also I may sey you that the castell  
 of maydyns betokeneth the good sonys that were in pteson  
 be fore the Incarnacion of ome lorde I hn cryste // And y by  
 knyght betokeneth the by-dedy synnes that regned that tyme  
 in the world and I may heryn the good knyght **Galahad**  
 onto the some of the hys sadr that lyggt wln a maydyn  
 and toyt all the sonles oute of tresselle So ded y **Galahad**



delyn all the maydyns oute of the doofull castell **Nidus** **S** **Salwayne**  
 seyde the good man yow myste do penance for thy synne **Sir** **Dothat**  
 penance **Shalt** I do // **Such** as I will gyff the seyde the good man **Nay**  
 seyde **Sir** **Salwayne** I may do no penance for the knyghts adventures  
 many tymes suffer grete wo and payne well seyde the good man  
 And than he hyde hys pece And on the mornynge than **Sir** **Salw**  
**ayne** deyped frome the penyte and by taryt hym vnto god And  
 by adventuryng he mette with **Sir** **Agolouale** and **Sir** **Gryfflet**  
 in knyght of the rounde table and so they in rode in dayes w<sup>th</sup>oute  
 synnyng of any adventuryng And at the v. day they deyped seynt  
 hyde as felle them by adventuryng here foloweth the tale of **Sir**  
**Salwayne** and hys felows and spech of **Sir** **Salahad**  
**S** **o** when **Sir** **Salahad** was deyped frome the castell  
 of maydyns he rode tyll he com to adonste forest And  
 there he mette with **Sir** **Lancelot** and **Sir** **Deravale** But  
 they knewe hym nat for he was new dyspyssed **Bryght** so hys  
 fadir **Sir** **Lancelot** dressed hys speare and brake hit vpon  
**Sir** **Salahad** And **Sir** **Salahad** smote hym so a gayne that  
 he bare dorene horse and man And than he drew his swerde  
 and dressed hym vnto **Sir** **Pyvall** and smote hym so on p<sup>er</sup>  
 the hene that hit rooff to the corff of Steele and had nat the  
 swerde swarved **Sir** **Pyvale** had be slayne and w<sup>th</sup> the stroke  
 he felle oute of hys sadyl So thys iustis was done to fore  
 the fymtarge where a reche dwelled And when she saw  
**Sir** **Salahad** yde she seyde god be with the beste knyght of p<sup>er</sup>  
 worlde A stes seyde she all a lode that **Sir** **Lance** and **Der**  
**pyvall** myght thre and yondre in knyght had knowyn the  
 as well as I do they wolde nat have encountred with p<sup>er</sup>  
 when **Sir** **Salahad** herde thys sey so he was a drad to be  
 knowyn and there with he smote hys horse with his spore





All thys **Sir Lancelot** he and be hylde hit for he slepte nat  
 weryly and he herde hym sey a swete lorde Whan shall thys lord  
 lete me And whan shall the holy vessel com by me Wher thow  
 shall be helid for I have enduryed yow longe for hit trespasse a full  
 grette whyle yow complayned the knyght And all waye **Lancelot**  
 harde hit So with that **Sir Lancelot** he the comyt hit At the by  
 tapow cam be fore the crosse and he saw no body that bryngt hit At  
 there cam a table of sylver and the holy vessel of the **Sankgreal**  
 whiche **Sir Lancelot** had sene to fore tyme In kynge **Peterchens** house  
 and there with the knyght sette hym up and hylde up both his  
 hondys and seyde fayne swete lorde Wher ys here with in þe holy ves  
 self take hede vnto me that I may be hole of thys malady And þe  
 on his hondys and knyght he wente so nyze that he toweched the  
 holy vessel and byst hit and anon he was hole And than he  
 seyde lorde god I thanke the for I am helid of thys syknes So whan  
 the holy vessel had bene there a grette whyle hit went vnto the  
 chapel with the chamdeler and the knyght So that **Lancelot**  
 wist nat wher hit was he com for he was on taryn w synne þe  
 he had no power to use a gayne the holy vessel wher fore after  
 that many men seyde hym shame but he toke repentance after  
 that than the knyght dressed hym up and kyssed the crosse  
 anon his synne brought hym his armys and afte his lorde  
 how he ded Soth seyde he I thanke god ryght well thow þe holy  
 vessel I am helid But I have mynyle of thys slepyng knyght  
 that he had no power to awake Whan thys holy vessel was  
 brought hydr I dare well sey seyde the synne that he dwelt  
 in som dedly synne wher of he was nen confessed Be my fayth  
 seyde the knyght what som en he be he ys unhappy for as I deme  
 he ys of the felshyp of the rounde table wher ys entred in þe  
 queste of the **Sankgreal** So seyde the synne here I have bryngt  
 you all yowr armys save yowr helme and yowr sterde And þe

fore be myne assente now man ye take thyre knyghts helme and his  
 swerde and so he did And whan he was done armed he took p<sup>r</sup> f<sup>r</sup>  
**launcelottes** horse for he was bettir than his and so deputed they  
 frome the crosse Then anon **Enr launcelot** vaulted and sett hym  
 on and be thowzt hym what he had sene there and what hit were  
 drems or nat Kyght so hard he a horse that seyde **Enr launcelot**  
 more harder than y<sup>e</sup> the stone and more bitter than y<sup>e</sup> the woode  
 and more naked and bayer than y<sup>e</sup> the heff of the trege tre There  
 fore go yon from hens and with drawe the from thyre holy places  
 And whan **Enr launcelot** herde this he was passyng hevy and  
 wyf nat what to do and so deputed soe wepyng and cursyd p<sup>r</sup> tyme  
 that he was here for than he demed nen to have worship more  
 for y<sup>e</sup> wordis Wente to his herte tyll that he knew where fore  
 he was called so Then **Enr launcelot** Wente to the crosse & founde  
 his helme his swerde and his crosse a day And than he called  
 hym self a verry wretched and moste vnhappy of all knyghts  
 and there he seyde my synne and my wretchednes hath brought me  
 vnto grete dyshonour for whan I sougt worldly aduentures for  
 worldly desires I en encloved them and had the bettir in eny  
 place and nen was I discomfite in no quarell Were hit right  
 were hit wronge And now I take vpon me the aduentures to seke  
 of holy thyngs Now I se and vnderstonde that myne olde synne  
 kyndyrt me and shamyt me That I had no power to styne nor  
 speke whan the holy blode appered be fore me So y<sup>e</sup> he fordwed  
 tyll hit was day and hard the folwys synge than som what  
 he was comforted But whan **Enr launcelot** myssed his horse  
 and his harnyse than he wyf well god was displeyd w<sup>th</sup> hym  
 And so he deputed frome the crosse on foote In to a fayne foryste  
 and so by p<sup>r</sup>yme he cam to an hye hylle and founde an fyrmyte  
 and an fyrmyte y<sup>e</sup> in which was goyng vnto masse And pan f



**L**ancelot knelid doun and cryed on our lord may for hys wyked  
 workys. So when masse was done **Sir Lancelot** called hym and  
 prayde hym for seynt charite for to hye hys lyff. With a good  
 wyll seide the good man. and asked hym what he was of kynge  
**Arthurs** and of the felshyp of the table rounde. ye for soth I and my  
 name ys **Sir Lancelot du lake** that hath bene ryght well seide off and  
 now my good fortune ys chaunged for I am the moste wretched of þe worlde  
 the Crumpe be hyde hym and had manye whye he was so banished  
**Sir** seide the Crumpe ye ought to thanke god more pan my knyght  
 lydynge for he hath frended you to have more worldly worship  
 than my knyght that ys now lydynge and for yowre pmpcion  
 to take vpon you In dedely synne for to be in hys p'sence where hys  
 flessh and hys blood was. Whiche caused you ye myght nat se hys  
 yowre worship yow for he wold nat appere where such synners bene  
 But if hit be vnto þe grete hurte of vnto þe shame And þe no knyght  
 now lydynge that ought to yelde god so I grete thanke as ye for he  
 hath yowm yow beante boldvnt semelynes and grete strengthe on all  
 of knyght. And þe fore ye ar the more be holdyn vnto god pan my  
 of man to lode hym and drede hym for yowre strengthe & yowmanlyde  
 wold hitiff a dayle yow and god be a gyfte yow. Than **Sir Lancelot**  
 drepte with gedy harte and seide now I know well ye sey me for  
**Sir** seide the good man hyde none olde synne frume me. Unk seide  
**Sir Lancelot** that were me full lotte to diston for thys yow yow  
 I neu distonde one thyng that I have used and that may I now  
 wyte my shame and my disadventys And pan he tolde þe the  
 good man all hys lyff and how he had loved a quene vnnesu-  
 rably and oute of mesure longe And all my grete dedis of armys  
 that I have done for the moste pty was for the quenes sake  
 And for hir sake wold I do batayle were hit ryght of wronge  
 and neu dnd I batayle all only goddis sake but for to wyne  
 worship and to cause me the better to be be loved and hitiff or





and there he founde in all the toldone nat one that wolde helpe hym  
 And than he wente oute of the toldone and founde in myddis the way  
 a fygge tre which was ryght fygge and well garnysshed of leys  
 But fyrte had hit none Than ome lord cused the tre þat he no fyrte  
 that betokenyng the fyge tre vnto Ierlm that had leys & no fyrte  
 So þan Sir **Launcelot** when the goly grayle was brought to fore  
 the he founde in the no fyrte nor good thynge nor good wyse and  
 defonted with techory. Ert seide Sir **Launcelot** all that ye haue  
 seide is trew and frome thens forwarde I caste me by the grace  
 of god now to be so wyrted as I haue bene but as to seve knyghts  
 and to do setys of armys Than the good man homed Sir **Launcelot**  
 synne penance as he myght do and to seve knyghts and so assy  
 led hym and prayde hym to a byde with hym all that day I wolt  
 well seide Sir **Launcelot** for I haue nor chelme horse ne swerde  
 as for that seide the good man I shall helpe you or to moze at  
 doyn of an horse and all that longyth vnto you And þan Sir  
**Launcelot** repented hym gretly of hys myse dedys **here leyth**  
**the tale of Sir Launcelot and begynnyth of Sir Percevale de Galis**

**D**ow seyth the tale that when Sir **Launcelot** was yddyn  
 after Sir **Salahad** the wyrt had all thes aduentures  
 a bonen seyd Sir **Percevale** turned a gayne vnto the recluse  
 where he demed to haue tydynge of that knyght that Sir **Launcelot**  
 folowed and so he knoled at Sir **Wyndow** and the Recluse ope  
 ned hit and asked Sir **Percevale** what he wolde. Adam he  
 seide I am a knyght of King **Arthurs** comte and my name  
 ys Sir **Percevale de Galis**. When the recluse herde his name  
 she had grette loy of hym for myght she loved hym to forny pas  
 syng omy op knyght she ony so to do for she was hys wyte  
 And þan she comanded the gatis to be open and þat he had  
 grette there as grette as she myght make hym or by in hir paly  
 So on the moze Sir **Percevale** wente to the recluse & asked

her if

her if she knew that knyght was the whyght knyght // Sir seyde she wyl  
 wolte ye wete truly madam seyde Sir **Percevale** I shall nen be well  
 at ease tyll that I knowe of that knyght / felyshyp and that I may nat  
 fyght wth hym for I may nat tede hym so hyghtly for I have the  
 same as yette // Sir **Percevale** seyde she wolde ye fyght wth hym  
 I se well ye have grette wyll to be slayne as yowre fadir was the  
 vnde entreteyned slayne // aradam hit semyt by to wydis  
 that ye knowe me // ye seyde she I well onte to knowe yon for I and  
 yowre adonte all yowre I be in a poore place for som men called me  
 som tyme the quene of the wast landis and I was called p quene  
 of mooste rycheesse in the worlde And hit pleased me nen so much  
 my rycheesse as doth my poorte // Than **Percevale** wepte for  
 very pite wgan he knew hit was hys adonte A fayre nedre  
 seyde she wgan herde yon teryng of yowre modur // truly seyde he  
 I herde none of hys but I drewe of hys myche in my slepe and  
 I fore I wote nat dogeth she be dede of a lyve // Gerte fayre  
 nedre yowre modur ye dede for astur yowre deptyng frome her  
 she take such a sorow that anon as she was confessed she dyed  
 Now god have mercy on hir soule seyde Sir **Percevale** hit fore  
 for thynkyng me but all we myste change the lyff Now fayre  
 adonte what ye that knyght I deme hit be he that kye p red  
 armes on whytsonday // Wyte yon well seyde she that p ye he  
 for othir wyse onte he nat to do but to go in vnde armes and  
 that same knyght hath no peere for the worthyn all by mynde  
 and he shall nen be on com of none certys manys hande Also  
**Merlyn** made the rounde table in tokyng of roundnes of the  
 worlde for men sholde by the rounde table bndw stonde p roundnes  
 honyfyed by ryght / for all the worlde crystend and gethyn  
 reparyng unto the rounde table and wgan ther ar as hym to  
 be of the felyshyp of the rounde table ther thynke hem self more



blessed and more in worship than they had gotten half the world  
 and ye have sene that they have losse for fadres and for modres  
 and all for hymme and for wyves and for chyldren for to be of  
 yonge felshipp / hit ys well seyne to you for synes ye depyted from y<sup>e</sup>  
 modur ye wolde nen se her ye founde such felshipp at the table wunde  
 Whan **Merlion** had ordayned the rounde table he seide by theim  
 Wherof sholde be felows of the rounde table the trowth of the  
**Sankt great** sholde be well knowyn And men asked hym how  
 they myght knowe theim that sholde best do and to encheire the  
 Sankt great Whan he seide y<sup>e</sup> sholde be in. Wherof burlis sholde  
 encheire hit and ye y<sup>e</sup> sholde be maydyns and the trowth sholde be  
 chaste And one of yos in. shold passe hys fadir as much as the  
 hyon passith the hynde both of strength and of hardnes /  
 They that herde **Merlion** sey so seide y<sup>e</sup> Suthyn y<sup>e</sup> shall be  
 such a knyght yon sholdyst ordayne by thy crawstif a knyght y<sup>e</sup> no  
 man shold sytte with hit but he all only that shold passe all of  
 knyght Whan **Merlion** answered that he wolde so do And y<sup>e</sup>  
 he made the knyght belons Wherof **Galahad** sate at hys mete  
 on Whysunday last past Now madam seide Sir **Percevale**  
 so muche I herde of you that he my good wyll y<sup>e</sup> well nen  
 have a do w<sup>th</sup> Sir **Galahad** but by wyse of goodnesse And for  
 goddis love furre adwite Can ye teche me w<sup>th</sup> I myght fynde  
 hym for muche I wolde love the felshipp of hym // furre ne  
 Now seide she ye myste ryde vnto a castell the wherof ye  
 called **Booth** where he hath a fousyn leymayne and y<sup>e</sup> man  
 ye be lodged thys myght and as he teachith yon sedouth astur  
 as faste as ye can and if he can telle yon no tydynge of hym  
 ryde furre vnto the castell of **Carbonek** where y<sup>e</sup> maymed  
 knyght ys hyng for there shall ye hyre trew tydynge of hym  
 Whan depyted Sir **Percevale** freme hys adwite antheu making

grete sorow and so he rode till after dyunsonge and than he  
 herde a clok synge and anon he was waye of an house closed  
 well with wallys and depe dretches and there he knocke at the  
 gate and a none he was lette in and was ledde into a chamb  
 and sone on armed And there he had ryght good cheere all þat myt  
 And on the morne he herde hys masse and in the monestery he  
 founde a prest redy at the adoter and on the ryght side he saw  
 a pety closed w<sup>th</sup> houn And be hynde the adoter he saw a ryche  
 bedde and a farge as of cloth of sylke and golde Then Sir **Pavale**  
 aspyed þat there was a man or a woman for the bysarge was  
 conde than the lesste of hys lokyng and herd hys synse & despayr  
 hit cam unto the sakynge he that lay with in the pclose dres  
 hyd hym up and unconde hys hede and pan hym be semed a pas  
 syng olde man and he had a crowne of golde bypon hys hede  
 and hys shuldres were naked and vnhyllid unto hys nabyll  
 And than Sir **Percyvale** aspyed hys body was full of grete  
 woundys both on the shuldres armes & bysarge and en he hylde  
 up hys hondys a garyst omye lordis body and cryed farge swete  
 lord ihu cryste for jete nat me and so he lay nat done but  
 was all way in hys prayers & orysons and hym semed to be of  
 the age of m. c. wynter And when the masse was done þe  
 pryste toke omye lordis body and laye hit unto the hylt bynge and  
 when he had used hit he ded of hys crowne and comanded þe  
 crowne to be sett on the adoter Then Sir **Percyvale** asked  
 one of the brethyrn what he was Sir seyde the good man ye  
 have herde much of **Joseph of Arimathey**. how he was sent  
 in to thys londe for to trespase and pteche the holy crysten fowthe  
 and there for he suffred many psecutions the wyth fene  
 myes of tress ded unto hym and in the cite of **Sarras**  
 he comited a bynge wyth name was **Guelake** and so þe byng



can **Joseph** in to thys lond and en he was by hy to be there  
 as the **Sankhyreall** was and on a tyme he myghted hit so myghte  
 that onre lorde was displeased with hym but en he folowed hit  
 more and more till god sturke hym all moste blynde than thys  
 knyght cryed my and seyde fayne lorde lat me neu dre till y god  
 knyght of my blood of the w. degree that I may se hym openly that  
 shall encheade the **Sankhyreall** and that I myght kysse hym  
 When the kynge thys had made hys prayers he herde a voyce  
 that seyde herde ye thys prayers for pon shalt nat dre till he  
 hath kysed the And when that knyght shall com the degrees of  
 yome ren shall com a gayne and pon shalt se openly a py wound  
 shall be heled and arst shall they neu close And pns be felle of  
 kynge **Euclake** And thys same kynge hath lyved m. c. yere thys  
 holy kysse and men sey the knyght ys in thys court that shall  
 keale hym Sw seyde the good man I pray you telle me what  
 knyght that ye be and if that ye be of the rounde table yes for  
 sote and my name ys Sw **Percevale de galis** And when the  
 good man vnderstood hys name he made grete joy of hym And  
 than Sw **Percevale** deptyd and rode till the dore of none se he  
 mette in a vale a bonte y<sup>e</sup> men of armys wher they were in a beere  
 a knyght dedly slayne And when they saw Sw **Percevale** they  
 hym of whens he was and he seyde of the comte of kynge **Arth**  
 than they cryed at onys sle hym than Sw **Percevale** smote  
 the horte to the erte and hys horse vpon hym And pan by of  
 the knyght smote vpon hys shylde at onys and the renouante  
 slew hys horse that he felle to the erte and had slayne hym of  
 takyn hym had nat the good knyght **Salahad** w<sup>t</sup> the yede  
 armys com y by aduenture in to y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ys And when he saw all  
 y<sup>e</sup> knyght vpon one knyght he seyde lade me that knyght hys  
 and than he dressed hym towarde the y<sup>e</sup> men of armys as  
 faste as hys horse myght dryde with hys speare in hys reahte

and smote the formyste horse and man to the erth and when his  
 speare was broken he sette his hounde to his swerde and smote on  
 the ryght hounde and on the lyfte hounde that hit was mynre tose  
 And at eny stroke he smote downe one or put hym to a rebuke so  
 that they wolde fyght no more but fledde to a thyrt forrest And  
 Sir **Salahad** folowed them And when Sir **Percevale** saw how  
 chace them so he made grete sorow that his horse was away And  
 than he wyte well hit was Sir **Salahad** and cryed a loud  
 and seyde fayne knyght a bryd and suffir me to do you requyng  
 for mych hane ye done for me But en Sir **Salahad** rode fast  
 that at the last he past oute of his syght And as fast as Sir  
**Percevale** myght he wente after hym on foot crying And pan  
 he mette with a woman ydmyng vpon an haterney which had  
 in his ryght hounde a grete steede blacker than any beare A  
 fayne frende seyde Sir **Percevale** as eny may do for you and  
 to be your knyght in the first place ye woll requyre me I redyll  
 lende me that blacke steede that I myght on take a knyght which  
 be fore me Sir seyde the woman that may I nat do for the horse is  
 such a manys horse that he wolde sle me Alias seyde Sir **Percevale**  
 I had nen so grete sorow as I hane for losyng of myn knyght  
 Sir seyde the woman I am ryght ready for you for a good horse  
 wylde & seme you well hit I daye nat desyn you this horse but  
 if ye wolde take hym frome me That woll I nat seyde Sir **Perce-**  
**vale** and so they deyled and Sir **Percevale** sette hym downe vnder  
 a tre and made sorow oute of mesyne And as he sate he cam a  
 knyght ydmyng on the horse that the woman had and he was  
 clene armed And amonge the woman cam ydmyng & pryncyng  
 after as fast as he myght and asked Sir **Percevale** if he saw any  
 knyght ydmyng on his blacke steede ye Sir for sothe Wylle aske  
 ye me Sir A Sir that steede he hath be nome me with strengthe  
 where fore my forde woll sle me in what place som en he fyndeth



me well seide Sir **Percivale** what woldest thou that I ded thou seest  
 well that I am on foote But and I had a good horse I shold soone  
 bringe hym a gayne // Sir seide the yoman take my chawney and do  
 the beste ye can and I shall seie thou on foote to wete howe that ye shall  
 speke / Then Sir **Percivale** he took the chawney and rode as faste as  
 he myght and at the last he saw that knyght and ran he cryde  
 knyght tyme a gayne and he turned and set his speare a yent p  
**Percivale** and he smote the chawney in myddis the breste & he felle  
 downe to the erthe and there he had a grette falle and the oþer rode  
 his way And then Sir **Percivale** was wood wrothe and cryed a  
 byde wycked knyght howe and false started knyght tyme a yent  
 and fyggt with me on foote but he answered nat but pass on his  
 way And then Sir **Percivale** saw he wolde nat tyme he kest a  
 mayn shyld helme and sterde and seide now am I a byer wythe  
 cursed and moste unhappy of all oþer knyghts So in this sorow  
 there he a lode all that myght day tyll hit was myght and then  
 he was fyggt and seide hym downe and slepte tyll hit was  
 myght And then he awaked and saw he fore hym a woman  
 which seide unto hym vyght herself Sir **Percivale** what dost  
 thou here // I do now good now grette // He // If thou wilt ensue me seide  
 she that thou wilt fulfille my wyll whan I somon the I shall lende  
 the myne owne horse which shall bere the wher thou wilt Sir  
**Percivale** was glad of hir pfer and ensued hir to fulfille all hir  
 desire Then a bydit me here and I shall go seche thou an horse  
 and so she cam sone a gayne and brought an horse wher þus  
 only blacke whan Sir **Percivale** he hylde that horse he myghte  
 that he was so grette and so well apparayled and nat for þus  
 he was so hardy he lepte vpon hym and toke none hede off  
 hym self // And anon as he was vpon hym he threst to hym  
 with his spynge and so rode by a foreste and the moone shone  
 cleere and w<sup>th</sup> in an oþer and lasse he bare hym my dimes jonyer

peruse but yf he com to a redde water which joyed and that horse  
 wolde hane done hym In to hit / And when Sir **Perivale**  
 cam nye the byrme he saw the water so boystrous he durst to passe  
 on hit and than he made a signe of the crosse in his forehead / When  
 the fende sette hym so charged he shooke of Sir **Perivale** & he wente  
 in to the water arminge and making grete lordes and hit semed  
 unto hym that the water brente / Than Sir **Perivale** perceived  
 hit was a fynde the which wolde hane broughte hym unto perdition  
 / Than he comended hym self vnto god and prayde ony lord to  
 kepe hym frome all sucche temptacions And so he prayde all that  
 myght tyme on the morne that hit was day And a none he saw he  
 was in a wyld mounteyne which was closed with yf he nye  
 all a while that he myght se no londe a londe hym which myght  
 veldre hym but wyld best / And than he wente downe in to a  
 water and there he saw a spente bringe a yonge lion by the necke  
 And so he cam by Sir **Perivale** So with that com a grete lion  
 arminge and rouryng and after the spente And as fast as Sir  
**Perivale** saw this he cryed hym thydr but the lion had on take  
 the spente and he gan batayle w<sup>th</sup> hym And pan Sir **Perivale**  
 thowgt to helpe the lion for he was the more naturall beste of þ  
 þ And there with he drew his swerde and sette his shylde a fore  
 hym And there he gaff the spente such a buffet that he had a  
 dedely wounde / When the lion saw that he made no semblante  
 to fyght with hym but made hym all the chere that a best myght  
 make amon / When Sir **Perivale** perceived hit he byt done his  
 shylde which was broken and than he dnd of his helme for to  
 gadre wynde for he was gretly assayed with the spente & the lion  
 wente all wey a londe hym followinge as a spaynell & pan he started  
 hym on the necke and on the shoulers and thanked god of the  
 feliship of that beste And a londe noone the lion toke his lyf



Wylche and tynsed hym and baze hym there he com fro Egham dore  
 Sir **Pavale** a longe And as the tale tellith he was at that tyme  
 one of the men of the worlde wylch moste be leded in oure lord  
 ihu cryste for in 40 dayes there was but fawe folk at þe tyme that  
 he leved pfitich for in 40 dayes the soune shined nat the sadr no  
 more than a stranger And so Sir **Pavale** comforted hym self  
 in oure lord ihu and he sent hym that no temptation sholde  
 bynge hym oute of godys fynde but to endure as his tvede cas  
 ppon Egham wylch Sir **Pavale** had preyde he shold the hon  
 com towarde hym and comfited to done at his feet And so all  
 that myght the hon and he slepte to godys And wylch Sir  
**Pavale** slepte he dremed a manylonge dreme þe ladyes mette w  
 hym and that one sate vpon a lion and that oþer sate vpon a spere  
 And that one of hem was yonge and that oþer was olde & þe yonge  
 hym thowt seide Sir **Pavale** my lord saldeorth and sende þe worde  
 non away the and ma to the redy for to morne non muste fyght w  
 the stronge champion of the worlde And if non be on com non  
 shalt nat be anyte for losynge of any of thy membris but non  
 shalt be shamed for en to the worldis ende And pan he asked her  
 what was her lord and she seide the grettest lord of the worlde  
 And so she depte suddenly that he wylst nat wylche Egham  
 com forth the tothir lady that rode vpon the spere And she  
 seide Sir **Pavale** I playne vnto non of that ye haue done vnto  
 me and I haue nat offended vnto non // Certes madam seide  
 he vnto non nor no lady I nen offended // yes seide she I shall  
 for non wylch I haue norysshed in this place a grette wylche a  
 serpente wylch pleased me much and yesturday ye slayd hym  
 as he gate his pray // Sey me for what cause ye slayd hym  
 for the lion was nat yonge // Andam I know well the lion  
 was nat myne But for the lion ys more of Iantiller name

than the spente there fore I sell hym and me semyth I did nat  
 a mysse a garyst yon madam seyde he What wolde ye p<sup>r</sup> I did  
 I wolde seyde she for the amendis of my best that ye becom my  
 man And than he answerde and seyd that wolte I nat gramte  
 yon No seyde she truly ye were neu<sup>r</sup> but my fynaunte syn ye res  
 seyded the omayge of onye lord I sh<sup>d</sup> cyste there fore p<sup>r</sup> yon ensyn  
 m What place that I may fynde yon with oute lepyng I sh<sup>d</sup> take  
 yon as he that som tyme was my man And so she dected for  
 Sir **Pavale** and lefte hym slepyng Whych was fore trowled  
 of hys adision And on the morne he arose and blyssed hym p<sup>r</sup>  
 he was passyng freble Than was Sir **Pavale** waye in  
 the see where com a shype saylyng toward hym And f<sup>r</sup> **Pa**  
**vale** wente vnto the shyp and founde hit conde be In p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>o</sup>ute  
 with whycht samyte And at the helme stode an olde man  
 clothed in a surpysse in lybnes of a pryste Sir seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Pavale**  
 ye be well com God kepe yon seyde the good man p<sup>r</sup> of Whense  
 be ye Sir I am of kynge **Arthurs** comte and a knyght of the  
 rounde table Whych am in the queste of the **Sankgreall** and  
 here I am in grete dures and neu<sup>r</sup> lyke to asteype oute of thys  
 wyldernes Doute ye nat seyde the good man and ye be so well  
 a knyght as the order of chivalry requyrt And of herte as  
 ye onght to be ye shold nat doute that none enemy shold flay  
 yon What ar ye seyde Sir **Pavale** Sir I am of a strange  
 contrey and hydw I com to comforte yon Sir seydes **Pavale**  
 What signifieth my dreame that I dreamed thys nyght And p<sup>r</sup>  
 he tolde hym all to gydw She Whych rode vpon the hound  
 hit be to temyt the new lawe of holy chyrche that is to vndir  
 stonde forth good hope be hede and baptyme for she semed  
 yonger than othyr hit ys grete reison for she was byne in the



resurrection and the passion of our lord Ihu crist And for grete  
 lode she cum to the to warne the of the grete batayle that shall be  
 falle the // With wisdom seyde Sir **Dabale** shall I fight w<sup>th</sup> moste  
 douteful champion of the worlde for as the lady seyde but if you  
 myte the welle you shall nat be myte by losynge of one membre  
 but you shall be shamed to the worldis ende And she that rode on  
 the spente signifieth the olde lady and that spente betokenyth a  
 synne And why she blamed ye pat you sleyst hir synnys hit  
 betokenyth no tynge but the spente ye sleve i betokenyth the  
 doyle that you redist on to the roche And when you madist  
 a signe of the crosse there you sleyst hym and put a day  
 hys power And when she asked the amendis and to be com  
 hir man than you saydist nay That was to make the to lode  
 on her and lode the baptym // So he comanded Sir **Dabale**  
 to depte and so he lepte on the boorde And the shype and all  
 wente away he wyte nat wher // Than he wente up into  
 the roche and founde the hon wyrtch all day lye hym self  
 shyp and he stroked hym vpon the backe and had grete joy of  
 hym But that Sir **Dabale** had byddyn there till mydday he saw  
 a shype com sayling in the see as all the wynde of the worlde  
 had dryven hit and so hit loundid vnder that roche And when  
 Sir **Dabale** saw this he hyzed hym thur and founde the  
 shype coude w<sup>th</sup> hille more blacker than any beare and there he  
 was a fawtill woman of grete beaute and she was clothed vnysh  
 there myght be none better // And when she saw Sir **Dabale**  
 she asked hym who brought hym in to this wyldernesse where  
 ye be now lyke to passe tynse for ye shall dye here for hunger  
 and mystheff Damesell seyde Sir **Dabale** I serue i beste  
 man of the worlde and in hys purse he wyl nat suffir me

to dye ffor who that knodith shall entre and who that asistit  
 shall gane And who that seith hym the hydith hym not unto  
 his wordys / But than she seide Sir **Davale** wate ye what  
 am I who taughtt you my name now seide Sir **Davale** / Knodde  
 you better than ye doene / com but late oute of the waste forrest  
 where I founde the rede knyght with the wyghte shilde & saye  
 damselfe seide he that knyght wolde / I fayne mete withall Sir  
 knyght seide she and ye woll ensue me by the way that ye dore  
 unto knyghtshode that ye shall do my wyll what tyme / somon  
 you and I shall bringe you unto that knyght / yes he seide I shall  
 promyse you to fullfille your desire // well seide she now shall  
 I telle you I saw hym in the waste forreste chasyng a knyght  
 unto the water wyghte is called **Mortayse** and they dide in to  
 that water for drede of dethe and the knyght passed on by the rede  
 knyght passed after and there his horse was drownded and he  
 thowd grete strengthe astayed unto the londe thyn she tolde hym  
 And Sir **Davale** was passenge glad of it / Then she asked hym  
 if he had etc my mete late / Nay madam truly / I receite no mete  
 mye thes my dayes but late here I spake with a good man that  
 fede me with his good wordys and refresched me greetly / And Sir  
 knyght that same man seide she ys an megariter & amplyfher  
 of wordis ffor and ye helpe hym ye shall be plynly shamed  
 and dye in this race for some hunger and be etyn w wyld  
 bestis and ye be a yonge man and a goodly knyght & I shall  
 helpe you and ye woll // what ow ye seide Sir **Davale** /  
 pferth me pns so grete kyndenesse / I am seide she a hantill  
 woman that am dyscorte wyghte was the rycheft woman of  
 the worlde / Damselfe seide Sir **Davale** who hatit dyscorte  
 you for / I gane grete pite of you // Sir seide she I dwelle w the



greetist man of the worlde and he made me so fayre and so cleer þ  
 there was none lyke me And of that greet beaute I had a litle  
 pryde more than I ought to have had Also I fonde a wyde þ plese  
 hym nat And than he wolde nat suffir me to be no longer in þ  
 company And so he drowe me frome myne cherytarge & disce  
 ryted me for en and he had non pite of me nor of none of my  
 comceyle nor of my comyte And sittyn En. Burghit hit hit  
 be fallyn me to be so on prydyn past myne yet I have be none  
 hym som of hys men and made hem to be com my men for þ  
 as be nen nothyng of me But I gyff hem that and much more  
 Than I and my fynaunt were a penyte hym myght and day þ  
 fore I knowe no good Burghit nor no good man But I sette hem on  
 my hyde and I may And for that I knowe that ye ar a good knyght  
 I be seche you to helpe me and for ye be a felowe of the rounde  
 table wherefore ye ought nat to sayle no launtill woman which  
 ye discreite and she be songt you of helpe Than En. **Pavale**  
 promysed her all the helpe that he myght and than she thanked  
 hym And at that tyme the wyde was hote Than she called  
 onto her a launtill woman and bade her bryng forth a pavilion  
 and so she ded and pryte hit upon the ground. Or seide she now  
 may ye veste you in this gete of this day Than he thanked her  
 and she put of hys helme and hys schilde and there he slepte a  
 greet wyhyle and so he awoke and asked her if she had any  
 mette and she seide yee ye shall have I nowre And auone þ was  
 lorde a table and so muche meete was sette þ on þ he had myght  
 for there was all man of meete that he coude thynke on Also  
 he dranke there the strengyst wyne that en he dranke hym  
 tounst and there with he was chaffett a litle more pan he  
 ought to be W<sup>t</sup> that he be hyde that launtill woman & hym pryt

she was the fynyf creature that en the fald And pan **Sir Gawayne**  
 p'f'ed hir lode and prayde hir that she wolde be his ch'han she re-  
 f'ised hym in a man whan he requyred her for cause he tholde  
 be the more ardent on hir and en he seked nat to pray hir of  
 lode And whan she sawd hym well enchaffed than she seide Sir  
**Gawayne** wyte yon well I shall nat f'ultille yowr wyll But if  
 ye st're f'rome theuse forth ye shall be my trew f'namite And to  
 do no thyng But that I shall comande yon Abott ye ensyre me  
 thys as ye be a trew knyght // yee seide he fayre lady by p' f'ert'he  
 of my body // well seide she nowd shall ye do with me what ye wyll  
 and nowd wyte yon well ye ar the knyght in the worlde p' I have  
 moste desyre to And than y f'ynyes were comand to make a  
 bedde in myddis of the p'adelon and anon she was undressed  
 and leide p' In And pan **Sir Gawayne** laide hym downe by her  
 naked and by aduenture and grace he sawd his swerde by on p'  
 orthe nate wher in the pomell was a rede crosse and the frame  
 of the crosse In In and he thonght hym on his knyghthode  
 and his p'myse made unto the good man to f'orne hande And  
 than he made a sygne in the forehed of his and p' w' p' p'ady-  
 lon turned by so done and pan hit ch'nged into a smoke  
 and a blak cloke And than he drud sore and cryed a lode  
 fayre swete lorde I hu cryste ne lette me nat be shamed which  
 was myn a lode had nat thy good grace bene And pan he loked  
 unto her schype and sawd her entir p' In which seide Sir  
**Gawayne** ye have be trawde me and so she wente w' p' wynde  
 wryng and yelmyng that hit semed all the wat brente aft'  
 her // Than **Sir Gawayne** made grette sordow and drud his  
 swerde unto hym and seide f'ithym my f'leyss' will be my  
 mayster I shall p'mysse hit p' w' he woff hym self th'p'de p'



the thyng that the blood sterte aboute hym And sende a good lord take  
 thys in recompensacion of that I have mysse done ayeunte the lord  
 So than he clothed hym and armed hym and called hym self Wrecche  
 of all Wrecche how myse was toste And to have toste that I shoulde  
 neu' have gotyn a gayne that was my vrginate for I may neu' be  
 recorde after hit ys omys loste and than he stopped hys bledyng wound  
 With a peece of hys sherte Thus as he made hys mone he sawe the  
 for same schype com fro the oypente that the good man was in I saw  
 be fore And thys noble knyght was soze a shamed of hym self as I  
 wote he felle in a sodeine And when he awooke he wente into hym  
 waykely and there he saluted the good man And pan he asked I  
**Wadale** howe haste you done this I depect Sir sende here was a lan-  
 till woman and ledde In to dede hymme and I he tolde hym all to gyde  
 knowe ye nat that mayde sende the good man Sir sende he may but  
 owell I wote the fynde sente Sir gyde to shame me a good knyght  
 sende he you arte a fool for that launtill woman was the mayst  
 frende of helle which hath pouste on all of dedylles and I was I  
 olde lady that you sawe in thyme adonion wydynst on I spente  
 Than he tolde I **Wadale** howe ome lord I shydyste bete hym onte  
 of hedyng for hys synne which was the mooste bryghtest angell  
 of hedyng and there fore he loste hys heritage and that was I chym  
 pion that you soust with all which had on com the had nat I gre  
 of god bene Now Sir **Wadale** be ware and take this for an insam-  
 ple And than the good man dampshed Than Sir **Wadale** toke  
 hys armes and entred in to the schype as so he depect from pens  
 So both thys tale and turnyth vnto Sir Lancelot

**W**han the chemyte had kepte Sir Lancelot in dayes pan  
 the chemyte gate hym an horse a helme and a swerde and  
 than he depect vntill the dore of none And than he sawe a litill house  
 And when he cam nere he sawe a litill chapel And there he syde  
 he he an olde man which was clothed all in whyght full ryche

And than **Sir Lancelot** seide **Sir** god save you // **Sir** god kepe you seide  
 the good man and make you a good knyght // Than **Sir Lancelot** alyght  
 and entred in to the chapel and there he saw an olde man dede & ma  
 whyght sheete of passing fyne cloth **Sir** seide the good man þat man  
 onght nat to be in such clothynge as ye se hym In for in that he brake  
 the othe of hys order for he hath bene more than an C. wynt a man  
 of Religions And than the good man and **Sir Lancelot** þat good man  
 toke a stole a bonte hys neck and a booke and than he com on that  
 booke And with that they saw the frende in an hydeous fyre þat  
 there was no man so harde herted in the worlde but he sholde a bene  
 a seide // Than seide the frende you haste travayle me gretly now  
 telle me what you wolte with me // I wol seide the good man that  
 you telle me how my brothur be cam dede and wher he be saved or  
 dampned // Than he seide with an horrible voice he ys nat lost but  
 he ys saved // how may that be seide the good man hit semyth me  
 that he leyth nat well for he brake hys order for to were a sherte  
 where he onght to were none And who that trespassith a yent on  
 doth nat well Nat so seide the frende thys man that hert heere was  
 com of grette kynage and þat was a lorde that hert þat Erle de **Vale** þat  
 hylde grette warre a yent thys manes nedes which hert **Agdains**  
 And so thys **Agdains** saw the Erle was bygger than he // Than he  
 wente for to take comynge of hys uncle which hert dede here And  
 than he wente oute of hys Frymptage for to maynteyne his nedes  
 a yent the myghty erle and so hit happed that thys man þat hert  
 dede ded so muche by hys wyse dom & hardnes that þat Erle was  
 take and my of hys lordys by force of thys dede man // Than was  
 þat pees be dyvete thys erle and thys **Agdains** and grette synete  
 that the erle sholde neu warre a gaynste hym more Than þat dede  
 man that here hert cam to thys Frymptage agayne And paid  
 the erle made hym of hys nedes for to be a benyted vpon þat man  
 So they com on a day and founde thys dede man at þat salter ynge



of hys masse and t<sup>he</sup> a fode hym t<sup>ill</sup> he had seyde masse and pan t<sup>he</sup>  
 sette vpon hym and dede oute f<sup>r</sup> s<sup>u</sup>erdy to hane slayne hym but y<sup>e</sup>  
 wolde no swerde byte on hym more than vpon a gade of stele for  
 t<sup>he</sup> hys lorde w<sup>h</sup>ch he f<sup>r</sup>ned he hym p<sup>r</sup>esned / E<sup>t</sup>han made t<sup>he</sup>y  
 a grete fyre and dnd of all hys clot<sup>h</sup>es and t<sup>he</sup> hysse of hys backe  
 And t<sup>han</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y dede man f<sup>r</sup>myte seyde vnto t<sup>he</sup>m wene ye to bren  
 t<sup>he</sup>m me hit shall nat hys in yowre p<sup>r</sup>odder nor to g<sup>r</sup>as<sup>r</sup> me as  
 much as a threde And t<sup>he</sup>re were omy on my body / No seyde one  
 of t<sup>he</sup>m hit shall be assarde and t<sup>han</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y dysposed hym And put  
 vpon hym t<sup>he</sup>s sherte and byste hym in a faye and t<sup>he</sup>re he lay  
 all t<sup>hat</sup> day t<sup>ill</sup> hit was nyght in t<sup>hat</sup> fyre and was nat dede  
 And so in t<sup>he</sup> moone t<sup>han</sup> com I and fonde hym dede but I fonde  
 nor t<sup>he</sup>rede nor s<sup>h</sup>ymme tamed So toke t<sup>he</sup>y hym oute of t<sup>he</sup> fyre  
 w<sup>h</sup>ch grete fawe and leyde hym t<sup>he</sup>re as ye may se And now may ye  
 suffer me to go my way for I hane seyde yon t<sup>he</sup> lotte And pan he  
 doted w<sup>h</sup>th a grete tempest E<sup>t</sup>han was t<sup>he</sup> good man & **lance**  
 more gladder t<sup>han</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y were to fore And t<sup>han</sup> **Sir lance** duel  
 led w<sup>h</sup>th t<sup>hat</sup> good man t<sup>hat</sup> nyght Sir seyde t<sup>he</sup> good man be ye  
 nat **Sir lance** du lak ye Sir seyde he // Sir w<sup>h</sup>at seke yon in  
 t<sup>he</sup>s contrey // I go f<sup>r</sup> to seke t<sup>he</sup> aduentures of t<sup>he</sup> **Sankgreall**  
 w<sup>h</sup>ch seyde he seke ye hit ye may w<sup>h</sup>ll // But yowre hit were t<sup>he</sup>re  
 ye shall hane no p<sup>r</sup>odder to se hit no more t<sup>han</sup> a blynde man y<sup>e</sup>  
 sholde se a bryght swerde and t<sup>hat</sup> ye longe on yowre s<sup>h</sup>ymme and  
 e<sup>t</sup>hys ye were more adeler t<sup>han</sup> omy man bydynge And pan **Sir**  
**lance** he gan to wepe E<sup>t</sup>han seyde t<sup>he</sup> good man were ye c<sup>r</sup>ossed  
 s<sup>h</sup>ymme ye entred in to t<sup>he</sup> queste of t<sup>he</sup> **Sankgreall** ye f<sup>r</sup> seyde **Sir**  
**lance** E<sup>t</sup>han vpon t<sup>he</sup> moone w<sup>h</sup>an t<sup>he</sup> good man had songe  
 hys masse t<sup>han</sup> t<sup>he</sup>y burred t<sup>he</sup> dede man Now seyde **Sir lance**  
 fadn w<sup>h</sup>at shall I do Now seyde t<sup>he</sup> good man I requyre yon take  
 t<sup>he</sup>s faye t<sup>hat</sup> was t<sup>he</sup>s h<sup>o</sup>ly manes and put hit nexte t<sup>he</sup>  
 s<sup>h</sup>ymme And hit shall p<sup>r</sup>edaryle t<sup>he</sup> grete // Sir t<sup>han</sup> w<sup>h</sup>ll I do hit  
 seyde **Sir lance** also sw<sup>r</sup> I charge t<sup>he</sup> pat yon ete no f<sup>r</sup>yshe as  
 longe as ye be in t<sup>he</sup> queste of **Sankgreall** nor ye shall drynke no

Wyne

Wyne and that ye thre masse dayly and ye may com þ to So he toke þ  
 hame and put hit vpon hym and so depyed at dawnsonge and so  
 rode m to a foreyste and there he mette w a Iantill woman vndyrng  
 vpon a wyggst passerey And pan she asked hym sw kmyght wher  
 yde ye Certes damelsette seyde En **Lancelot** I wote nat wher  
 I yde but as fortune ledith me And En **Lancelot** seyde she I wote  
 what aduenture ye seek for ye wote be fore tyme neyar than ye be  
 now and yet shall ye se hit more oppnly than en ye did and þ  
 shall ye vnderstonde m shorte tyme Then En **Lancelot** asked  
 her wher he myght be quartered that myght ye shall none fynde  
 thys day nor myght but to morne ye shall fynde herberde gode  
 and ease of that ye bene indente off and pan he comondes hit vnto  
 god And so he rode tyll that he cam to a crosse and toke þ for  
 hys ofte as for that myght And so he put hys horse to pasture and  
 ded of hys helme and hys shyld and made hys prayers vnto þ crosse  
 that he neu fall m dedely fyne a gayne and so he leyde hym  
 downe to slepe And anone as he was on slepe hit be fyll hym þ  
 a vision That þ com a man a fore hym all by compass w sterres  
 and that man had a crowne of golde on hys hede and þ man had  
 m hys helyshyp An kyng and n kmyght and all thes worshipt  
 the crosse knelyng vpon þ knyres holdyng vp þ hondys to warde  
 the heuyn And all they seyde swete lady of heuyn com and visite  
 vs and yelde vnto eny of vs as we haue desired Then loke  
 En **Lancelot** vp to the heuyn and hym semed the cloudis ded open  
 and an olde man com downe wth a compain of angels & alyste  
 amonge them and gaff vnto eny hys blyssynge & called hem  
 hys hys seruaunt and hys good and trewe kmyght And when  
 thys olde man had seyde thus he com to one of the kmyghts and  
 seyde I haue losse all that I haue be sette m the for ion hast  
 vnted the aynste me as a darrpoure and vsed wronge dayes  
 wth bayne floure for the please of the world more pan to please

The aduision  
 of En Lancelot



me pere fore þou shalt be conformed With oute þou yelde me my tresoun  
 All thyre aduision said Sir **launcelot** at the crose and on the moyne he  
 toke hys horse and rode tyll the mydday // And there by aduenture he mette  
 the same knyght that toke hys horse helme and hys swerde whan he  
 slepte whan the **Saukegreaff** appeared a fore the crose // So whan Sir **launcelot**  
 saw hym he saluted hym nat farye but cryed on hyght knyght kepe  
 the for þou deddest me grete vnbryndnes And than they put a fore  
 them þe prayes And Sir **launcelot** com so freely that he smote  
 hym and hys horse ddone to the erthe that he had nyze byotom  
 hys neck Than Sir **launcelot** toke the knyghts horse þe was hys  
 ddone be fore hande and descended frome the horse he sette vpon  
 and mounted vpon hys horse And tryed the knyghts ddone horse  
 to a tre that he myght fynde that horse whan he was ysew //  
 Than Sir **launcelot** rode tyll the nyght and by aduenture he mette  
 an Frynte and ech of hem saluted oþ and there he reste <sup>tt</sup> þe  
 good man all nyght and gaff hys horse fayne as he myght gete  
 Than seyde the good man vnto Sir **launcelot** of whens be ye Sir  
 seyde he I am of **Arthurs** comte and my name ys Sir **launcelot**  
**de lake** that am in the queste of the **Saukegreaff** and þe for sir I pray  
 þou comerte me of a vition that I saw thyre nyght and so he tolde  
 hym all // So Sir **launcelot** seyde the good man pere myght þou  
 vnderstonde the thyre lymage that þou arte com off at thyne adu  
 sion be tokyenys after the passion of Ihu cryst forty pere **Joseph**  
 of **Arnamathy** preached of the victory of kynge **Guellak** that he had  
 in hys batayles the bettir of hys enemies and of the vi knyght  
 and the ii knyght the firste of hem ys called **Nappus** an holy  
 man And the secunde knyght **Nacien** in remembrance of hys  
 gramte fye And in hym dwelled once lord Ihu cryst And þe  
 thirde was called **hellhas** the grose and the iiii knyght **ysays**  
 And the v knyght **Jonas** he deyped oute of hys contrey & wente  
 in to doath and toke there the dmyter of **Dauid** where by

he had the londe **Gaule** and he com to dwellle in thys contrey And  
 of hym com kynge **Lancelot** thy graunte hys knyghts were dedde  
 to the kynge donzt of hylonde and he was no worthy a man as  
 yon arte And of hym com kynge **Bau** thy fadir whys was the  
 laste of the vii. kynys And by the knyght **Lancelot** hit signyfied that  
 angels seyde yon were none of the vii. schysship And y last was  
 the vii. knyght he was signyfied to a kyng for he shold passe all  
 man of earthly knyght that ys **Salahad** whys yon date  
 on kynge **Pelles** donghter and yon onzt to thanke god moze yon  
 ony othir man byyng for of a synner earthly yon hast no pze  
 as in knyghtshede noy nen shall have But hit is thanke that yon  
 ydorn to god for all the grete vertus that god hath lente the **En**  
 seyde **En Lancelot** ye sey that god knyght ys my sone That onzt  
 yon to know seyde the god man for yon know y donzt of kynge  
**Pelles** fleschly and on her yon be gatyf **En Salahad** and that  
 was he that at the feste of pentecoste sate in the byge pelous  
 and there fore make yon hit to be knodorn openly that he ys of  
 the begetyn and in no place pced nat bypon hym to have a do  
 with hym for hit wolt nat a knyght no knyght to have a do  
 with hym Well seyde **En Lancelot** me semt that god knyght shold  
 pray for me vnto the hye fadir that I falle nat to synne a gyne  
 Erust yon well seyde the god man yon sawst muche the bett  
 for hys prayer for the soune shall nat beare the doctrednesse  
 of the soune But ony man shall beare hys done bardon And  
 y fore be seke yon only god and he wolt helpe the in all thy ned  
 And than **En Lancelot** and he wente to fupere and so leyde  
 hem to reste And hys herye preyed faste and greded hymself  
 But he toke hit mekely and suffrede the payne And so on the  
 morne he harte hys masse and toke hys lymys and so toke  
 hys lede and monited bypon hys horse and rode in to a foreyst



and helde no hye way and as he looked be fore hym he saw a fayre  
 playne and he saw that a fayre castell and be fore the castell were  
 many pavelons of sylke and of dyse colours And hym semed that he  
 saw there v. C knyghts mydunge on horse backe and there was nyghtes  
 they that were of the castell were all on black horse and y trappones  
 black and they that were with oute were all on whycht horse & trappers  
 So there he gan a grette turnemente and eny knyghted w<sup>o</sup> p<sup>r</sup> that mer-  
 wayled Sir **Lancelot** gretly And at the laste hym thowt they of pe  
 castell were put to the wars Then thowt Sir **Lancelot** for to  
 helpe there the knyght p<sup>r</sup> in marshing of hys shewyng And so Sir  
**Lancelot** threste in amonge the p<sup>r</sup> of the castell and smote doun  
 a knyght horse and man to the ert<sup>h</sup> And than he rissed here and  
 there and ded many manyngons dedis of armys And than he drew  
 oute hys swerde and stroke many knyghts to the ert<sup>h</sup> that all that  
 saw hym merwayled that eny one knyght myght do so grette dedis  
 of armys // But all wayes the whycht knyght kynde thowd  
 myze a bonte Sir **Lancelot** for to tve hym and wynde hym  
 at the laste Sir **Lancelot** was so wey of hys grette dedis that  
 he myght nat lyfte up hys armys for to geff one stroke y<sup>e</sup> he  
 wente nen to hame borne armys And than they all toke and  
 ledde hym a way in to a foreyste and there made hym to abyte  
 to resten hym And than all the felshyp of the castell were  
 on com for the defaunte of hym Then they seyd all unto Sir  
**Lancelot** blessed be god that ye be now of ony felshyp ffor  
 we shall holde you in ony p<sup>r</sup>son and so they lefte hym w<sup>o</sup>  
 fow wordys // And than Sir **Lancelot** made grette sorowe  
 for nen or now was I nen at turnemente nor at justes but  
 I had the beste and now I am shamed and am sure that I am  
 more synfuller than eny I was thys he rode sorowynge & halff

a day oute of dyspayre tyll that he cam in to a depe daley And  
 when Sir **Lancelot** he the myght nat ryde up vnto þe moun-  
 tayne he there ahyt vnder an appyll tre and there he lefste  
 his helme and his shyld and put his horse vnto pasture  
 And than he leyde hym doun to slepe And pan hym thowt þe  
 com an olde man a fore hym whiche seide to **Lancelot** of ediff  
 wyched forth and þere he lede whiche fore ye the wyll tned so  
 by gylty toward dedly synne and when he had seide thus he  
 vanysshed a way And Sir **Lancelot** wyft nat whiche he be-  
 com Then he toke his horse and armed hym and as he rode  
 by the hye way he saw a chapel whiche was a reduse whiche  
 had a wyndow that he myght se þe to the adyt And all a bonte  
 she called Sir **Lancelot** for that he seemed a knyght myghte  
 And pan he cam and she asked hym what he was þe of what  
 place and whiche a bonte he wente to seke And pan he tolde  
 hir all to gylt word by word and the twenty day hit he selle  
 hym at the turnemente and after that he tolde hir his a-  
 vision that he had that myght in his slepe And **Lancelot** seide  
 she as longe as ye were knyght of ertly knyghthode ye were  
 þe moste merdaylonst man of the worlde þe moste adnetmest  
 Oold seide the lady fithen ye be sette amonge the knyghtis  
 of dedynly adnetmest if adnetmest falle hit hane ye no m-  
 nayle for that turnemente yestirday was but a tokyng  
 of ony lord and nat for than there was none enchan-  
 mente for they at the turnemente were ertly knyght  
 The turnemente was tokyng to se who shold hane moste  
 knyght of **Mazar** the sonne of kynge **pelles** or **Arjustus**  
 the sonne of kynge **harlon** But **Mazar** was all clothed



in **Whyldest** And **Augustus** were comde in blacke and what tyme  
 betokenyng I shall telle you the day of pentecoste when kynge  
**Arthur** hyde comte hit be telle that certeyn certeyn kynge &  
 certeyn kynge took a turnemente to gyde that ys to sey the  
 queste of the **Sauyrcraft** Of thes certeyn kynge which were  
 clothed all in **Whyldest** blacke and the comyng be tokenyng the  
 sygnes wherof they be nat confessed And they do the comyng  
 of **Whyldest** betokenyng byrgente and they that hath chosyn chas-  
 tite and tyme wherof the queste be gone in tyme when y be sette  
 the synners and the good men And when you saw y synners  
 on com y enchynded to that gyt for bobbanee and pryde of y  
 worlde pryde of the worlde and all that muste be lesse in that  
 queste for in thes queste you shall haue many felows & the  
 betters for you arte so feble of doyle truste & good beleve thes  
 made hit when you were wher they toke the and lade y in to  
 the foreyste And anon y appered the **Sauyrcraft** into the  
**Whyldest** kynge but you were so feble of good fayth y y mygt  
 nat a byde hit for all the techyng of the good man be fore but  
 anon you turned to the synners And that caused the mysse-  
 adventure pat you sholde knowe god frome vayne glory of the  
 worlde hit y nat worth a peere and for grete pryde y madist  
 grete sorow pat y haddist nat on com all the **Whyldest** kynge  
 there fore god was wrothe with you for in thes queste god lo-  
 veth no such dedes and that made the adision to say to y that  
 you were of doyle fayth and of poore by hede the which will  
 make the depe pite of helle if you kepe the nat the bett Now  
 haue I reuened the of the vayne glory and of the pryde that  
 you haue many tyme arved a yonste the matter be ware of

enlastynge payne for of all earthly knyghts I haue moste pite  
of the for I kydde well yon haste nat the pite of my earthly kny-  
ght man And so he comanded Sir **Lancelot** to dyner and  
after dyner he toke his horse and comande her to god and  
rode in to a depe valey and there he saw a wyde and an  
hye mortayn and thowgh the water he myste nedre passe þe  
whyche was hedryng And than in the name of god he toke  
his best good herte and when he com on he saw an ayred  
knyght horse and man all black as a beare w<sup>th</sup>oute any  
wyde he smote Sir **Lancelot** horse to the dethe and so he  
passe on and wist nat where he was he com and pan he  
toke his helme and his shylde and thanked god of his adven-  
ture **Here leith þe tale of Sir Lancelot & speith of Sir Lancelot**

**W**hen Sir **Gawayne** was depyed frome his felshyp  
he rode longe wythoute any aduenture for he founde  
nat the tenthe pte of aduentures as they were wente to haue  
for Sir **Gawayne** rode frome wynter to the ayre  
masse and founde new aduenture that pleased hym So on  
a day hit he felle that **Gawayne** mette with Sir **Ector de mayn**  
and arthur made grete joy of othir and so they tolde enyche  
othir and complayned them grete that they coude fynde none  
adventure Terly seyde Sir **Gawayne** I am my wyf of thys  
queste and lotte I am to folow furþ in strange contreyes  
One thyng meruayllith me muche seyde Sir **Ector** I haue mette  
with y<sup>e</sup> knyght that be felows of myne And all þey complayne  
as I do I haue meruayle seyde Sir **Gawayne** where that Sir  
**Lancelot** yon brother y<sup>e</sup> Terly seyde Sir **Ector** I can nat here  
of hym nor of Sir **Galahad** Sir **Perceval** and Sir **Bors** tette  
hem be seyde seyde Sir **Gawayne** for they my haue no peeres



and if one thinge were nat **Sir launcelot** he had none felde of an  
 ertlych man but he ys as we be but if he take the more wayne  
 vpon hym but and thes m be mette to godys they wold be lottge  
 that our man mete with hem for and they sayle of **Sauke**  
**all** hit ys in waste of all the remenante to ycon hit thys  
**Sir Ector** and **Sir Gawayne** rode more than viij dayes and on  
 a Saturday they founde an amynut chapel which was  
 wasted that y semed no man nor woman thedir repayred  
 and there they alyght and sette y speys at the dore and so  
 they entred in to the chapel and y made y off sons a grete  
 whyte And than they sette hem adome in the segys of the  
 chapel and as they spake of one thinge and of othyr for hepy  
 nesse they selle on slepe and there hem bothe merdaylons ad  
 ventures // **Sir Gawayne** hym semed he cam into a medow  
 full of herbis and floures and there he sawe a rake of bulles  
 an hundreth and fyfty that were yonde and blacke face m of  
 hem was all whyght and one had a blacke spotte and y  
 othyr y were so fayne and so whyght that they myght be no  
 whytter and thes m bulles which were so fayne were tyed w  
 y. swonge cordis and the remenante of the bulles se amonge  
 them go to the hend to sele better pasture and so son wente &  
 som com a gayne but they were so megr that the myght nat  
 stonde by ryght and of the bulles that were so whyght y one  
 com a gayne and no mo. But when thes whyght bulle was  
 com a gayne and amonge thes op there rose vp a grete ope  
 for lacke of wynde foyled them and so they depyed one here &  
 a nothyr there thes adision be felle **Sir Gawayne** that myght  
 But to **Sir Ector** de mares be felle a noy adision y contrary  
 for hit semed hym that thes brother **Sir launcelot** and he

The adision  
 of Sir Gawayne





gode seide hir **Petro** vnto som knyght that wolde telle vs of oure aduision  
 for hit semeth me we laboure all in vayne and so they derte and rode  
 in to a daley and there they mette with a knyght which rode on an  
 haleney and a none they salow hym fayne. Sir seide Sir **Sawayne**  
 can you teche vs to any knyghte. Sir here ys on in a luff indurayme  
 but hit ys so redye there may no horse go thur and yf fore ye muste  
 go on foot and there ye shall fynde a poore house and yf in yf **Na-**  
**rien** knyght which ys the holyste man in this contrey and so they  
 derted othir frome othir and than in a daley they mette w<sup>th</sup> a  
 knyght all armed which profide hem to fyght w<sup>th</sup> hys as sone as  
 he saw them in the name of god seide **Sawayne** for sittyn I  
 derted frome **Camelot** there was none that profide me to fyght  
 but onys and now. Sir seide Sir **Petro** lat me fyght w<sup>th</sup> hym.  
 Nay ye shall nat but if I be betyn hit shall nat pan for thynke  
 me if ye go to hym and than artow embraced of to fyght and so  
 they cam to gydes as faste as they myght venne that per braste  
 yf shylde and mayles and yf one more than yf top. But **Saw-**  
**ayne** was wounded in the hysse hyde and thys of knyght was  
 smytten thowgh the breste that the speare com oute on yf syde  
 so they felle both oute of yf shylde and in the fallunge per brake  
 both yf speares and anon Sir **Sawayne** a rose and sette hys  
 honde to hys slyerde and caste hys shylde be fore hym. But all  
 for naught was hit for the knyght had no power to avyse a gyne  
 hym. Than seide **Sawayne** ye muste velds you as an on com  
 man of ellis I muste se you d yf knyght he seide I am hit dede yf  
 fore for godys sake and of yome saintines lade me here vnto an  
 abbay that I may vesterde my creatur. Sir seide Sir **Sawayne**  
 I know no house of religion here myze. Sir sette me on an horse  
 to fore you and I shall teche you. So **Sawayne** sette hym up  
 in the sadylle and he lepe up be hynde hym to sustayne hym and so

they com to the abbey and there were well rested And anon he  
 was unarmed and rested his creature Then he prayd **Gaw-  
 ayne** to drabe onto the truncheon of the speare onto of his body Then  
 Sir **Gawayne** asked hym what he was Sir he seyde I am of kynge  
**Arthurs** court and was a felow of the rounde table and we were  
 sworne to gyde And now **Gawayne** you hast slayne me and my  
 name ys **Wayne** le adventures that som tyme was sone unto  
 kynge **Uryen** and I was in the queste of the **Santgreal** and now  
 for thyff the god for hit shall be en reversed that the tene sworne broþ  
 hath slayne the of alas seyde Sir **Gawayne** that en thyf myfud  
 wourde be sette me No force seyde **Wayne** synthyn I shall dye this  
 dethe of a much more worshipfuller manes hande myght I nat dye  
 But when ye com to the court recomande me unto my lord **Arth**  
 and to all þem that be left on lyde And for olde brother had prync  
 on me Then he gan Sir **Gawayne** to depe and asse **Ector** And  
 than **Wayne** bade hym drabe onto the truncheon of the speare  
 And than Sir **Gawayne** drew hit onto and anon dected þe soule  
 frome the body Then Sir **Gawayne** and **Ector** buried hym as  
 them out to bury a kynge some and made hit wytynd upon his  
 tombe what was his name and by whom he was slayne Then  
 dected Sir **Gawayne** and Sir **Ector** as they myght for þe  
 myssadventure and so rode they the com to the redde mountayne  
 and there they tyed þe horsis and wente on foote to the Symtaye and  
 when they were com by they saw a poore house and he syde þe chapel  
 a litill courtelarge where **Nacen** the Symyte gadred hertis to his  
 mete as he wyth had tasted none of mete of a grete while And  
 when he saw the arrivante knyght he cam to them and saluted  
 them and they hym a gayne / Hare lordis seyde he what advenure  
 brought you hyder Then seyde **Gawayne** to speke with you for  
 to be confessed Sir seyde the Symyte I am jedy than they tolde hym  
 so much that he wyte well what they were And pan he thought

Here **Gawayne**  
 the **Wayne**  
 his cousin  
 Arthura  
 was



to conuerse them if he myght. Then he gan Sir **Galawayne** and tolde hym  
 of hys aduision that he had in the chawell. And etow tolde hym all as he  
 ys be fore yelivered. Sir seide Sir **Galawayne** the fayre meddow & p<sup>r</sup>at  
 there. In ourt to be vnderstonde the rounde table and by the meddow  
 ouste to be vnderstonde humilite and p<sup>r</sup>aciens so be the thyng. Whiche  
 Whiche bene all they grene and quene for that men mayd<sup>r</sup> no tyme  
 on com humilite and p<sup>r</sup>aciens there fore was the rounde table foun-  
 den and the fydalor hath ben at all tymes so hye by the feautie  
 Whiche was there that she myght nat be oncom. For me seide she  
 was founded in p<sup>r</sup>aciens and in humilite at the vach ete an C. & fyfth  
 bullis but they ete nat in the meddow for if they had p<sup>r</sup>at sholde  
 have bene sette in humilite & p<sup>r</sup>aciens and the bullis were p<sup>r</sup>oude &  
 blacke samff only in. And by the bullis ys vnderstonde the felyschyp  
 of the rounde table Whiche for p<sup>r</sup>yme and p<sup>r</sup>wyrtednesse bene blacke  
 & blackenes ys as much to sey with ourt god beynes or wykes and  
 the in bullis Whiche were whych samff only one had bene spotted  
 The to whych gete to be myght Sir **Galahad** and Sir **Ydovale** for  
 they be maydyns and clene with ourt spotte. And the thirde p<sup>r</sup> had a spotte  
 signifieth Sir **Bois de gaynes** Whiche trespassed but onys in hys vir-  
 ginite but sithyn he kepte hym self so wel in chastite that all ys  
 for gyfyn hym and hys mysse dedes and whych so in were tryed by p<sup>r</sup>  
 neckes they be in. Myght in our ginite and chastite and p<sup>r</sup>ys no p<sup>r</sup>ys  
 synniten in them. And the blacke bullis Whiche seide to be hene  
 they were po Whiche at pentecoste at the hye feste toke upon hem  
 in the queste of the **Sant greall** with ourt confession they myght nat  
 entre in the meddow of humilite & p<sup>r</sup>aciens. And there fore they tned  
 in to waste contrees that signifieth dethe for p<sup>r</sup> shall dre many off  
 them for eny of them shall ste othir for fyne and they p<sup>r</sup> shall  
 astape shall be so megr that hit shall be merdayle to se them and  
 of the in bullis with ourt spotte the one shall com a gayne and p<sup>r</sup> of  
 n. nen. Then spake **Nauen** vnto Sir **Etow** sote hit ys that p<sup>r</sup> **lamm**

**lancelot** and ye com dorene of one chayer the chayer betokenyth maysthip  
 and lordship whiche ye too cam dorene fro but ye in myght sayde  
 sumte ye go to seke that ye shall fynde that ys the **Sankwreall**  
 for hit ys the secrete thyng of oure lord ihu cryste. But what ys  
 to meane that **Sir Lancelot** selle donue of hys horse he hath leste  
 hys wyde and takyn to humilite for he hath my lordde for hys  
 syme and fore repented hym and oure lord hath clothed hym  
 in hys clothynge whiche ys full of knott that ys the chayer that he  
 receyvyth dayly. And the asse that he rode vpon ys a best of humilite  
 for god wolde nat ryde vpon no spede nor vpon no walsey. In an  
 exempte that an asse be tokynt mekenes that yon sawe **Sir Lancelot**  
 ryde in the flece at the welle whiche at the water fante froume hym  
 whan he sholde hame takyn y off And whan he sawe he myght nat  
 stode hit he returned from whens he cam for the welle betokenyth  
 the hyge grace of god for the more men desire hit to take hit ye more  
 shall be y desire. So whan he cam nyge the **Sankwreall** he meted  
 hym so that he hyde hym nat the man worthy to be so nyge y holy  
 vessel for he had be so deforled in dedly synne by the space of many  
 yere yett whan he knelid dorene to drynke of the welle and y he sawe  
 grete prydence of the **Sankwreall** and for he hath serued so longe  
 the deuyll that he shall haue myt xx dayes for that he hath bene  
 the deuylls puaunte myt xx yeres and pan sone after he shall retre  
 to **Camelot** oute of thys contrey and he shall sey a joly such thynges  
 as he hath founde. Nowe woll I telle yon what be tokynt the haunde  
 with the candill and the byrdyll that ys to vnderstonde the holy  
 goste whiche chayer ys on And the byrdyll signifieth abstinence for  
 whan she ys byrdelid in a crysten manes herte so holdeth hym  
 so shorte that he fallat nat in dedly synne And the candill whiche  
 sheddeith clernesse and lyght signifieth the ryght way of ihu cryste  
 And whan they wente he serde myght of poye fowth & of wyrted



he lede thes m. thinge fayled charite abstinence and twentie theze fore  
 ye may nat attayne thys aduenture of the **Sauvage** Serf sende  
 f. **Sauayne** first sotsly haue ye leyde that I se hit opynly. Now I pray  
 you telle me wher he mette nat with so many aduentures as he  
 were wote to do. I shall telle you gladly sende the good man the adven-  
 ture of the **Sauvage** which he m. soe dymge now for hit apparat  
 nat to no synners. Wherefore mervayle ye nat you ye fowle roff  
 many other for ye bene an vntred knyght and a grette myrtuar  
 and to good men signifieth othre thinge than myrtuar for I dare sey  
 as synfull as en. **launcelot** hath ben sith that he wente into  
 the queste of the **Sauvage** he stode neu man nor nout shall  
 telle that he com to **Camelot** agayne for he hath taken hym to for-  
 sake hymne And nere were that he ys nat stable but by hys thoughte  
 he ys lykly to turne a gayne he sholde be nexte to enched hit sauff  
**En. Galahad** hys forme but god knowith hys thoughte and hys  
 vnsablenesse and yett shall he dye ryght an holy man and no doute  
 he hath no felow of none certayn synfull man. I pray you sende  
 f. **Sauayne** hit seimth me by some wordis that for ome synnes hit  
 wold nat aduayle us to twayne in thys queste Truly sende the good  
 man theze bene an. f. such as ye bene shall neu preyde but to  
 haue shame And when they had heide thes wordis they com-  
 mended hym vnto god. Then the good man called **En. Sauayne** and  
 sende hit ys longe tyme passed sith that ye were made knyght and  
 neu synnes fynd you by mater and now you arte so olde a tre  
 that in the ys neythir leeff nor grasse nor fruyte Wherefore be  
 thynte the ys you yelde to ome lord the lye vnde sith ye sende hath  
 hath the leue and the fruyte. **En. sende f. Sauayne** and I had lesse  
 I wold speke with you but my felow **En. Ector** ys gone a abathe  
 me round by nethe the hille. Well sende the good man you were lett  
 to be commeyled. Then deyled f. **Sauayne** and cam to **En. Ector** and

and so toke þe horsis and rode tyll that they com to a fosters house which  
her berodde them ryght well and on the mornynge departed from hir oþer  
and rode longe ov they cōdōthē frunde ony adventuynge.

**N**ow turnyth this tale vnto **Syr Bois de Banys** & c.

**W**hen **Syr Bois** was departed from **Camelot** he mette w<sup>th</sup>  
a religious man rydynge on an asse And anon **Syr Bois**  
saluted hym And anon the good man knew that he was one of the  
knyghts errante that was in the queste of the **Saukegreall** What  
ar ye seyd the good man **Syr** seyd he I am a knyght that sayne wolde  
be conceyved that ys entred in to the queste of the saukegreall for he  
shall haue much erthly worship that may bring hit to an ende  
Soþer seyd the good man that ys sothe woth oute fayle for he shall be  
the beste knyght of the world and the saynest of the felishyp But wyte  
yon well there shall none attayne hit but by clemens that ys pure  
confession So rode they to gydw tyll that they com vnto a litle tynne  
tynge And there he prayde **Syr Bois** to dwelle all that nyght And he  
so put of hys armoure and prayde hym that he myght be confessed  
And so they ete brede and dranke water to gydw to gydw And seyd  
þe good man I pray the þe yon ete none op tyll pat yon sitte at the  
table where the **Saukegreall** shall be **Syr** seyd he I agree me to  
but how know ye that I shall fynde there? **Syr** seyd the good man þe  
know I well but there shall be but felwe of yome felows w<sup>th</sup> yon  
All ys well come seyd **Syr Bois** that god sendeth me also seyd  
the good man in fered of a knyght and in sygne of chastite mente  
ye shall weare a garment there fore I pray yon do of all yon clothys  
and yonre knyght and so he dōd and than he toke hym a starlet  
cote so that sholde be hys in fered of hys knyght tyll he had fulfilled  
the queste of the **Saukegreall** and this good man founde hym in  
so meruayles a byffe and so stable that he felte he was new greth  
errecte in flesshly lustes but in one tyme that he be gat **Chari**  
**le blanke** than he arnyd hym and toke hym and toke hys fere



and so depyed And so a litill frome thens he loked bo m to a tre and þ  
 he sawe a passynge grete brde vpon that olde tre and hit was passynge  
 dyre wthoute lesse so she sate a while and had byrds whose wyse  
 dede for hynge So at the laste he smote hym selfe w<sup>th</sup> hys beke which  
 was grete and shere and so the grete brde blede so faste þ he dyed  
 amonge hys byrds And the yonge byrds toke hys by the blade  
 of the grete brde When **Er** **Bors** sawe this he wyfte well hit  
 was a grete tokyng for when he sawe the grete brde arose nat  
 than he toke hys horse and rode hys way And so by adventure by  
 dornynge tyme he cam to a stronge towre and an hys and there  
 was he herberded gladly And when he was unarmed they lad  
 hym into an hys towre where was a lady yonge lufy and faye  
 and she receyved hym wth grete loy and made hym to sitte down  
 by her and anon he was sette to supper wth flessh & many  
 dainties But when **Er** **Bors** sawe that he be thought hym  
 on hys penance and bade a semye to bynge hym watre And so  
 he brought hym and he made sopps þ in and ete thens a serde  
 the lady I trow ye hyl nat yome mete yed truly serde **Bors**  
 god thanke yon madam But I may nat ete none of mete to day  
 than she spake no more as at that tyme for she was toke to  
 displeas hym Then after supper they spake of one thyng and  
 of othr So wth that þ cam a semye and serde madam ye muste  
 pnder yon to moine for a champion for ellis yonre syster wot hys  
 thys castell and also yonre londys excepte ye can fynde a knyght  
 that wot hys to moine in yonre quayell a penyte **Er** **pydam**  
**le nyre** Then she made grete sorow and serde a lorde god where  
 fore graunte ye me to holde my londe where of I sholde now be  
 dysherited wthoute reson & wyght And when **Er** **Bors** herde  
 this serps he serde I shall comforte yon Er serde she I shall telle  
 yon there was here a knyght that hys **Anysse** which hysde

all this londe

all thys londe in hys keepynge So hit mysshapped he lound a lant  
 till woman a grette dele elder than I and so he toke her all þe londe  
 in hys keepynge and all hys men to go with him and she brought up many  
 knyght castles where by she put to dethe a grette wy of hys knyghtes  
 men And when he saw that he comanded her oute of this londe  
 and by toke hit me and all thys londe in my demouryng But a  
 none as that worthy knyght was dede thys op lady he gan to  
 weare upon me and hathe destroyed many of my men and tued  
 hem a penyte me that I have well nyge no man lesste me and  
 I have nought ellis But thys thys to dre that she lesste me And  
 yet she hathe promysed me to have thys to dre withoute I can  
 fynde a knyght to fyght with her champion Now telle me seyde  
 Sir **Bors** what ys that **Dydan le noye** Sir he ys the moste  
 doted man of thys londe than may ye sende hys wyte that ye  
 have founde a knyght that shall fyght with that **Dydan le**  
**noye** in goddis quarelle and poyes So that lady was than glad  
 and sente her wyte that she was pryncesse And so that knyght  
 Sir **Bors** had passyng good chere but in no bedde he wolde com  
 but leyde hym on the floore nor nen wolde do of wyse till that  
 he had mette with the queste of the **Sauke greall** And anon as  
 he was a slepe hym he felle a vision þat I am a byrdie þat one wyght  
 as a swaine and that op was merveylous blacke but he was nat  
 so grette as was that op but in the by lynes of a Raven than þe  
 wyght byrdie cam to hym and seyde and you woldest gyff me  
 me mete and fne me I sholde gyff the all the ryches of þe world  
 and I shall make the as fayne and as wyght as I am So the  
 wyght byrdie depyed and you cam the blacke byrdie to hym and  
 seyde And you fne me to morow and have me in no dyspate  
 poye I be blacke for wyte you well that more aduylth myne

The avysion  
 of Sir Bors  
 when he  
 founde the  
 Rave  
 byrdie



blaknesse than the odre whygghnesse and than he depteð Than he had  
 a nothir vision that he cam to a grette place which semed a chapel  
 and there he founde a charge sette on the hyfste hyde which was  
 a wyrm etyn and heble the tre be hyde hit and on the vyggt honde  
 were ii floures lyke a hylre and that one wolde a be nome þ top  
 theye whygghnes // But a good man depteð them þ they tolde  
 none othir And þan oute of eche floure com oute many floures  
 and fruyte grette plente Than hym thowt þ good man seide sholde  
 nat he do grette folx that wolde lette thes ii floures þe for to  
 fructome the wotyn tre that hit selle nat to the erthe // So seide  
 he hit semyth me that this wood mygt nat dwyle Now hepe the  
 seide the good man that þou neu se such admentye be falle the  
 Than he aduised and made a fygne of the crosse in myddys of  
 the foreste hede and so he arose and clothed hym and a none  
 there cam the lady of the place and she saluted hym and he her  
 a gayne and so wente to a chapel and herd þ mysse And a  
 none there cam a company of knyghts that the lady had sente  
 for to lede Sir **Bors** into the batayle Than asked he his knyghts  
 And when he was armed she prayde hym to take a tryll  
 morsell to dyne May madam seide he that shalt nat do thylle  
 I have done my batayle by the grace of god And so he lepe  
 vpon his horse and depteð and all the knyghts and men  
 with hym And as sone as thes ii ladies mette to godr she  
 which Sir **Bors** sholde fight for she playned hym And seide  
 madam ye have done grette wronge to be ryde me my landis  
 that knyght **Amours** gaff me and fult lothe I am þ sholde be  
 my batayle // ye shalt nat chose seide the op othir ellis lat þ  
 knyght withdrad hym Than there was the cry made which  
 þy had the better of þo ii knyghts that his lady sholde reyse

all the londres. Than depte the one knyght here and f. of there.  
 Than they cam to gnyres with such ramound p. they perced p. shild  
 and p. halbergeons and p. speayes ffre in pece and they soe wom-  
 ded. Than hunteled they to gnyres so that they beete eche o. to the  
 erthe and theye horsis be dorene p. leggis. And anone they arose  
 and sette handis to p. swordys and smote eche one o. vpon p.  
 hedys that they made grete woundis and depe that the blade wente  
 oute of hys bodys ffor there founde Sir **Bois** gretter defence in  
 that knyght more than he wente ffor thys. Sir **Ordan** was a  
 passing good knyght and wounded Sir **Bois** full doyll & he hym  
 a gayne. But en p. **Ordan** hyde p. ffolwe in hys harde, that per-  
 wed Sir **Bois** and suffred hym till he was mye ataynte. And  
 than he ranne vpon hym more and more. And the o. wente  
 backe for drede of dethe. So in hys withdradowng he selle vpryt  
 And Sir **Bois** drew hys helme so strongly that he reute hit  
 some ffrome hys hede and gaff hym many fadde strok w. the flate  
 of hys swerde vpon the visarge and hude hym yelde hym or he  
 sholde sle hym. Than he cryed. Hym may and seyde fayne knyght  
 for goddis love sle me nat and I shal enfyne the nen to warre  
 a yense thy lady but be all way tovaunde hyr. So p. **Bois** gaffe  
 hym hys kyff and anone the olde lady fledde w. all hys knyghts.  
 Than called Sir **Bois** all so that hyde landis of hys ladies  
 and seyde he sholde destroy them but if they dnd ffre hymse into  
 than her as longed to p. londres. So they dnd her omayge and per  
 that wolde nat were chased oute of p. londres. That hit be felle p.  
 the yonge lady com to her astate agayne be the myzto p. esse  
 of Sir **Bois** degame. So when all the contrey was well sette  
 in pease. Than Sir **Bois** toke hys leue & depte & she thanked hym  
 grety and wolde have gyffyn hym grete gyft. But he refused



Then he rode all that day till nyght and so he cam to an her-  
 berde to a lady which knew hym well and made of hym  
 grete joy So on the morn as sone as the day appered Sir **Bores** de-  
 parted from thens and so rode in to a foreyste into the dore of myd-  
 day and there he felle hym a merdaylong adventur So he mette  
 at the detyng of the 7 dayes 7. knyght that had Sir **lyonell**.  
 hys brother all naked boundyn vpon a stronge stake and hys  
 hondis bounden to fore hys breste and enygh of them helden  
 theyre hondis pynys where with they wente to tynge hym  
 so sore that the bloode teypled downe more pan in an 4. place  
 of hys body so that he was all blode to fore and he hynde but  
 he seide neu a worde as he which was grete of herte suffred  
 all that they ded to hym as pyns he had felte none angursh  
 And anon Sir **Bores** dressed hym to restore hym that was his  
 brother And so he lokyd vpon the o. syde of hym & saw a knyght  
 which brought a fayre ladyll woman and wolde sette her  
 in the thycke of the foreyste for to hane he the more slyer oute  
 of the way from hem that sought her And she which was  
 no thyng affryed cryde forth an hysse voice Seynte mary sith  
 pome mayde And anon as she saw Sir **Bores** she demed hym  
 a knyght of the rounde table Then she comed hym by the  
 fawthe that he onght into hym in whos synse p. arte entred  
 for synge **Arthures** sake which I suppose made the knyght  
 put yon helpe me and suffre me nat to be shamed of this  
 knyght // Whan Sir **Bores** herde hir say yus he had so much  
 sorow that he dyd nat what to do for if I latte my brother  
 be in adventur he muste be slayne and that wold I nat for all  
 the erthe And if I helpe nat the mayde she ys shamed & shall  
 lose hir virginite which she shall neu gete a gayne Than wyffe

he vp his yzen and seide weppynge fayre Maide lorde Ihu cryst thy  
 creatur I am kepe me Sir **Yonett** my brother that ys knyght  
 sle hym nat and for pite of you and for mylde maynes sake I  
 shall smoo this mayde than dressed he hym vnto the knyght  
 which had the Iantill woman and pan he cryed Sir knyght let  
 yome honde of yome maydyn or ye be but dede and pan he sette  
 downe the mayden and was armed at all pparisoun he laced  
 his speare than he dressed his shyld and drew vnto his swerde  
 And Sir **Bors** smote hym so hard that hit wente thorow his  
 shyld and habergeon on the lyfte sholdur and thorow grete  
 strengthe he bete hym downe to the erthe And at the pntynge  
 oute of Sir **Bors** spere he there sloued than cam Sir **Bors** to  
 the mayde and seide hold semptis hit you of this knyght be ye  
 delynde at this tyme Now I seide she I pray you lede me to as his  
 knyght had me so shall I do gladly and toke the horse of the wounded  
 knyght and sette the Iantill woman vpon hym and so brought  
 hir as she desired. Sir knyght seide she ye haue bettir spedde pan  
 ye wente for and I had loste my maydynhode v. f. men shoulde  
 haue dyed for fore what knyght was he that had you in his foreyst  
 Be my faith he ys my cosyn So wote I neu what engyne the  
 synde enchauffed hym for yestern day he toke me fro my fadir quary  
 for I nor none of my fadirs men mystrusted hym nat And if  
 he had had my maydynhode he had dyed for the syne of his body  
 and shamed and dishonored for eu. Thus as she stood tellyng to  
 hym there cam yn knyght fellyng after hir And anone she tolde  
 hem all how Sir **Bors** had delynde hir than they made grete  
 Joy and he sougt hym to com to her fadir a grete lorde and he  
 shoulde be ryght well com. Truly seide Sir **Bors** that may nat  
 be at this tyme for I haue a grete adventure to do in contrey



So he comande hem to god and deþted **ȝhan** **Sn** **Wors** wode aft  
**Sn** **Yonell** hys brothr by the tane trace of þ horsis **ȝhan** he rode  
 seþmyng a grette whyte And anone he outok a man clothed in a re-  
 ligions wode and rode on a stronge blacke horse blacker þan a byr  
 and seyde **Sn** knyght What seke yon **Sn** seyde he I seke my broþr  
 that I saw ere whyte betwix **W** y knyght **ȝ** **Sn** **Wors** discomfort  
 yon nat nor falle nat in to no vanhope for I shall telle yon ady-  
 tis þing as they be for truly he ys dede **ȝhan** shewed he hym a new  
 payne body lyyng in a byssch and hit semed hym wel that hit  
 was the body of **Sn** **Yonell** hys brothr and þan he made fustie  
 sorow that he felle to the erth in a sorow and so lay a grette whyte  
 there And when he cam to hym self he seyde fayne broþr hitte  
 þ company of yon and me ar deþted shall I neu have þey many  
 here And now he whych I have takyn vnto my mayster he be  
 my helpe And when he had seyde þus he toke the body lythly  
 in hys armes and put hit vp on the bason of hys ladyll  
 And than he seyde to the man can ye shewe me omy chapel mye  
 where that I may bury this body Com one seyde here ys one faste  
 bye And so longe they rode tyll they saw a fayne towre And a fore  
 hit there seined an olde freble chapel And þan they a lyt botte  
 and put hym in the tombe of marble // Now ledde he hym here  
 seyde the good man and go we to ome herberow tyll to morow  
 we com here a gayne to do hym þyse // **Sn** seyde **Wors** be ye a  
 prynces / ye for þis seyde he **ȝhan** I pray yon telle me adreme  
 that he felle me the laste myght / **Sn** on seyde he so he begon so  
 much to telle hym of the grette burde in the foreyste And after  
 tolde hym of hys brydes one whyght and anop blacke and of  
 the rotyn tre and of the whyght floures // **Sn** I shall telle yon  
 a þe now and the oþer dele to morow **ȝhe** whyght folde be

to kemyt a Iantill woman fayne and yf the which loved f. p. amony  
 and that loved the longe And if that you wayne her love she shall  
 by a none and if you have no pite on her that signifieth the grete  
 brude which shall make the to wayne her. Now for no feare f. the  
 haste ne for no drede pat you fast of god you shall nat wayne  
 her for you woldist nat so hit for to be holdyn chaste for to coque  
 the love of the wayne glory of the worlde for that shall be fülle  
 the now and you wayne her that **Sn. Iamuelot** the god king  
 thy consyn shall dye and than shall men sey that you arte aman  
 sleev both of thy brother **Sn. Honell** and of thy consyn f. **Iamuel**  
 which in myght have rescued easily But you wentist to res  
 cove a mayde which pteyned no thyng to the. Now loke you wher  
 hit had bene gretter hayne of thy broþer dethe of ellis to have suff  
 frde her to have loste her maydynhode. Than seide he now hafe  
 you hawe the tokynde of thy dreme // ye seyd f. **Bore** Than se he  
 in thy defaunte of **Sn. Iamuelot** thy consyn dye. Sn. seide f. **Bore**  
 that weze me lothe for there is thyng in the worlde but I had  
 ledow do than to se my lord **Sn. Iamuelot** dye in my defaunte. Those  
 ye now the tone or that of. Than he lude hym in to the hygg  
 towre and there he founde myght and ladyes that seide he was  
 welcom. And so they unarmmed hym and when he was in his  
 dublette they brought hym a mantell furred w. syme and  
 put hit a honte hym. So they made hym suet. the that he had  
 forgotyn his sword. And anon cam oute of a chambur unto hym  
 the fayryst lady that er he saw and more vprer be kyne pan en  
 was quene **Queny** or myr of astate // so seide they **Sn. Bore**  
 here is the lady unto whom we owe all myr. And I trow  
 she be the vpryst lady and the fayryst of the worlde. Wher  
 both you best a boden all of myght for she wold have no kyng  
 but you. And when he vnder stood that langwage he was a knyght



Not for than she saluted hym and he her and than they sitte doun  
 to gydis and spake of many thyngis In so much that she becomynge  
 hym to be hir love for she had loved hym a loken all certeyn men and  
 she sholde make hym vjcher than emyr was man and of hys age  
 Whan **Sw** **Bors** Andur stood hir wordis he was ryght dylt at  
 ease but in no wyse he wolde byete his chaste and so he dyt nat  
 how to answer her A las **Sw** **Bors** seyde she wolt ye nat do my  
 wyll aradam seyde he there ys no lady in thys worlde whos wyll  
 wolde full fyll as of thys thyng she onght nat desyre hit for my  
 brother hys dede which was skynne ryght late A **Sw** **Bors** seyde  
 she I have loved you longe for the grette beaute for the grette beaute  
 I have sene in you and the grette hardynesse that I have herd of you  
 that nedys ye myste hys be me to myght there fore I pr you finte me  
 truly seyde he I shall do hit in no man wyse than anon she made  
 hym such sorow as yowse she wolde have dyed Well **Sw** **Bors** seyde  
 she vnto thys I have ye brought me nyge to myne ende And p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup>  
 she toke hym by the hande and lide hym be holde her and ye shall  
 se how I shall dye for yowse love And he seyde ym I shall hit ned  
 se than she deyled and wente up in to an hye batilment and  
 had with her xij. Jantillomen and whan they were a loken one  
 of the Jantillomen cored A **Sw** **Bors** Jantill Enght I have my  
 on as all and suffer my lady to have her wyll and if ye do nat  
 we myste suffer dethe with ome lady for to falle doun of p<sup>r</sup> hye  
 towe And if ye suffer as qms to dye for p<sup>r</sup> litle a thyng all liden  
 and Jantillomen wolt sey you dysonome than I loved he up  
 wande and saw they semed all ladres of grette astate and vjchely  
 and well he seyne than had he of hem grette pite nat for that he  
 was nat unconceyted in hym self that ledw he had they all  
 had loste p<sup>r</sup> sonles than he thys sonle and with that they selle  
 all at onys vnto the certys And whan he saw that he was  
 all a bayssed and had p<sup>r</sup> of grette medwayle p<sup>r</sup> w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> he blessed

hys body and hys bysarge And anon he haude a grete noyse and  
 a grete cry as all the kyndys of felle had bene a bonte hym And þ  
 with noy to dre lady ne lautiff women nor no chawell wher he  
 brought hys brother to Chan hylde he up both hys handis to þ  
 heym and seyde farge swete lord fady þ god in heym I am greuf  
 ly astayed And than he take hys armes and hys horse and set hym  
 on hys way And anon he herde a cloke smyte on hys myght hande  
 and thur he cam to an abbey which was closed wth hys wallis  
 and there was he sette In And anon they suposed that he was  
 one of the knyghts of the rounde table þ was in the queste of the  
 sankgreall So they led hym In to a chamber and vnaarmed hym  
 Srr seyde Srr **Bois** if þ be ony holy man in this house I pray  
 you sette me free with hym Than one of hem led hym vnto  
 the abbote wher was in a chawell And than Srr **Bois** saluted  
 hym and he hym a gayne Srr seyde þ **Bois** I am a knyght  
 armanite and tolde hym the adventures wher he had sene  
 Srr knyght seyde the abbote I wote nat what ye be for I went þ a  
 knyght of yonge arge myght nat haue he so stronge in the grete of  
 ony lord I shd arste Nat for than ye shall go vnto yonge reste  
 for I wote nat conncyle this day hit ys to late And to morow  
 I shall conncyle you as I can And that myght was þ **Bois** smed  
 mychely and on the moyne wher he harde masse And yun þ abbot  
 cam to hym and bade hym god morow and Srr **Bois** to hym a  
 gayne and than he tolde hym he was felow of the queste of  
 the **Sankgreall** and told he had charge of the holy man to ete  
 brede and water Than ony lord shewed hym vnto you in þ  
 hynesse of a fowle that suffred grete angursshe for as when  
 he was pntte vpon the crosse and bledde hys herte blood for  
 mankynde there was the tokyne and the hynesse of þ **Sankgre**  
**all** that appered a fore you for the blood þ the grete fowle bledde



weyssh the chylde frome dette to hys And by the baye tre betole  
 myth the worlde which ys naked and neddy with oute fynyte but if  
 hit com of oure lord also the lady for whom ye fought for and byng  
**Amalec** which was lord p to betokenyth the cryste which ys kyng  
 of the worlde And that he fought with the champion for y lady  
 yns hit betokenyth when he toke the lady batayle for the lady by  
 her shal ye vnderstonde the olde tale of oure lord the cryste and  
 holy church And by the other lady ye shal vnderstonde the olde  
 ladde and the fynde which all day waerth agens holy church  
 there fore ye and yonge batayle with vngyt for ye be the cryste  
 kyng there fore ye onte to be defenders of holy church which  
 seyth I am blacke but he ys fayre and by the which bnde many  
 men vnderstonde the fynde and I shal telle you how the stow  
 ys which with oute fynyte and blacke w<sup>th</sup> in hit ys a p<sup>er</sup>fecte  
 which ys w<sup>th</sup> pulow or pale and semyth with oute forth p<sup>er</sup> fynyte  
 of the cryste but ther be with in fynyte so horrible of fynyte a fynde  
 and be gyle the worlde so dyrt also when the fynde apperth to you  
 in hylnesse of a man or religion and blamed the p<sup>er</sup>son leste the  
 brother for a lady And he lede the where you semed the brother  
 was slayne but he ys yette on hys and all was for to yutte  
 the m<sup>er</sup>roure and to bringe the m<sup>er</sup>roure to vantage and lecher for  
 he kned you were tendre herted And all was for you sholdst  
 nat fynde the adventye of the **Sau<sup>er</sup>call** And the thude folwe  
 be tokynt the stronge batayle a venste the fayre ladde which  
 were all dedys also the dry tre and the which hylde the  
 kee tre betokenyth the brother **Sir Iyone** which ys dry w<sup>th</sup> oute  
 overn and p<sup>er</sup> fore men onte to calle hym the cotyn tre p<sup>er</sup> y<sup>er</sup> w<sup>th</sup> me  
 chyn tre for he ys a m<sup>er</sup>roure and deth conth<sup>er</sup> to the order off  
 kyngthode And p<sup>er</sup> y<sup>er</sup> which floyes signyfeth y<sup>er</sup> maydyn p<sup>er</sup> one  
 ys a kyngth which ys wounded p<sup>er</sup> op day p<sup>er</sup> op 10 p<sup>er</sup> fynyte woman

Wherch ye restored and wher the of home dreed me the top p was  
 the knyght wher wolde have deforved her and hym self bothe  
 And **Sir Bors** ye had bene a grette fool and In grette pelt for to  
 have sene thow floure pelt for to scone the rotyne tre for and  
 they had sinned to god they had be dampned And for ye restored  
 them bothe men myght calle you a verrey knyght p p smite of shd  
 wyfte / Then wente **Sir Bors** home thens and comanded the  
 abbote to god And pan he rode all that day and herberowde in an  
 olde lady And on the morne he rode to a castell in a dale and p  
 he mette with a roman goyng a grette pace toward a foreyste  
 Sey me seyde **Sir Bors** canst thou telle me of my adventuys **Sir**  
 seyde he here shalt be vnder thys castell a grette and a many lond  
 turnemente Of what follys shalt hit be seyde p **Bors** the erl  
 of **Plarue** shalt be on the tone pty and the ladyes nede off  
**herdorn** on the todr pty. Then **Sir Bors** thought to be there to  
 assaieff he myght mete with hys brother **Sir Iyonett** or my p  
 of hys felshipp wherch were in the queste of the **Sankyrall** Then  
 turned to an Ermytage that was in the entre of the foreyste And  
 whan he was com thydre he founde there **Sir Iyonett** his brop  
 wherch sate all armed at the entre of the chapel dore for to ahyde  
 there herberowde thre on the morne that the turnement sholde be  
 And whan **Sir Bors** saw hym he had grette ioy of hym that no  
 man coude telle of grette ioy / And than he a hyght of his horse  
 and seyde faye swete brother whan cam ye thydre And as **Sir**  
**Iyonett** saw hym he seyde d **Sir Bors** ye may nat make none  
 draunte but as for you I myght have bene slayne whan ye  
 saw n knyght lede me a way beatyng me ye lefte me to find  
 a lantill woman and suffred me in pelt of dethe for neu at ste  
 neded no brother to a noy so grette an vntowp And for p messe  
 dede I ensue you now but dethe for well have ye desued hit p



for þe þou frome me forme hene forwarde and that shall þe fynde as  
 sone as I am armed. Whan **Sir Bors** understode his brother's wordes  
 he kneled adowne to fore hym to the erthe and cryed hym in a holding  
 up both his hondis and prayde hym to forgyff hym his doylle wyll.  
 Nay nay seide **Sir Iouell** that shall neu and I may haue the hyer  
 hande that I make myne aduise to god þou shalt haue dette for hit  
 were quite þe laded any longer. Byggit so he wente. In and toke his  
 harnyse and herte vpon his horse and cam to fore hym & seide  
**Sir Bors** þe þou me for I shall do to the as I wolde do to a  
 felon of a treantome for þe be the vntredyft knyght that eu  
 am oute of so worthy an house as was **Bymer Bors a knyght**  
 which was one fadir. There fore sterte vpon the horse and so  
 shall þou be mooste at thyme dauntayn & dnd but if þou dyrt  
 I wolt reune vpon the there as þou arte on foote. And so  
 the shame shall be myne and the harme yonges but of þe  
 shame recke I nouzt. Whan **Sir Bors** saw that he must fyght  
 with his brother othir ellis to dye he dyrt nat what to do. So  
 his herte comced hym nat þe to. In as much as **Sir Iouell**  
 was his elder brother where fore he myghte to bere hym penence  
 yette kneled he adowne a gayne to fore **Sir Iouell** horse fete  
 and seide fayne sterte brother haue may vpon me and sle me  
 nat and haue in remembrance the fete lode which oughte to be  
 betwene vs. So what somen **Sir Bors** seide to **Sir Iouell**  
 he myght nat for the fynde had brought hym in such a wyll  
 that he shoulde sle hym. So whan **Sir Iouell** saw he wolde  
 none of do nor wolde nat wyse to gyff hym anye he ruffled  
 on hym so that he smote **Sir Bors** with his horse fete  
 vprwarde to the erthe and hurte hym sofore that he sollowed  
 for distresse which he fette in hym selff to haue dyed withoute  
 confession. So whan **Sir Iouell** saw this he ahyt of his

how **Sir Iouell**  
 wolde haue  
 slayne his broþer  
**Sir Bors**

horse to hame smyten of hys hede and so he tok hym by the helme and  
 wolde hame rente hit frome hys hede. *These wordis cum the knyght*  
*reynge vnto hym which was a good man and of grete age*  
 and well had herde all the wordis he lepe be tweene them and so  
 felle downe vpon *Baris* and seyde vnto *Sir Ihouett* a knyght  
 Emight hame mercy vpon me and vpon thy brothir for if y sle  
 hym yon shalt be dede of that hame and that were grete sorow.  
 for he ys one of the worthiest Emight of the worlde and of beste  
 condicions. So go god me helpe *Sir prync* but if ys fle from hym  
 I shall sle yon and he shall nen the sinner be quyte. *Scotes*  
 seyde the good man I had lede ye sle me than hym for as for  
 my dethe shall nat be grete harme nat halff so much as for his  
 wolt be. *Well* seyde *Sir Ihouett* I am a greed and sette his honde  
 to his swerde and smote hym so harde that hys hede yode off  
 backward and nat for than he restored hym nat of hys deth  
 wolt but to be hys brothir by the helme and unlaced hit to have  
 smyten off hys hede and had slayne hym had nat afelowe  
 of hys of the rounde table com whos name was called *Sir*  
*Colse Grebanice* a felow of the rounde table that com thidre  
 as ome lordis wolt wolde and whan he sawe the good man hame  
 he merdayled much. What hit myght be and than he be hys  
*Sir Ihouett* that wolde hame slayne hys brothir *Sir Baris* which  
 he loved yggst well. *Than* ferte he adowne and toke *Sir Ihouett*  
 by the shuldres and drewe hym strongly a backe frome *Baris*  
 and seyde to *Sir Ihouett* wolt ye sle yome brothir the worthiest  
 Emight one of the worlde that sholde no good man suffer. *Why*  
 so seyde *Sir Ihouett* wolt ye lette me pass for if ye entymete y  
 pff I shall sle yon to and hym pass. *Why* seyde *Sir Colse Grebanice*  
 ys this sothe that ye wolt sle hym. ye sle hym wolt. I wold so  
 lerty the contrary for he hath done so muche a yent me that he  
 hath. Well desired hit and so ran vpon hym and wolde hame



smitten of the hede and so Sir **Colgredance** ran he thowte them  
 and seide and ye be so hardy to do so more we n. shall meddell to  
 bidde. So when Sir **Yonett** vnderstood his wordes he toke his  
 knyght to fore hym and asked hym what that he was. Sir my  
 name ys Sir **Colt Grebanice** one of his felows. Then Sir **Yonett**  
 despyed hym and so he sterte vpon hym and gaff hym a grete stroke  
 thowde the knyghte then he dyd his swerde for he was a passing good  
 knyght and defended hym ryght manfully and so longe dyed y<sup>e</sup>  
 batayle that Sir **Bois** sate v<sup>er</sup> all anglyshyre and he thowde Sir  
**Collegrebanice** the good knyght that fought with his broþer for his  
 quarryll. Then of he was full adry and thowt if Sir **Colt Grebanice**  
 slede his brother that he sholde neu<sup>er</sup> haue joy. Also and if his  
 brother slede Sir **Colt Grebanice** the same shoulde en<sup>de</sup> be  
 myne. Then woulde he haue ryse to haue depyed yow  
 but he had nat so much myght to stonde aone fote. And so  
 he a lode so longe that Sir **Colt Grebanice** was on y<sup>e</sup> dym  
 for thys Sir **Yonett** was of grete charyte & passing hardy for  
 he had perced the haddurke and the helme so sore that he  
 lode but detq. for he had lost much blaw & hit was merdantle  
 that he myght stonde v<sup>er</sup> ryght. Then he thowde he Sir **Bois**  
 w<sup>er</sup>ch sate dressing vponward hym self. W<sup>er</sup>ch seide a Sir **Bois**  
 W<sup>er</sup>ch am ye nat to ressolue me oute of y<sup>e</sup>ll of dethe. W<sup>er</sup>ch In  
 I haue putte me to fynyce yow W<sup>er</sup>ch w<sup>er</sup>ch ryght now mye dethe  
 Seith seide Sir **Yonett** that shall nat danylenon for none of  
 yow shall be othurs' warraunte but ye shall dye detq. of my  
 honde. When Sir **Bois** herde that he seide so muche he arose  
 and put on his helme and then he perced fyst y<sup>e</sup> fynyce  
 prynte W<sup>er</sup>ch was flayne. Then made he a merdantlous soide  
 vpon hym. Then Sir **Colt Grebanice** ayed off hym vpon Sir  
**Bois** and seide W<sup>er</sup>ch w<sup>er</sup>ch ye let me dye here for ye take  
 no forse Sir if hit please yow that I shall dy the detq. shall please

W<sup>er</sup>ch Sir **Yonett**  
 slede y<sup>e</sup> fynyce  
 And **Colt Grebanice**  
 for fynyce  
 of his broþer  
 Sir  
 Bois

me the better for to save a worshipper man myght / men ressayde  
 the dette / with that worde Sir **honor** smote of the helme frome  
 his hede And when Sir **Colgredance** saw that he myght nat  
 astape / than he seyde fayne stete / I shal cryste that I have myssed  
 have mercy vpon my soule for such fordo that my harte suf-  
 ferte for gadnes and for almes dede that I wolde have done  
 here be to me alygemente of penance vnto my soule thetise  
 And so at thes wordis Sir **honor** smote hym so fore that he  
 laye hym dede to the erte And when he had slayne Sir **Col-**  
**gredance** he ran vpon his brother as a fynely man and gaff  
 hym such a stroke that he made hym sonpe and as he that was  
 full of humilite prayde hym for goddis love to lode his knyghte  
 for if hit be felle fayne brother if that I sle you or ye me we  
 both shall dye for that synne So god me helpe I shall neu have  
 othir may and I may have the better honde. Well seyde Sir **Bois**  
 and drew his swerde aft / wepyng and seyde fayne broþ god  
 knoweth myne entente for ye have done full wyll this day  
 to sle an holy prest / which ned trespasssed Also ye have slayne  
 a iantill knyght and one of oure felows And well wote ye  
 I am nat a ferde of you gretely but I drede the wyrtthe of god  
 and this ys an vnkyndely weye þ fore god shew his myracle  
 vpon vs both And god have may vpon me youe defende  
 my lyff agensst my brother And so with that Sir **Bois** lyfte  
 vp his honde and wolde have smytyn his brother And w that  
 he garde a voice whiche seyde fle Sir **Bois** and toke hym  
 nat othir ellis you shalt sle hym Byggt so a bright a cloode  
 be dryete them in lokenes of a fayne and a merdaylong flane  
 that bothe air þ / sholdis brente than were ther fore a ferde þ  
 felle both to the erte and lay þ a grette while in a sodeine  
 And when they cam to them self Sir **Bois** saw that his  
 brother had none harme than he shold vpon both his hondys



for he drad fast god had takyn vengeance vpon hym so that  
 he harde a voyce that seyde Sir **Bois** go hence and leaue þy felshipp  
 no longer with thy broþer but take thy way anone ryght to þe see  
 for Sir **Perdable** a bydeth the there // Then he seyde to his broþer  
 for goddis love furre swete broþer for gyff me my trespassse Then  
 he answered and seyde god for gyff þou and I do gladly So þe **Bois**  
 deþted frome hym and rode the next way to the see And at þe last  
 by fortune he cam to an abbay which was nize the see and þe  
 myght he rested hym there And as he slepte þe cam adoorse  
 and bade hym go to the see Then he sterte vp and made a signe  
 of the crosse and toke hym to his harness and made redy the  
 horse and at a brokyn doall he rode oute and by fortune he  
 cam to the see and vpon the see shonde he founde a shippe  
 that was conde aft with dryght samyte Then he a herte  
 and betoke hym to Ihu cryste and as sone as he was entred  
 the shippe deþted in to the see and to the senyng hit wente  
 fleyng but hit was sone dmyked that he myght know no man  
 Then he lande hym downe & slept tyll hit was day And when  
 he was waked he sawe in myddis of the shippe a knyght  
 he all armed sauffe his helme And anone he was wize hit  
 was Sir **Perdable** de galis & þan he made of hym vnt grete joy  
 But Sir **Perdable** was a byssshed of hym and asked what he  
 was A furre Sir seyde Sir **Bois** know remenat Gerty seyde  
 he I merdante howe ye cam hider but if ous lord brought  
 non hider hym self Then Sir **Bois** smyled and ded off his  
 helme And anone Sir **Perdable** knew hym and app made  
 grete joy of othre that hit was merdante to hye Then **Bois**  
 tolde hym howe he cam into the ship and by whos a monyshmet  
 and arthur told of of þe temptacions as ye hane herde to þe  
 shonde So wente they dryvyn in the see one while luffwyde

a non while fordwars

while foreward and eny man comforted of and en they were in theyre  
prayers. Then seyde **Godvale**. We lak no prync but **Salahad** &  
the good knyght **Nodo** turnyth y tale vnto **Sir Salahad**.

**D**idderth the tale when **Sir Salahad** had restored  
**Sir Godvale** from the xx<sup>th</sup> knyght he rode so in to a  
waste foryste where in he dnd many honnyeres & founde ma-  
ny aduentures wher he brongt all to an ende where of the  
tale makith here no menaon. Then he toke his way to the see  
and on a day as hit be telle as he passed by a castell there was  
adondir turnemente but they with oute had done so much  
that they with in were put to the doorse and yet were they  
not in good knyght. And so when **Sir Salahad** sawe yodo  
in were at so grette myshiff that men slede hem at the entree of  
the castell. Then he thought to helpe them and put a speare  
smote and smote the firste that he slove to the erthe and the  
spere yode in peas. Then he drede his swerde and smote y as  
they were thyrst and so he dnd wonderfull dedys of armes that  
all they merdayled and so hit happende that **Sir Galwayne** and  
**Sir Ector de maye** were with the knyght w oute. But pan they  
assayed the wyght shylde with the yode crosse and anone that  
one seyde to that othyr yonder ys the god knyght **Sir Salahad**  
the same pryncce. Nodder for sothe me thynkith he shall be a grette  
foole that shall mete with hym to feght. But at the last by  
adventure he cam by **Sir Galwayne** and smote hym so fore y  
that he clade his helme and the coyff of iron vnto the hede.  
that **Sir Galwayne** felle to the erthe but the stroke was so grette  
that hit stented dndone and bntte the horse sholder in too. So  
when **Sir Ector** sawe **Sir Galwayne** dndone he drede hym  
a fyde and thought hit no wyse dnd for to a byde hym and also  
for natwast love for he cause he was his vnckle. This yode

Let Salahad  
hutel Gal-  
ayne lyk as  
I haunte for  
made moun-  
to fore at  
Came  
lot.



his hardnesse he bete a backe all the knyght w<sup>t</sup> oute And pan  
 they w<sup>t</sup>th In cam oute and chased hem all a bonte But w<sup>t</sup>han  
 Sir **Salahad** saw there wolde none turne a gayne he stalle a  
 way p<sup>r</sup>edayly and no man w<sup>t</sup>ste where he was he com to  
 be my hede seide Sir **Sawayne** into Sir **Ector** now ar y<sup>e</sup> wonder  
 to do that was seyd of Sir **Lancelot** that the sterd w<sup>t</sup>th stalle  
 in the stone f<sup>r</sup>ide sh<sup>r</sup>ide gyff me such a buffette y<sup>e</sup> I wold nat  
 hame hit for the beste castell in the worlde and sothely now  
 hit y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>edec t<sup>r</sup>edec for nen ar had I such a stroke of manye h<sup>r</sup>ode  
 Sir seide Sir **Ector** me semyth yowre queste y<sup>e</sup> done And mine  
 y<sup>e</sup> nat done Well seide he I shall seke no farther Than was of  
**Sawayne** h<sup>r</sup>ome in to the castell and unarmed h<sup>r</sup>ind and seide h<sup>r</sup>ind  
 in a ryce bedde and a leche was f<sup>r</sup>onde to h<sup>r</sup>ele h<sup>r</sup>ind And y<sup>e</sup> **Ector**  
 wold nat depte f<sup>r</sup>ome h<sup>r</sup>ind t<sup>r</sup>ill he was mye hole And so y<sup>e</sup> good  
 knyght Sir **Salahad** rode so faste that he cam that nyght to the  
 castell of **Carboneke** And so hit he felle h<sup>r</sup>ind that he was be  
 nyghted land cam into an armytage So the good man was  
 fayne w<sup>t</sup>han he saw he was a knyght aramite So w<sup>t</sup>han y<sup>e</sup>  
 were at rest there he felle a Iantill woman com and caosted  
 at the dore and called Sir **Salahad** and so the good man cam  
 to the dore to wete what she wolde than she called the knyght y<sup>e</sup>  
**Whymre** and seide I am a Iantill woman that wolde fayne  
 speke w<sup>t</sup>th the knyght w<sup>t</sup>th y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>t</sup> In yon than the good man  
 a waked Sir **Salahad** and bade h<sup>r</sup>ind ar yse and speke w<sup>t</sup> a Ian  
 t<sup>r</sup>ill woman that semyth she hath grete nede of yon than Sir  
**Salahad** and asked h<sup>r</sup>ind what she wolde Sir **Salahad** seide she  
 Well that y<sup>e</sup> arme yon and lyt vpon thyre horse and seide me  
 for I shall shew yon w<sup>t</sup> in thyre in dayes the knyght admentye y<sup>e</sup>  
 en any knyght saw So amonge Sir **Salahad** armed h<sup>r</sup>ind and  
 toke h<sup>r</sup>ind horse and comended the knyght to god And so he bade y<sup>e</sup>  
 Iantill woman to ryde and he wolde folow there as she lyked

So she rode as faste as hir palfrey myght berye her till that she cam  
 to the see wher was called Collybre and by myght they com into  
 a castell in a valey closed with a rising water wher had fawnye  
 walls and hyze And so she entred in to the castell w<sup>th</sup> Sir **Salahad**  
 And there had he grete chere for the lady of that castell was y<sup>e</sup> same  
 felo lady & thus he dnammed Then seyde the damessell madame  
 shall we abyde here all thys day may seyde she but till the hath  
 dyned and slepte a hant and so he ate and slepte a while and y<sup>e</sup>  
 mayde than called hym and armed hym by torches light And  
 when the morden was horsed and he bothe the lady toke y<sup>e</sup> **Salahad**  
 a fayre shilde and vyce and so they departed frome the castell and  
 rode till they cam to the see and there they founde the shippe that  
 Sir **Bois** and Sir **Davale** was in wher they seyde on the shippe  
 bounde // Sir **Salahad** ye be well com for we have a bydyn for  
 longe And when he herd the m<sup>en</sup> he asked them what they sayd  
 Sir seyde she lede yowre horse hye and I shall lede myne also  
 and toke hir sadles and hir byrdys with them and made a  
 crosse on them and so entred in to the shippe and y<sup>e</sup> myght  
 rested them bothe with grete joy and cherye bndes of And so  
 the wynde a rose and drove hem thowr the see in to a manyes  
 place and with in a while hit dalyed Then dnd Sir **Salahad**  
 of hys helme and hys swerde and asked of hys felows from whens  
 com that fayre shippe Truly seyde they ye wote as well as we  
 but hit com of goddis grace and pan they tolde cherye to othyr  
 of all theyre harde adventures and of her grete temptacions  
 Truly seyde Sir **Salahad** ye ar much bounden to god for ye have  
 escaped y<sup>e</sup> grete adventures Certes had nat this Iantill  
 woman bene I had nat come hydr at thys tyme for as for  
 yon y<sup>e</sup> I wente nen to have founde yon in thys strange stows  
 A Sir **Salahad** seyde Sir **Bois** if Sir **launcelot** y<sup>e</sup> sadm were



Here than were we well at ease for than me seemed we found no  
 thinge. That may nat be seyd Sir **Calahad** but if hit pleased o  
 lorde by than the ship had venne frome the londe of **Logys** many  
 myles. So by aduenture hit arised by dwyete y roccis pas  
 syngre grete and many lons but there they myght nat londe for  
 there was a swalowe of the see. Save there was a noy shippe  
 and vpon hit they myght go with oute damage. Now go  
 we thydre seyd the Iantill Woman and there shall we se ad  
 ventures for so ys our lordys wyll. And than they com thyd  
 they founde the shippe vryche Indibze but they founde noy man  
 nor woman y In but they founde in the ende of the shippe y  
 fayre letters wrytten which seyd a dredefull worke a many  
 lons. Then man which shall entur in to thys shippe he wyte  
 that yon be in ftedfastte belede for I am faythe and y fore be dny  
 hold yon enturft but if yon be ftedfastte for and yon fayle y of  
 I shall nat helpe the And than seyd the Iantill Woman Sir  
**Wadale** seyd she wote ye what I am. Bert seyd he nay vnto  
 my wytyngre I sabb yon nen arft wyte ye well seyd she I am  
 thy syster which was dongter vnto kynge **Wyllmox** And y fore  
 wete yon well ye ar the man that I moste love and if ye be nat  
 in pfitte be lyde of I am wyte entur nat in no man of wyse  
 for than sholde ye gys the shippe for he ys so pfitte the wot suf  
 fir no synner with in hym. So when Sir **Wadale** vnderstode  
 she was his very syster he was inwardly glad and seyd fayne  
 syster I shall entur in for if I be a mysse creature of an dnted  
 myght there shall I pfitte. So in the meane whyle **Calahad**  
 blyssed hym and enturde y Inne And so nexte the Iantill Woman  
 And than Sir **Bois** and than Sir **Wadale** and when they  
 were in hit was so merdaylons fayre and vryche and a myddis  
 the shippe was a fayre bedde And anon Sir **Calahad** wente

to and fornde þon a croune of sylke and at the fete was a sturle  
 wrych and fayre and hit was drauyn oute of the sheeth a foote and  
 more and the swerde was of dyuise fassions and the pynell was  
 of stoon and there was in hym all man of colomes þyng man  
 myght fynde and eny of the colomes had dyuise vertues & þyng  
 of the hamffte were of ȝyppis of ȝyppis bestis that one was a  
 serpente wherof ȝyppis conssante In **Calydone** and ȝyppis calle þyppis  
 of the fynde and the bone of hym ȝyppis of such veru that þyppis no  
 hande that handelath hym shall neu be drey nor herte and þyppis  
 and the op bone ȝyppis of a fyssh wherof ȝyppis nat ryght grete & ham-  
 tat the flode of Enfrate and that fyssh ȝyppis called **Ertanay** and  
 the bonys be of such man of fynde that who that handelath  
 hym shall haue so muche wyll that he shall neu be drey and  
 he shall nat thynke on Joy nor sorow that he hath had and  
 only that thynge that he be holdeth be for hym and as for  
 thys swerde there shall man be grette hym þyppis to for the hand  
 but one and he shall passe all othyr In the name of god seyde  
**Synzadale** I shall assay to handyll hit So he sette hys hande to  
 the swerde but he myght nat be grette hit be my faythe seyde  
 he now hade I fowled than **Synzadale** sette to hys hande & fa-  
 led than **Synzadale** be hys the swerde and fady lathys  
 lyke blade that seyde hit be who dare deade me oute of my sheeth  
 but if he be more hardyer than any of for who that drauyn  
 oute wete ȝyppis wel he shall neu be shamed of hys body nor  
 wounded to the dethe **Synzadale** seyde **Synzadale** I wold deade  
 thys swerde oute of the sheeth but the offendynge ȝyppis so grete th  
 I shall nat sende my hande there to **Synzadale** firs seyde the I antill no  
 man the drauynge of thys swerde ȝyppis warned to all samff all  
 only to ȝyppis also thys shype aryed in to realme of **logys** and  
 that tyme was dedly deare be dyene kyng **labg** wherof was  
 fady vnto the mayned kyng and kyng **hurlane** wherof was



a sawesyn But than was he newly crystened and so afterward  
 hyld he hym one of the worthiest men of the worlde And so upon  
 a day hit be telle that kynge **labor** and kynge **hurlaume** had assem-  
 bled there folk upon the see where thys shippe was aȝed & there  
 kynge **hurlaume** was distornite and hys men slayne And he was  
 a ferde to be dede and fledde to thys shippe and yf founde yf swerde  
 and drew hit And cam oute and founde kynge **labor** the man  
 of the worlde of all crysten in docton there the grettest knyght And  
 when kynge **hurlaume** was distornite and hys men slayne  
 and he was a ferde to be dede and fledde to thys shippe and  
 there founde thys swerde and drew hit and smote hym upon the  
 helme so harde that he clade hym and hys horse to the gade w<sup>th</sup>  
 the firste stroke of hys swerde and hit was in the realme of logris  
 And so he telle there grette pestilence and grette harme to botte wheat  
 mys for yf encreased noȝ corne ne grasse noȝ well mys no fruite  
 ne in the watir was founde no fisch there fore men calle hit  
 the londys of the y<sup>e</sup> marchys the waste lond for that dolorous  
 stroke And when kynge **hurlaume** sawe thys swerde so hardy  
 ynge he turned a gayne to fetch the stadberd And so cam in  
 to thys shippe and entred and put by the swerde in yf sheette  
 And as sone as he had done hit he telle done dede a fore the  
 bedde This was the swerde pured that nen man drew hit  
 but he were dede or malymed So lay he there tyll a maydyn  
 cam In to the shippe and caste hym oute for yf was no man so  
 hardy in the worlde to entir in that for the defens And p<sup>er</sup>  
 be hyde they the stadberte hit be seemd to be of a sprentis st<sup>er</sup>  
 and there on were letters of golde and f<sup>er</sup>m And the g<sup>er</sup>ndyft  
 was but porch to com to and nat able to susteyne such a myght  
 swerde and the letters seyde he whych shall welde me out  
 to be more hardy than any of us if he beare me as truly as me

onght to be done. For the lady of hym which I onght to charge by  
 he shall not be shamed in no place whyle he ys gwyde w<sup>th</sup> the  
 gwydys, nor nen none be so hardy to do a way thys gwydys  
 for hit onght nat to be done a way but by the hendis of a mayde  
 and that she be a byngre donght a quene. And she must be  
 a mayde all the dayes of hir lyff both in wyll and in woyle  
 And if she breke hir virginite she shall by the moste vylaynes  
 dethe that en dnd any woman. **On** seide **Sir Dadaile** thine thys  
 swerde that we may se what ys on the o<sup>r</sup> side and hit was yede  
 os' blade with blacke letters as' any cole that seide he that shall  
 prayse me moste moste shall he fynde me to blame at a gte ned  
 And to whom I sholde be moste debonayre shall I be moste felon  
 and that shall be at one tyme only fyve wyth seide she to **Sir**  
**Dadaile** hit be selle afftir a forty yere after the passion of ou  
 lorde ihu cryste that **Natien** thy brothir in laddo of kynst **ayorde**  
 was' toye in a todone more pan ym. dayes journey frome his cor  
 tray by the comandement of oure lorde in to an yle into the  
 pyres of the weste that men depyth the yle of **Enyance** So be  
 selle hit he founde thys shype at the entre of a rocke and he  
 founde the bedde and the swerde as we have now Nat for pan  
 he had nat so much hardynesse to drady hit and p he dwelle  
 an wy dayes and at the nyngth day there selle a grette wynd  
 which depyed hym oute of the yle and brought hym to a nof  
 yle by a rocke And there he founde the grettist gramte p en  
 man myght see And there with cam that horrible gramte  
 to fle hym and than he toled a toste hym and myght nat  
 fle also he had no thyng wher w<sup>th</sup> to defende hym but at p  
 laste he ran to the swerde and when he saw hit naked he  
 praysed hit muche and than he shooke hit and p w<sup>th</sup> hit brate



in the myddys I seide **Nanen** the thyng that I moste praysed ont  
 Indro moste to blame and there with he thrid the peas of þe swerde  
 on hys bedde and after that he lepe on the bownde to fyght w<sup>th</sup> the  
 gyante and slede hym and anon he croude in to the schippe  
 agayne and the wynde arose and drede hym thowgh the see that  
 by aduertise he cam to a noy schippe where kynge **Ordryanus**  
 was which had bene tempted full doyll with the hende in þe port  
 of pelous rache and when that one sawe þe oþer they made grete  
 joy myght of oþer and so they tolde eche oþer of þe aduertise and how  
 the swerde fayled hym at hys moste nede. So when **Ordryanus**  
 sawe the swerde he praysed hym muche but the byrnyng was do by  
 wyckednesse of the self ward for þou arte in som synne and þe  
 toke the swerde and sette the peas to gyde and they were as  
 fayne I solwed as en they were to fore and than he put þe swerde  
 in the sheeth open and leide hym downe on the bedde. Then herde  
 he a voyce that seide go ye oute of this schippe a litle while &  
 returne in to that oþer for drede ye falle in dedly synne for and ye  
 be founde in dedly synne ye may nat astaye but perishe and so  
 they wente in to the oþer schippe and as **Nanen** wente on the  
 bownde he was smitten with a swerde on the ryght side that he  
 felle downe nose henge to the schippe bownde and there w<sup>th</sup> he felle  
 I good lord godd am I thynke than þe cam a boote that seide take  
 þou þe for thy forsente that þou dyddst in dradynge of þis swerde  
 there fore þou hast resayved a boote for þou were non worthy  
 to handyll hym the wytyng in abith mención In the name of  
 god seide he **Galahad** ye ar ryght wyse of this world. So seide  
 he there was a kynge that byght **Delians** which men called  
 the maymed kynge and while he myght ryde he supported  
 much crystendom and holy chyrche So upon a day he hunted  
 in a wode of hys owne which lasted vnto the see so at y laste he

loste hys aduysors and hys knyghts sauff only one & he so he and his  
 knyght wente tyll that they cam towar prelonde and there he founde  
 the schypp And whan he saw the letters and vnderstood them yet  
 he entred for he was ryght wyse of lyff But hys knyght had no qu-  
 dynes to entre and there founde he thys swerde and drew hit oute  
 as much as ye may se So there with entred a speere where wch  
 was smytter thowd both thys and nen sith myght he be heled ne  
 nought shal to fore we com to hym Thus seyde she was byng **Del**  
**les** yonge gramte she maymed for hys hardynes In the name of  
 god damselff seyde **Or Calahad.** So they wente towarde þe bedde  
 to be holde all a lonte hit and a bodyn the bed þe knyght y swerdys  
 also there were spyndels whych were whycht as shodre and othyr  
 that were rede as blade and othyr a bodyn grene as ony emeralde  
 of thys m colowres were thys spyndels and of natuall coloure w  
 In and with oute ony paytyng These spyndels seyde the damselff  
 was whan synfull Eve cam to gadw fomyte for which Adam &  
 she were put oute of paradys she tolde with her the body whych the  
 appylt knyght on Adam pseyved she that the brammache was fyer  
 and grene and she remembred of the losse which cam of the tre.

Thus she thowt to kepe the brammache as longe as she myght and  
 for she had no coffre to kepe hit In she put hit in the erthe So by þe  
 wyll of ony lorde the brammache grew to a grete tre w In a litle  
 whyle and was as wyght as ony shodre brammache lorde and  
 lorde that was a tobyn that a maydyn planted hit But aftyr  
 ony lorde com to Adam and bade hym draw hys wyff fleyshly  
 as natyre requyred So for Adam with hys wyff vnder þe same  
 tre And anene the tre which was wyght felle to grene as ony  
 brasse and all that com oute of hit And in the same tyme that  
 they medled to gydys **Abell** was he gotyn Thus was the tre  
 longe of grene coloure And so after he felle many dayes vnder



the same tre **Mayne** stode **Abell** where of he se telle grete miracle for a  
**Abell** had ressayned dette vnder the grene tre he loste the grene colo<sup>r</sup>  
 and he cam rede and that was in tokenyng of blood and anone  
 all the plantis dyed y<sup>e</sup> off but the tre grete and bowed miraclisly  
 fayne and hit was the moste fyggest tre & the most delectable y<sup>e</sup>  
 any man myght be holde and se and so ded the plantis y<sup>e</sup> grede  
 oute of hit to fore that **Abell** was slayne vnder hit and so longe  
 dnyed the tre tyll that **Salamon** kynge **Samth** y<sup>e</sup> some regned  
 and holde the londe after his fadir // So this **Salamon** was wyse  
 and knew all the vertues of stonyes and treys also he knewe the  
 course of the sturres and of many o<sup>r</sup> dyns thyngs // So this **Sala**  
**mon** had an emyll wyff where thowde he wente y<sup>e</sup> had he no  
 good woman borne and there fore he dyspyssed hem in hys hertis  
 So y<sup>e</sup> answerde a voice that seide to hym yus **Salamon** if hedy<sup>e</sup>  
 nesse com to a man by a woman ne yet so new for yet shall y<sup>e</sup>  
 com a woman where of y<sup>e</sup> shall com grete joy to a man an f.  
 tymes than this hedy nesse gydth forde and that woman shall  
 be borne of thy kynage // So when **Salamon** harde thes wordis  
 he hylde hym self but a foole that press had he by olde doobis  
 the troupe also the holy goste shadwed hym the comynge of y<sup>e</sup> glou<sup>r</sup>  
 vrgyne mary than asked he the wyce if hit sholde be in y<sup>e</sup> parde  
 of hys kynage May seide the wyce but y<sup>e</sup> shall com a man what  
 shall be a mayde and laste of yowre bloode and he shall be as  
 good a knyght as denke **Ishe** the bryd in lode **Morde** hane  
 sortefyed the of that pon stondis in doute than was **Salamon**  
 glade that y<sup>e</sup> sholde com ony synce of hys kynage but an he may<sup>e</sup>  
 led and stodyed who that sholde be and what hys name my<sup>e</sup>  
 myght be So hys wyff perceyved that he stodyed and yowt she  
 wolde knowe at som season and so she wayted hys tyme & cam

to hym and asked hym and there he tolde her all to godm hold y  
 voue had tolde hym well seyde she I shall lette make a shype of the  
 beste wood and moste durable that any man may fynde So **Salamon**  
 sente for carpenters of all the londe the beste and when they had  
 made the shype the lady seyde to **Salamon** Sir syn hit ys so y thys  
 byggt onte to passe all byggt of charyte whiche hath bene to  
 fore hym and shall com after hym aye on I shall lerne you  
 seyde she ye shall go into my lordis temple where ys byggt Da  
 uid this swerde youe fadir whiche ys y merdaylonse & y sherryse  
 that en was taken in my byggt hondys there fore take ye that  
 and take off the pynelle and y to make ye a pynell of pions fions  
 late hit be so fittelly made that no man perceyve hit but that ye be  
 all one And after make there an hytte so merdaylonse that no  
 man may know hit and after that make a manylonse shcep And  
 when ye have made all thys I shall lette make a gurdylt y to  
 fynysh one as shall please me // So all thys byggt **Salamon** ded lat  
 make as she devised bothe the shype and all the yemenamte & when  
 the shype was redy in the see to sayle the lady lette make a grete bedde  
 and manylonse wyche and sette hir vpon the bedde & dede conde  
 and leyde the swerde at the feete And the gurdyls were of hempe  
 And there w the bygge was ryght angry On wyte you well that  
 I have none so hye a thyng whiche were worthy to fustene and y  
 she lette make a conyng to the shype of clothe of sylke that shold neu  
 wite for no maner of wredn Then thys lady wente and made a car  
 penter to com to the tre whiche **Aelle** was slayne vnder Noth seyde  
 she awde me onte of thys tre as muche wode as wolt make me a  
 spynndylt A madam seyde he thys ys the tre whiche one furste modr  
 plantid So hit sayd she o ellis I shall destroy the anone as he be  
 gan to worke there com onte droppis of blood and pan wolde he a  
 lesse but she wolde nat suffir hym and so he toke as muche wode  
 as myght make a spynndylt And so she made hym to take as muche



of the grene tre and so of the whyght tre And when thes þy spynnyls  
were shapyn she made hem to be fastened vpon the Syler of the bedde  
So when **Salamon** saw this he seyde to his wyff ye haue done in  
maylonshy for yowre all the worlde were here vnght now they coude  
nat dedre wherfore all this was made but omre lord hym self  
And yow þat haue done hit note nat what hit schall be to yow Now let  
hit be seyde for ye schall hye padermyte tydnyng somer yow ye done  
**Now here is a wondur tale of kyng Salamon and of his wyff:**

**G**hat myght kyng **Salamon** be fore the schippe with littill selyshp  
and when he was on slepe hym thought þat com from heuyn  
a grete company of angels and a hyght m to the schippe and toke hit  
whyth was bryngt by an angell in a vessel of sylu and he sprete  
all the schippe And after he cam to the sterde and dedre letters of the  
hytte and after wente to the schippe bownde and wrote þat of letters  
whyth seyde yow man that wrote entur w þu me be wyse þu yow be  
fille in the fartyse for I ne am but fartyse and be hyde when **Sala**  
**mon** asprede þis letters he was so a dayssed that he dwyst nat entur  
and so he dedre hym a backe And the schippe was anone shodun  
in the see he wente so faste that he had loste the syght of hym w þu  
a littill while And yow a wyse seyde **Salamon** the laste kyng of  
the byrned schall reste in his bedde than wente **Salamon** and a  
waked his wyff and tolde her the aduentures of this schippe Now  
seyth the tale that a grete while in felowshy be hyde the bed and þat  
in spynnyls than they were at a prayne that they were of natmatt  
colomes with oute any payntynge than they lyft up a clothe which  
was a tobe the grounde and there founde a ryng qur se be semynge  
And Sir **Labale** toke hit and founde þat in a wytt and so he rad  
hit and demysed the man of the spynnyls and of the schip whens hit  
cam and by whom hit was made Now seyde Sir **Salahad** wher  
schall we fynde the iustest woman that schall make new gurdyls to þat

swerde fayne fynes seyde **Daballie** After dismay you nat for by the lede  
 of god I shall lette make a gurdyll to the swerde such one as shold longe  
 y to And than oppnde she a boye and toke oute gurdils whiche were  
 semely wrought goldyn tyledys and vpon that were sette full of pa  
 stons and a vyce dneyll of golde lo lordys she seyde here ys a gur  
 dill that onxt to be sette a bonte the swerde and wete you well y  
 greetst pte of thys gurdyll was made of my fayne whiche some  
 tyme I toned well whyle that I was woman of the worlde // But  
 as sene as I wyte that thys aduenture was ordayned me I schi  
 ped off my fayne and made thys gurdyll in the name of god y to  
 well I fornde seyde Sir **Lors** for sters y e have put vs oute off  
 grete payne wher yn we shold have entred ne had y to dyngis  
 ten / Than wente the sanctil woman and sette hit on the gurdyll  
 of the swerde Now seyde the felyship what ys the name of y swerde  
 and what shall we calle hit Truly seyde she the name of y sweste  
 y the swerde with the strange gurdyls and the sectis medew of blad  
 for no man that hath blad in hym ne shall nor see that one pty  
 of the sectis whiche was made of the tree of hyff / Than seyde y  
**Galahad** in the name of Ihu cryste we pray you to gude you with  
 thys swerde whiche hath bene desyred so much in the realme of lo  
 rps Now latte me be gyne seyde **Galahad** to gippe thys swerde  
 for to gyff you covraige // But wete you well hit longtis no more  
 to me than hit doth to you and than he gipped a bonte hit whiche  
 fengus a grete dele and than she garte hym a bonte y meddyl  
 with the swerde Now recte I nat thonght I dre for now I holde  
 me one of the beste blyssed maydyns of the worlde whiche hath  
 made me one of the worthest knyght of the worlde Damesell  
 seyde Sir **Galahad** y have done so muche that I shall be y knyght  
 all the dayes of my lyff / Than they wente frowe that ship and  
 wente to the op and anone the wynde droff hem into the see  
 a grete pace but they had no bytyle so hit be felle that y cam



on the moyne to a castell that men calle **Carteloyse** that was in the  
 marches of Scotland And when they had passed the porte þe hantill  
 woman seyde lordys here be men a byden that and they dyrt þe and  
 he doere of kynge **Arthur**s couthe ye shulde be assayed anone Well  
 dimeself dismay you nat seyde **En Galahad** for he that cast vs  
 oute of the rache shall delyn vs frome hem // So hit be selle as þe  
 talked þus togydʒe there cam a samye by tyme and asked what  
 they were **En** we ar of kynge **Arthur**s house ye that sotte seyde he  
 Now be my hede seyde he ye be dyrt awaye and than turned a  
 gayne into the chif fortresse and wʰ in a while they harde an  
 horne blow. Then a hantill woman cam to hem and asked  
 þem of whens they were And one they tolde her Now saye  
 lordys she seyde for godys love turnyng a gayne if ye may for  
 ye be com to some dethe May for sote they seyde we wolt nat tne  
 a gayne for he shulde helpe us in to whos prysse we were entred  
 In // So as they stode talkyng there cam y knyght Well armed  
 and bade hem yelde oþer ellis dye That yeldyng seyde þe shall  
 be noyons into you And there with they tote þe hors þe reme and  
**En** **Radale** smote the firste that he baye hym to the erthe and tote  
 þe hors and be stode hym And the same wyse dnd **En** **Gala**  
**had** and all **En** **Bois** smed a nos so for they had no horse in that  
 contrey for they lest þe horsys when they tote þe shippe And so  
 when they were horsed than be gan they to sette vypon them  
 and they of the castell fledde in to stronge feytrellis and red in  
 knyght after them in to the castell and so ahyt on foote and wʰ  
 þe swordis stode them dndone and gate in to the halle Then  
 when they be helde the grette multitude of the people that they  
 had slayne they helde them self grette symmers Gert seyde þe  
**Bois** I wene and god had lobed them that we sholde nat hane

had power to have slayne hem þus but they have done so muche  
 a gayne ome lord that he wolde nat suffer hem to requere no leng  
 þee say nat so seide **Salahad** first if they mysse ded a peny god þ  
 vengeance þe nat doys but to hym which hath power þ off  
 to cum þ oute of a chambur a good man which was a prest a  
 lare goddis body in a cope and when he saw hem which lay dede  
 in the halle he was a bayssed anon **En Salahad** ded of hys a  
 knelod a ddone and so dnd hys i. felodis // **En** seide they have þe  
 no drede of þe for the bene of kynge **Arthurs comte** **En** asked  
 the good man how they were slayne so suddaynly and they tolde hym  
 Only seide the good man and þe myght hyve as longe as þe worlde  
 myght endure ne myght þe have done so grete almys dede as þe  
**En** seide **En Salahad** I repente me greteþly in as much as they  
 were crystynde May repente þon nat seide he for they were nat  
 crystynde And I shall telle þon how that I know of thys castell  
 here was a lorde erle whos name was **heruox** nat but one yere  
 and he had in sonye good knyghts of armys and a donst þe faynt  
 iantill woman that men knew so þe i. knyght lored þe fter  
 so fore that they brente in love and so they lay by her magre þ  
 dede And for she cryed to her fadir they slew her and toke þe fadir  
 and put hym in prison and wounded hym me to the deþ. but  
 soþyn of here restored hym And then ded they grete vntowthe  
 for they slew clerkes and prestes and made bete ddone chapellis  
 that ome lordys myght nat be seide And thys same day  
 her fadir sente vnto me for to be confessed and holselod but such  
 þanne had nen man as I had thys same day with þe i. bryne  
 but the olde erle made me to suffer for he seide they shold nat longe  
 endure for i. knyght of ome lord sholde destroy them And now  
 hit þe brought to an ende and by thys may þon doete þe ome lord  
 þe nat displeyd with þome dede // **En** seide þe **Salahad** and hit



had nat pleased oure lord ne sholde we haue slayne so many men  
 in so litte a whyle And they brought the erle **hermes** oute of prison  
 in to the myddis of the hall the which ended well **Salahad** and  
 yet he fre hym nen be fore but by reuelacion of oure lord. Then  
 he gan he to wepe vyght tenderly and seyde longe hane I abyddyn  
 yonge comynge but for goddis love holdeth me in yonge armys &  
 my soule may depte oute of my body. In so good a manys armys  
 as ye be full gladly seyde Sir **Salahad** And pan one seyde on  
 hyght that all folke harde Sir **Salahad** Abest hast yon ben a  
 Ouynted ge on goddis enemyes Now be hobyth the to go to þe mayned  
 kynge as sone as yon mayste for he shall ressaue by the helth  
 which he hath a byddyn so longe and there w<sup>t</sup> the soule deptyd  
 frome the body And Sir **Salahad** made hym to be dryged as  
 hym onyght to be. Dyght so deptyd the in. Kynghyt And **Davallus**  
 fether with them and so they cam in to a waste foryst and there  
 they sawe a fore them a wyght herte which my. hons lad than  
 they toke hem to assente for to folow after to knowe whyder they  
 reparyed And so they rode after a grete pace tyll that they cam to  
 a valey and there by was an femytaye where a good man  
 dwelled And the herte and the hons entred also. Whan they  
 sawe all thys they turned to the chapel and sawe þe good man  
 in a religious wede and in the armo of oure lord for he wolde  
 synge masse of the holy goste and so they entred in and herde  
 masse and at the seyntis of the masse they in. sawe the herte be  
 com a man which merdayled hem and sette hym upon þe altre  
 in a vyse sete and sawe the my. hons were chaunged. One  
 to the forme of man and anoy to the forme of a houn and  
 the twde to an egge and the my. was chaunged to an eye. Then  
 toke they her sete where the harte satte and wente out pryde  
 a glasse wyndow and there was no thyng pished nor broken

And they harde

And they harde say in such man. Entred the sone of god in to the  
 wombe of maydyn mary whos virginite ne was quashed ne  
 hymte And whan they harde thes wordis they selle doone to  
 the erthe and were a stoned and there w<sup>t</sup> was a gre cleyenosse  
 And whan they were com to p<sup>r</sup> selff a gayne they wente to the  
 good man and prayde hym that he wolde sey them the trouth  
 of that vision // Why what thyng have ye sene amone pey tolde  
 hym all / A lordys seyde he ye be well com. for now wote I well  
 ye bett the good knyght whych shall brynge the **Sauke**  
 to an ende for ye bene they vnto whom oure lord shall shew grete  
 secretis and well ought oure lord be signyfied to an herte // For  
 the harte whan he ys olde he wantyng yonge a gayne in his whych  
 byrme byggt so comyth a gayne oure lord frome dett to lyff for  
 he lost earthly flesche that was the dedly flesche whych he had  
 tubyn in the wombe of the blessed virgine mary And for that  
 cause appered oure lord as a whych harte w<sup>t</sup> oute foot And  
 the in that were with hym ye to vnderstonde the in cōmfortis  
 whych sette in bytynge a pte of Ihs cryst dedys that he did som  
 tyme whan he was a yonge yon an earthly man for wote yon  
 welke nen arst ne myght no knyght Endore the trouth for oth  
 tymes or thys hath oure lord shewed hym vnto good men and to  
 good knyght in bynesse of an herte // But I suppose frome hense  
 forth ye shall se hit no more and than they lord mnd and  
 dwelled there all day And bypon the morne whan they had  
 herde masse they dected and comended the good man to god And  
 so they cam to a castell and passed so p<sup>r</sup> cam a knyght armed  
 afen them and seyde lordys Thys Iantill woman that ye led  
 with yon ys a mayde ye sh<sup>r</sup> seyde she a mayde I am Than he toke  
 hir by the bydyll and seyde by the holy crosse ye shall nat astape  
 me to fore ye have yolden the custum of thys castell lat her go



seide þ **Wabale** ye be nat wyse for a mayde in what place she comþ  
 ye fre // So in the meane while there cam onte a y. or yij. knyght  
 armed onte of the castell and with hem cam iantill women ye  
 aduice hyde a dyff of sylk and than they seide thys iantill  
 woman muste yelde be the custom of thys castell // Why seide þ  
 En **Salahad** what ys the custom of thys castell En seide a knyght  
 what mayde passith here by sholde hyde thys dyff of blode  
 of hir ryght arme blanne hame he seide **Salahad** that brought  
 up syn customs and so god save me also fyne mode ye be þ of the  
 iantill women shalt ye fynde while that I hane hyle // So god  
 me helpe seide En **Wabale** I had len be sturne and I also seide  
 En **Wabale** Be my fyrth seide the knyght than shalt ye dye for  
 ye mode nat endure a yente be yente ye were the beste knyght  
 of the worlde than sette they ren ech horse to op and þ m.  
 knyght bete the y. knyght and pan set þ hondis to þ swordis  
 and bete them dorene than þ cam onte of the castell a knyght  
 knyght armed Now saye lordis seide thys m. knyght hane  
 mery on yowre self and hane nat a do with be Nay saye lordis  
 seide the knyght of the castell we comceyle yon to with drawe  
 yon for ye den the beste knyght of the worlde and þ fore do no  
 more for ye hane done I now // We wolt lat yon go with thys harme  
 but we muste nedys hane the custom Gert seide En **Salahad**  
 for nongte speke ye // Well sey they wolt ye dye // En we be nat yet  
 com þ to seide En **Salahad** than be gan they to meddyl to gynde  
 And En **Salahad** with the straunge gurdys drew his sword  
 and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde and slede  
 whom that en a bode hym And And so meddaylonfly þ they  
 had meddayle of hym and hys ij. felows holpe hym passyngh  
 well and so they helde þ journey enygh in lyche harte tyll hit  
 was nyze myght than muste they nedys depte // So þ cam a

good knyght and seyde to thes m. knyght if ye woll com In to myt  
 and take such herberow as here ys ye shall be ryght well conde and  
 we shall ensue you by the farty of oure bodies and as we be trow  
 knyght to lode you in such a state to morow as here we fynde you  
 with oute any falsehode And as sone as ye knowe of the custom we  
 dare sey we woll accorde there fore for goddis lode seyde the ladyll  
 woman go we thyn and spaye nat for me. Well go we seyde fr  
**Galahad** and so they entred in to the castell and when they were  
 alyght they made grete joy of hem // So with In a while the m.  
 knyght asked the custom of the castell and where fore hit was used  
 Sir what hit ys we woll sey you the sothe There ys in this castell  
 a ladyll woman which both we and this castell ys hers and  
 many of us hit be selle many yeres a gone tyme happened on her  
 a malodre And when she had lyene a grete while she selle on  
 to a mesell and no leche coude remedye her unt at the laste  
 an olde man sayde and she myght have a dyssfulle of bloode  
 of a maydyn and a clene virgyn in wyll and in worke And  
 a byngt doun that bloode shold be her helth for to a noynte  
 her with all and for this thyng was this custom made // Now  
 seyde Sir **Leodallis** sister saye knyght I se well that this ladyll  
 woman ys but dede w<sup>t</sup> oute helpe and y fore lette me blede Gert  
 seyde Sir **Galahad** and ye blede so muche ye mon dre Truly seyde  
 she and I dre for the helth of her I shall gete me grete worship  
 and soule helthe and worship to my kynaye and bett ys one  
 harme than towayne and y fore y shall no more twayne be but  
 to morne I shall you your custom of this castell And pan y was  
 made grete joy on there was made to fore for ellis had y bene  
 mortall warre vpon the morne nat with stondyng the wolde  
 none of wher they wolde or nolde So that myght were yd in  
 felows eased with the beste and on the morne they harde masse



The deth of  
of Sir  
adalla  
Syl  
the

and Sir **Peradalis** sister bade them brynge forth the hylle lady so she  
was brougth forth whiche was full dpyll at ease. Then seyde she unto  
shall lette me blode. So one cam fwrthe and lette her blode and she  
bled so muche that the dyss was full. Then she lyfft up her honde  
and blyssed her and seyde to thys lady. Madame I am com to my  
dethe for to hele you thys fore for goddis love prayeth for me and  
wytth that she felle in a fadene. Then Sir **Salahad** and his y solours  
sterre up to her and lyfte hir up and stymched hir blode but she had  
bled so muche that she myght nat lye. So when she was adraied  
she seyde saye brother Sir **Pavale** I dye for the helinge of thys lady  
and when I am dede I requyre you that ye burye me nat in thys contrey  
but as sone as I am dede putte me in a boote at the neete haden and let  
me go as adventuress. Wolt lode me and as sone as ye m. com to p. ate  
of **Sarras** there to enchevede the so holy grayle ye shall fynde me  
vnder a towe arayed and the burye me in the spyrtnall walysse  
for I shall telle you for twynthe thys shall Sir **Salahad** shall  
be buried and ye bothe in the same place. When Sir **Peradalis**  
vnderstode thes wordis he granted hir all weppynly. And pan  
seyde adoice vnto yow lordis to morow at the dore of pygme  
ye m. shall depte enych frowe of tulle the adventuress brynge you  
vnto the maymed kynge. Then asked she her savecome and as  
sone as she had reseved hym the soule depte frome the body.  
So the same day was the lady heled. When she was anoynted  
wytth hir blode. Then Sir **Pavale** made a letter of all that she had  
holpe them as in swonge adventuress and put hit in hir yggt  
honde and so leyde hir in a barge and coude hit w. blacke sylke  
and so the wynde arose and droff the barge frome the londe  
and all man of kyngdome be hylde hit tyll hit was oute of per  
syght. Then they drev all to the castell and fwrth wytth y felle  
atempeste fydene of thymdw p. lyggtynge p. rayne as all p.  
erthe wolde a brokyn. So halff the castell turned up so dore

So hit passed down longe or the tempest were leased than they saw  
to fore hem a knyght armed and wounded harde in the body & in  
hede which seyde a good lorde succore me for now hit ys nede so aft  
thys knyght there cam a noþ knyght and a dwarf which cryed to  
hem a furre stonde ye may nat asturre than the wounded knyght  
hyld by hys hondys and prayde god he myght nat dye in such  
tribulacion Truly seyde Sir **Salahad** I shall succore hym for his  
sake that he callith on // Sir seyde I **Wise** I shall do hit for hit ys  
nat for you for he ys but one knyght Sir seyde he I grette you  
So I **Wise** took hys sterde and comanded hym to god and rode aft  
to restore the wounded knyght

Now turne we to Sir **Salahad** and to Sir **Wadall**

**I**n the twynth the tale vnto Sir **Salahad** & Sir **Wadall** & Sir  
in a chapel all myght in hir prayers for to save hem Sir  
**Wise** So on the morow they dressed them in þe harness toward  
the castell to wete what was fallen of of the end And when they  
cam there they founde noþ man noþ woman that he ne was dede  
by the vengeance of some lorde So with that they hard a voice  
that seyde thys vengeance ys for blode shedyng of maydyns also  
they founde at the ende of the castell a square yerde and þe  
thor myght see sixti furre tymbris and that place was faye  
and so delectable that hit semed hem þe had bene no tempeste  
And there lay the bodies of all the good maydyns which were  
martyde for the slyte lady also they founde þe names of castlady  
and of what blode they were com off and all were of kyngys  
blode and vij of them were knyghts daughters / Than departed they &  
wente into a foryste Now seyde Sir **Wadall** vnto Sir **Salahad**  
we myste deyte and there fore pray we our lorde that we  
may mete to gyde in shorte tyme than they ded of þe helyng  
and byssed to gyde and fore depte at therr deptyng  
Now turnyth thys tale vnto Sir **Iamcelott**



The adventures  
of Sir laun-  
celot

**I**n the seyth the tale that when Sir **launcelot** was com to þe  
watir of **mortays** as hit ys reherced be fore he was in the  
perell and so he leyde hym adowne and slepte and toke the adventure  
that god wolde sende hym So when he was a slepe þe cum a vision  
vnto hym that seyde þe **launcelot** aryse vp and take thyne arms  
and enter in to the firste shippe that thou shalt fynde And when he  
herde thes wordys he sterte vp and saide guete cloyennesse a bonte  
hym And than he byfite vp his honde and blessed hym And so  
toke his armes and made hym redy and at the laste he cam by  
a stonde and founde a shippe wthouten farge sayle or oze And as  
sone as he was w<sup>th</sup> in the shippe þe he had the moste swettnesse þe  
en he felte and he was fulfilled wth all thyng that he yongt  
on of desired / Than he seyde swete fadir / I am arysen / I wote nith  
what I am in for this passit all ertely / I oyes that en / I was  
in And so in this Ioy leyde hym adowne to the shippe bome and  
slepte till day And when he awoke he founde there a fayne bed  
and there in hyngge a lantill woman dede which was þe **caball**  
sister And as Sir **launcelot** adised her he assayed in his vyght  
honde which he had that tolde hym all the adventures that he ha  
we herde be fore And of what kynage she was com So w<sup>th</sup> this  
lantill woman Sir **launcelot** was a moneth and more if ye wold  
wille how he lyved for he that fedde the chyldren of Iherl<sup>m</sup> manna  
in deserte so was he fedde // For evy day when he had seyde his  
hys prayers he was susteyned wth the grace of the holy goste / so  
so on a day he wente to play hym by the waters hyde for he was  
som what weary of the shippe and than he lystened and herde and  
com and one rydynge vpon hym and when he cam nyge hym  
semed a knyght And so he late hym passe and wente there as þe  
ship was and there he alyst and toke the sadyl and the bydill  
þe put the horse frome hym and so wente in to the shippe And  
than Sir **launcelot** and dressed hym vnto the shippe and seyde Sir

ye be well com and he answered and saluted hym a gayne & seyde  
 Sir what is your name for myght my herte geueth unto you Truly  
 seyde he my name is Sir **Lancelot du lake** Sir seyde he than  
 be ye well com for ye were the begynner of me in this worlde  
 In sir ar ye Sir **Salahad** / ye for sothe and so he kneled do done &  
 asseyde hym his blyssynge and after that toke of his helme and  
 kyssed hym And there was grete ioy be theyre then for no tynge  
 can telle of other what ioy was be theyre then and yeny of yem  
 tolde other the adventures that had be falle then syn they de-  
 parted from the conrte And anon as Sir **Salahad** saw the  
 lady that was in the bedde he knew her well and seyde grete  
 worship of her that she was one of the beste maydyns lyving  
 And hit was grete pite of her dethe But when Sir **Lancelot**  
 herde how the merdayles sterde was gotyn and who made hit  
 and all the merdayles reversed a fore than he prayd sir **Salahad**  
 that he wolde shew hym the sterde & so he brought hit forth  
 and kyssed the pommel and the hiltis and the stableside // Truly  
 seyde Sir **Lancelot** now arte kneld of so thyre adventures done  
 and so merdayles stronge // So dyvelled Sir **Lancelot**  
**Salahad** with in that shype halff  
 myghtly with all his power  
 frome folke where th  
 they founde many  
 brought to an end  
 and nat in the a  
 both here mena  
 them So after  
 edge of a fore  
 armed all in  
 myghtly hand



salued the y<sup>e</sup> knyght in the kyngs lordis be half and seyde vnto  
 Sir **Galahad** Sir ye shal be longe I now with your fadir y<sup>e</sup> for  
 com oute of the shype and take this horse and go where y<sup>e</sup> adven-  
 tures shal lede you in the queste of the **Sauvage** Esau he wente  
 to his fadir and kiste hym sweetly and seyde fadir swete fadir I  
 wote nat what I shal be you more tyll I se the body of Ihu cryste  
 I do for goddis sake seyde Sir **Lancelot** pray to the fadir that he holde  
 me styll in his house and so he took his horse and y<sup>e</sup> they had  
 adyce that seyde eny of you thynke for to do well for neu more  
 shal one se any off you be fore the dredful day of doome // Now  
 my fadir somme Sir **Galahad** fadir we shal deyte and nap of vo-  
 se of more I pray to that his fadir confyne me and you both  
 Sir seyde Sir **Galahad** no prayer doaylith so much as yowes  
 and there with Sir **Galahad** entred in to the foryste and y<sup>e</sup>  
 wynde arose and drede Sir **Lancelot** more pan a moneth  
 thowde the se where he sleped but littill but prayde to god y<sup>e</sup> he  
 myght be som tydynge of the **Sauvage** so hit be felle on  
 a wynter at mydnyght he arised be fore a castell on the backe  
 and fayne and there was a posterne  
 with oute any keepynge save y<sup>e</sup>  
 shone ryght cleere d  
 seyde **Lancelot** go oute  
 where you shalte  
 to his armye and  
 sayd ye hous  
 do hit so y<sup>e</sup> and  
 arme so fore  
 herde he adyce  
 where fore

trustest þou more on thy harneysse than In thy maker for he  
 myght more aduayle the than thyne armes in what pynse  
 that þou art to sette In. Then seyde Sir **Lancelot** fayne had  
 I shold cryste I thanke the of thy grete may that þou reposedst  
 me of my myse dede. And so that þou holdyste me for one  
 of thy frendes than toke he his swerde a gayne and put hit  
 vp in his sheethes and made a crosse in his foreheade and came to  
 the hono. And they made semblaunce to do hym harme. But  
 withstandinge he passed by them withoute hurt and entred  
 in to the castell to the chiefe fortresse and there were per all  
 at reste. Then Sir **Lancelot** entred so armed for he founde  
 no gate nor doore but hit was opyn and at the laste he founde  
 a chambur where of the doore was shutte and he sett his  
 hande y<sup>e</sup> to to hane opened hit but he myght nat. Then he  
 enforced hym mychyll to vndo the doore. Then he styened  
 and herde a voice which saunge so sweth that hit semede  
 none earthly thyng. And hym thought the voice seyde. For  
 honoure be to the fadir of heuyn. Then Sir **Lancelot** knelled  
 a doore to fore the chambur doore for well wylle he that y<sup>e</sup>  
 was the **Sant** **greatest**. With In that chambur. Then seyde he  
 fayne mete fadir I shold cryste if en I dnd thyng that plesed  
 the lorde for thy pite ne hane nat in dyspote for my synnes  
 done by fore tyme and that þou shold me som thyng of that  
 I seek and with that he saw the chambur doore opyn and y<sup>e</sup>  
 cam oute a grete clerenesse that the house was as bryght  
 as all the towncshere of the worlde had bene there. So cam  
 he to the chambur doore and wolde hane entred. And anon  
 a voice seyde vnto hym Sir **Lancelot** flee and entur nat  
 for þou onxt nat to do hit for and if þou entur þou shalt for





forme lyff in hym But he myght nat stonde nor styge no member  
 that he had and so they toke hym by omy pte of the body and laye  
 hym In to a chambur and leyde hym in a bysch. bedde faww some  
 folke and so he lay my. dayes. Then one seyde he was on lyve  
 and a noþ seyde nay he was dede In the name of god seyde an  
 olde man I do you verily to drete he ys nat dede but he ys as  
 fulle of lyff as the strengyst of us all there fore I rede you all  
 that he be well kepte tyll god sende lyff in hym a gayne. Som  
 frich man they kepte Sir **launcelot** my. & xx. dayes and also  
 many myghtis that en he lay styll as a dede man And at the  
 xxv. day he styll hym after mydday that he opened his yens  
 and when he saw folke he made grete sorow and seyde why  
 have ye adored me for I was more at ease than I am now  
 And I shuld cryste who myght be so blyssed that myght se openly the  
 grete merdayles of secretnesse there where no syner may be  
 why have ye sene seyde he grete merdayles that no tynge  
 may telle and more than omy herte can thynke and had nat  
 my synne bene be fore tyme ellis I had sene muche more Then  
 they tolde hym how he had layne there my. & xx. dayes & myght  
 than hym thowzt hit was pynshemete for the my. yere þ  
 he had bene no syner where fore omy lorde pryt hym in þe  
 names the my. dayes and myght Then tolde **launcelot** to fore  
 hym and saw the haye where he had bene nyze a yere for that  
 he for thowzte hym vygylt muche that he had broken his pynse  
 vnto the frymte where he had adored to do Then they asked  
 how stowd with hym for sothe seyde he I am hole of body thanke  
 be omy lorde there fore for goddis lode telle me where I am  
 Then seyde they all that he was in the castell of **Carbonel**  
 There vnto com a Iantill woman and brongt hym a shute



of small linnen clothe but he chaunged nat there but toke the hayre to  
 hym a gayne // Sw seide they the queste of the **Sankgreal** ye on the  
 ved nede ryght in you and nen shall ye se of **Sankgreal** mye prync  
 hane sene howe | thanke god seide **Sn. Lancelot** for hys grete mye  
 of that | hane sene for hit suffisith me for as I suppose no man in  
 this worlde hane tyed better than I hane done to encheure that  
 I hane done And there with he toke the hayre and clothed hym  
 in hit and a bodeu that he put a linnen and after that a roote  
 of scarlet freysst and nede And when he was so arrayed they  
 merdayled all for they knew hym well that he was **Lancelot**  
 the good knyght and than they seide all a my lord **Lancelot**  
 ye be he And he seide yee truly I am he Then cam worde to the  
 kynge **Welles** that the knyght that had layne so longe dede was  
 the noble knyght **Sn. Lancelot** Then was the kynge ryte glad  
 and wente to se hym And when **Lancelot** sawe hym com  
 he dressed hym a penyte hym and pain made the kynge grete joy  
 of hym And there the kynge tolde hym tidynge how his sone  
 donzter was dede Then **Sn. Lancelot** was ryght hevye and  
 seide me for thyng of the deth of prync donzter for she was a  
 full fayre lady freyshe and yonge and well I wote she have the  
 beste knyght that ys now on erthe or that en was syn god was  
 borne So the kynge kyled hym there my. dayes and on the  
 morow he toke hys lede at kynge **Welles** and at all felshipp  
 and thanked them of the grete laboure knyght so as they sate  
 at her dyner in the chylle halle hit be fyll that **Sankgreal**  
 had fulfilled the table with all metis that ony harte mye prync  
 And as they sate they sawe all the doores of the paleyse and  
 wyndowes open shute w<sup>t</sup> onte many's honde So were they  
 all a baysshed // So a knyght whiche was all armed cam to p

that cam to the chereff dore and aw knocked and cryed vnde but  
 they wolde nat and en he cryed vnde so hit noyed hem so much  
 that the kynge hym self arose and camte a wyndow there wher  
 the knyght called. Then he seyde Sw knyght ye shall nat ent at  
 this tyme. Whyle the **Saukercall** ys hye And there fore ge  
 ye m to a nothw fortresse for ye be none of the knyght of p quest  
 but one of them wherch haue fynyd the frende and hasty leste  
 the synse of oure lord. Then was he passynge wroth at p  
 kynge wordis. Sw knyght seyde the kynge syn ye wolde so fayne  
 entw telle me of what contrey ye be. Sw he seyde I am of p  
 realme of **logrys** and my name ys Sw **Ector de marys** brop  
 vnto my lord Sw **lancelot**. In the name of god seyde p kynge  
 me for thyngis seyde the kynge for some byp ys here I me.  
 Whan p **Ector** vnderstod that hys byp was p for he was  
 the man in the worlde that he moste dnd and lord. Then he  
 seyde a good lord now dddblath my sorow and shame full tnd  
 seyde the good man of the hylle vnto Sw **Galwayne** and to me  
 of oure dremys. Then wente he oute of the comte as faste as  
 hys horse myght and so thowd onte the castell. Then kynge **palles**  
 cam to Sw **lancelot** and tolde hym the pnt of hys brothw d  
 none he was sorw there fore that he wylt nat what to do. So  
 Sw **lancelot** deptyd and toke hys armys and seyde he wold go  
 se the realme of **logrys** wherch had nat sene a fore m a yere  
 and there wylt comanded the kynge to god and so rode thowd  
 many realmys and at the laste he com to a wyght abbay.  
 there they made hym that myght grette chere. And on the morne  
 he arose and had masse and a fore an adter he formde a wyche  
 tombe wherch was newly made and than he toke hede and sawe  
 the hys wryten wylt golde wherch seyde here lyeth knyght **Sag**  
**Demagus of Gore** wherch kynge **Arthur**s nedw feld and named



More leueth thys tale and speketh of Sir Balahad.

**D**ir seyth the tale that Sir **Salahad** rode many townes  
in wayne and at the laste he com to the abbay where  
kyng **Mordrayus** was and when he sawe that he trowte he  
wolde a byde to se hym And so vpon the morne when he had herd  
masse Sir **Salahad** com vnto kyng **Mordrayus** And anon f. kyng  
sawe hym which had layne blynde of longe tyme and pan he dres-  
sed hym a penyte hym And seide Sir **Salahad** the seruite of Ihu  
criste and verry knyght whos comynge I haue a byddyn longe  
now embrace me and sette me vnto on thy breste so that I may  
reste be twene thyne armys for pan arte a clene vrgyne abode  
all knyght as the floure of the lyly in whom vrgynite is signified

and þou arte the rose which is the floure of all good vertu & in colour  
 of all good vertu here for the fire of the holy goste is taken so in the  
 that my flessh which was all dede of oldenes is becom agayne  
 yonge. When Sir **Salahad** heard thes wordes than he embraced  
 hym and all his body. Then seyde he myn lord I shal cryste nodd  
 I haue my doyle I nodd I requyre the in this poynte that I am in  
 put þou com and visite me And anone oure lord herde his prayr  
 and there with the soule dected from the body And þan Sir **Salahad**  
 put hym in the earth as a kynge ought to be and so dected and cam  
 in to a helys foreyste where he founde the well which boyled  
 with grete radours as the tale tellith to fore. And as sone as Sir  
**Salahad** sette his honde to hit ceased so that hit brente no more  
 and anone the hete dected away And cause doth that hit brente  
 hit was a sygne of lechery that was that tyme muche vsed But þ  
 hete myght nat a byde his pure virginite And so this was ta  
 lym in the contrey for a miracle and so en affair was hit called  
**Salahad's** well. So by aduenture he com vnto the contrey of **Core**  
 and into the abbey where Sir **Lancelot** had bene to fore honde  
 and founde the tombe of kynge **Bagdemagus** But he was fownd  
 der þ off for there was the tombe of **Ioseph** of **Arnamathy** is son  
 and the tombe of **Synyan** where Sir **Lancelot** had fayled  
 Then he lokid in to a cronste vnder the mynstir and there he fonde a  
 tombe which was full medaylously. Then asked he the brethren  
 what hit was Sir seyde they a medaylous aduenture that may  
 nat be brought to an ende but by hym that passith of comite and  
 of knyghthode all them of the rounde table. I wolde seyde Sir  
**Salahad** that ye wolde bringe me þ to gladly seyde they and so  
 ledde hym tyll a caue and so he wente doun vpon greas and  
 cam vnto the tombe and so the flammynge fyrled & þ fire flami  
 cted which many a day had bene grete. Then cam þ a voice



Whiche seyde much as ye be holde to thanke god Whiche hath gyven you a good  
 doore that ye may drawe oute the sonke of certeyn payne and to putte  
 them in to the joyes of paradysse // En I am of yowre kynred Whiche hath  
 dwelled in this herte this in .c. Wynter and hys to be purged of the  
 synne that I ded a yense **Armanathy Joseph** Then sir **Salahad**  
 toke the body in his armys and bare hit in to the mynster And that  
 myght lay En **Salahad** in the abbay And on the mornynge he gaff  
 hym his synse and put hym in the cete by fore the hys adter  
 So deyed he frome pens and comended the brethern to god and so he  
 rode v. dayes tyll that he cam to the maymed kynge And en so  
 folowed En **Pavale** the v. dayes where he had bene And so one tolde  
 hym how the adventures of **Logrus** were encheved So on a day  
 hit he selle that he cam oute of a grete foryste and y mette they  
 at traders with En **Bois** Whiche rode a lone // hit ys no rede to  
 aske if they were glad and so he saluted yem and they yelded  
 to hym honoure and good adventure and enych tolde of how per  
 had spedde Then seyde En **Bois** hit ys more than a yere & a halff  
 that I ne lay y tymes where men dwelled but in wyde forystes  
 and in madowteaynes but was en my comforte Then rode they  
 a grete wyhyle tyll they cam to the castell of **Carbouet** and  
 when they were enturde with In kynge **Pelles** knew hym So  
 there was grete joy for he wyste well by her comynge y they  
 had fulfilled the **Sauytreall** Then **Elyazar** kynge **Pelles** sone  
 brought to fore them the broken swerde where with **Joseph**  
 was styken thorow the thyngge Then En **Bois** sette his honde  
 y to to say if he myght have soded hit a gayne but hit wolde  
 nat be Then he toke hit to En **Pavale** but he had no more  
 aduer y to than he wold have y hit a gayne seyde En **Pavale**  
 onto En **Salahad** for and hit be en encheved by ony bodily  
 man ye myste do hit and then he toke the peas and set hem

to gydwis

to gydres and semed to them as hit had neu be brokyn & as well  
 as hit was firste forged And whan they woth in assayed that  
 the adentures of the swerde was encheved Than they gaff y  
 swerde to **Sw. Bors** for hit myght no better be sette for he was  
 so good a knyght and a worthy man And althit he forecom  
 the swerde arose grete and meredaylous and was full of gre  
 tete that many men felle for drede And anone alhyt adoyce  
 that seyde amonge them and seyde they that ony nat to sitte  
 at the table of oure lorde Ihu cryst adoyce hens for now y  
 shall berry knyght be fede So they wente pence all sauf kny  
**Pelles** and **Elazar** hys some which were holy men and a mayde  
 which was hys myce And so toke y. knyght and x. m. ell. day  
 nome And anone they sado knyght all armed y cam in at  
 the halle dore and ded of y. helmys and armys and seyde unto  
**Sw. Galahad** for we have hyzed y. gyt muche for to be woth yon  
 at thys table where the holy mete shall be depyt Than seyde he y  
 be well com but of whichens be ye So y. of them seyde they were of  
**Gaulle** and of y. seyde they were of Irelonde and of y. seyde they were  
 of **Danemarke** And so as they sate y. there cam onte a bedde of  
 tre of a chambr which y. lautill women brougte and in the bedde  
 lay a good man fte and had a caddone of golde vpon his hede and  
 there in the myddis of the paloyse they sette hym ddone and wente  
 a gayne Than he lyfte up hys hede and seyde **Sw. Galahad** and  
 knyght ye be y. gyt well com for muche hane y. desired y. comys  
 for in such payne and in such angourysch as I hane suffred longe  
 but now I truste to god the terme ye com that my payne shall be  
 alayed and sone passe onte of thys worlde so as hit was promysed  
 me longe ago And there with a voyce seyde y. be y. amonge yon  
 that be nat in the queste of the **Santgraill** and y. fore depyt y



Then kynge **Welles** and hys sune derted and þat w<sup>at</sup> he semed þen  
 that þam an olde man and my angelis frome heuyn clothed in  
 hynesse of a byshop and had a crosse in hys honde and þes my  
 angels sawe hym þe in a chaire and sette hym doun be fore the  
 table of sytyn where vpon the **Sanktwat** was and hit semed  
 that he that he had in myddis of hys forehede letters which seide  
 Se þou here **Joseph** the firste byshop of crystendom þe same which  
 oure soude succoured in the ate of **Sarras** in the spiritnall pal  
 leys Then the kynght meruayled for that byshop was dede more  
 than my. & þere to fore a kynght seide he meruayle nat for  
 was som tyme an erthely man So w<sup>at</sup> that ther harde þe cham  
 ber dore open and there they sawe angels and y<sup>e</sup> bare candelis of  
 wex and the thirde sawe a towrell and the my. a speare which he  
 meruaylously that the droppis felle w<sup>at</sup> in a box which he hylde w<sup>at</sup>  
 hys othir hande and anone they sette the candelis vpon þe table  
 and the thirde the towrell vpon the vessell and the my. þe holy  
 speare doun vpryght vpon the vessell And þan the byshop  
 made sembelante as þouge he wolde have gone to þe sayng  
 of a masse and than he toke an obley which was made in hys  
 nesse of brede and at the byssyng vpon there cam a vyrgyne in  
 hynesse of a chyld and the bysage was as rede and as bryt  
 as any fyre and smote hym self in to the brede that all þey sawe  
 hit that the brede was formed of a fleschely man and þan he  
 put hit in to the holy vessell a gayne and þan he ded than louned  
 to a preste to do masse and than he wente to Sir **Galahad** and  
 kyssed hym and bade hym go and bysse hys feldis And so he  
 ded anone Now seide he the prynces of Ihu criste y<sup>e</sup> shalt be  
 fedde a fore thys table with swete metis that neu<sup>e</sup> kynght yet  
 tasted And when he had seide he vanysshed a way and þey sette

hem at the table in grete dede and made y prayers Than loked  
 they and sawe aman com oute of the holy vessel that had all  
 the signes of the passion of Ihu cristis bledynge all openly and  
 serde my knyght and my knyght And my trewe chyldren whiche  
 bene com oute of dedly lyff in to the spiritnall lyff I wolt no  
 longer conme frome you but ye shall sende a pte of my secret  
 and of my thydd thinge Noth holdeth and vesseydith y thye ord  
 and mete whiche ye haue so much desired Than toke he hym  
 self the holy vessel and cam to **Salahad** and he kneled a  
 downe and vesseyded his sadroune And after hym so ressayded  
 all his felows and they thought hit so swete that hit was mer  
 waylens to telle Than serde he to Sir **Salahad** some wytyf y  
 what I wolde be dooyte my hondis May serde he but if ye telle  
 me Ihs ye serde he the holy dysche whiche In I ate the lambe  
 on efor day and nowd haft you sene yat you moste desired to se  
 but yet haft you nat sene hit so openly as you shall se hit in  
 the cite of **Sarras** in the spiritnall palyse there fore y must  
 go hence and leave with the thys holy vessel for y myght hit  
 shall depte frome the Realme of **logrus** and hit shall neu  
 more be sene here And knowest you where fore for he ys nat ser  
 ned nor worshipped to his ryght by hem of thys londe for he  
 be turned to doyll bydynge and there fore I shall dyscrete yem  
 of the honoure whiche I haue done thens And y fore go ye in  
 unto the see where ye shall fynde your shippe redy And to you  
 take the swerde with the stronge gurdils and no mo to you but  
 Sir **Radale** and **Prors** Also I wolt that ye take to you off  
 thys blade of thys speare for to anoynte the maymed kynge  
 both his legges and his body and he shall haue his heale  
 Sir serde **Salahad** whiche shall nat thys of felows go to  
 for thys cause for ryght as I depte my postels one here and a



nothir there so I wolt that ye depte and y of you shall dy in my  
 fmyse and one of you shall com a gayne and telle troyng **Esau**  
**guff** he **Esau** guff he hem hys blyssynge and banysshed a  
 way And **Sir Galahad** wente anone to the speare which  
 lay vpon the table and to docted the bloode with hys fmynges  
 and cam after to the maymed knyght and anoynted his legges  
 and hys body and there with he clothed hym anone and sterte  
 vpon hys feete oute of hys bedde as an hyle man & thanked  
 god that he had heled hym and anone he lesste the wyse and  
 yelded hym selfe to a place of religion of **Whycht** monke and  
 was a full holy man And that same myght aboute myddys  
 cam a wyse a mongre thend which seide my fmyces and nat  
 my chref fmyces my frendis and nat myne enemyes to ye  
 shens where ye shope beste to do And as I bade you do I punked  
 to you lord that you wolt **Whycht** fmyss to calle be y fmyces  
 Now may wolt proude that we haue nat oure wames And a  
 none in all haste they toke y harnerse and depte But ye in  
 byng of **Saule** one of hem hys **Clandyne** knyght **Clandas**  
 some and the of y were grette iantill wimen **Esau** prayde  
**Sir Galahad** to eny of them that and they com to byng  
**Arthurs** comte to salew my lord **Sir Lamucelot** my fader  
 and hem all of the rounde table if they com on that pty nat to  
 for grette hit byng so depte **Sir Galahad** and **Sir Padvale**  
 and **Sir Bors** with hym and so they rode in dayes and than  
 they com to a ryche and founde the shype where of the tale  
 spekyth of to fore and when they com to the bunde they founde  
 in the myddys of the table of fmyd where they had lesst w the  
 maymed byng and the **Sanktreall** which was conde w  
 rede samte **Esau** were they glad to haue such thyngis in

y feliship and so they entred and made grete reuence y to And  
 Sir **Salahad** felle on hys knyghts and prayde longe tyme to oure  
 lord that at what tyme that he asked he myght passe oute of this  
 worlde And so longe he prayde tyll a vnce seyde y **Salahad** y shall  
 haue thy requeste And when thou askest the deth of thy body thou  
 shalt haue hit and thou shalt thou haue the kyng of thy soule than  
 Sir **Wadale** hardde hym a litle and prayde hym of feliship that  
 was he doene them where fore he asked such thyngs // Sir y shall  
 I telle you seyde y **Salahad** this othir day when we sadde a  
 pte of the adventures of the Sangreall I was in such joy of here  
 that I wote neu man was evylly And there fore I wote well when  
 my body ys dede my soule shall be in grete joy to se the blyssed  
 trinite en y day and the maneste of oure lord I shal cryste And so  
 longe were they in the shippe that they seyde to Sir **Salahad** fir  
 m this dede ye onyte to lyse for so seyth the lettre And so he laide  
 hym dore and flepte a grete while And when he awaked  
 he toke to fore hym and sadde the cite of **Sarras** and as they  
 wolde haue loded they sadde the shyp where in Sir **Wadale** had  
 putte hys syster in. Ernly seyde Sir **Wadale** in the name of god  
 well hath my syster holden vs doonaunte than toke yx oute  
 of the shippe the table of syld and he toke hit to y **Wadale** to  
 y **Wadale** to go to fore And Sir **Salahad** com be hynde and ryzt  
 so they wente in to the cite And at the gate of the cite they saw  
 an olde man crouked And anon Sir **Salahad** called hym and  
 bade hym helpe to bere this hevy thyng Ernly seyde y olde  
 man hit ys y yere a go that I myght nat go but w crutches  
 Fare you nat seyde Sir **Salahad** a ryse vp and shew y god  
 wyll And so he assaye and founde hym selff as hole as en  
 he was than ran he to the table and toke one pte a penynt y



**Salahad** anone vole þa grette nyght in the cite that a cyppe was  
 made hole by knyghts merdeyrons that entred into the cite. Then  
 anone after the ny knyght wente to the water and brought up into  
 the paleyse Sir **Pavallio** sister and knyght her as vchely as  
 yem onte a knyght donst. And when the kynge of that contrey  
 knew that and saw that schypp whos name was **Estranfe** he  
 asked them of whens they were and what thynge hit was  
 that they had brought upon the table of sybil and they told hym  
 the trowth of the sambreall. And the power wher god hath  
 sette there. Then this kynge was a grette tyrannite and was  
 com of the hunc of baynmes and took hem and put hem in  
 prison in adore hole. But as sone as they were there o lord  
 sente them the **Sankreall** thowd whos grace they were  
 all wey fullfilled. Whyle they were in prison. So at þe yere  
 ende hit be felle that this kynge lay syke and felte þe he shoulde  
 dye. Then he sente for the ny knyght and they cam a fore hym  
 And he cryed hem merva of that he had done to them. And per  
 for gave hym goodly and he dyed anone. When the kynge was  
 dede all the cite stode dysse mayde and wyf nat who myght be her  
 kynge. By that so as they were in counceyle þe com a voice dedone  
 amonge them and bade hem chose the yongest knyght of m  
 to be her kynge for he shall well maynteyne you and all yours.  
 So they made Sir **Salahad** kynge by all the assente of þe hole cite  
 and elles they wolde have slayne hym. And when he was  
 com to hys a toben he lete make a bodyn the table of sybil. A  
 cheste of golde and of precious stonys that coude the holy des  
 sert and evy day evy thys ny knyght wolde com be fore  
 hit and make þe prayers now at the yere ende and þe self  
 Sunday after that Sir **Salahad** had byne the cydone of golde.

he arose vperly and hys felowis and cam to the paterse and  
 sate to fore hem the holy vessell And aman kneching on his kne  
 ys in hybnesse of a bysshop that had abonte hym a grette felshipp  
 of angels as hit had bene Ihu cryste hym selff And pan he  
 arose and began a masse of oure lady And so he cam to þe salu  
 yngte And anon made an ende he called **Sir Galahad** vnto  
 hym and seyde com forth the fruite of Ihu cryste and þe Ihu  
 se pat þou hast much desired to se and pan he began to tremble  
 vnght harde vhan the dedly fterst began to be holde þe spyr  
 tuall taryng Ehan he hylde vp his hondis towarde heuyn  
 and seyde lorde I thanke the for now I se that that hath be my  
 desyre many a day Now my blyssed lorde I wold nat hve in þis  
 wretched worlde no longer if hit myght please the lorde And  
 þat the good man toke oure lordes body be adwyte hys hondis  
 and gfynd hit to **Sir Galahad** and he vesseped hit vnght gladly  
 and mekely Notwith þou what I am seyde the good man May **Sir**  
 seyde þe **Galahad** I am Ioseph the sonne of **Ioseph of Aramathy**  
 Whiche oure lorde hath sente to þe to bere the felshipp And notyft  
 þou vhere fore he hath sente me more than ony oþer for þou hast  
 resembled me to thynge that þou hast sene that ys the medaunte  
 of the **Saukywell** for þou hast bene a cleue mayde as I haue be  
 and and And vhan he had seyde thes wordis he wente to **Sir**  
**Percevale** and kyssed hym and comended hym to god And so he  
 wente to **Sir Bors** and kyssed hym and comended hym to god  
 and seyde my fayre lorde saled me vnto my lorde þe **lanuelot**  
 my fadir and as sone as ye se hym bydde hym remembur of þe  
 worlde vnstable and theredvnt he kneled dore to fore the  
 table and made hys prayers and so synnely dected hys  
 soule to Ihu cryste and a grette multitude of angels hve hit



to heben down in the fyrst of hys ȝ felows Also thes ȝ knyghts saw  
 com frome heben and hande but they ȝ nat the body And so hit com  
 ryght to the wessell and toke hit and the speare and so lay hit up in  
 to heben and fithen was ȝ nen man so hardy to sey that he had send  
 the **Saukysse** So when **Er Pabale** & **Er Bore** saw **Er Sa-**  
**lahad** dede they made as much sorow as en ded men And if they  
 had nat bene good men they myght hyghtly have falle in dyspayr  
 And so people of the contrey and ate they were ryght heby but  
 so he was buryed and as sone as he was buryed **Er Pabale**  
 yelded hym to an Frymtyngte oute of the cite and toke religious clopyng  
 And **Er Bore** was all wey with hym but he chonged nen hys  
 seculer clothyng for that he purposed hym to go agayne in to ȝ real-  
 me of logrus ȝ was a yere and ȝ monethys lȝd ȝ **Pabale** in  
 the frymtyngte a full ȝoly lyff and pan passed oute of ȝ wyld  
 ȝhan **Er Bore** lat bury hym by hys fithel and by ȝ **Salahad** in  
 spowitnalites So when **Er Bore** saw that he was in so ffarre  
 contreyes as in the ȝtis of **Babiloune** he deged frome ȝ cite of  
**Sarras** and armed hym and cam to the see and entred in to a  
 shippe And so hit befelle hym by good aduenture he cam onto  
 the realme of logrus and so he rode apace tyll he com to **Ca-**  
**melot** where the kynge was and pan was ȝ made grette joy of  
 of hym in all the corte for they wente he had bene loste for as  
 much as he had bene so longe oute of the contrey And when  
 they had eten the kynge made grette clerk to com be fore hym  
 for cause they shulde cronycle of the hyze aduentures of the  
 good knyght So when **Er Bore** had tolde hym of the hyze  
 aduentures of the **Saukysse** such as had be falle hym and hys  
 ȝ felows which were **Er Lancelot** **Pabale** and ȝ **Salahad**  
 and hym self ȝhan **Er Lancelot** tolde the aduentures of the  
**Saukysse** that he had sene And all thys was made in grette lȝt

and put by in almyres at Calysshury And anone Sir **Bois** seyde  
 to Sir **launcelot** Sir **Salahad** yowre done some salceded yon by  
 me and after yon my lorde kynge **Arthur** and all the hote comete  
 And so ded Sir **Pavale** for I buryed yem both myne done handis  
 in the cite of **Sarras** also Sir **launcelot** Sir **Salahad** prayde  
 yon to remembre of thys suffer worlde as ye be hyst hym when  
 ye were to gydnis more pan halffe a yere Thys ys to do seyde **launcelot**  
 Now I truste to god hys prayer shall adwayle me Than **launcelot**  
 toke Sir **Bois** in hys armys and seyde to yem ye ar ryt well and  
 to me for ye and I shall new depte in fyndir wyshe once hys  
 may laste Sir seyde he as ye wolt so wolt I Thys endyt p tale  
 of the **Saukreal** that was bressly dradyr onte of fien she  
 which ys a tale cronyled for one of the tredeyft and of p hofest  
 that ys in thys worlde By Sir **Thomas Maleorne** knyght.  
 O blessed ihu helpe hym thowder hys myght. Amen.





After the quest of the **Saukgreaff**  
 was fulfilled and all knyghts that were lesse on the  
 were com home agayne into the table to vnde  
 as the booke of the **Saukgreaff** maketh menaci  
 than was þe grete ioy in the court and enespeciall  
 kynge **Arthure** and quene **Gwenyvere** made grete ioy of þe  
 name and that were com home and passing gladd was the kynge  
 and the quene of **Sir Lancelot** and of **Sir Bors** for they had bene  
 passing longe a day in the quest of the **Saukgreaff** Then as  
 the booke seyth **Sir Lancelot** he gan to resorte vnto quene **Gweny**  
 agayne and for gatte the pmyse and the pfection that he made in  
 the queste for as the booke seyth had nat **Sir Lancelot** bene in his  
 pryde thought and in hys myndis so sette inwardly to þe quene  
 as he was in semynge outwarde to god there had no knyght pas  
 sed hym in the queste of the **Saukgreaff** but en his thoughtis  
 pryde were on the quene And so they loked to gyde more hot  
 than they did to fore honde and had many such pryde draughtis  
 to gyde that many in the court spake of hit And in especiall  
**Sir Aggravayne** **Sir Gawaynes** brother for he was en opyne  
 moorthed so hit he felle that **Sir Lancelot** had many resorte  
 of ladies and damselfis which dayly resorted vnto hym to be  
 þe champion in all such maters of ryght **Sir Lancelot** apply  
 ed hym dayly to do for the plesure of ome lorde And cryst And  
 en as much as he myght he with drede hym for þe company  
 of quene **Gweny** for to eschewe the schadowe and noyse where  
 fore the quene drede wyrt the with **Sir Lancelot** So on a day  
 she called hym to hir chambur and seyde þis **Sir Lancelot** I se  
 and seke dayly that yowre lobe be fynith to slake for ye have  
 no ioy to be in my presence but en ye ar oute of this court  
 And querele and maters ye have now a dayes for ladies

maydyns and hantill women than en ye were wote to hane be  
 fore hande. & madame seyde **Er Lancelot** in thys ye must holde  
 me excused for dyns confis. One ys I was but late in the quest of  
 the **Sankyrcaff** and I thanke god of hys grete myr and nen of my  
 desmyngte that I sawe in that my queste as much as en sawe ony  
 synfull man lpyng and so was hit tolde me And if that I had  
 nat had my prey thowtis to retorne to yone lode a tyme as  
 do I had sene as grete mysteyres as en sawe my sonne **Salahad**  
**Davale** of **Er Bors** And there fore madam I was but late  
 in that queste and wyte yon well madam hit may nat be yet  
 hys gytly for gotyn the hyze pryncesse in whom I dnd my dyligente  
 laboure also madame wyte yon well that p be many men spe  
 king of onre lode in thys court and hane yon and me grete  
 in a wyte as yos **Er Aggrauayne** and **Er Jordred** & madam  
 wyte yon well I dvede them more for yowre sake than for ony feare  
 of them I hane of them my selfe for I may happyn as a stawe and  
 ryde my selfe in a grete need where madame ye muste a byde all  
 that wolle be seyde vnto yon And than if that ye falle in ony  
 distresse thowde onte wyll full soth than ys p none of helpe  
 but by me and my blade And wyte yon well madam p bolde  
 nesse of yon and me wolle bryng vs to shame and schandur  
 and that were me lothe to se yon dishonoured And p is p cause  
 I take vpon me more for to do for damselfs and maydyns and  
 en y ded to forne that men sholde vnderstonde my joy and my  
 delite ys my plesure to hane a do for damselfs and maydyns  
 all thys while & the quene stode stille and lete **Er Lancelot**  
 sey what he wolde And when he had all seyde she braste onte  
 of weppynge and so she sobbed and a wepte a grete while And  
 when she myght speke she seyde **Er Lancelot** now I well vnder  
 stonde p yon arte a false recayed knyght and a comon lecherous



and lobyte and holdiste othir ladyes and of me yon haste dysdayne  
 and storne. For wyte yon well nede. I vnderstonde thy falschede I shall  
 nen lode the more and loke yon be nen so hardy to com in my sight  
 and ryght here I dyscharge the thys comte pat yon nen comd in  
 hit and I forfende the my felshyp and bypon payne of thy hede þ  
 yon se me nen more. Ryght so **Er. Launcelet** depyed w grete heornys  
 that vnneth he myght susteyne hym self for grete dole makynge  
 than he called **Er. Boie Hector de mayis** & f lyuett and tolde hem  
 how the quene had forfende hym the comte and so he was m dyl  
 to depte in to hys owne contrey. Saye **Er. seyde Boie de mayis** þe  
 shall depte oute of thys londe by myne admyce for þe muste yene  
 Er yon what þe ar and renomed the moste nobelst knyght  
 of the worlde and many grete maters þe haue in honde & doo  
 men in þ fastynesse wolt do othir tymes that after hem soe  
 repentith And þ fore be myne admyce þe shall take yome horse  
 and ryde to the god Ermytage here be hyde wyndesore þ som  
 tyme was a good knyght hys name ys **Er. Brasias** and the  
 shall þe a hyde tyll that I sende yon worde of bettir tydynge. By þ  
 seyde **Er. Launcelet** wyte yon well I am full loth to depte oute  
 of thys realme but the que hath defended me so hyghly þ me se  
 myth she wolt nen be my good lady as she hath bene. Sey þe  
 nen so seyde **Er. Boie** for many tymes ou þis she hath bene  
 wyth yon and after that she was the firste repented  
 hit. þe seyde well seyde **Er. Launcelet** for nede wolt I do by þ  
 comceyle and take myne horse and myne haunse and ryde  
 to the Ermyte **Er. Brasias** and there wolt I repose me till  
 I hyre som man of tydynge frome yon but saye broþ in þ þe  
 can gete me the lode of my lady quene. **Er. Seyde**  
**Er. Boie** þe nede nat to meke me of such maters for wolt þe  
 wote I wolt do what I may to please yon And pan **Er. Launcelet**

deyped suddenly and no creature dyest where he was be com  
 but Sir **Bois** So when Sir **Lancelot** was deyped the quene  
 onterwarde made no man of sorow in she byng to none of his  
 bloode nor to none of but dyte ye well inwardly as p boote  
 seyth she toke grete thowgt but she bare hit oute w a pronde  
 countenance and pence she sette no thowgt nor damngere  
 So the quene lette make a prydy damngere in london onto the  
 knyght of the rounde table and all was for to shew outwarde  
 that she had as grete joy in all of knyght of p rounde table  
 and all was for to shew onterwarde as she had in p **Lance**  
 So there was all only at that dyner p **Galwayne** and his kyn  
 that ye for to sey p **Aggravayne** p **Saherys** p **Garthys** p **awidid**  
 also there was p **Bois de gams** p **Blamo de gams** p **Wleobus**  
 de gams p **Salihnd** p **Elidyn** p **Ector de mayis** p **lyonell** p **Wala**  
 mydes p **Sahz** his brother p **lacte male taylor** p **Wynnt** p **Iron**  
 p **Wramdeles** p **Kay le senystrall** p **Adore de la porte** p **Watte**  
 a knyght of Irelonde p **Alpdute** p **Astamoure** and p **Wynell le**  
**Sabeyge** which was cosyn to p **Lamerok de galis** the good knyght  
 that p **Galwayne** and his brethren fled by treson and so res  
 in and p knyght sholde dyne with the quene in a prydy place  
 by them self and there was made a grete feste of all man of  
 deuytees but Sir **Galwayne** had a custome that he used dayly  
 at mete and at supper that he loded well all man of fynyte  
 and Inespeciall appys and pearys and p fore who som en  
 dynd of fested Sir **Galwayne** wolde comonly pnydey for god  
 fynyte for hym and so ded the quene for to please p **Galwayne**  
 she lette pnydey for hym all man of fynyte for p **Galwayne**  
 was a passing hote knyght of nature and thys p **Wynell** hated  
 Sir **Galwayne** by cause of his kynnes man p **Lamerok** dede



and there fore for pme endy and hate **¶** **Wyonell** enpossonde steynd  
 appylls for to enposson **¶** **Gawayne** So thys was well yet unto the  
 ende of mete and so hit be fyll by myse fortune a good knyght **¶** **Wattryse**  
 which was cosyn vnto **¶** **maior de la porte** toke an appyl for was en-  
 chaffed with hete of wyne and hit mysechaged hym to take a porsonde  
 apple And when he had etyn hit he swall sore tulle hit braste And **¶**  
**Wattryse** felle dorene suddenly dede amonge hem Then en y  
 knyght lepe frome the boude a shamed and a raged for wratthe  
 oute of hys wittis for they dyft nat what to sey considerynge  
 quene **¶** **Guene** made the feste and dyner they had all suspexion  
 vnto hys lady the quene seyde **¶** **Gawayne** madam wyte you  
 that yis dyner was made for me & my felows And for all folk **¶**  
 knowith my condraon condurstonde that I lode well fymte & nob  
 I se well I had nere be slayne There fore madam I drede me losse  
 ye well be shamed Then the quene stood styll and was so  
 sore abaysshed that she dyft nat what to sey Thys shall nat  
 so be ended seyde **¶** **maior de la porte** for here hane I losse a  
 full noble knyght of my blode and y fore vpon thys shame and  
 dyspoure I woll be redenged to the vterance And p expyll **¶** **maior**  
 appeled the quene of the dethe of hys cosyn **¶** **Wattryse** Then stood  
 they all styll that none wolde speke a worde a penyte hym for  
 they all had grete suspexion vnto the quene by cause she lete make  
 that dyner And the quene was so a baysshed that she coude  
 none of wayes do but wepte so hartely that she felle on  
 a stoupe So with thys noyse and crye cam to them kynge  
**¶** **Arthur** And when he wyte of the trouble he was a passing  
 hem man And en **¶** **maior** stood styll be fore the kynge  
 and appeled the quene of treson for the custom was such at y  
 tyme that all man of hamefull dethe was called treson ffayre  
 lordys seyde kynge **¶** **Arthur** me repentith of thys trouble but  
 the case ys so I may nat hade ado in thys mater for I muste

Be a ryghtful luge and that repentith me that I may nat do la-  
 taye for my wyff for as I deme this dede com non by her  
 And y for I suppose she shall nat be all dysturmed but y some  
 good knyght shall put his body in lonyte for my quene rayn and  
 she shold be brente in a wronge quarrell And y foref **Madore**  
 be nat so hasty for yd hit may happyn she shall nat be all frendles  
 And y fore desire yon the day of batayle and she shall proude  
 her of som good knyght that shall answere yon of ellis hit wye  
 to me grete shame and to all my court // My gracious lorde seyde  
 Sir **Madore** ye muste holde me excused for yon ye be omre knyght  
 in that degre ye ar but a knyght as we be and ye ar stowne  
 onto knyghthode als welles as we be And y fore I be seche yon  
 y ye be nat displeased for y ye none of all tyes by my knyght  
 that were bodyn to this dyner but all they have grete suspexion  
 vnto the quene What sey ye all my lordes seyde Sir **Madore** than  
 they answerde by and by a seyde they conde nat excuse the quene  
 for why she made the dyner And of hit muste com by her of  
 by her swamitis alas seyde the quene // I made this dyner for a  
 good entente and nen for none doylt so all myght I sh hehe  
 me in my ryght as I mus nen purposed to do such doylt ded  
 and that I reporte me vnto god // My lorde the kynge seyde Sir  
**Madore** I requyre yon as ye be a ryghteous kynge gyffe me my  
 day that I may have lufte Well seyde the kynge this day  
 yd. dayes lute yon be redy armed on horse bat in the medde  
 be sides **Winchester** And if hit so falle that y be omr knyght to en-  
 countre to encountre a yenste yon yere may yon do yonre lute at  
 god sped the ryght And if so be falle y y be no knyght redy at y  
 day yon muste my quene be brente and there she shall be redy  
 to have her luygements I am answerde seyde Sir **Madore** And omr  
 knyght rode wher hym lyed // So vntan the kynge & y quene



were to gide the kyng the quene had this case be selle than the  
 seyde Sir as I shal be my helpe the wyf nat hold noy in what manere  
 where ye Sir **Lancelot** seyde kyng **Arthur** And he were here he wolde  
 he wolde nat grunge to do batayle for you Sir seyde the quene I wote  
 nat where he ys but his broþ and his knyghtmen deme þ he be nat  
 worth in this realme That me repenting seyde kyng **Arthur** for  
 and he were here he wolde sone fynde this storye Well pan I  
 wold comeyle you seyde þ kyng that ye go onto þ **Bors** and pray  
 hym for to batayle for you for Sir **Lancelot** sake and bypon my  
 lyff he wold nat refuse you for well He seyde the kyng þ none of  
 the myghty knyghts þ were at yo dyner where þ **Watryse** was  
 slayne that wold do batayle for you noy none of hem wold sey  
 well of you and that shall be grete schand to you in this court  
 but now I myse Sir **Lancelot** for and he were here he wolde  
 sone putte me in my hartis ease What alyth you seyde the  
 kyng that ye can nat kepe þ **Lancelot** bypon your side for wyte  
 you well seyde the kyng who that hath þ **Lancelot** bypon his  
 syde hath the moste man of worship in this worlde bypon his  
 side I do go your way seyde the kyng unto the quene þ requyre  
 Sir **Bors** to do batayle for you for Sir **Lancelot** sake So the  
 quene deþted frome the kyng and sente for þ **Bors** in to the  
 chambur And when he cam the be sonst hym of Inco aradam  
 seyde he what wolde ye that I ded for I may nat w my worship  
 have a do in this mater be cause I was at the same dyner  
 for drede of any of þ knyghts wolde have you in inspection //  
 Also madam seyde þ **Bors** now myse ye Sir **Lancelot** for he  
 wolde nat a fayled you in your ryght noy in your byngte for  
 when ye have bene in ryght grete dangere he hath succored  
 you And now ye have dreorn hym oute of this contrey by  
 whom ye and all we were dayly worshipped by hym That for

How quene Dore  
 with be sonst Sir  
 Bors to  
 fight for  
 her

aradame

madame I merchaunte holde fode ye dare for shame to requyre me  
 to do any thyng for you In so muche ye have enchaunted oute of yo  
 comte by whom we were by borne and honored // Alas saye  
 knyght seide the quene I put me hole in your grace And all p  
 ye a mysse I wolt amende as ye wolt comceyle me And p<sup>r</sup> the  
 kneled downe bypon both hir knyght And be souzt Sir **Bois** to  
 have may bypon her of ellis shall have a shancefull dethe p<sup>r</sup> to  
 I uen offended Byght so cam knyght **Artshire** and founde p<sup>r</sup> quene  
 knyght And than Sir **Bois** that toke hir by and seide madam  
 ye do me grete dishonoure a lautiff knyght seide the knyght have  
 may bypon my quene curtesy knyght for I am now in stayne in  
 stayne she ys vntrely defamed and p<sup>r</sup> fore curtesy knyght p<sup>r</sup>  
 knyght seide promyse her to do batayle for her I requyre you for p<sup>r</sup>  
 lode ye doze vnto Sir **Bois** ye requyre me the greatist pyng p<sup>r</sup> om  
 man may requyre me And wyte you well if I graunte to do batayle  
 for the quene I shall wretche many of my felyschip of the table  
 wunde But as for that seide Sir **Bois** I wolt graunte for my  
 lode p<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** sake and for your sake I wolt at that day be  
 the quenes champrion onles p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> com by aduentures a bett knyght  
 than I am to do batayle for her wolt ye promyse me this seide p<sup>r</sup>  
 knyght by your sayth ye he seide p<sup>r</sup> **Bois** of that I shall nat sayle  
 you nor her but if p<sup>r</sup> com a bettr knyght pan I am pan shall he  
 have the batayle Than was the knyght and the quene passinge  
 gladd and so deyped and thanked hym hertely // Than p<sup>r</sup> **Bois**  
 deyped secretly bypon a day and rode vnto p<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** p<sup>r</sup> as he was  
 with p<sup>r</sup> **Washas** and tolde hym of all this aduenture And  
 p<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** seide this ys com happely as I wolde have hit p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>  
 fore I pray you make you redy to do batayle but lode p<sup>r</sup> ye tarry  
 tyll ye se me com as longe as ye may for I am sure p<sup>r</sup> **Washas**  
 ys an hote knyght whan he ys in chaffed for p<sup>r</sup> more ye suffer hym



the laster wold he be to batayle. En seyde En **Bois** latte me deale w<sup>th</sup> hym  
 donte ye nat ye shall shall haue all yowre wyll. So deputed f **Bois**  
 frome hym and cam to the court a gayne. Then was hit noyed  
 in all the court that En **Bois** sholde do batayle for the queene  
 where fore many knyghts were displeased w<sup>th</sup> hym that he wold  
 take vpon hym to do batayle in the queens quarel for y<sup>e</sup> were but  
 fere knyght in all the court but they demed the queene was in  
 the wronge and that she had done that treson. So f **Bois** answe  
 red y<sup>e</sup> to hys felowys of the table rounde. Vete yow w<sup>th</sup> my faye  
 lordis hit were shame to do all and we suffred to se the moste noble  
 queene of the world to be shamed openly considering her lord and  
 oure lord y<sup>e</sup> the man of moste worship. crystyne and he hathen  
 worshipped be all in all places. Many answered hym a gayne as  
 for oure moste noble kynge **Arthur** we love hym and honoure  
 hym as well as ye do. But as for queene **Guenev** we love her nat  
 be cause she y<sup>e</sup> a destroyer of good knyght. faye lordis seyde f **Bois**  
 me semyth ye sey nat as ye sholde sey for neu yet in my dayes knyd  
 I neu ne harde sey that en she was a destroyer of good knyght. But at  
 all tymes as far as en I coude knyd she was a mainteyner of  
 good knyght and en she hath bene large and free of hir goodis to all  
 good knyght and the moste bountedous lady of hir gyfte and her  
 good grace that en I saw of harde speke off. And y<sup>e</sup> fore hit were  
 shame to do all and to oure moste kynge wyff whom we shone to  
 be shamefully slayne. And vete yow w<sup>th</sup> seyde f **Bois** wold nat  
 suffer hit for I dare sey so much for the queene y<sup>e</sup> nat gylty of En  
**Attryse** y<sup>e</sup> dette for she onyght hym non none w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>th</sup> n<sup>o</sup>p  
 none of the my. & y<sup>e</sup> knyght that were at that dynar for I dare sey  
 sey for good lode she bade us to dynar and nat for no male engyne  
 And that I donte nat shall be proued here affter for hodo som en

the same goth there was trefon a mouge de **Cham** som seide to **Er**  
**Bois** We may well be hye your wordys and so some were well  
 pleased and som were nat so the day com on faste vntill the day  
 that the batayle sholde **Cham** the quene sente for **Er** **Bois** and  
 asked hym how he was disposed Truly madame seide he I am  
 disposed in hys wyse as I promysed you that ys to sey I shall nat  
 fayle you Onles there be aduantage com a better knyght than I am  
 to do batayle for you **Cham** madam I am of you discharged of my  
 promyse Well ye seide the que that I telle my lordes & knyngs  
 both as hit pleaseth you madam **Cham** the quene rode vnto the knyng  
 and tolde the answere of **Er** **Bois** Well haue ye no doute seide  
 the knyng of **Er** **Bois** for I calle hym now that ys to seyng one  
 of the nobelyst knyghts of the worlde and moste pfect man  
 And thus hit paste on till the morue And so the knyng & quene  
 and all man of knyght that were at that tyme drewe pon vnto  
 meddw by sydes Wyndesore where the batayle And so when the  
 knyng was com w the quene and many knyghts of the table rounde  
 So the quene was put in the Constablis aduarde and a grete  
 fyre made a bonte an hon stake that an **Adore de la porte** had the  
 better she sholde there be brente for such custom was used in yow dayes  
 for fadome lode nor affyns there sholde be none of but vyght done  
 Ingemente as well vpon a knyng as vpon a knyght And as well  
 vpon a quene as vpon anoy quene lady So this meane whyle  
 cam In **Er** **Adore de la porte** and toke hys be fore the knyng holdyng  
 the que ded this trefon vntill hys cosyn **Er** **Watryse** and vnto  
 myne other I will proude hit w my body honde for hande who that  
 will sey the contrary Ryght so cam In **Er** **Bois de Sains**  
 and seide that as for quene **Elvyn** she ys in the ryght and I  
 will I make god that she ys nat culpable of this trefon that is put  
 vpon her **Cham** make the redy seide **Er** **Adore** & we shall proude



Now sir launce  
lot resolved  
quene Gwe  
ynere from  
pe deth

Whether you be in the vyght or. Sir **Hudore** seyde **f 2303** Wote you  
well I knowe you for a good knyght nat for that I shall nat feare you so  
gretly but I treste to god I shall be able to withstonde your mayntee  
But thus much have I promised my lord **Arthur** and my lady the  
quene that I shall do batayle for her in this cause to the veryste unless  
that I com a better knyght than I am and discharge me // so that all  
seyde Sir **Hadue** othre com you off and do batayle to me of ell sey nay  
Take your horse seyde **f 2304** and as I suppose I shall nat tarry long  
but ye shall be answered **Cham** ay deputed to I tentis and made hend  
redy to horse backe as they thowt best And anon Sir **Hadue** cam  
in to the fild with his shyld on his shulder and his speare in his  
honde // And so rode a bonte the place cryng into hym **Arthur**  
byd your champion com forth and he dare // **Cham** was **f 2305**  
a shamed and toke his horse and cam to the byste ende And than  
was he drewe where cam frome a woode I fast by a byst all armed  
wypon a whyght horse with a straunge shyld of straunge armes  
and he cam dryng all that his horse myght venne And so he  
cam to **f 2306** and seyde me fayre knyght I pray you be nat displeased  
for I wiste a better knyght than ye ar have this batayle there fore  
I pray you with draw you for wyte you well I have had this day a  
vyght grete journey and this batayle ought to be myne & so I pro  
myssed you when I spake with you laste and w all my herte I thank  
you of your good wyll // **Cham** **f 2307** rode into hym **Arthur**  
and tolde hym how there was a knyght com that wolde have the  
batayle to fyght for the quene // What knyght ye he seyde the knyght  
I wote nat seyde Sir **2308** but make edeuante he made to me  
to be here this day // Now my lord seyde **f 2309** here I am discharged  
**C**ham the knyght called to that knyght and asked hym if he  
wolde fyght for the quene // **Cham** he answered and seyde  
Sir I fore com I. **Cham** And I fore sir knyght tarry me no longer

for anone as I have fynysshed this batayle I muste devote hons  
 for I have to do many batayles els wher for dyte you well seide  
 that knyght this ys dyshonour to you and to all knyghts of rounde  
 table to se and knowe so noble a lady and so curteyse as queene **Gwe-**  
**ynvere** ys thys to be rebuked and shamed amongst you. Than sey  
 all merdayled what knyght that myght be that so toke upon hym  
 for there was nat one that knewe hym but if hit were sir **Bors**  
 Than seyde **sir ayadore de la porte** unto the kynge now lat me wote  
 with whom I shall have a do And than they rode to the hyssende  
 and there they adouched y spearis and ran to gyrdns with y myght  
 And anone **sir ayadore** speare brake all to pees but the othre  
 speare thide and bare **sir ayadore** horse and all backwarde to per  
 a grette falle but myghtyly and delynly he adorded his horse from  
 hym and put his thylde be fore hym and drew his sterde and  
 bade the othre knyght a myght and do batayle w hym on foote  
 Than that knyght descended doun frome his horse and put  
 his thylde be fore hym and drew his sterde and so they cam gy-  
 ly unto batayle and with y staff othre many sadde stroke and  
 and transyng and formyng to gyrd w y sterdis as hit were  
 wylde booyes thus fytting mye an dore for this **sir ayadore**  
 was a stronge knyght and myghtyly pned in many strange ba-  
 tyles but at the laste this knyght smote **sir ayadore** goodelyng  
 vpon the erthe and the stepte nere hym to hane yowde **sir ayadore**  
 flatlyng vpon the grounde And there w **sir ayadore** arose and  
 in his ryfing he smote that knyght thowde the ~~be~~ tye of y thynges  
 that y blade brake oute freerly And when he sette hym self so  
 wounded and sawe his blade he sette hym aryse vpon his feete  
 And than he staff hym fure a buffet vpon the shoulde y he felle  
 to the erthe flatlyng and there with he stode to hym to hane pulled



of hys helme of hys hede And so sir **ayadove** prayde that knyght  
 to save hys lyff and so he yeldyd hym as on com and releaced the  
 quene of hys quarell I wolt nat graunte the thy lyff seyde that  
 knyght only that yon frely reates the quene for en And no menaoun  
 be made oxpon sir **Dauryl** y<sup>e</sup> tombe that en quene **Gwenyn** con-  
 sented to that tresson All thyng shall be done seyde **ayadove** I darly  
 discharge my quarell for en Than the knyght p<sup>er</sup>s of the hys  
 toke by sir **ayadove** and led ~~hys~~ **ayadove** hym to the hys terte And  
 the other knyght wente fawte to the fawte fawte where fawte  
 knyght **Arthure** and by that tyme was the quene com to y knyght  
 and arthur byssed other hartely And when the knyght sawe that  
 knyght he stodeped dedone to hym and thanked hym And In  
 hys wyse ded the quene and the knyght prayde hym to put of hys  
 helmet and to repose hym and to take a sorce of wyne And yon  
 he putte of hys helmette to drynke and than knyght kyd  
 hym that he was **lanuncelot** And anon as the knyght wyth  
 that he toke the quene in hys honde and rode vnto **lanuncelot** and  
 seyde sir graunte me of yonre grete tedeyle that ye haue had yis  
 day for me And for my quene my lord seyde **lanuncelot** wythe  
 yon well y onyght of vngyt en in yonre quarell and in my ladyes  
 the quenes quarell to do batayle for ye ar the man that staff me  
 the hys order of knyghtshode and that day my lady yonre quene  
 ded me worship and ellis had I bene shamed for that same day  
 that ye made me knyght tforow my hastynes I loste my swerde  
 And my lady yonre quene founde hit and lapped hit in her  
 trayne and gave me my swerde when I had uede y to And ellis  
 had I bene shamed amonge all knyght And there fore my  
 lord **Arthure** I prysed her at that day en to be her knyght  
 in vngyt other in wronge Graunte me seyde the knyght for  
 this journey and vete yon well seyde the knyght I shall acquyte

your goodnesse // And en more the quene be hylde fir **Lancelot** and  
 wrote so tenderly that she sente all meste to the goodwode for fordo  
 that he had done to her so grette kyndenes wher she shewed hym  
 grette onkyndenesse Than the knyght of the blode dived into hym  
 and there artoyr of them made grette joy of othyr And so cam  
 all the knyghts of the table rounde that were there at þe tyme  
 and well comed hym And than Sir **Madore** was heled of  
 his leche counseill And fir **Lancelot** was heled of his play and  
 so there was made grette joy and many newtyngs there was made  
 in that court And so hit be felle that þe damysell of the lake þe  
 knyght **Nymph** wher wedded the good knyght Sir **Wellas**  
 And so she cam to the court for en she ded grette goodnes into  
 kynge **Arthur** and to all his knyghts thowde her forservyng  
 enchantermentes And so began she herde how the quene was  
 treved for the dethe of Sir **Patryse** Than she tolde hit openly  
 that she was new wylly and there she disclosed by wyson hit was  
 done and named hym Sir **Dynel** and for do hit cause he ded hit  
 there hit was openly knodown and disclosed and so the quene was  
 And this knyght Sir **Dynell** fledde into his contrey And was  
 openly knodown that he enpoysyne the apylis at that feste to  
 that entente to hane destroyed Sir **Galwayne** by cause **Gal-**  
**wayne** and his brethyrne destroyed destroyed **Lancelot de lache**  
 wher **Dynell** was cosyn into Than was þe **Patryse** buried  
 in the chyrche of Westemynster in a towmle and þe wypon was  
 wrytten here lyeth **Patryse** of prelonde slayne by **Dynell**  
**le sadewyge** that enpoysyne apylis to hane slayne **Galwayne**  
 and by myse fortune Sir **Patryse** etc one of the apylis and  
 than suddynly he braste also there was wrytyn vpon the  
 tombe that quene **Gwenyvere** was appyled of treson of þe dethe  
 of Sir **Patryse** by Sir **Madore de la porte** and there was made þe



menaon hold sir **Lancelot** fought w<sup>th</sup> hym for quene **Gwenyn**  
 and on com hym in playne batayle aft<sup>r</sup> t<sup>ys</sup> was wreten upon  
 the tombe of **Petrus** in exauys<sup>ing</sup> of the quene And pan **Sir**  
**madore** sedde dayly and longe to haue the quenes good gr<sup>ace</sup> and so  
 by the meany<sup>s</sup> of **Sir Lancelot** he caused hym to stonde in the  
 quenes good gr<sup>ace</sup> and all<sup>e</sup> was for g<sup>ryffyn</sup> **Esus** aft<sup>r</sup> passed w<sup>th</sup> all<sup>e</sup>  
 oure lady day of the assumpcion w<sup>th</sup> in a .viii. dayes of that feste  
 the kynge lete ordeyne a grette iustise and a turnement that shold  
 be at that day at Camelott op Wyke callid Wyncheest<sup>r</sup> And **Sir**  
 lete wy that he and the kynge of Scott<sup>s</sup> wolde iuste agens<sup>t</sup> all the  
 worlde And w<sup>th</sup>an t<sup>ys</sup> **king** was made the d<sup>ir</sup> cam many  
 good knyght<sup>s</sup> that ys to sey the kynge of North<sup>th</sup> Galis and kynge  
 anglos<sup>sh</sup> of Irelonde and the kynge w<sup>th</sup> the **C. knyght** And **Sir**  
**Salaharte** the hunte prync and the kynge of North<sup>th</sup> m<sup>er</sup>londe  
 and many of noble den<sup>ty</sup> and erles of op<sup>er</sup> d<sup>yn</sup>se contreyes So kynge  
**Arthur** made hym vedy to depte to t<sup>ys</sup> iustis and wolde haue  
 had the quene w<sup>th</sup> hym but at that tyme she wolde nat she  
 seyde for she was syke and myght nat ryde That me repentid<sup>e</sup>  
 seyde the quene kynge for t<sup>ys</sup> wy<sup>th</sup> yere ye s<sup>ayd</sup> nat such a noble  
 felshipp to g<sup>yd</sup> us excepte the d<sup>er</sup>htsonyde w<sup>th</sup>an **Salahad**  
 dected frome the comite Enly seyde the quene ye myste holde me  
 excused y may nat be there and many demed the quene wolde  
 nat be there be cause of **Sir Lancelot** for he wolde nat ryde w<sup>th</sup>  
 the kynge for he seyde he was nat h<sup>ol</sup>e of the play of **Sir madore**  
 w<sup>th</sup>ere fore the kynge was s<sup>or</sup>ow and passynge wroth<sup>e</sup> and so he  
 depte towarde Wyncheest<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> t<sup>ys</sup> felshipp And so by the way  
 the kynge lodged at a towne that was callid **Astolot** that ys  
 in englysh **Gylforde** and there the kynge lay in the castell So  
 w<sup>th</sup>an the kynge was depte the quene callid **Sir Lancelot**  
 vnto her and seyde me<sup>s</sup> **Sir** ye ar gretly to blame me to holde

you be hynde my lord what wolt youve enemyes and myne sey  
 and deme // Se how f **Lancelot** holdeth hym en be hynde the kynge  
 and so the quene doth also for that they wolde have p plesure  
 to gyde and pnc wolt they sey seyde the quene // have ye no doute  
 madame seyde f **Lancelot** // a lord youve wite hit ys of late com  
 syn ye were dooren so wyse and there madam at thys tyme //  
 wolt be ruled by youve counceyle and thys myght // wolt take  
 my reste and to morow be tyme // wolt take my way towarde  
 wyndesore // But wyte you wolt seyde f **Lancelot** // unto p quene  
 at that tyme // wolt be a penyte the kynge and a penyte all hys  
 felshipp // Sw ye may there do as ye lyst seyde the quene but be  
 my counceyle ye shall nat be a penyte youve kynge & yo felshipp  
 for p bene full many harde knyght of youve bloode // madame  
 seyde f **Lancelot** // I shall take the adaventure that god wolt gyff  
 me and so wypon the no more erly the harde masse and dynd  
 and so he toke hys tace of the quene and departed // And pan he was  
 so myche wyte the tyme he com to **Astolot** // and there hit happnd  
 hym that in the doermyng tye he cam to an olde barones place  
 that hysght Sw **Barnarde** of astolot and as f **Lancelot** entred  
 in to hys lodgyngs kynge **Arthur** assayd hym as he dnd walke  
 in a gardeyne be syde the castell he knew hym wel // now wolt  
 fwe seyde kynge **Arthur** // unto hys knyght that were by hym  
 be syde the castell // I have now assayd one knyght he seyde p wolt  
 play hys play at the tyme // I undertake // who ys that seyde the  
 knyght // At thys tyme ye shall nate wyte for me seyde the kynge  
 and smyled and wente to hys lodgyngs // So when f **Lancelot**  
 was in hys lodgyngs and vnarmed in hys chambur the olde baron  
 Sw **Barnarde** com to hym and wolt comed hym in p best man  
 // but he knew nat Sw **Lancelot** // fawre hys seyde f **Lancelot**  
 talle hys ofte // wold pray you to lende me a shylde p were nat



apynly knydyn for myne yowell knyght. Sw seyd hys othe ye shall  
 have yowre desire for me semyth ye bene one of the lythrest knyghts  
 that eny saddle and there fore sw I shall shewe yow freynshipp and  
 seyd sw dorte yow well I have yf fynes that were but late made  
 knyght and the eldyst knyght. **Curry** and he was knyght yf same  
 day he was made knyght and he may nat ryde and hys shylde  
 for that ys nat knyght. I dare sey but here in no place And  
 hys yonger sounne hys. **Ladayne** and if hit please yow he  
 shall ryde woth yow vnto that Justis for he ys of hys arye  
 stronge and wyght for much my herte gydith vnto yow that  
 ye sholde be a noble knyght and there fore I pre yow to telle  
 me yowre name seyd **Barnarde** do for that seyd **Ladayne**  
**lot** ye muste holde me excused as at thys tyme And if god gyff  
 me gre to speke well at the Justis I shall com a tyme & telle  
 yow my name. But I pray yow in my wyse lette me have yow  
 sounne **Ladayne** w me and that I may have hys broys shylde  
 Sw all thys shall be done seyd **Barnarde** So thys olde knyght  
 had a doughter that was called that tyme the fyvre maydyn off  
**Astolot** and en she be hylde **Lancelot** wondrously and as  
 the booke sayth. she kepte such a love vnto **Lancelot** yf she  
 coude neu woth dradde hir lode where fore she dyed and her  
 name was **Blayne le blante** So yus as she cam to and fro  
 she was so hote in love that he songht **Lancelot** to bere  
 oppon hym at the Justis a tokyne of hys Damesell seyd sw  
**Lancelot** and if I graunte yow that ye may sey that I do more  
 for yowre love than eny ded for lady or saintill woman. Than  
 he remembred hym self that he wolde go to the Justis dis-  
 tressed and be cause he had neu a fowne borne no man of tokyne  
 of no Damesell he be songht hym to bere a tokyne of hys

that none of hys blade there by myght know hym And than  
 he seyde fayre maydyn I wolt graunte you to have a token of yowre  
 wypon myne helmet and þe fore what ys hit shewe yu hit me  
 So the seyde hit ys a rede stede of myne of scarlet well embro-  
 ded with grete perelles and so she brought hit hym // So Sir  
**Lancelot** resseyed hit and seyde now did I see so much for no  
 damessell than þe **Lancelot** he took the fayre mayden hys shilde  
 in keepyng and prayde her to kepe hit untill tyme that he com  
 a geyne and so that myght he had myrry reste and grete chere  
 for the damessell **Elayne** was in a boate þe **Lancelot** all the  
 while she myght be suffred // So bypon a day on the morne  
 kynge **Arthur** and all hys knyghtis departed for þe kynge had  
 turnyd in daves to a bide hys noble knyght And so when þe kynge  
 was ryden þe **Lancelot** and þe **Galwayne** made yem redy to ryde  
 and arthur of them had wyght shildis and the rede stede þe  
**Lancelot** late carryd hym and so they took þe stede at þe **Barnard**  
 the olde baradone and at hys donghter the fayre mayden And now  
 they were so longe tyme that they cam to Camelot that tyme called  
 wyndchester and there was grete pres of knyghtis deuth arlis & ba-  
 rodones and many noble knyghtis // But þe **Lancelot** was lodged  
 pryvely by the meaneys of þe **Galwayne** w<sup>t</sup> a ryche burghesse þe no man  
 in that tyme was ware what they were and so they reposed yem  
 there tyll once lady day of the assumpcion that þe grete just sholde  
 be // So when trumpettis blew unto the filds And kynge **Arth<sup>r</sup>**  
 was sette on hyght bypon a chasslet to be holde who ded beste but  
 as the freyshe boke seyth the kynge wold nat suffir þe **Galwayne** to  
 go frome hym for now had Sir **Galwayne** the better and þe **Lancelot**  
 were in the filds and many tymes was þe **Galwayne** rebuked so  
 when þe **Lancelot** was in the filds in omy justis dysforysed than  
 son of the knyghtis as kynge **Arthur** of Irelonde and the kynge



of scottis were that tyme turned to be vpon the syde of kynge **Arth**  
 and than the othir pty was the kynge of northayles and the kynge  
 with the q. knyghtis and the kynge of north humberlonde And **Er**  
**Salahalte** the halle pryncer sent thes m. knyghtis and thes dnt  
 was passenge wayle to holde a penste **Arthurs** pty for do hym were  
 the nobelst knyghts of the worlde. So than they with drent them  
 anythir pty frome othir and eny man made hym vedy in his beste  
 maner to do what he myght. Than **Er** **Launcelot** made hym  
 vedy and put the vede styde vpon his helmette and fastened hit  
 hit faste And so **Er** **Launcelot** and **Er** **Labayne** depyed oute of  
 Wyndchestir purydour and rode vntyll a luttel fered woode be hynde  
 the pty that holde a penste kynge **Arthurs** pty and there per hynde  
 hem stalle to the ptyes smote to gydwes And pan cam in p. kynge  
 of scottis and the kynge of Irelonde on kynge **Arthurs** pty and  
 a penste them cam in the kynge of Northhumberlonde and the kynge  
 with the q. knyghtis and there began a grete medle And there  
 the kynge of scottis smote dorene the kynge of Northhumberlonde  
 And the kynge w. the q. knyghtis smote dorene kynge **Arthurs**  
 of Irelonde Than **Er** **Palampdes** that was one **Arthurs** pty  
 he encountred w. **Er** **Salahalte** and any of hem smote dorene  
 othir and anythir pty fayne p. lordys horse back agayne So  
 began a stronge assaye on bothe ptyes And than cam in **Er**  
**Brandyles** p. **Satramoure** le desfrons p. **Sodruas** le sodeange  
 p. **Ray** la senestrall p. **Gryfflet** le fyze de du p. **Incen** de dntlere  
 p. **Wedwere** p. **Aggrabayne** p. **Saherys** p. **Mordred** p. **Welshot** de  
 Logrys p. **Oxanna** le anre hardy p. **Saphyr** p. **Epynogrys** p. **Gal**  
**leridone** of Galedway All thes w. knyghtis that were knyghts of  
 the rounde table So thes with us of cam in to gydw and bete  
 a backe the kynge off northhumberlonde and the kynge of north

north lookys when **Sir Lancelot** sawe thys as he rode in the  
 byttle dede wood than he seyde vnto **Sir Lohayne** se yonder ys a  
 company of good knyghts and they holde yem to thys as forys  
 that were chased with dogges that ys twyth. seyde **Sir Lohayne**  
 now seyde **Sir Lancelot** and ye wolt helpe althylt ye shall se frend  
 felshyp that chaach now thes men on ome syde that they shall  
 go as faste backwarde as they wente forwarde for here ye nat  
 for my pte seyde **Sir Lohayne** for I shall do what I may. Then **Sir**  
**Lancelot** and **Sir Lohayne** cam in at the thyrtys of the pree and  
 there **Sir Lancelot** smote downe **Sir Brandeles** **Sir Saigne** **Sir**  
**Dynas** **Sir Kay** **Sir Gryfflet** and all thys he ded w one speare and **Sir**  
**Lohayne** smote downe **Sir Incon de butlere** and **Sir Bedevere** and  
 than **Sir Lancelot** gate anof grete speare and p he smote downe  
**Sir Aggravayne** and **Sir Gaherys** **Sir Mordred** **Sir Melchot de logrys**  
 and **Sir Lohayne** smote downe **Sir Oranna le cure hardy** and pan **Sir**  
**Lancelot** drew hys swerde and there he smote on the ryght honde  
 and on the left honde and by grete forse he overfild **Sir Saur**  
**Sir Erynogrys** and **Sir Galleron** and than the knyght of the table  
 vounde with drew them a backe after they had gotyn p hors as  
 well as they myght a myght. Now seyde **Sir Lohayne** what knyght ys  
 yonder that doth so manylong dedys in that feld. I wote what he  
 ys seyde the kyn but as at thys tyme I wolt nat name hym for  
**Sir Lohayne** I wolde sey hit were **Sir Lancelot** by hys ydonyte p  
 thys buffetys that I se hym deale but en me semyth hit sholde nat  
 be he for that he beryth the rede shye upon hys helmet for I wolt  
 hym neu beare to byn at no knyght of lady ne yantill woman. hit  
 hym be seyde knyght **Arthur** for he wolt be lettur knyght p do  
 more or en he depte than the knyght that was ayenst knyght **Arthur**  
 were well comforted and than they hylde them to thys p the four  
 hande were sore rebuked. Then **Sir Bors** **Sir Hector de mayns** **Sir**



lyonell and they called vnto them the knyght of the blad as **Blamo de**  
**gayns** **Blacoberys** **Allydunke** **Galyhnd** **Galyhndyn** **Bellyngere**  
 le bedose so thes **lyonell** of **launcelottis** kynne threst in myght  
 by for they were all noble knyght and they of grete hate & despyte  
 thowgt to rebuke **launcelot** and **labayne** for they knew hem nat  
 and so they cam hurlyng to gydwes and smote ddone many knyght  
 of north wales and of northwylonde And whan **launcelot** saw  
 them fare so he gatte a grete speare in hys honde and y encounterd  
 w<sup>th</sup> hym all at onys **Bois** **Ector** and **lyonell** and they in  
 smote hym at onys w<sup>th</sup> y speare And w<sup>th</sup> for of them selff they  
 smote **launcelottis** horse rebers to the erthe And by myste fortune  
**Bois** smote **launcelot** thowd the shyld m to the shyld syde &  
 the speare brake and the hede lesste fyllle in the syde Whan **la**  
**vayne** saw hys mayster lye on the grounde he ran to the kynge of  
 scottis and smote hym to the erthe and by grete force he toke hys  
 horse and beryng hym to **launcelot** and marraye pem all he made  
 hym to mownte vpon that horse And than **launcelot** gatte a  
 speare in hys honde and there he smote **Bois** horse and man  
 to the erthe And in the same wyse he fued **Ector** and **lyonell**  
 and **labayne** smote ddone **Blamo de gayns** And pan **laun**  
**celot** drew hys sberde for he felte hym selff so sore hurte pat he  
 wente there to hane had hys deth And than he smote **Blacober**  
 such a buffet on the helmet that he felle ddone to the erthe in a  
 sodeine And in the same wyse he fued **Allydunke** & **Galyhnd**  
 And **labayne** smote ddone **Bellyngere** that was to **Alysand**  
**le orphelyu** And by thys was done was **Bois** horsed a gayne  
 And in cam w<sup>th</sup> **Ector** and **lyonell** and all they in smote w<sup>th</sup>  
 y swordis vpon **launcelottis** helmet And whan he felte y  
 buffetis And w<sup>th</sup> that hys wounde gredded hym greuously that  
 he thowgt to do what he myght whyle he coude endure And pan

he gaff **Wois** such a buffet that he made hym bode his hede  
 passynge lode and there w<sup>th</sup> all he rased of his helme and myght  
 have slayne hym but when he sawe p<sup>r</sup>ovysaytes and so pulde hym  
 ddone and in the same wyse he smed **Pector** and **lyouell** for  
 as the booke seyth he myght have slayne them but when he sawe  
 p<sup>r</sup>ovysaytes his herte myght nat sue hym p<sup>r</sup> to hit leste hem there  
 and en **labayne** w<sup>th</sup> hym and there **lanucelot** w<sup>th</sup> his swerde  
 smote ddone and pulled ddone as the freynsh booke seyth mo pan  
 xxx<sup>th</sup> knyght and the mooste p<sup>r</sup>ty were of the table rounde and then  
 en **labayne** did full well that day for he smote ddone v knyght  
 of the table rounde. Awey shyn seyde **Galwayne** unto knyght **Arth**  
**Arthure** what knyght that he ys w<sup>th</sup> the rede shode en seyde knyght  
**Arthure** he wolt be Endryn or en he depte and than the knyght blew  
 unto lodegynge and the p<sup>r</sup>ty pryce was g<sup>r</sup>yn by heroddis unto  
 the knyght w<sup>th</sup> the whyght shode that have the rede shode than  
 cam the knyght of north dalye and the knyght of north humbur lode  
 and the knyght w<sup>th</sup> the c. knyght and en **Galahalte** the hante p<sup>r</sup>nce  
 seyde unto sir **lanucelot** fayne knyght god yon blyss for muche have  
 ye done for us this day and there fore we pray yon that ye wolt  
 com w<sup>th</sup> us that ye may vsee the hono<sup>r</sup> and the pryce as ye have  
 worshipfully deservd hit. fayne lordys seyde **lanucelot** wete yon  
 well yiff I have deservd thanke I have sore dunt hit and y<sup>e</sup> me repen  
 tith hit for I am nen lyke to astape w<sup>th</sup> the hiff there fore my fayne  
 lordys I pray yon that ye wolt suffir me to depte where me lytt  
 for I am sore dunte and I take no forse of none honoure for I had  
 lew repose me than to be lorde of all the worlde and y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>th</sup> all he  
 troned p<sup>r</sup>tydously and rode a grette walop a wayward from them  
 untill he cam undir a doreys dore and when he sawe p<sup>r</sup> he was  
 froume the hylde mye a myle that he was fure he myght nat be  
 seyne than he seyde w<sup>th</sup> an hye voyce and w<sup>th</sup> a grette grone a launt



420v  
Emmytt þ **Labayne** helpe me that this truncheon were oute of my side  
for hit stytt so sore that hit myge stytt me anyne done lorde seyde  
fr **Labayne** I wolde fayne do that myght please you but I drede me sore  
and I quille oute truncheon that ye shall be myelle of dethe I charge  
you seyde fr **launcelot** as ye toke me deade hit oute and þ w<sup>th</sup> all he des-  
cended frome his horse and myght so ded þ **Labayne** And forth w<sup>th</sup> all  
he drede the truncheon oute of his side and gaff a grete shyche and  
a grete gyrene that the blood brafte oute myge a wynte at ony that  
at the laste he sank doone upon his arse and so slymed doone  
pale and dedly. Alas seyde fr **Labayne** what shall I do And than  
he turned fr **launcelot** in to the wynde and so he lay there myge  
halff an drede as he had bene dede And so at the laste þ **launcelot**  
criste up his yren and seyde a fr **Labayne** helpe me that I were on  
my horse for here ye faste by w<sup>th</sup> in this myle a iantill Ermyte that  
som tyme was a full noble Emmytt and a grete lorde of possessions  
And for gret goodnes he hath taken hym to vyltull poorte and  
forsakyn myghty londys And his name ys þ **Baldwyn** of Bre-  
tayne and he ys a full noble fyrgeon and a good leche hold lat se  
and helpe me þp that I were there for en my harte gytht me that  
I shall nen dre of my consyne Iermaynes hondys And than w<sup>th</sup> gre  
payne fr **Labayne** holpe hym upon his horse And than they rode  
a grete wayle to gydwes And en fr **launcelot** bled that hit ran adowne  
to the erthe and so by fortune they cam to an Ermytarge Was vnder  
a wynde and a grete chylf on the othir side and a fayne watir reynge  
vnder hit And than fr **Labayne** tote on the gate w<sup>th</sup> the bit of his  
speare and cryed faste lat in for his sake And anone þ cam a fayne  
chylde to hand and asked them what they wolde. Sayre some seyde fr  
**Labayne** go and pray thy lorde the Ermyte for godys sake to late in  
here a Emmytt that ys full sore wounded And this day telle þ lorde  
I salde hym do more dedys of armys than en I herde sey that ony  
man ded. So the chylde weite in hystly and pan he browt þ Ermyte

which was

which was a passynge hely man // When **ladyne** sawe hym he prayde  
 hym for goddes sake of synes // What knyght ys he seyde the Ermyte  
 ys he of the house of kynge **Arthur** or nat // Wote nat seyde **ladyne**  
 What he ys nor // What ys his name // But well // Wote // I sawe hym do  
 merdaylonly this day as of dedys of armys // On whose py was he  
 seyde the Ermyte // Er seyde **ladyne** he was this day aynste  
 kynge **Arthur** and there he donne the pryce of all the knyghtis  
 of the rounde table // I have seyne the day seyde the Ermyte // Wolde  
 have loved hym the doorse by cause he was aynste my lord kynge  
**Arthur** for some tyme // Was one of the felshipp but now // thank  
 god // am othir wyse disposed // But where ys he lat me se hym // Than  
 fr **ladyne** brought the Ermyte to hym // And when the Ermyte  
 he hylde hym as he satte leenyngte vpon his sadylt bodde en bledynge  
 spedydously and en the knyght Ermyte thought that he shold know  
 hym but he coude nat brynge hym to knowlech. by cause he was  
 so pale for bledynge // What knyght ar ye seyde the Ermyte // What  
 were ye borne // my fayre lord seyde fr **lancelot** // I am a stranger  
 and a knyght adventures that laboureth thowde oute many realmes  
 for to wyne worship // Than the Ermyte adyced hym better to saye  
 by a wounde on his chesse that he was fr **lancelot** // alas seyde the  
 Ermyte myne adone lord // Why layne thou me yowre name from  
 me // I ought to knowe you of ryght for ye ar the moste nobelyst  
 knyght of the worlde for well // I knowe you for fr **lancelot** // Er seyde  
 he syth ye knowe me helpe me and ye may for goddes sake for // Wolde  
 be oute of this payne at onys othir to dethe othir to lyff // Have ye no  
 doute seyde the Ermyte for ye shall hve and have ryght well // And  
 so the Ermyte called to hym ij of his fynyte and so they bare hym  
 into the Ermytage and hylthly vnarmed hym and leyde hym  
 in his bedde and than anon the Ermyte stannched his bloode  
 and made hym to drynke good wyne that he was well refreghed  
 red and knewe hym self // For in thos dayes he was nat the gyse



as ye now a dayes for there were none knyghts in yo dayes  
 but that they had bene men of worship and of pnesse and yo knyghts  
 hyde grete householdis and refreyshed people that were in distresse  
 Now turne we into knyght **Arthur** and lede we f **Lancelot** in  
 the knyghtysse so when the knyghts were to ryde on both wyces and  
 the grete feste shoulde be holdyn. Knyght **Arthur** asked the knyght of North  
 galis and f felshyp where was that knyght that bare the rede shyre  
 hat knyghte hym be fore me that he may haue his ladye & honoure  
 and the pryce as hit ys ryght. Then spake f **Salahade** the knyghte  
 pryncce and the knyght w the f. knyght And seyde we suppose f knyght  
 ys myghted so that he ys neu lyke to se you nor none of us all  
 and that ys the gretyst pyte that en we doste of our knyght.  
 Alas seyde knyght **Arthur** how may thys be ys he so sore hurted but  
 what ys his name seyde knyght **Arthur** Truly seyde they all we  
 know nat his name nor frome where he cam nor wher he wolde  
 Alas seyde the knyghte thys ys the warste tydynis that cam to me  
 thys dy yere for I wolde nat for all the londys I wolde to knowe  
 and wyte hit were so that f noble knyght were slayne. Sir knowe  
 ye ought of hym seyde they all do for that seyde knyght **Arthur**  
 whether I knowe hym or none ye shall nat knowe for me what  
 man he ys but all myghty I shal sende me good tydynis of hym  
 and so seyde they all. Be my hede seyde sir **Gawayne** gyff hit so  
 be that f good knyght be so sore hurted hit ys grete damage & pyte  
 to all thys londe for he ys one of the nobelyst knyght that en I  
 sawe in a fylde handyt speare or swerde and off he may be founde  
 I shall fynde hym for I am sure he ys nat furre frome thys contrey  
 Or ye leave you well seyde knyght **Arthur** and ye fynde hym  
 onles that he be in fies. a wyte that he may nat welde hym self  
 I shal defende seyde f **Gawayne** but wyte I shall well I shall knowe  
 what he ys and I may fynde hym. Ryght so sir **Gawayne** toke a

samme with hym bypon haterneyes and rode all a bonte Camelot w<sup>th</sup> in  
 by or by myle but so he com a tyme and coudde here no word of hym.  
 Than wroth in ii. dayes kynge **Arthur** and all the schypp retuned  
 into London a tyme and so as they rode by the way hit happened  
 Sir **Gawayne** of **Asolot** to lodge with Sir **Bartholme** there as was  
 Sir **Lancelot** lodged And so as Sir **Gawayne** was in his chamb  
 to repose hym Sir **Bartholme** the olde baron came into hym  
 and his daughter **Glame** to chere hym and to aske hym what  
 tynnyngis and who ded beste at the turnemente of Winchester. So  
 god me helpe seyde **Gawayne** there were ii. knyghts that bare  
 ii. whyght shylde. But one of them bare a rede flede bypon his  
 hede and stamly he was the beste knyght that ever I sawe Juste in  
 filde for I dare sey seyde Sir **Gawayne** that one knyght w<sup>th</sup> a rede  
 fhyde smote downe fourty knyghts of the rounde table and his felow  
 ded ryght well and worshipfully Now blissed be god seyde this fayre  
 maydyn of Asolote p<sup>r</sup> that knyght sped so well for he ys the man  
 in the world that I firste loved and truly he shall be the laste that  
 ever I shall love. Now fayre maydyn seyde Sir **Gawayne** ye p<sup>r</sup> god  
 knyght yowre love stamly for she seyde he ys my love. Than endo  
 re his name seyde **Gawayne** Nay truly for seyde the damysell  
 I know nat his name nothir frome wchens he com. But to sey p<sup>r</sup> I  
 love hym I prayse god and you I love hym how had ye knowleche  
 of hym firste seyde **Gawayne** Than she tolde hym as ye hadde  
 hadde be fore and how her fadir be toke hym her brop<sup>r</sup> to do hym  
 myse And how her fadir sente hym her brothris Sir **Cyrpes**  
 shylde And here do me he lefte he lefte his done shylde. For  
 what cause ded he so seyde **Gawayne** for this cause seyde p<sup>r</sup> dme  
 sell for his shylde was full well endorn amonge many noble  
 knyghts. A fayre damysell seyde **Gawayne** please hit you to lette  
 me have a syght of that shylde. Sir he seyde hit ys in my chamb<sup>r</sup>



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conde wyth a case And if ye wolt com w<sup>th</sup> me ye shall se hit // Nat  
so seyde þ **Barneyde** to hys dought<sup>r</sup> but sende ye for that shyld<sup>r</sup> So w<sup>th</sup>an  
the shyld<sup>r</sup> was com **Sir Gawayne** toke of the case And w<sup>th</sup>an he se the shyld<sup>r</sup>  
that shyld<sup>r</sup> and knew hit anone that hit was þ **Lancelotts** shyld<sup>r</sup>  
and hys owne armys // Alth<sup>er</sup> may seyde þ **Gawayne** now ys my herte  
more hedyn than en hit was to fore // Why seyde this mayde flayne  
for I have a grete cause seyde þ **Gawayne** ys that knyght þ dwyth  
this shyld<sup>r</sup> your lode // yee truly she sayde my lode ys he // god wolde  
that I were hys lode // So god me spede seyde þ **Gawayne** fyre  
damesell ye have ryght for and he be your lode ye lode the moste  
honourabylst knyght of the worlde and the man of moste worship  
So me thought en seyde the damesell for neu<sup>er</sup> ar that tyme  
no knyght that en I saw loded I neu<sup>er</sup> none asste god graunte seyde  
þ **Gawayne** that arth<sup>er</sup> of you may reioyse oth<sup>er</sup> but that ye m<sup>ay</sup>  
a grete adventure // But truly seyde þ **Gawayne** unto the damesell  
ye may sey ye have a fyre grace for why I have knowyn that  
noble knyght this my<sup>ght</sup> ys yere and neu<sup>er</sup> or that day I nor none  
oth<sup>er</sup> knyght I dare make stad saw neu<sup>er</sup> nor herde say that en  
he have tolyn or fyne of no lady Iantill woman nor maydyn  
at no Justis nor turnemente And there fore fyre maydyn  
ye ar much be holdyn to hym to gyff hym thank<sup>s</sup> // But I drede  
me seyde **Sir Gawayne** that ye shall neu<sup>er</sup> se hym in this worlde  
and that ye as grete pite as en was of om<sup>y</sup> arthely man // Alas  
seyde she how may this be ys he flayne I say nat so seyde þ **Gaw**  
**ayne** // But wete you well he ys grevously wounded by all man  
of fyngys and by meynys of fyght more lyklyer to be dede pan  
to be on lyve And wete you well he ys the noble knyght þ **Lan**  
**celot** for by this shyld<sup>r</sup> I know hym // Alas seyde this fyre may  
dyn of Astolat how may this be and what was hys herte //

Terly seide sir **Gawayne** the man in the worlde that loved best  
 hym knyghte hym And I dare sey seide **Gawayne** and that knyght  
 that knyghte hym knewe the verry storye that he had knyghte sir  
**launcelot** hit were the moste sorow that en can to his herte  
 Nowe saye sadre seide than **flayne** I requyre you toff me lete  
 to ryde and seke hym othw elis I wote well I shall go oute of  
 my mynde for I shall neu fante tylt that I fynde hym and my  
 brothir **Labayne** // So ye as hit lyeth von seide hir sadre for  
 sore me repentis of the knyghte of that noble knyghte Byggt so the  
 mayde made hym redy and deyled be fore **Gawayne** matynge  
 grette dole than on the morne **Gawayne** com to kynge **Arthur**  
 and tolde hym all how he had founde **launcelottis** byde in the  
 kepynge of the fayre mayden of **Astolat** all that knewe I a fore  
 hande seide kynge **Arthur** and that caused me I wolde nat suffer  
 you to have a do at the trette Justis for I assured hym when he  
 cam vntyll his fadyng full late in the evenyng In to **Astolat**  
 But grette merdayle hane I seide kynge **Arthur** that en he wolde  
 leave any fygne of any damselff for ar now I neu herde sey nor  
 knewe that en he bare any tolyn of none certisly woman Be my  
 hede sir seide **Gawayne** the fayre mayden of **Astolat** loveth hym  
 merdaylonfly well what hit meanyth I can nat sey and she ys  
 rydyn afor to seke hym // So the kynge and all com to london and  
 there **Gawayne** all oppnly disclosed hit to all the comte that hit  
 was **launcelot** that Justed best And when sir **Bors** harte that  
 wyte you well he was an hevy man and so were all his kynys  
 men But when the quene wyte that wyte that hit was sir  
**launcelot** that hane the bare the red syde of the fayre mayden  
 of **Astolat** she was myght onght of her mynde for wraththe And  
 than she sente for sir **Bors** de tramps in all haste that myght be  
 So when sir **Bors** was com be fore the quene she seide a **Bors**



have ye nat herde sey how falsly f **Bors** launcelot hath be trayed me  
 alas madame seyde f **Bors** I am a ferde he hath be trayed hym self  
 and vs all No for se seyde the quene yowth he be distroyed for he ys  
 a false traytoure Emgyst // anadame seyde f **Bors** I pray you sey ye  
 no more so for wyte you well I may nat here no synch langwyte  
 of hym // Why so f **Bors** seyde she I hold I nat calle hym traytoure  
 Whan he bare the rede flyde bypon hys hede at Wynchestre at f  
 grete Justis anadame seyde f **Bors** that flyde berynge report  
 me but I dare say he dnd beare hit to none wyll entent but  
 for thys cause he bare the rede flyde that none of hys blood shold  
 knowe hym for or pan we nor none nor none of vs all nen  
 knowe that en he bare tolyn or sygne of maydyn lady nothyn  
 hantill woman // ffy on hym seyde the quene yet for all hys  
 pryde and obdurance for there ye prided yowre self bett man  
 than he Nay madam sey ye nen more so for he bete me and  
 my felows and myght have slayne us and he had wolde //  
 ffy on hym seyde the quene for I harde f **Salwayne** say be fore  
 my lord **Arthur** that hit were merdayle to telle y gte lode  
 that ys be dwene y fayne maydyn of Astolat and hym // anadame  
 seyde f **Bors** I may nat warne f **Salwayne** to sey what hit  
 pleastyd hym // But I dare sey as for my lord f **launcelot**  
 that he lovith no lady hantill woman nor mayden but as he  
 lovith all in lyke manere And y fore madam seyde f **Bors** ye  
 may sey what ye wyll but wyte you well I wolt fast me to  
 hke hym and fynde hym where so en he be and god sende  
 me good tydynge of hym And so lede we them there y speke  
 we of f **launcelot** that lay in grete pelf And so as thys fayne  
 madym **Elayne** cam to Wynchestre she soust y all aboute And  
 by fortune f **laune** hir brother was ryddyn to spote hym  
 to enchauff hys horse And anone as thys maydyn **Elayne**

saw hym she knew hym And than she cryed on lord: telle hym  
 And than she cryed on lord: to hym and when he herde her  
 he com to her And anon w<sup>th</sup> that she asked hir how do<sup>st</sup>  
 my lord? **Launcelot** who tolde you syster that my lordys  
 name was? **Launcelot** than she tolde hym how **Gawayne**  
 by hys shyld knew hym So they rode to hydes tyll that they cam to  
 the pryncypal And anon she alyght So **Gawayne** brought her  
 in to sir **Launcelot** And when she saw hym by so fyre and pale  
 in hys bed she myght nat speke but suddenly she felle downe to  
 the erthe in a place And there she lay a grete while and  
 when she was releded she shryked and seyde my lord **Laun-  
 celot** Alas whye he be in thys pite And than she sodored agayne  
 And than sir **Launcelot** prayde **Gawayne** to take hir up & bringe  
 hir hyde to me And when she cam to her self sir **Launcelot**  
 byste her and seyde fayne maydyn why fawe ye yus for ye put me  
 to more payne wherefore make ye no such chere for and ye be  
 com to comforte me ye be ryght well com and of thys tyll herte  
 that I have I shall be ryght hastily hole by the grece of god But  
 I merdayle seyde **Launcelot** who tolde you my name And so thys  
 maydyn tolde hym all how sir **Gawayne** was lodged w<sup>th</sup> hir fadir  
 and there by yowre shyld he dystonde yowre name Alas seyde **Laun-  
 celot** that repenteth me that my name ys knowyn for I am  
 sure hit wolt turne outyll angur And than sir **Launcelot**  
 compaste in hys mynde that **Gawayne** wolde telle quene **Gue-  
 nyvere** how he bare the red shyre and for whom that he dyd  
 well wolde turne into grete angur And than sir **Launcelot**  
 So thys maydyn **Elayne** nen wente frome sir **Launcelot** but  
 watched hym day and nyght and dnd such attendaunce to hym  
 that the freynshe took seyth there was nen Roman dyd nen  
 more kyndlyer for man Than **Launcelot** prayde **Gawayne**



to make assayes in Wynchester for sir **Bors** if he cam þat and tolde  
 hym by what to bynde he sholde know hym by a wounde in his  
 forehede for I am sure seyde þat **launcelot** that **Bors** wolde selle me  
 for he ys the same good knyght that knyght me. Now turne we onto  
 sir **Bors** de gramys that cam out of Wynchester to selle astur his  
 cosyn sir **launcelot** and when he cam to Wynchester sir **launcelot**  
 seyde warte for þat **Bors** and anon he had barmyng of hym  
 and so he founde hym and anon he salved hym and tolde hym  
 howe when he coude. Now faye knyght seyde þat **Bors** ye be well  
 com and I requyre you that ye wolde byrynge me to my lord **laun-**  
**celot**. Sir seyde þat **launcelot** take yowre horse and w þat in this dore  
 ye shall se hym so they depyed and com to the brynnyng. And  
 when **Bors** saw **launcelot** he in his bedde dede pale & distolowd  
 Anon sir **Bors** loste his countenance and for kyndenes & pite  
 he myght nat speke but wepte tenderly a grette while. But when  
 he myght speke he seyde yus a my lord **launcelot** god yow blyss  
 and sende yow hasty reconyng for first he by am I of my myffortune  
 and of myne unhappynesse for now I may calle my self unhappy  
 And I drede me that god ys gretely w me that he wolde suffer me  
 to have such a shame for to knyghten that ar all oure ledar &  
 all oure worship and there fore I calle my self unhappy alas  
 that en such a knyght as I am sholde have power by un-  
 happynesse to knyght the moste noblyst knyght of the worlde where  
 so shamefully sette vpon yow and on charged yow and where ye  
 myght have slayne me ye saved me and so ded nat I for I and  
 all oure bloode ded to yow þat utterance I merdayle seyde þat **Bors**  
 that my herte or my blade wolde sue me where fore my lord **laun-**  
**celot** I aske yow my faye consyn seyde þat **launcelot** ye be ryt  
 well com and wryte yow well on muche ye se for þat plesure of  
 me which plesith me no thyng for why I have the same ff

I sought for I wolde w<sup>t</sup> pryde hane on com yon all And y<sup>m</sup> my  
 pryde I was nere slayne and that was in myne done defaute  
 for I myght hane gyffyn yon warnynge of my keynste p<sup>r</sup> And  
 had I had no herte for hit ys an olde seyde sadde there ys herte  
 batayle there as bynne and frendys doth batayle ay<sup>p</sup> a peny<sup>o</sup>p  
 for y<sup>m</sup> may be no mercy but mortall warre T<sup>e</sup> here fore fayre cosyn  
 seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** lat thys langage on passe and all shalt be well  
 com that god sendith and latte us tere of thy mater and speke of  
 som veyrsynge for thys that ys done may nat be vndone and lat  
 us fynde axemedy how sone that I may be hote Chan f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** le  
 nyd Gyon thys beddis syde and tolde f<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** how p<sup>r</sup> quene  
 was passynge wrotte woth hym be cause ye ware the rede syde  
 at the grete iust And y<sup>m</sup> f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** tolde hym all how f<sup>r</sup> **Galewayne**  
 distorde hit by yowre shylde that he lefte w<sup>t</sup> the fayre maydyn of  
 Astolat Chan ys the quene wrotte seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** p<sup>r</sup> fore am I  
 ryght hedy but I desued no vrentys for all that I ded was by cause  
 I wolde nat be knyght In ryght so excused I yon seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors**  
 but all was in dayne for she seyde more largelher to me than to yon  
 sey noli But f<sup>r</sup> ys thys she seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** that ys so busy a bonte yon  
 that men calle calle the fayre maydyn of **Astolat** for sothe she hit  
 ys seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** that by no meany I am nat put her for me  
 why sholde ye put her frome yon seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** for she ys a passynge  
 fayre damysell and well be sayne and well taught And god wolde  
 fayre Cosyn seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** that ye coude love her but as to y<sup>m</sup> I may  
 nat noy dare nat comenyle yon But I se well seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** by  
 her diligence a bonte yon that she lovith yon Intyryly That me  
 repentis seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** well seyde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors** she ys nat the firste  
 that hath loste hir payne Gyon yon and that ys the more pyte  
 And so they talked of many mo thyngs and so w<sup>t</sup> in ny or my dayes  
 In **Lancelot** avyed bygge and byght Chan f<sup>r</sup> **Lancelot** tolde f<sup>r</sup> **Bors**



hoto þ' was storne a grete turnement / þe day of þe **Arthure**  
 and the kynge of Northgalis that shold be vpon all halow massday  
 be syde Wynchestre / so that trouth seide þ' **launcelot** than shal  
 re abyde with me styll akyll whyle vntyll that I be hole for  
 fele my self resonably bygyte and swynge / Blessed be god seide  
 þ' **Bois** than they were there nyze a moneth to godys And en  
 thys maydyn **Clayne** ded en þe diligence and labo to þe myght  
 and day vnto þ' **launcelot** that þ' was nen chyldre nor wyff more  
 meke tyll fadir and husbunde than was thys fayre maydyn of  
 Astolat where fore þ' **Bois** was grete pleased w her / So vpon  
 a day by the assente of þ' **launayne** þ' **Bois** and þ' **launcelot** per made  
 the Ermyte to sele in woodys for dnyse Erbye And so þ' **launcelot**  
 made fayre **Clayne** to gadre Erbye for hym to make hym a bayne  
 So in the meane whyle þ' **launcelot** made þ' **launayne** to arme hym  
 at all peas and there he trowght to assay hym self bypon hors  
 backe with a speare w her he myght welde his arme and his  
 speare for his herte or nat And so wgan he was vpon his horse  
 he styrred hym freyshly and the horse was passyng lusty & fynde  
 be cause he was nat labored of a moneth be fore / And pan fr  
**launcelot** bide þ' **launayne** gyff hym that grete speare And so þ' **launayne**  
**che** **launcelot** w doctyd that speare in the veeft the comser lepte  
 myghtyly wgan he sette the spowres and he that was vpon  
 hym was the notyest horse man of the worlde styrred hym  
 myghtyly and stably and lepte styll the speare in the veeft And  
 there wnt fr **launcelot** styrred hym self so stryght w so grete  
 fore to gete the comser forwarde that þ' bottom of his womde  
 braste both wnt in and wnt oute and there wnt all the blode com  
 oute so freshly that he sette hym self so feble that he myght nat  
 sitte vpon his horse And than þ' **launcelot** cryed vnto þ' **Bois** &  
 fr **Bois** and fr **launayne** helpe for I am com vnto myne ende /

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And there w<sup>th</sup> he sette dolene on the one syde to the ert<sup>h</sup>. lyke a dede  
corse And pan sir **Bors** and s<sup>r</sup> **Labayne** cam vnto hym w<sup>th</sup> sword  
makynge oute of mesure And so by fortune thys mayden **Elayne**  
haude y<sup>m</sup>ounnyng And than she cam And when she founde s<sup>r</sup>  
**Launcelot** there armed in that place she cryed and wepte as she had  
bene deed And than she byssed hym and ded what she myght to a  
wake hym and than she rebuked her brother and s<sup>r</sup> **Bors** & called  
hem false traitours and seyde why wolde take hym oute of hys bed  
for and he dye I wolt appele yon of hys dethe And so w<sup>th</sup> that cam s<sup>r</sup>  
Ermyte s<sup>r</sup> **Saladyn** of Bretayne And when he founde s<sup>r</sup> **Launcelot**  
in that place he seyde but styll but wyte yon well he was worthy  
but he seyde lette vs haue hym In And anon they bare hym into  
the Ermytage And unarmed hym and leyde hym in hys bedde and  
en more hys wounde bled spedeously but he starved no tyme off  
hym Then the knyght armyte put a thynge in hys nose and a  
littill dele of venysyn in hys mowth And pan s<sup>r</sup> **Launcelot** waked of  
hys swooze and than the Ermyte stanchyd hys bledynge ~~all~~  
And when s<sup>r</sup> **Launcelot** myght speke he asked why he put his lyff  
so in jeopardy s<sup>r</sup> seyde s<sup>r</sup> **Launcelot** be cause I wente I had be stronge  
ynowze And also sir **Bors** tolde me y<sup>e</sup> sholde be that y<sup>e</sup> sholde be at  
Galewynasse a grette iustis be thyngte kynge **Arthur** and y<sup>e</sup> kynge  
of northse Galys and there fore I thought to assay my self w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
myght be there or not And s<sup>r</sup> **Launcelot** seyde the Ermyte yowre harte  
and yowre curragge wolt neu<sup>e</sup> be done vntyll yowre laste day but  
ye shull do nought be my counseyle lat s<sup>r</sup> **Bors** depte frome yow  
and lat hym do at that turnemente what he may and by the  
grace of god seyde the knyght Ermyte be that y<sup>e</sup> turnemente be  
done and he comyn hys a prayne y<sup>e</sup> shall be hole so that ye  
wolt be godelynged by me Then s<sup>r</sup> **Bors** made hym redy to depte  
frome hym And s<sup>r</sup> **Launcelot** seyde faye consyn s<sup>r</sup> **Bors** recomande



me vnto all ye ye doughty recōmaunde me vnto and I pray you  
 enforce your self at that iustis that ye may be beste for my lorde  
 and here shall I abyde you at the mercy of god till youce a stayne  
 comynge And so f **Bors** deputed and cam to the court of kynge  
**Arthur** and tolde hem in what place he leste f **Lancelot**  
 that me repentis seide the kynge but syn he shall haue hys  
 lyff We all may thanke god And than f **Bors** tolde the quene  
 what soughe f **Lancelot** was in what he wolde asayde hys  
 horse And all that he ded was for the lode of you be cause he  
 wolde a bene at thys tynement. ffy on hym recreande knyght  
 seide the quene for wyte you well I am ryght soyy and he shall  
 haue hys lyff // aadam hys lyff shall he haue seide f **Bors**  
 And who that wolde of wyse excepte you madame We f ben of  
 hys blood wolde helpe to shortyn y hys But madame seide f  
**Bors** ye haue ben otyr tymes displeased w my lorde f **Lancelot**  
 but at all tymys at the ende ye founde hym a trew knyght  
 and so he deputed And than eny knyght of the rounde table  
 that were there that tyme p'sente made yem redy to that iust  
 at all halowmasse and thidre drede many knyght of diuise  
 contrees And as halowmasse drede nere thidre cam f kynge  
 of Northgalis and the kynge w the f. knyght And f **Sala**  
**halt** the hante prync of Emlyse And thidre cam kynge **Du**  
**ayr** of Irelande and the kynge of Northymbur londe and f  
 kynge of Scottis so thes y knyght com to kynge **Arthur** w  
 And so that day ded f **Gawayne** ded grete dedys of armys a  
 le gam first And the heroddis nombred f f **Gawayne** smote  
 done y knyght ehan f **Bors** de gams cam in the same  
 tyme and he was mbr he smote done y knyght And f  
 fore the pryse was ydorn le drypt them both for yegam  
 firste and lentyf endred Also f **Sareth** as the boke seyth

ded that day grete dedis of armys for he smote doun & quelled doun  
 vñ knyght But when he had done that dedis he tarped nat but  
 so depte and there fore he loste his pryse And **Palamides** ded  
 grete dedis of armys that day for he smote doun vñ knyght but  
 he depte suddenly and men demed that he and **Gareth** rode  
 to ydow to som man aduentures So when this turnement  
 was done **Bois** depte and rode till he cam to **Lancelot**  
 his consyne And than he founde hym dawning on his secte and y  
 arthur made grete joy of oþ And so he tolde **Lancelot** of all the  
 mysse he as ye have herd I merdayle seyde **Lancelot** that **Gareth**  
**Gareth** when he had done such dedis of armys that he wolde  
 nat tarry Oþ of we merdayled all seyde **Bois** for bid  
 if hit were yon of the noble knyght **Trystram** of the good  
 knyght **Lamorak de galis** I saw nen knyght here so many  
 knyght and smite doun in so litill a while a ded **Gareth**  
 And anone as he was gone we all wist nat where he be com  
 Be my hede seyde **Lancelot** he ys a noble knyght & a myghty  
 man and well brethed And yf he were well assayed seyde **Lancelot**  
 I wolde deme he were good I now for omy knyght that beryth y  
 lyff and he ys Iantill curteyse and ryght boldedous meke  
 and myde and in hym ys no man of male engyne but playne  
 fyrthful an trewe So than they made hem redy to depte frome  
 the Smytynge And so vpon a morne they toke y horsis And y  
**Clayne le blanke** with hem and when they cam to **Astolat** there  
 were they well lodged and had grete chere of **Barnard** the  
 olde baron And of **Eure** his sonne And so vpon the morne dawning  
**Lancelot** sholde depte faye **Clayne** brought hir fadir w her  
 and **Labayne** and **Eyre** And pan pue she sayde my lord **Lancelot**  
**Lancelot** now I se ye woll depte frome me now faye knyght and  
 awtaryse knyght seyde she woll ye be my pamonre hane in y vpon



me and suffer me nat to dye for yourre lode. Why woldest thoude you that  
 I durd seyde þ **Lancelot** Sir I wolde haue you to my husbaude seyde  
**Elayne** faire damessell I thanke you hartely seyde þ **Lancelot** But  
 truly seyde he I caste me neu to be wedded man. Than faire knyght  
 seyde she woldeste ye be my panno I shal deffende me seyde þ **Lancelot**  
 for than I rewarded yourre fadir and yourre brotther full doyl for þ  
 grete goodnesse. Alas than seyde she I muste dye for yourre lode.  
 Ye shall nat do so seyde þ **Lancelot** for wyte you well faire mayden  
 I myght haue bene marryed and I had wolde but I neu applyed me  
 yett to be marryed but by cause faire damessell that ye lode me as  
 ye sey ye do I wolde for yourre good wyll and kyndnes shew to you  
 som goodnesse. That ye thys þ where som en ye wolde be sette yourre  
 herte vpon som good knyght that wolde wedde you and I shall gyff  
 you to yourre a dy pounce yerly to you and to yourre appis þ muche.  
 Wolde I gyff you faire mayden for yourre kyndnesse and all weyes  
 whyle I lyde to be yourre adone knyght. Sir of all thys seyde þ may  
 dyn I wolde none for but yff ye wolde wedde me of to be my panno  
 at the leste wyte you well þ **Lancelot** my good dayes ar done faire  
 damessell seyde þ **Lancelot** of thys n thynke ye muste ydon me  
 Than she shyrted shrly and felle doun in a solye and pandome  
 bare hy in to her chambur and there she made en muche sorowe  
 And than þ **Lancelot** wolde deye and there he asked þ **Ladyne**  
 What he wolde do. Sir What shold I do seyde þ **Ladyne** but folow  
 you but if ye dryde me frome you or comande me to go frome you  
 Than cam þ **Saynard** to þ **Lancelot** and seyde to hym I can nat se  
 but that my daughter wolde dye for yourre sake Sir I may nat do  
 so all seyde þ **Lancelot** for that me sore repentith. For I repoyte  
 me to yourre self that my gylt ys faire and me repentith seyde þ  
**Lancelot** that she loveth me as she dothe for I was neu þ cause  
 of hit for I repoyte me vnto yourre sonne I neu erly nor late þ fynde

her lordste noþ fayne be heft And as for me seide **Lancelot** I dare  
 do that a knyght sholde do and sey that she ys a cleue mayden for  
 me bothe for dede and wyll for I am ryght hely of hir distresse  
 for she ys a full fayne maydyn good and gentill and well taught  
 fadir seide **Ladayne** I dare make good she ys a cleue maydyn as  
 for my lord **Lancelot** but she doth as I do for fyfteen I saw first  
 my lord **Lancelot** I adde neu dexte frome hym noþ nought I  
 wolt and I may folow hym / Than **Lance** toke hys lede and so  
 they depyed and cam to Dornchester And whan kynge **Arth** wyte  
 that **Lancelot** was com hyle and folowde the kynge made grete  
 joy of hym And so ded **Gawayne** and all the knyghts of yownde  
 table excepte **Aggravayne** and **ayordred** also quene **Gweyn**  
 was wode wroth With **Lancelot** and wolde by no meanye speke  
 with hym but enstrawnged her self frome hym And **Lancelot**  
 made all the meanye that he myght for to speke w<sup>th</sup> the quene but  
 hit wolde nat be / Now speke we of the fayne maydyn of **Astolat**  
 that made such sorow day and nyght that she neu slepte ete noþ  
 dranke and en she made hir complainte vnto **Lancelot** So  
 whan she had yus endured a x. dayes that she felyed so þ she myght  
 nedre passe oute of thys worlde Than she shrode her cleue tressey  
 ved hir creature and en she complained fyllie vpon **Lancelot**  
 Than hir gostly fadir hude hir lede such thought Than she seide  
 why sholde I lede such thought am I nat an erthely woman and  
 all the while the brette ys in my body I may complayne me for  
 my be lyde ys do þ I do none offence you I lobe an erthely man vnto  
 god for he foumed me þ to and all man of good lobe comyth of  
 god and othir pan god lobe lored I neu fir **Lancelot** in luke  
 And I take god to recorde I lored neu none but hym nor neu shall  
 of erthely creature and a cleue maydyn I am for hym and for  
 all othir and fithyn hit ys the sufferance of god that I shall dye



for so noble a knyght I be seche the hys fadir of heuyn haue mercy vpon  
 me and my soule and vpon myne vnumerable paynes & I suffer  
 may be alyggaunce of xpe of my synes for sothe lorde I shal seide  
 & saye maydyn I take god to recorde I was neu to the xpe offender  
 nor a yeuste thy fadris But that I loved thys noble knyght & **lancet**  
**celot** oute of mesure And of my self god lorde I had no myght to  
 withstonde the feruent love Wherefore I haue my deth and pain  
 the called for fadir & **Bernarde** and for brother & **Curry** and  
 hartely she prayd for fadir that for brother myght wyght  
 a letter lyke as she ded endite And so for fadir graunted her and  
 when the letter was wyrtten worde by worde lyke as she deuysed  
 hit than she prayd for fadir that she myght be watched vntill  
 the she were and while my body ys hote let thys letter be put in  
 my vyght honde and my honde bounde faste to the lett' wittill I  
 be colde and sette me be put in a fayne bed w<sup>th</sup> all the vycheyste  
 clothys that I haue a longe me And so let my bed and all my  
 vycheyste clothys be lede w<sup>th</sup> in in a charyot vnto the nexte place  
 where the tenys ys and there lette me be put w<sup>th</sup> in a barget and  
 but one man w<sup>th</sup> me such as ye truste to ferre me thider and I  
 my barget be coude w<sup>th</sup> blacke samyte on and on And thys  
 fadir I be seche you let hit be done So for fadir graunte her  
 faithfully all thyngs sholde be done lyke as she had deuysed than  
 for fadir and for brother made grete dole for he And when thys  
 was done anon she dyed And when she was dede the corse and I  
 beede all was lad the nexte way vnto the tenys And I a man  
 the corse and all thyngs as she had deuysed was put in the tenys  
 and so the man th<sup>at</sup> ferred the barget vnto westmynst<sup>er</sup> and I hit  
 rubbed and rolled to and fro a grete while or any man aspyed  
 hit So by fortune kynge **Arthur** and quene **Gwenyn** w<sup>th</sup> tal

knyght to

429  
Kynge to hydnre at a dyndole and so as they toled m to the temnyr  
they assayed that black barret and had merdayle what hit mente pan  
the kynge called **p** **Ray** and shewed hit hym sw seide **p** **Ray** wete you  
well there ys som new tydynge there fore go ye thidw seide the kynge  
to **p** **Ray** and take w<sup>e</sup> you sw **Wramdiles** and **p** **Agaydayne** &  
brynge me redy worde what ys there **Than** thes m. **Kynge** deptyd  
and cam to the barret and wente in and there they founde **p** **Ray**  
cours hyng in a ryche bed that en se fado and a poore man sittynge  
in the barretts ende and no worde wolde speke so thes m. **Kynge**  
returnd vnto the kynge a prayne and tolde hym what they founde  
that fayne cours wold **I** se seide the kynge And so the kynge toke **p**  
quene by the honde and wente thidw **Than** the kynge made **p** **Ray**  
to be holde faste and than the kynge and the quene wente in w<sup>e</sup> ser  
tayne knyght w<sup>e</sup> them and there he fado the fayne woman  
hy in a ryche bed conde vnto her mydylt w<sup>e</sup> many ryche clothe  
And all was of cloth of golde and she lay as she had synled **Than**  
the quene assayed the letter in hir ryche hande and tolde the kynge  
**Than** the kynge toke hit and seide now am **I** sure thys letter wold telle us  
what she was and why she ys com hydnre So than the kynge & the  
quene wente oute of the barrette and so comanded a sturne to dymte  
vpon the barret And so when the kynge was com to his chambur  
he called many knyght a bonte hym and seide that he wolde wete  
openly what was wryten w<sup>e</sup> In that letter **Than** **p** **Kynge** brake  
hit and made a clerke to rede hit and thys was the entente of the  
letter "A moste noble knyght my lorde **p** **Lancelot** now hath dethe  
made us **I** at debate for youre love and **I** was youre lover that  
men called the fayne maydyn of Astolote **There** fore vnto all ladies  
**I** make my mone yet for my soule ye pray and bury me at **p** **teste**  
And offir ye my masse weny thys ys my laste requeste & a deue  
maydyn **I** dyed **I** take god to wytnesse and pray for my soule as  
**p** **Lancelot** as you arte poveres **Thys** was all the substance



in the letter And when hit was read the kynge the quene and  
 all the knyghts wepte for pite of the doleful complayntes  
 Then was **sir Lancelot** sente for And when he was com  
 kynge **Arthur** made the letter to be read to hym And when  
**sir Lancelot** harde hit worde by worde he seyde my lord **Arthur**  
 Wyte you well I am ryght fey of the deth of this fayre lady  
 And god bndwyth I was neu canfar of her deth be my wyll  
 kynge And that wolt I reporte me vnto her owne brothur  
 that here ys **sir Launcelot** I wolt nat say nay seyde **sir Lancelot**  
 But that she was both fayre and good and myght I was  
 be holdyn vnto her But she loved me oute of mesure // Sir  
 seyde the quene ye myght have shelded hir som tyme  
 and iustices whych myght have preserued hir lyff // and  
 dame seyde **sir Lancelot** she wolde none of wayes be answere  
 But that she wolde be my wyff othw ellis my panno and of  
 this if I wolde not graunte her But I proffud her for her  
 good love that she shelded me a lytyle pely to her and to  
 her ayres and to wedde any man of knyght that she coude  
 fynde beste to love in her harte for madamme seyde **sir Lancelot**  
 I wolde nat to be constrainyd to love for love myght only aryse  
 of the harte self and nat by none constraynte // That ys  
 twentys I seyde the kynge And w many knyghts love ys  
 fre in hym selfe and neu wolt be bounde for where he ys  
 bounden he loveth hym selfe Then seyde the kynge vnto **sir**  
**Lancelot** I hit wolt be your worship that ye on se that she  
 be entered worshipfully // Sir seyde **sir Lancelot** that shall  
 be done as I can beste devise and so many knyghts rode thy  
 der to be holde that fayre dede mayden and so vpon y morn  
 she was entered ryghtly And **sir Lancelot** offred her masse  
 peny And all ys knyghts of the table rounde f were there

at that tyme offerde w<sup>th</sup> **Lancelot** and than the poure men wente  
a gayne wyth the bargayt // Than the quene sent for **Lancelot**  
and prayde hym of meye for why that she had ben wrothe w<sup>th</sup>  
hym causeles Thus ys nat the firste tyme seyde **Lancelot**  
that ye haue ben displese w<sup>th</sup> me causeles But madame en  
I myghte suffer you But what sorow that I endure ye take  
no forse So this passed on all that wynter w<sup>th</sup> all man of  
hmytynge and hadwrynge and iustis and turnemes were man  
ny be thowte many grette lordis and en in all places **Lancelot**  
grette grette worshyp that he was notely defamed amonge many  
knyghtis of the table rounde // Thus hit past on tyll cryste  
masse And than eny day there was iustis made for a drama  
nde who that iusted best shulde haue a dramonde But **Lancelot**  
wolde nat iuste but if hit were a grette iustis cryed  
But **Lancelot** iusted there all the crystemasse passynghy  
well and was best praysed for y<sup>e</sup> were but feare that ded  
so well where fore all man of knyghts demed y<sup>e</sup> **Lancelot**  
sholde be made knyght of the table rounde at the next feste  
of wentecoste // So at after crystemas knyght **Arthur** lette  
calle vnto hym many knyghts and there they adyced to  
dres to make a pty and a grette turnemente and iustis And  
the knyght of North galys seyde to knyght **Arthur** he wolde  
haue on hys pty knyght **Angwysch** of Iuebonde and the knyght  
wyth the & knyght and the knyght of northmynndretonde  
and **Salahath** the hante pryncer So thes my knyghts and pr  
myghty denke toke pty a yeste knyght **Arthur** & y<sup>e</sup> knyght  
of the rounde table And the cry was made that the day off  
iustis shulde be fyled westmynster bypon candylmass day  
where of many knyghts were glad and made pem redy to  
be at that iustis in the freyscheste man Than quene **Gwen**



for **f** **launcelot** and seyd thyn I warne you that ye ryde no more  
 in no iustis nor turrements but that yowre knyghtes may  
 knowe you And at thys iustis that shall be ye shall haue of me  
 a sheld of golde And I pray you for my sake to force yo selff  
 there that men may speke you worship But I charge you as  
 ye woll haue my love that ye warne yo knyghtesmen y ye woll  
 beare that day the sheld of golde vpon yo helmet // And adame  
 seyd **f** **launcelot** hit shall be done And othw made grete joy  
 of othw And whan **f** **launcelot** sad his tyme he told **f** **la-**  
**dy** **ne** that he wolde depte and no mo wyth hym But **f** **la-**  
**dy** **ne** into the good Ermyte that dwelled in the foreyst of Wynde  
 fore whos name was **f** **Wastias** and there he thought to  
 repose hym and to take all the reste that she myght be cause  
 he wolde be freysch at that day of iustis So **f** **launcelot** **r**  
**f** **launcelot** depte that no creature wyte where he was be  
 com But the noble men of his blood And whan he was  
 com to the Ermytage wyte you well he had yte chyrre And  
 so dayly **f** **launcelot** used to go to a well by the Ermytage  
 and there he wolde byddone and se the well sprynge and  
 smelle and som tyme he slepte there So at that tyme there was  
 a lady that dwelled in that foreyste and she was a grete hunte  
 resse and dayly she used to hunte and on she bare her bolze  
 w<sup>th</sup> her and no men wente neu w<sup>th</sup> her But all wayes women  
 and they were all shooters and coud wellylle a dere at f  
 stalke and at the treste And they dayly beare bolys and  
 hornyes and wood byndes and many good dogges they had  
 bothe for the stenge and for a bate // So hit happed y lady  
 the huntresse had a bated her dogge for the bolze at a la  
 rayne hynde and so toke the flyght on fethys and wadis  
 and en thys lady and pte of her women costed the hynde

and effected hit by the noyse of the hounde to haue mette w<sup>th</sup> the  
hynde at som watir and so hit happened that þ<sup>e</sup> hynde cam to  
the same wellle there as þ<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** was by that wellle slepyng  
and slumberyng. And so the hynde when he cam to the wellle  
for herte she wente to soyle and there she lay a grete while  
and the dogge cam afur and vñ he caste a bonte for she had lost  
the verray p<sup>er</sup>te felwe of the hynde byggest so cam þ<sup>e</sup> lady þ<sup>e</sup>  
hunteres that knew by her dogge that the hynde was at the  
soyle by that wellle and thider she cam streyts and founde the  
hynde And anon as she had spyed hym she put a brade arrow  
in her bolwe and shot at the hynde and so she on shotte þ<sup>e</sup> hynde  
And so by mysse fortune the arrow finote þ<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** in the  
thyrde of the buttoke on the barbye. When þ<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** fette  
hym so hurte he whorled vp woody and saw the lady that  
had smyten hym And when he knew she was a woman  
he sayde thus lady or damesell what some en ye be in an  
dvyll tyme have ye thys bolwe the davyll made you a shoter  
Now may sayre I seyde the lady I am a hantill woman that  
dweth here in thys foreyste hunteyng and god knowyth I saw  
you nat but as here was a barayne hynde at the soyle in  
thys wellle And I wente I had done wellle but my hande star  
ved. Alas seyde þ<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** ye have myschauced me And so þ<sup>e</sup>  
lady depyed And þ<sup>e</sup> **launcelot** as he myght pulled onto þ<sup>e</sup> arrow  
and leste the hede fyllle in hys buttoke and so he wente waykely  
vnto the Ermytage en more bledynge as he wente And  
when þ<sup>e</sup> **lavayne** and the Ermyte aspyed that þ<sup>e</sup> **launcelot**  
was so sore hurte wyte you well they were passyng he by  
But þ<sup>e</sup> **lavayne** wist nat how that he was hurte now by  
god And than were they wrothe onto of mesure And so  
wyth grete payne the Ermyte gate onto the arrow hede onto



of **launcelotus** buttok and muche of hys blade he shed & p<sup>e</sup> wounde  
 was passinge sore and unhappely smitten for hit was on such a place  
 that he myzt nat fythe In nor sadyt // A may I hn seyde **launcelot**  
 I may calle my selff the moste unhappy man that lyveth for  
 en when I wolde have fynyssh worshyp there be fallyth me  
 en som unhappy thyng // Now so I hn me helpe seyde **launcelot**  
 and if no man wolde but god I shall be in the fylde on Can  
 dylmas day at the Justys what som en falle of hit so all p<sup>e</sup>  
 myght be gotyn to hys **launcelot** was had // So when  
 the day was com **launcelot** lat devise that he was a rayed  
 And **launcelot** and he and p<sup>e</sup> horsis as they had ben Sar  
 frins And so they deptyd and cam nyze to the fylde to the  
 kynge of northgalys he had an **q<sup>e</sup>** knyght w<sup>th</sup> hym and  
 the kynge of northchymburlonde brought w<sup>th</sup> hym an **q<sup>e</sup>**  
 good knyght And kynge **Augwys** of Irelande brought w<sup>th</sup>  
 hym an **q<sup>e</sup>** good knyght redy to Juste And **Salahalte** the  
 hante pryncce brought w<sup>th</sup> hym an **q<sup>e</sup>** good knyght And p<sup>e</sup>  
 kynge wyth the **q<sup>e</sup>** knyght brought w<sup>th</sup> hym as many and  
 all there were proved good knyght // Then cam In kynge  
**Arthurs** p<sup>e</sup>ty and In cam In wyth hym the kynge of Scotts  
 and an **q<sup>e</sup>** knyght w<sup>th</sup> hym And kynge **Uryence** of goore  
 brought w<sup>th</sup> hym an **q<sup>e</sup>** knyght And kynge **hobell** of Bre  
 tayne he brought wyth hym an **q<sup>e</sup>** knyght And denke  
**Chalamce** of **Claraunce** brought w<sup>th</sup> hym an **q<sup>e</sup>** knyght  
 and kynge **Arthure** hym selff cam Into the fylde w<sup>th</sup> **q<sup>e</sup>** kny  
 ghts and the moste p<sup>e</sup>ty were knyghts of the rounde table p<sup>e</sup> were  
 all proved men noble men and there were olde knyghts set on  
 staffoldys for to longe wyth the quene who ded best

**C**han they blede vnto the fylde and p<sup>e</sup> the kynge off  
 Northgalys encountred wyth the kynge of Scotts and p<sup>e</sup>

the kynge of Scottis had a felle And the kynge of Irelande smote  
downe kynge **Uryence** and the kynge of Northhambrlonde smote  
downe kynge **Howell** of Bretayne And **f** **Salahalte** **f** hante  
prynce smote downe denke **Chalanuce** of **Claurance** And  
than kynge **Arthure** was wode wrothe and ran to the kynge  
wyth the **f** **kyngst** And so kynge **Arthure** smote hym downe  
And after wyth that same speare he smote downe o<sup>r</sup> **kyngst**  
And than hys speare brake and ded passyngh well // So **f** **W**  
can **f** **Sawayne** and **f** **Saherys** **f** **Aggravayne** and **Sw**  
**Mordred** And there enygh of thew smote downe a **kyngst** **f**  
**f** **Sawayne** smote downe **my** **kyngst** and than **f** he gan a  
grette medle for than can **In** the **kyngst** of **f** **launcelottes**  
blad And **f** **Sareth** and **f** **palomydes** wyth thew and many  
**kyngst** of the rounde table and they be gan to holde **f** **my** **kyngst**  
and the **myghty** denke so hante that they were **my** **distompte**  
But thys **f** **Salahalte** the hante prynce was a noble **kyngst**  
and by hys **myghty** **probes** of armys he holde the **kyngst**  
of the rounde table strayte So all thys **domge** **sayd** **f** **launcel**  
and than he cam in to the filde wyth **f** **lavayne** w<sup>th</sup> hym as  
hit had bene thynnder And than anone **f** **Wois** and the  
**kyngst** of hys blade assayed **f** **launcelot** anone and seyde  
vnto thew all I warne you be ware of hym w<sup>th</sup> the filde  
of golde wypon hys hede for he ys hym self **my** **lorde** **f** **launcel**  
And for grette goodnes **f** **Wois** warned **f** **Sareth** **Sw** **I** **am**  
well payde seyde **f** **Sareth** that I may knole hym **But**  
who ys he seyde they all that rydith w<sup>th</sup> hym in the same  
away **Sw** that ys the good and iantyll **kyngst** **f** **lavayne**  
seyde **f** **Wois** So **f** **launcelot** encountred w<sup>th</sup> **f** **Sawayne** **f**  
there by force **f** **launcel** smote downe **f** **Sawayne** and his  
horse to the erthe And so he smote downe **f** **Aggravayne**



and f **Gaherys** and also he smote dolene f **agordred** And all f  
 was wyth one speare Than f **labayne** mette w<sup>t</sup> f **palomy-**  
**des** and arthur mette of so harde and so fersely that both thewe  
 horsis felle to the erthe And than were they horsed a gyne  
 And than mette f **launc** w<sup>t</sup> f **palomydes** And there f **pal-**  
**mydes** had a falle And so f **launcelot** or en the fante and as  
 faste as he myght yete speare he smote dolene xxx. knyght  
 and the moste pty were knyghts of the rounde table and en  
 the knyght of hys bloode wyth drew them and made  
 hem a do in othyr places Where f **launcelot** cam nat And  
 than kynge **arthur** was wroth he wgan he saw f **launc**  
 do suche dedis And than the kynge called vnto hym f **Gaw-**  
**ayne** f **Gaherys** f **Aggravayne** f **agordred** f **bay** f **Bryfflet**  
 f **Incan de butlere** f **Sedybere** f **palomydes** and f **Safir**  
 hys brothyr and so the kynge wyth thes x. knyghts made  
 them vedy to sette vpon f **launcelot** and vpon f **labayne**  
 And all thes assayed f **Bois** and f **Gareth** Now I drede  
 me sore seyde f **Bois** that my lord f **launcelot** wolt be hys  
 matched // Now be my hede seyde f **Gareth** I wolt ryde vnto  
 my lord f **launc** for to helpe hym what som en me betide  
 for he ys the same man that made me knyght Sir ye  
 shall nat do so seyde f **Bois** be my comceyle onles that  
 ye were dysgyfed / Sir ye shall se me sone dysgyfed seyde  
 f **Gareth** and there w<sup>t</sup> all he had assayed a waythe knyght  
 Where he was to reyse hym for he was sore hurte be  
 fore of f **Gawayne** And vnto hym f **Gareth** rode a ppe  
 hym of hys knyghthode to lende hym hys shilde for hys  
 I wolt well seyde the waythe knyght And wgan f **Ga-**  
**reth** had hys shilde the boke ferte he was gyne wyth a

mandyn which semed in hit. Then f **Sareth** am dryngte  
vnto f **launcelot** all that en he myght and seyde f **Emyt**  
take kepe to thy self for pondre comyt. Kyng **Arthur** w<sup>t</sup>  
w. noble **Emygt** w<sup>t</sup> h<sup>nd</sup> to put yon to a rebuke And so  
sam com to deare yon felshyp for the olde tyme ye hade  
shered vnto me. Gramte me seyde f **launcelot**. But f  
seyde f **Sareth** encomtre y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>t</sup> f **Salwayne** And I shall en  
comtre w<sup>t</sup> f **palomydes** And lat f **labayne** marche w<sup>t</sup> f  
noble Kyng **Arthur** And when we hade delyn de them  
lat us m. holde us sadly to ydres. So than cam **Emygt**  
**Arthur** w<sup>t</sup> h<sup>nd</sup> w. noble **Emygt** w<sup>t</sup> h<sup>nd</sup> And f **launcelot**  
encomtre w<sup>t</sup> f **Salwayne** and gaff hym such a buffette  
that f arson of hys sadyll braste and f **Salwayne** felle to  
the erthe. Then f **Sareth** encomtre w<sup>t</sup> f **palomydes** f  
he gaff hym such a buffet that bothe hys horse and he  
daysshed to the erthe. Then encomtre **Emygt** **Arthur**  
w<sup>t</sup> f **labayne** and there anythir of them smote op to the  
erthe horse and all that they lay bothe a grete while. Then  
f **launcelot** smote done f **Aggravayne** and f **Saherys** f  
f **wordred** And f **Sareth** smote done f **Ray** f **Safir** and  
f **Gryfflet** And than f **labayne** was horsed a gayne and  
he smote done f **Intan** de butlere And f **Bedivere** And yow  
there be yow grete tyme of good **Emygt**. Then f **launcelot**  
hmyled here and there and raced and pulled of helms f at  
that tyme there myght none fyte h<sup>nd</sup> a buffette w<sup>t</sup> speare  
nothir w<sup>t</sup> sterde And f **Sareth** ded such dedys of armys  
that all men merdayled what **Emygt** he was w<sup>t</sup> f **Emygt**  
shylde for he smote done that day and pulled done mo  
than xxx **Emygt** And as the freynsche booke synth f **launcelot**  
merdayled when he be hylde f **Sareth** do such dedys what



knyght he myght be And **Labayne** smote and pulled downe mo  
 than xx. knyghts And yet for all thys **Lancelot** knew nat  
**Sareth** for and **Erasmus de hounes** of **Lamorak de Galys**  
 had ben on hys **Lancelot** wolde have demed he had bene  
 one of them twayne // So en as **Lance** **Sareth** and **La-**  
**bayne** fought on the one side **Bois** **Fator de marys** **Er-**  
**yonell** **Bleoberys** **Salyhad** **Salyhadyn** and **Pelleas**  
 and many mo of of knyght **Sauys** blod fought vpon anop  
 py and hylde the knyght woth the **L** knyght and **P** knyght  
 of Northenberlonde ryght stryde // So thys turnemente  
 justis dured longe tyme hit was nere myght for the knyght  
 of the rounde table releved en into knyght **Arthur** for **P** knyght  
 was wrothe oute of mesure that he and hys knyght myght  
 nat prevaile that day // Than sayde **Galwayne** to **P** knyght  
**I** mervaile where ar all thys day **Bois de Sauys** and hys  
 felshyp of **Lancelotts** blod that of all thys day they be nat  
 aboute you And **P** fore I deme hit ys for som cause seyde **Gal-**  
**wayne** Be my hede seyde **I say** **Bois** ys yondur all thys day  
 vpon the ryght honde of thys hylde and there he and his blod  
 dwelle more worshipfully than we do // hit may well be seyde  
**Galwayne** but I drede me en of gyle for of payne of my  
 hys that same knyght w<sup>t</sup> the rede shilde of golde ys hym self  
**Lancelot** for I se well by hys vdyngge and by hys greute  
 faworis And the othir knyght in the same colodores ys **P** good  
 yonger knyght **Labayne** And that knyght w<sup>t</sup> the grene  
 shilde ys my brotyn **Sareth** and yet he hath dyspyed  
 hym self for no man shall make hym be a yenste **Lance**  
 by cause he made hym knyght By my hede seyde knyght **Ar-**  
**thur** nedeab. I be hede you And **P** fore now telle me what  
 ys yowre beste counceyle // So seyde **Galwayne** my counceyle

ys to blow vnto lodegynge for and he be f **lanuancelot du lake** And  
my brother f **Gareth** Wyth hym Wyth the helpe of f **gode**  
pouge knyght f **ladyne** truste me truly hit wolt be no boote  
to styue Wyth them But if we sholde felle v. or viij. bypon  
one knyght and that were no worschyp but shame // ye say  
trouth the seide the kynge hit were shame for vs so many as we  
be to sette bypon them any more ffor wyte you well seide kynge  
**Arthur** they be my good knyghts and namely that knyght w  
the flyde of golde And anon they blede vnto lodegynge but  
furth w<sup>t</sup> all kynge **Arthur** lette sende vnto the my. knyghts  
and to the myghty denke and prayde hem that f **knyght** w  
the flyde of golde depte nat frowne them but that f **knyght** may  
speke w<sup>t</sup> hym Than furth w<sup>t</sup> all kynge **Arthur** a hys and  
vnaarmed hym and toke a lyttell haleney and rode aft<sup>r</sup> **Sir**  
**lanuancelot** for en<sup>d</sup> he had assy bypon hym and so he founde  
hym amonge the my. knyghts and the denke and f **knyght**  
prayde hem all vnto synnere and they seide they wolde w<sup>t</sup>  
good wyll And whan they were vnaarmed kynge **Arthur**  
knew f **lanuancelot** f **Gareth** and f **ladyne** // A f **lanuancelot**  
seide kynge **Arthur** this day ye have hetyed me and my  
knyghts // And so they rode vnto kynge **Arthur**s lodegynge  
all to gydw and there was a grete feste and gte revelle &  
the pryce was redyn vnto f **lanuancelot** for by heroldys  
they named hym that he had smyten dobone f **knyght**  
And f **Gareth** by xxv<sup>th</sup> knyght and f **ladyne** my xxv<sup>th</sup>  
Than f **lanuancelot** tolde the kynge and the quene how f **lady**  
knyghtes shotte hym in the foreyste of Wyndesore in f **batell**  
Wyth a brode drole And how the wounde was at that tyme  
of Inches depe and in lyke longe Also kynge **Arthur** blamed



þ **Gareth** he comse he leste hys selfshyp and hysde w<sup>t</sup> þ **launcelot**  
 my lord seide þ **Gareth** he made me knyght and when I  
 saw hym so hard he stad me thought hit was my worschyp  
 to helpe hym for I sawe hym do so myche dedis of armys and  
 so many noble knyghts a yente hym that when I vnderstode  
 that he was þ **launcelot** in late I shamed to se so many good  
 knyghts a yente hym alone. Nido truly seide kynge **Arthure**  
 vnto þ **Gareth** ye say well and worschypfully hane ye done  
 and to yowre selfe grette worschyp. And all the dayes of my  
 lyff seide kynge **Arthure** vnto þ **Gareth** wyte yow well  
 I shall lobe yow and truste yow the more bette for en hit ys  
 seide kynge **Arthure** a worschypfull knyght dede to helpe  
 and frouwe anoy worschypfull knyght when he seeth  
 hym in damngere for en a worschypfull man wll be lotte  
 to se a worschypfull man shamed. And he that ys of no  
 worschyp and medelth w<sup>t</sup> cowardise nen shall he shewe  
 gentlines nor no man of goodnes where he seeth a man  
 in damngere for than wll a cowarde nen shewe mercy  
 And all wayes a good man wll do en to a noþ man as  
 he wolde be done to hym selfe. So than there were made grette  
 festis vnto kynge and deny and redell game and play &  
 all man of nobeles was bsd. And he that was curteyse  
 trewe and fyttefull to hys frende was þ tyme charysshed  
 And thus hit passed on frome Pandymas vntill after that  
 the moneth of may was com. When eny lufte harte begyn  
 nyth to blossom and to bryghte for lyke as trees & erbes  
 bryghte and floryssheth in may. In lyke wyse eny lufte  
 harte þ ys ony man of lover spryngyth bryghte and bryghte  
 and floryssheth in lufte dedis for hit spryngyth vnto all lovers.

corraige that lusty moneth of may in som thyng to constrayne  
 hym to som man of thyng more in that moneth than in  
 any of moneths for dyce canst for than all erbs & trees  
 tenevryth a man and woman And in hylk wyse lovers callyth  
 to þe mynde olde Jantynes and olde fynse and many kynde dō  
 that was for goten by necligence for hylk as wynt rasure  
 dothe all way a race and deface greene sumer So faryth hit  
 by unstable love in man and woman for in many psones  
 there ys no stabylite for he may se all day for a hylk blaste  
 of wyntres rasure Anone we shall deface and lay a pte twy  
 love for hylk or noyot that coste muche thyngt Elys ys no  
 wysedome No þe no stabylite but hit ys freblence of nature and  
 grete dysworshyp who som en blyth thys Elys fore hylk as  
 may moneth flodvryth and floryshyth in eny mānes gardyne  
 So in hylk wyse lat eny man of worshyp florysh bys herte  
 in thys worlde furste vnto god and nexte vnto the loy of pend  
 that he promysed bys feryth vnto for þe was nen worshyp  
 full man nor worshypfull man woman but they loved one  
 better than another and worshyp in armys may nen be for  
 led but furste refue the honours to god and secundely the  
 quarell myste com of the lady and such love I callle vertuous  
 love But now a dayes men can nat love by myt but per  
 myste have all þe desyres That love may nat endure by  
 reson for where they sette some accorded And hasty herte some  
 bechyt And vngyt so faryth the love now a dayes some hte  
 some colde thys ys no stabylite but the olde love was nat so for  
 men and women coude love to gydne by perps and no by  
 conves lustis was be dovyte then And than was love  
 trouth and farythefulnes And so in hylk wyse was used  
 such love in byngt **Arthurs** dayes where fore I hylken love



mede a dayes vnto sōmer and wynter for hyle as the toun ys colde  
and the othyr ys hote So faryth lōbe now a dayes And y for  
all ye that be lōvers calle vnto yowre remembrance y money  
of may hyle as ded quene **Gweny** for whom I make here a  
lytell menaion that whyle she lyed she was a true lōver  
and there for she had a good ende 2

**S**o hit be felle in the moneth of may quene **Gweny**  
called vnto her x. knyghts of the table rounde and  
she gaff them warnynge that early vpon y morn  
she wolde ryde on maynge in to wodes and feldis be fydes  
westmynstre And I warne yon that y be none of yon but  
ye be well horsed and that ye all be clothed all in grene othyr  
in sylke othyr in clothe And I shall brynge w me x. ladyes and  
eury knyght shall haue a lady be hym And eury knyght shall  
haue a symar and ii. yowen And I woll that all be well  
horsed // So they made hem redy in the freysshyste man and  
thes were the nampys of the knyghts. **Sir Kay le** Seneschall  
f **Aggredayne** f **Waimyrlis** f **Sagran** le desprons f **Dodruas**  
le sadayge f **Oramur** le cure hardy f **ladynas** of y foreyst sadynge  
f **Plamur** of Jude f **Ironside** that was called the knyght of the  
rede lamundes And f **Welleas** the lōbear and thes x knyghts made  
them redy in the freysshyste man to ryde wyth the quene And so  
vpon the morne or hit were day in a may mornynge they toke  
y horsys wyth the quene and rode on maynge in wodes and  
medowis as hit pleased hem in grete joy and delytes for the  
quene had caste to haue bene a gayne w knyght **Arthur** at the  
furthest by y. of the clok and so was that tyme her yowse  
than there was a knyght whych hit f **axellvaganur**  
and he was come vnto knyght **Wagdenagus** and y knyght  
had that tyme a castell of the wyfite of the knyght **Arthur** w  
in vii myle of westmynstre and thes knyght f **axellvaganur**

lobed passingly well quene **Ducyn** and so had he done longe  
and many yeres And the boke seyth he had lay in a wayte  
for to stele a way the quene but en more he for laue for by  
cank of **f launcelot** for in no wyse he wolde meddylt w<sup>t</sup> the  
quene and **f launcelot** were in her company of ellys and he  
were nere honde And that tyme was such a custom that **f**  
quene rode neu<sup>n</sup> wyth oute a grete schysshyp of men of arms  
a horte her and they were many good knyghts And pe moste  
p<sup>r</sup>ty were yonge men that wolde haue worship And per were  
called the quenes knyghts and neu<sup>n</sup> in no batayle turnement  
nor iustys they bare none of hem no man of knokelchynge  
of y<sup>e</sup> done arms but playne wyght sheldis and y<sup>e</sup> by they  
were called the quenes knyghts And whan hit hapned omy  
of them to be of grete worship by hys noble dedis Than at  
the nexte feste of pentecoste y<sup>e</sup>ff y<sup>e</sup> were omy slayne or dede  
as y<sup>e</sup> was none yere that y<sup>e</sup> fayled but y<sup>e</sup> were som dede Than  
was y<sup>e</sup> chosyn in hys stede that was dede the moste men of  
worship that were called the quenes knyghts And thus  
they cam by furste or they were rendorned men of worship  
both **f launcelot** and all the remelante of them // But the  
knyght **f ayellhagauute** had appoynted the quene well and her  
purpose And how **f launcelot** was nat wyth her And how she  
had no men of arms w<sup>t</sup> her but the y<sup>e</sup> noble knyghts  
all rayed in grene for maynynge Than he p<sup>r</sup>ouyde hym  
a xx men of arms and an archer for to destresse y<sup>e</sup>  
quene and her knyghts for he he thowght that tyme was  
beste selyd to take the quene So as as was onto on may  
ynge wyth all her knyghts wher were be dysshed wyth  
erbis mossis and floures in the freyscheste man // Byght so  
y<sup>e</sup> cam oute of a wood **f ayellhagauute** w<sup>t</sup> an vñ store men  
all harneyd as they sholde fyght in a batayle of a reste



and bade the quene and her knyghtis a byde for mawte & fedye  
 they shoulde a byde. Traytonre knyght seyd quene **Gwen**  
 what caste you to do woth you shame thy selff be thyne & hold  
 you arte a knyght some and a knyght of the table rounde  
 and you pns to be a bonte to dishonoure the noble knyght  
 made the knyght you shamyft all knyght hode and the  
 selffe and me And I lat the wyte you shalt nen shame me  
 for I had ledw but myne done throte in dwayne rather  
 than you shoulde dishonoure me / As for all thys langagys  
 seyd **Wellyagaunte** be as hit be may for wyte you well  
 madame I have loved you many a yere and nen ar now  
 wode I gete you at such a byde and y fore I well take you  
 as I sende you Than spake all the x. noble knyght at onys  
 and seyd **Wellyagaunte** wyte you well you ar a bonte to  
 sonpte thy worshep to dishonoure and also ye caste to sonpte  
 your psonessow be hit we be unarmid and ye have us  
 at a grete a damntayge for hit semyth by you that ye have  
 layde wacch. bypon us But rather than ye shoulde put the  
 quene to a shame and us all we had as lyff to departe  
 frome owre lyvys for and we othyr wayes ded we were  
 shamed for en Than seyd **Wellyagaunt** dresse you as  
 well as ye can and kepe the quene Than the x. knyghtis  
 of the rounde table drew y swordis and thes othyr lat ren  
 at thew North y spearys and the x. knyght manly a bode  
 thew and smote a way y spearys that no speare ded thew  
 no harme. Than they laysshed to gydwys wot swordis And  
 anone **Ray** **Sagranoure** **Aggrauayne** **Godynas** **la**  
**dynas** and **Grauna** were smytten to the erthe w grynly wom  
 dis Than **Brandiles** and **Psainte** **Trousyde** & **pel**  
**leas** sangst longe and they were sore wounded for thes x.  
 knyght or en they were leyde to the grounde flew some to men

of y holdys

of the boldyfte and the beste of them // So when the quene saw her  
 knyght thus dolefully wounded and nedys muste be slayne at the  
 laste Then for very pyte and sorow she cryed and seyde **Gy**  
**elly aganite** fle nat my noble knyght And I wolt go w<sup>th</sup> the  
 vpon this deuynante pat you save them and suffer hem  
 no more to be hurt w<sup>th</sup> this that they be lad w<sup>th</sup> me where  
 som en you ledyft me for I wolt rather sle me selff than I  
 wolt go w<sup>th</sup> the unless that this noble knyght may be in  
 my presence adadame seyde **Gyelly aganite** for so faste  
 they shall be lad w<sup>th</sup> you in to myne darne castell w<sup>th</sup> that  
 ye wolt be rented and ryde w<sup>th</sup> me // Then the quene prayde  
 the my knyght to lede y<sup>e</sup> fyrstynge and she and they wolde  
 nat depte // adadame seyde **Gyelly aganite** we wolt do as ye do  
 for as for me I take no force of my lyff nor det<sup>r</sup> for as y<sup>e</sup>  
 freynshe booke seyth **Gyelly aganite** staff such buffetis y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> none  
 armones myght holde hym Then by the quenes coman-  
 demente they losse batayle and dressed the wounded knyght  
 on horse bak som fyttyng and som on dwarte y<sup>e</sup> horse that  
 hit was pite to be holde And then **Gyelly aganite** charged  
 the quene and all her knyght that none of her felshyp  
 shulde depte frome her for full sore he deyd **Gyelly aganite**  
**du lake** laste he shulde haue omg bndoleacyngte And all y<sup>e</sup>  
 assayed the quene and prydealy she called vnto her a chylde  
 of her chambur whych was styffely horsed of a gyete a  
 vauytayge Now go you seyde she when you seyst y<sup>e</sup> tyme  
 and leaue this ymte vnto **Gyelly aganite du lake** and pray  
 hym as he lodythe me that he do se me and restow me  
 if en he wolt haue joy of me and spare nat thy horse seyde  
 the quene noy for water noy for londe // So this chylde aspy-  
 ed hys tyme and lychtly he toke hys horse w<sup>th</sup> spurre and



deyd as faste as he myght And than **f. wellpagante** said hym  
 so the he vnderstood that hit was by the queneys comendement  
 for to warne **f. launcelot** Than they that were beste horsed cha-  
 ced hym and shotte at hym But frome hem all the chylde  
 wente delynly And than **f. wellpagante** sayde vnto **f. quene**  
 madame ye ar a honte to be tray me but I shall ordayne for  
**f. launcelot** that he shall nat com bygth at yon And than he  
 rode wyth her and all the felshyp in all the haste that they  
 myght And so by the way **f. wellpagante** lorde m. bysbe-  
 ment of the beste archars that he had of a xxx<sup>e</sup> to a wyte  
 vpon **f. launcelot** chargynge them that yf they sawe such  
 a man a bygth com by the way vpon a whyght horse y  
 in my wyse ye shal lye horse But in no man shal ye ad-  
 wyth hym bodyly for he ys on harde to be on com // So  
 thys was done and they were com to lye castell but in no  
 wyse the quene wolde neu lette none of the x. bygth and  
 her ladyes oute of her bygth but all wayes they were in her  
 presence for the booke sayth **f. wellpagante** durste make  
 no mastres for drede of **f. launcelot** In so muche he demed  
 that he had warnynge So when the chylde was deyd fro  
 the felshyp of **f. wellpagante** wyth In a while than com  
 to Westmynster and anon he founde **f. launcelot** And  
 when he had tolde lye messayge and chynde hym **f. quene**  
 vnto // alas seyde **f. launcelot** now am I shamed for en onles  
 that I may restow that noble lady frome dishonour Than egr-  
 ly he asked lye armye And en the thylde tolde **f. launcelot**  
 how the x. bygth fanght mercuriously and how **f. wellas**  
**f. tronside** **f. vramudyles** and **f. versamite of hude** fanght  
 strongly but namely **f. wellas** there myght none harneys  
 holde hym and how they all fanght tyll they were lorde to the

And hoo the quene made a poyntement for to save y<sup>e</sup> hooys  
and to go wyth **f. aellyagante** alas seyde **f. launcelot** that moste  
noble lady that she shulde be so destroyed I had ten seyde **f. launcelot**  
than all ffrance that I had bene there well armed // So when  
**f. launcelot** was armed and vpon hys horse he preyde the  
chylde of the quynys chamber to darre **f. launcelot** hoo fnd  
deynly he was deyled and for what cause and pray hym as  
he lobyth me that he wolt hye hym after me And y<sup>e</sup> he ffryste  
nat vntyll he com to the castell where **f. aellyagante** abydyth  
for there seyde **f. launcelot** he shall hye of me and I be amand by  
vynge // Then **f. launcelot** rode as faste as he myght and y<sup>e</sup> booke  
fyrth. he toke the water at doestmy nster byrde and made  
hys horse stoppe on the tenys vnto lambyth. And so w<sup>t</sup>  
In a whyle he cam to the same place there as the y<sup>e</sup> noble  
knyght fonght w<sup>t</sup> **f. aellyagante** And than **f. launcelot**  
folowed the treat vntyll that he cam to a wode and y<sup>e</sup> was a  
fawte way And there the xxx<sup>e</sup> archers bade **f. launcelot**  
turne agayne and folow no longer that treat // What co-  
mandement haue ye seyde **f. launcelot** to cause me that and a  
knyght of the rounde table to lode my vygth way // These  
wayes shalt you lode othir ellis you shalte go hit on y<sup>e</sup> fote  
for wyte you well thy horse shall be slayne That ys hyll  
mayster seyde **f. launcelot** to ste myne horse but as for my  
self when my horse ys slayne I wyll vygth nony of you  
nat and ye were v. hundred mo So than they shotte **f. lan-**  
**celottes** horse and smote hym w<sup>t</sup> many arrowes And than  
**f. launcelot** doorded hys horse and wente on fote but y<sup>e</sup> were  
so many dycheys and hedgys he doryte hem and hym y<sup>e</sup>  
he myght nat meddyl w<sup>t</sup> none of hem // Alas for hame  
seyde **f. launcelot** that on one knyght shulde be twy anothir



knyght But hit ys an olde seide salde A good man ys nen in dard  
 here but when he ys in the danyere of a cowhard Then f  
**launcelot** walked on a whyte and was fore a combrd of hys  
 armonce hys shylde and hys speare Wyte you well he was  
 full fore a noyed and full lotte he was for to lede om thynge  
 that lounge dnto hym for he dead fore the treson of f **arrellya**  
**ganne** / Then by fortune there cam a charpote that cam the  
 to seche wood say me farter seide f **launcelot** What shall I say  
 the to suffer me to lepe in to thy charpote and f you wolde  
 brynge me vnto a castell W m thys n myle you shall nat  
 entre in to thys charpot seide the carter for I am sente for to  
 seche wood vnto whom seide f **launcelot** vnto my lorde f  
**arrellyaganne** seide the carter And w<sup>t</sup> hym wolde I speke  
 seide f **launcelot** / you shall nat go w<sup>t</sup> me seide the carter  
 when f **launcelot** lepe to hym and gaff hym backwarde w<sup>t</sup>  
 hys samtelot were mayne that he selle to the erthe sturk  
 dede Then the tothir carter hys felow was a seide f wente  
 to hane gone the same day And then he fynde fyre lorde  
 samff om hys and I shall brynge you where ye woll Then  
 I charge the seide f **launcelot** put you drye me and y<sup>e</sup> charpote  
 vnto f **arrellyaganne** yate / Then lepe y<sup>e</sup> up in to y<sup>e</sup> charp  
 otte seide the carter and ye shall be there anon So f cart  
 dode on a grete walop And f **launcelot** hors folowed y<sup>e</sup>  
 charpot w<sup>t</sup> mo pan y<sup>e</sup> ardoys in hym And more pan  
 an dre and an half quene **Elwenn** was a waytynge  
 an a day vnyndle Then one of hir ladyes aspyed an ar  
 med knyght stondynge in a charpote / Ase madam seide  
 the lady where rydys in a charpot a goodly armed knyght  
 And we suppose he rydeth vnto hanzynge / Where seide  
 the quene Then she aspyed by hys shylde that h<sup>t</sup> was En

**Lancelot** And than was she ware where cam hye horse aft-  
 the charyotte and en he took hye guntis and hye pammche  
 vnder hye fete // Alas seyde the quene now I may prede  
 se that well ys that creature that hath a trusty frende A  
 seyde quene **Gwenyn** I se well that ye were harde be stad when  
 ye ryde in a charyotte And than she rebuked that lady & hylened  
**Lancelot** to ryde in a charyotte to hanzynge for sothe hit  
 was folwe modyfied seyde the quene and doyllt hylened so for  
 to hylen the moste noble knyght of the worlde vnto such a  
 shamefull dethe A kyng deffende hym and kepe hym seyde  
 quene frowne all mysteuous ande So by this was **Lancelot**  
 comyn to the state of that castell and there he descended down  
 and cowed that all the castell myght vngage Where arte you  
 y false traitour **Aellyagamte** and knyght of y table rounde  
 Com forth you trayto knyght you and all thy felshyp w the  
 for here I am **Lancelot du lake** that shall fyght w you all  
 there w all he bare the state wyde oppyn vpon the porter and  
 smote hym vnder the eye wth hye gamelot that hye nelle  
 drafte in y peas // When **Aellyagamte** harde y **Lancelot**  
 was comyn he rane vnto the quene and selle vpon hye kne and  
 seyde my madame for now I putte me hole in you good wyte  
 what ayles you now seyde quene **Gwenyn** yde I myght well  
 wote that some good knyght wolde rebenge me poure my loude  
 knyght **Arthur** know nat of this y worke // A madame seyde  
**Aellyagamte** all this that ys a mysse on my pte shall be  
 a mended vyght as youre selft wolt doye and holy I put  
 me in my poure grace // What wolde ye that I ded seyde the  
 quene // madame I wolde no more seyde **Aellyagamte**  
 But that ye wolde take all in youre done hondys and y  
 ye wolt rule my loude **Lancelot** and such esere as may be



made hym in thys powne castell ye and he shall hane vntyll to morn  
and than may ye and all they retorne apon vnto westmynstre  
and my body and all that I hane I shall put in yowre vnto ye  
for well seide the quene and lettur ys pees than en moȝ war  
And the lesse noyse the more ys my worschyp Than the quene  
and hys ladyes wente dore vnto **f Lancelot** that stood and  
wrote the oute of mesure to a byde batayle And en the seide y tunte  
**Emysse** com forth the quene cam vnto hym and seide  
**f Lancelot** Why be ye so amobed A madame seide **f Lancelot**  
Why aske ye me that questyon for me semyth ye ought to be  
more wrotteſer than I and for ye hane the herte and f dyschone  
for wyte yon well madame my herte ys but lytll in regard  
for the slepyng of a mayys soune but the despyte gedyth me  
much more than all my herte Truly seide the quene ye say  
trouthe but hartely I thanke yon seide the quene but ye muste  
com In w<sup>t</sup> me pefſible for all thyng ye put in myne honde  
and all that ys a myſſe shall be amended for the Emysse full  
fore repentys hym of thys mysadventure y ys be fallyn hym  
madame seide **f Lancelot** syth hit ys so that ye be accorded w<sup>t</sup>  
hym as for me I may nat a gayne say hit hold be hit **f Avel**  
**lyagamite** hath done full shamefully to me and cowardly  
madame seide **f Lancelot** and I had wyſte that ye wolde hane  
bene so lightly accorded w<sup>t</sup> hym I wolde nat a made such haste  
vnto yon Why say ye so seide the quene do ye for thyngk yon  
self of yowre good dedis Wyte yon well seide the quene I accor  
ded nat w<sup>t</sup> hym for no favoure nor lode that I had vnto hym  
but of eny shamefull noyse of wyſedom to lay a donne / A  
dame seide **f Lancelot** ye vnderſtonde full well I was ned  
wyllynge nor w<sup>t</sup>ad of shamefull ſclandur nor noyse And  
there ys noy Emysse quene ne Emysse that beryth y lyffe

excepte my lordes kynge **Arthur** and yon madame þe shulde  
lette me but I shulde make þe **exell yagante** harte full colde  
or euþe deþted þe me þeuse **that** wote I well seide the quene  
but what wolt ye more ye shall haue all thyng ruled as ye  
lyste to haue hit / **madame** seide þe **launcelot** so ye be pleased  
as for my pte ye shall þe please me **Þyght** so the quene toke  
þe **launcelot** by the bare hende for he had þet of hys gamtelot  
and so she wente wyth hym till her chambur and þan she com-  
manded hym to be enarmed And than þe **launcelot** asked the  
quene where were þe þe **Þyght** that were wounded wþ her  
Than she shewed them vnto hym and there they made grete  
joy of the comyng of þe **launcelot** and he made grete sorow of  
þe **Þyght** And there þe **launcelot** tolde them how aduandly and  
wytowly he sette archers to ste hys horse and how he was  
fayne to þet hym self in a charyotte and thus they displayed  
enþe to op and full fayne they wolde haue þe redemmed  
but they kepte the pees by cause of the quene // Than as the  
frensch booke saythe þe **launcelot** was called many dayes after le  
shyvalere de charyotte and so he ded many dedys and grete  
aduentures and so we lode of here of la shyvalere le charyote  
and turne we to this tale / So þe **launcelot** had grete chere wþ  
the quene And than he made a promyse wþ the quene that the  
same nyght he sholde com to aduynndw outeande towarde a  
gardyne and that wyndolde was barred wþ iron and þe **Sw  
launcelot** promysed to mete her wþan all folke were on slepe // So  
than cam þe **launcelot** dryvynge to the gatis seyrng where  
ye my lordes **launcelot** And anon he was sente fore And  
wþan þe **launcelot** saw þe **launcelot** he seide A my lordes I founde  
howe ye were harde be staddre for I haue founde ye hys stayne



that ye shalve w<sup>t</sup> arduous do for that seide **lance** I pray you  
 of **labayne** speke ye of othir maters and let this passe and ryght  
 hit a nothir tyme and we may // Than the knyght that were hit  
 were serched and softe salves were layde to þe woundis and so  
 hit passed on tyll some tyme and all the chere that myght be made  
 thend there was done vnto the quene and all her knyghts And  
 when season was they wente vnto þe chambur but in no wyse  
 the quene wolde nat suffer her wounded knyght to be fro her  
 but that they were layde in wyth drenght by her chambur  
 upon beddis and payllys that she myght her self se vnto thend  
 that they wanted no thyng // So when **arrell lance** was  
 in hys chambur wher was assigned vnto hym he called  
 vnto hym of **labayne** and tolde hym that myght he must speke  
 w<sup>t</sup> hys lady quene **Gweni** Sur seide of **labayne** let me go w<sup>t</sup>  
 you and hit please you for I drede me sore of treason of **arrell**  
**lance** Nay seide of **lancelot** I thanke you but I wolle have no  
 body wyth me Than of **lancelot** toke hys swerde in hys honde and  
 preadly wente to the place where he had spred a ladder to fore  
 hande and that he toke vnder hys arme and bare hit thowde  
 the gardyne and sette hit up to the wyndow And anone þe quene  
 was there vedy to mete hym And pan they made þe complaint  
 to othir of many dyce thyngs And than of **lancelot** wysshed  
 that he myght have comyn In to her Wyte you well seide the  
 quene I wolde as fayne as ye that ye myght com In to me Wolde  
 ye so madame seide of **lancelot** wyth your harte þe I were w<sup>t</sup>  
 you ye truly seide the quene // Than shall I proude my myght  
 seide of **lance** for your love and than he sette hys hondis vpon  
 the barres of iron and pulled at thein w<sup>t</sup> such a myght þe  
 braste hem cleue oute of the stone wallis And þe w<sup>t</sup> all one of þe  
 barres of iron knute the bradme of hys hondys thowde oute to  
 the bone and than he lepe in to the chambur to þe quene w<sup>t</sup>

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ye no myght seide the quene for my wounded knyght he here fast by me  
so to passe vpon thys tale **f launcelot** wente to bedde w<sup>th</sup> the quene  
and toke no force of hys herte honde but toke hys plesance and hys  
lybbyng vntyll hit was the dawninge of the day for wyte yon well  
he slept nat but dracthed and when he sawe hys tyme y<sup>e</sup> he myght  
tary no longer he toke hys lede and depte at the wyndowe and put  
hit to gyde as well as he myght a gayne and so depte vntyll  
hys dyne chambur and there he tolde **f labayne** how that he was  
herte E than **f labayne** dressed hys honde hit and put vpon hit  
a gydwe that hit shold nat be aspyed and so they lay longe a bed  
in the mornyng till hit was n. of the clok E than **f wellya**  
**gaunte** wente to the quenes chambur and founde her ladye there  
redy clothed A shew may seide **f wellya gaunte** what ayles yon ma  
dame that ye stepe thys longe and there w<sup>th</sup> all he opened y<sup>e</sup> curtyn  
for to be holde her And than was he ware where she lay and all  
the hede sheete pyldw and on shyte was all be blod of the blade  
of **f launcelot** and of hys herte honde When **f wellya gaunte**  
aspyed that blood than he demed in her y<sup>e</sup> she was fyllse to **f knyght**  
and y<sup>e</sup> som of the wounded knyght had bene by her all y<sup>e</sup> myght  
A ha madame seide **f wellya gaunte** now I have founde yon  
a falsse wayton was vnto my lord **Arthur** for now I perceiue well  
hit was nat for nought that ye layde the wounded knyght  
w<sup>th</sup> in the bondys of yonre chambur there fore I calle yon of treson  
afore my lord knyght **Arthur** and now I have proued yon ma  
dame wyth a shamefull dede and that they bene all falsse or som  
of thew I woll make hit good for a wounded knyght thes myght  
that layne by yon E that ye falsse seide the quene that I woll report  
me vnto thew But when the y<sup>e</sup> knyght harde of **f wellya gaunte**  
ys wordys And than they spake all at onys and seyd **f wellya**  
**gaunte** yon falschly be hys my lady the quene and that we woll  
make good vpon the any of vs now chose which yon lyst of us  
be gan we ar hole of the wounded yon gydyt vs y<sup>e</sup> shall nat



a way w<sup>t</sup> yowre proude langage for here ye may all se that a wound  
 ded knyght thys myght hath layne by the quene. Than they all lo  
 bed and were sore a shamed w<sup>ch</sup>an they saw that blode and wyte  
 yow well. **Wellyagaunce** was passing glad that he had y<sup>e</sup> quene  
 at such a vantage for he demed by that to gyde hys owne  
 trefon and so in thys rynn com in **launcelot** and founde  
 them at a grete affayr. What away ys thys seyd **launcelot**  
 Than **Wellyagaunce** tolde hem what he had founde and so  
 he shewed hym the quenes bed. Now truly seyd **launcelot**  
 ye ded nat yowre pte nor knyghtly to touche a quenes bed whyle  
 hit was dede and she lynnys y<sup>e</sup> m and I dare say seyd **launcelot**  
 my lorde kynge **Arthur** hym self wolde nat hane dis  
 played hys entaynes and she lynnys w<sup>ch</sup> m her bed onles y<sup>e</sup> hit  
 had pleased hym to hane layne hym done by her and y<sup>e</sup> fore  
**Wellyagaunce** ye hane done vnderfhyppfully y<sup>e</sup> shamesfully  
 to yowre self. En. I wote nat what yemeane seyd **Wellya**  
**gaunce** but well I am sure there hath one of hys knyghts  
 layne w<sup>ch</sup> her thys myght and that wote I proude w<sup>ch</sup> myne  
 hondys that she ys a traytonnes vnto my lorde kynge **Arthur**  
 Beware what ye do seyd **launcelot** for and ye say so and wylt  
 proude hit hit wylt be takyn at yowre handys my lorde **launcelot**  
 seyd **Wellyagaunce** I rede yow be ware what ye do for thowge  
 ye ar men so good a knyght as I wote well ye ar vnderdouned  
 the beste knyght of the wode yet shulde ye be adysed to do ba  
 tyle in a wronge quarrell for god wylt hane a stroke in ouy  
 batyle as for that seyd **launcelot** god ys toledid but  
 as to that I say nay playnly that y<sup>e</sup> myght there lay none  
 of thes y<sup>e</sup> knyghts wounded w<sup>ch</sup> my lady quene **Gwenyvere**  
 that wote I proude w<sup>ch</sup> myne hondys that ye say vntredely  
 in y<sup>e</sup>. Now what say ye seyd **launcelot** Than I say seyd  
**Wellyagaunce** here ys my wyde that she ys a traytonnes

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vnto my lord kynge **Arthur** and that they might one of the  
wounded knyghts lay vnto her / Well þ and I resceyue yowre  
gode seide þ **launcelot** and anone they were sealed w<sup>th</sup> synnys  
and delyned vnto the y knyght At what day shall we do li-  
tyle to yowre seide þ **launcelot** This day by dayes seide þ **well-**  
**agance** in the fild he seide westmynst<sup>r</sup> I am a greed seide þ  
**launcelot** / But now seide þ **wellagance** sytthyn hit ys so þ  
we myste nedys fyggt to yowre I pray yow as ye lettse a noble  
knyght a wyte me w<sup>th</sup> no treson nor no bylany the meane  
w<sup>th</sup>le nor none for yow / So god me helpe seide þ **launcelot** ye  
shall vyzgt well wyte that I was nen of no synch condicions  
for I reporte me to all knyghts that en haue knodryn me I fared  
nen w<sup>th</sup> no treson nor I loded nen the felshyp of hym þ fared  
w<sup>th</sup> treson Then lat he go vnto dyn seide þ **wellagance** þ  
after dyn the quene and ye may ryde all vnto westmynst<sup>r</sup>  
I will well seide þ **launcelot** Then þ **wellagance** seide vnto  
þ **launcelot** þ pleaseth yow to se þ synys of thys castell W a god  
wyll seide þ **launcelot** and than they wente to dyn frome chambr  
to chambr for þ **launcelot** drad no pellis for en a man of w<sup>th</sup>-  
shyp and of proues dredis but bytill of pels for they wene that  
enly man be as they bene But en he that faryth w<sup>th</sup> treson put-  
tyth oftyn a trew man in grete damnyere And so hit be felle  
vpon þ **launcelot** that no pell dued as he wente w<sup>th</sup> þ **well-**  
**agance** he trede on a trappe and the burde rolled and per þ  
**launcelot** felle dwne more than y fadon in to a cade full off  
steele And than þ **wellagance** deyped and made no fare  
no more than he that wyte nat where he was And w<sup>th</sup>an  
þ **launcelot** was pns myssed they medayled where he was  
be comyn and than the quene and many of them demed  
that he was deyped as he was wente to do suddaynly For þ  
**wellagance** made suddaynly to put on seide þ **labaynes** horse



He f launcelot  
 felle into a dype  
 pyte by re  
 treson off  
 p arell  
 a gane  
 ren  
 fit  
 on

that they myght all vnderstonde that f **launcelot** were deposed  
 Sundayly so that hit passed on tyll after dyn And than f **labayne**  
 wolde nat stynde vntyll that he had horse lytters for the wounded  
 knyght that they myght be caried in them and so w<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup> quene  
 bothe ladyes and ladyeswomen and so they wde vnto westmynster  
 and there the knyght tolde how f **arell agayne** had appyled  
 the quene of hys treson And how f **launcelot** restyled p<sup>r</sup> ydole  
 of hym and thys day vñ dayes they shall do batayle be for yow  
 be my hede seyde knyght **Arthur** I am a ferde f **arell agayne**  
 hath charged hym self w<sup>t</sup> a grete charge But where is f  
**launcelot** seyde the knyght Sir we wote nat where he ys but  
 we deme he ys ryddyn to som aduenture as he ys sofftynd  
 tymes wente to do for he had f **labaynes** horse lette hym be  
 seyde the knyght for he wolt be founden but if he be be trappid  
 wyth som treson / Thus lede we f **launcelot** hyng w<sup>t</sup> m<sup>r</sup>  
 adde m<sup>r</sup> grete payne and eny day p<sup>r</sup> cam alady and brought  
 hys mete and hys drynke and wolded hym eny day to hane  
 hane layne by her And en f **launcelot** seyde her nay And  
 seyde she f ye ar nat wyse for ye may nen orte of p<sup>r</sup> preson  
 but if ye hane my helpe And also yowre lady quene **Gwenivere**  
 shall be brente in yowre defaute onles that ye be there at the  
 day of batayle / God dessende seyde f **launcelot** that she shuld  
 be brente in my defaute and if hit be so seyde f **launcelot** p<sup>r</sup>  
 I may nat be there hit shall be well vnderstonde bothe at the  
 knyght and the quene and w<sup>t</sup> all men of worlshyp that I am  
 dede lyke othir in preson for all men that know me wolt  
 say for me that I am in som dytt case and I be nat p<sup>r</sup> day  
 there And thus well I vnderstonde p<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> som good knyght  
 othir of my blod or som of that loby me that wolt take my  
 quarrell in honde And there fore seyde f **launcelot** wryte yow  
 well ye shall nat feare me and if p<sup>r</sup> were no mo women in

all thys longe but ye yet shall nat I haue a do w<sup>th</sup> you. Then  
are ye shamed seyde the lady and desuoyed for en as for worldis  
shame. Now I kn<sup>ow</sup> deffende me and as for my distresse hit ys  
Welcom what som en hit be that god sende me. So she cam to  
hym a gayne the same day that the batayle shulde be and seyde  
p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** be thynte you for ye ar to hard harted And p<sup>r</sup> fore  
and ye wolde but onys bysse me I shulde delyn you and ye ar  
monne and the beste horse that was w<sup>th</sup> In p<sup>r</sup> **ayellyagamuce** sta-  
ble do for to bysse you seyde p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** I may do that and lese no  
worshyp and wyte you well and I vnderstand p<sup>r</sup> were my dis-  
worshyp for to bysse you I wold nat do hit And than he byssed  
hym and anone she gate hym op vntyll hys armo<sup>r</sup> And when  
he was armed she brought hym tyll a stable where stode  
yn good conserers and bade hym to chose of the beste. Then p<sup>r</sup>  
**launcelot** looked vpon a whyttest conserer and that lyked hym  
beste and anone he comanded hym to be steeled w<sup>th</sup> the beste  
sadyll of war<sup>r</sup> and so hit was done. Then he gate hys adone  
speare in hys honde and hys sterde by hys syde And than he  
comanded the lady vnto god and syde lady for thys dayes  
dede I shall do you pryncse if en hit be in my power. Now  
telle we here p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** all that en he myght wylow p<sup>r</sup> speke  
we of quene **Gwenyn** that was brought tyll a fyve to be buente  
for p<sup>r</sup> **ayellyagamuce** was fyve hym thonght that p<sup>r</sup> **launcelotte**  
sholde nat be at that batayle And there fore he en ayed vpon  
p<sup>r</sup> **Arthur** to do hym iustyse othw<sup>er</sup> ellys byrynge forth p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
Then was the byrynge and all the corte full fore a dayssed  
and shamed that the quene shulde haue be buente in p<sup>r</sup> defaute  
of p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** // Oyr loude byrynge **Arthur** seyde p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
**lawayne** ye may vnderstande that hit ys nat well w<sup>th</sup> my loude  
p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** for and he were on lyde so he be nat fyke of m<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>son



Wyte you well he wolde have bene here for neu harde ye þen he  
 sayled yet hys pte for wothom he sold do batayle fore And þ fore  
 seyde þ **launcelot labayne** my lord knyght **Arthur** I ke sette you þ  
 ye woll gyff me licence to do batayle here this day for my lord and  
 mayster and for to save my lady the quene Granting I amill þ  
**labayne** seyde knyght **Arthur** for I dare say all that þ **wellpygamyte**  
 putted upon my lady the quene ye wrongte for I have seyn do  
 all the ye wounded knyghts and there ys nat one of them and  
 he were hole and able to do batayle but he wolde proude bypon  
 þ **wellpygamyte** body and so shall I seyde þ **labayne** m þ defence  
 of my lord þ **launcelot** and ye woll gyff me lede // And I gyff  
 you lede seyde knyght **Arthur** and do yowre beste for I dare well  
 say þ ye som treson done to þ **launcelot** // Than was þ **labayne**  
 armed and horsed and delynly at the hystes ende to psume  
 hys batayle And ryght as the herodidis shuld cry leches  
 be alere byght so com þ **launcelot** dyspyng W all the myght  
 myght of hys horse And than knyght **Arthur** cryed who  
 and a byde And than was þ **launcelot** called to fore knyght  
**Arthur** and there he tolde openly to for the knyght all hys  
 that þ **wellpygamyte** had serued hym furste and laste And  
 when the knyght & quene and all the lordis knew off the  
 treson of þ **wellpygamyte** they were all a shamed on hys le  
 halffe Than was the quene sente fore and sette by the knyght  
 in the grete tynse of hir champion and than þ **launcelot** &  
 þ **wellpygamyte** dressed them to ryde wyth spears as ymnd  
 And there þ **launcelot** bare hym quyte on hys horse arope and  
 than þ **launcelot** alyst and dressed hys shylde on hys sholdr and  
 toke hys swerde in hys honde and so they dressed to ecche of  
 and smote many grete strokes to ryde And at the laste þ  
**launcelot** smote hym furste a buffet bypon the helmet þ he felle

on the one side to the erthe and than he aryd vpon hym lorde  
and seyde moste noble knyght **sir launcelot** save my lyff for I  
yelde me vnto you and I requyre you as ye be a knyght & felow  
of the table rounde se me nat for I yelde me as on comyn &  
whether I shall lyde or dey I pryt me in the knyght honde and  
youres / **Then** **sir launcelot** myght nat what to do for he had  
seid that all the good in the worlde that he myght be redynged  
vpon hym So **sir launcelot** loked vpon the quene wyth he myght  
appee by omyr sygne or comytence what she wolde haue done  
And anon the quene wattyed hir hede vpon **sir launcelot** as he  
seyth se hym. And full well bndw **sir launcelot** by her sygns  
that she wolde haue hym dede **Then** **sir launcelot** bade hym a vyse  
for shame and psonne this batayle w<sup>t</sup> me to the utterance  
Nay seyde **sir gallygataunce** I wolt neu<sup>r</sup> a vyse but yll that ye take  
me as yolden and recchaunte / Well I shall p<sup>r</sup>offir you a large  
p<sup>r</sup>offir seyde **sir launcelot** that ye for to say I shall b<sup>r</sup>arme my  
hede and my lyfte quarter of my body all that may be b<sup>r</sup>ar-  
med as for that quarter and I wolt lette bynde my lyfte honde  
be bynde me there hit shall nat helpe me And myght so I shall  
do batayle w<sup>t</sup> you / **Then** **sir gallygataunce** sterte vp and seyde  
on myght take hede my lorde **Arthur** of this p<sup>r</sup>offir for I wolt  
take hit and lette hym be disarmmed and bounden accordyng  
to his p<sup>r</sup>offir / What sey ye seyde knyght **Arthur** vnto **sir launcelot**  
Wolt ye abyde by your p<sup>r</sup>offir // ye my lorde seyde **sir launcelot**  
for I wolt neu<sup>r</sup> go so that I haue omyr sayde **Then** **sir gallygataunce**  
pters of the fylde disarmmed **sir launcelot** firste his hede and  
than his lyfte arme and his lyfte hede and they bounde his  
lyfte arme to his lyfte hede fast be bynde hym his luf w<sup>t</sup>  
oute shyld or omyr thyng and anon they yode to stydw //



Wyte you well there was many a lady and many a knyght mer-  
 wyked of **f launcelot** wolde soupte hym selff in such wyse **tham**  
**f well** agaynste com wyth swerde all on hertst And **f launcelot**  
 shewed hym openly hys bare hede and the bare hystte hede and  
 when he wente to hane smythen hym. Upon the bare hede //  
**tham** hertstly he dewyed the hystte legge and the hystte hede  
 and put hys honde and hys swerde to that stroke and so put  
 hit on hede wyth grete styrge. And **tham** w<sup>th</sup> grete force **f launcelot**  
 smote hym on the helmet such a buffett that the stroke caried  
 the hed in ij ptes **tham** there was no more to do but he was  
 dede doun onte of the hylde and at the grete instance of the  
 knyght of the table vounde the knyght suffred hym to be  
 entered and the mencion made vpon hym who shewde  
 hym and for what cause he was slayne And **tham** the  
 knyght and the quene made more of **f launcelot** and more  
 was he cherysshed **tham** en he was a fore hande **tham** as  
 the freynsche boke maketh mencion there was a good knyght  
 in the londe of frynge whos name was **f vire** and he  
 was an aduenturys knyght and in all places where he  
 myght here any aduentures dedis and of worship shuld  
 he be // So hit happened in spayne there was an erle and  
 hys fynes name was called **f alpheus** and at a grete  
 turnemente in spayne thys **f vire** knyght of frayne hym-  
 gre And **f alpheus** of spayne encomitred to gydwis for  
 verry endy and so arthyr vndertole of to the viterance  
 And by fortune thys **f vire** shew **f alpheus** the erlys son  
 of spayne but thys knyght that was slayne had redyn  
**f vire** or en he were slayne by grete woundis in on

the hede

the hede and in on hys body an one upon hys lyfte honde  
And thys **P** **Alphonsus** had a moder was a grete sorceress  
And she for the desyre of hir fynes detaynynghyt by her  
fittyle craftis that **P** **Very** shoulde neu be hole but en his  
woundis shoulde one tyme fester and anoy tyme blede so that  
he shoulde neu be hole vntyll the beste knyght of the world  
had serched hys woundis And thus she made her aduante  
where thowde hit was knyght that this **P** **Very** shoulde neu  
be hole Than hys moder lete make an horse better & put  
 hym **P** **Very** w<sup>th</sup> **P** **Very** passynges carryng hym And than she toke  
 wyth hym hys syster a full fayre damysell whos name  
was **Mylcololy** And a paryge wyth hym to kepe **P** **Very** and  
so they lad **P** **Very** thowde many contreyes for as **P** **Very** fienly  
booke saythe she lad hym so by yere thowde all londis cryste  
ned and neu coude fynde no knyght that myght ease her  
pynne So she cam vnto Scotlande and in to the lond of **Ing**  
londe And by fortune she cam vnto the feste of pentecoste  
vntyll kynge **Arthur** comte that at that tyme was hol  
dyn at farlehyll And whan she cam there she made  
hit to be opynly knyght hold that she was com in to that  
londe for to hele her pynne // Than kynge **Arthur** lete  
 calle that lady and aske her the cause why she brought  
 that knyght vnto that londe wy moste noble kynge  
 seide that lady wyte you well I brought hym hyddir to be  
 heled of hys woundis that of all thys by yere myght  
 neu be hole and thus she tolde the kynge and where  
 he was wounded and w<sup>th</sup> whon And how hys moder  
 dystonde hit in her pryde how she had wrought by  
 enchanmentente that he shoulde neu be hole vntyll **P**



the beste knyght of the worlde had serched his woundis and so I  
 haue passed all the londis crystynde thowde to haue hym healed  
 excepte this londe and yiff I myle here in this londe I wold neu-  
 take more payne vpon me and that ye grette pite for he was  
 a good knyght and of grette nobles. What ye his name seyde  
 kynge **Arthur** a good and gracious lorde she seyde his name  
 ys **Perre** of the mounte In good tyme seyde the kynge And  
 whether ye ar com in to this londe ye ar ryght well com And  
 wyte you wel here shall youe son be healed and eny  
 crystyn man heale hym and for to yiff all othir men off  
 worship a curayge I my self wold asay to handyll so some  
 and so shall all the kynge dukes and erles that ben here  
 presente at this tyme nat presumyng vpon me that I am  
 so worthy to heale youe son be my dedis but I wold curayge  
 othir men of worship to do as I wold do And than y kynge  
 comanded all the kynge dukes and erles and all noble  
 knyght of the rounde table that were there that tyme presente  
 to com in to the meddw of fawlesheft and so at that tyme there  
 were but an & an y of the rounde table for y knyght were  
 that tyme away and so here we muste be gyne at kynge  
**Arthur** as was bounde to be gyne at hym that was that  
 tyme the moste man of worship crystynde Than kynge **Ar-**  
**thur** looked vpon **Perre** and he thought he was a full helth  
 man when he was hole And than the kynge made to take  
 hym doun of the lyttar and layde hym vpon the erth And a  
 none there was layde a fustheon of golde that he shulde  
 bucle vpon And than kynge **Arthur** sayde fayre knyght  
 me redythy of this grette and for to curayge all oþ knyght  
 I wold pray the sofftely to suffer me to handyll thy woundis

my moste noble myshand kynge do ye as ye best seide **I** **vre**  
 for I am at the my of god and at your commandement.  
 So than kynge **Arth** softly handeled hym And than som of  
 hys woundis rendered vpon bledynge Than kynge **Clary**  
**ance** of northmumburlonde serched and hit wolde nat be And  
 than **Bartranne** le apres that was called the kynge w<sup>t</sup>  
 the hundred myght he assayed and fayled So ded kynge **Dry**  
**ence** of the londe of gove So ded kynge **Angwysch** of Irelande  
 And so ded kynge **Nedwys** of Barloth So ded kynge **Carydo**  
 of Scotlonde So ded the duke **Salahalt** the hante pryncce  
 So ded **Constantyne** that was kynge **Cadore** son of fornils  
 ayle So ded duke **Chalamice** of Claramice // So ded the erle of  
**Wibawys** So ded the erle **lambayle** So ded the erle **Drystanse**  
 Than cam In **Galwayne** wyth hys iii. synge **Synghalyn** **f**  
**fflorence** and **Idell** thes ii were le gotyn vpon **Isranude**  
**les** syter and all thei fayled Than cam In **Aggrabayne** **f**  
**Gaherys** and **Woredred** and the good myght **Saveth** **f** was  
 of berry myghted North all the brethren So cam In **myght**  
 of **lancelottis** byn But **lancelot** was nat tyme in the  
 court for he was that tyme vpon hys adventures Than  
**lyonett** **f** **ctor de mayes** **f** **Wors de ganyes** **f** **Islamoun de**  
**ganyes** **f** **Wleoberys de ganyes** **f** **Sahalantyne** **f** **Salphodyn** **f**  
**ayenaduke** **f** **Wyllars** **f** **Walpamte** **f** **hebes le vendone** all thes  
 were of **lancelottis** kynne and all thei fayled Than cam  
 In **Sagrains** le desyr **f** **Sodynas** le sabceage **f** **Dynadan** **f**  
**Isredone** le noyre that **Bay** named la cote male taye and **f**  
**Bay** le senestral **f** **Bay** destraynges **f** **axellhot de logris** **f** **pe**  
**tipace** of Wynchylse **f** **Galleron** of **Salunay** **f** **ayelhon** of the  
**moimtayne** **f** **Cardole** **f** **Wwayne** les abontres **f** **Ozanna**



le ancherdy **Esau** can In **f Astanour** and **f Grimmer** & **Grimmer**  
**f Grosseleme** **f Seuerance le breuse** that was called a passynge  
 stronge knyght for as the booke sayth the chyff lady of the lady off  
 the lake fested **f launcelot** and **f Seuerance le breuse** And whan  
 she had fested them both at sundry tymes she prayde hem to gyff  
 her a done And anone they graunted her And than she prayde  
**f Seuerance** that he wolde promyse her neu to do batayle a yenste  
**f launcelot** and in the same wyse she prayde **f launcelot** neu  
 to do batayle a yenste **f Seuerance** and so arthur promysed her for  
 the freynsche booke sayth that **f Seuerance** had neu courage nor  
 grete luste to do batayle a yenste no man but if hit be a yenste  
 gramtis and a yenste dragons and wyde bestes So seke  
 we this mater and speke we of tyme that at the knyghts helyste  
 where they were at the hyge feste as knyghts of the rounde  
 table for to seke **f Vyrr** and to this entente the knyght ded  
 hit to wyte which was the moste nobelyste knyght amonge  
 them all **Esau** can In **f Agglobale** **f Durzor** and **f Dor**  
 that was be gotyn vpon the Edwardis wyff but he was  
 be gotyn a fore dyes wedded her and knyght wellynor be gyfte  
 them all firste **f Dor** **f Agglobale** **f Durzor** **f launcelot** **f** moste  
 nobelyste knyght one of them that en was in knyght Arthur  
 dyes as for a wordly knyght And **f Pabale** that was prer  
 les excepte **f Salubad** in holly dedis but they dyes in f queste  
 of the Sangreall **Esau** can In **f Gryfflet le fyze de du** **f**  
**Incan** the butlere **f Bedyere** hys brother **f Bramdelles** **f Co**  
**stantyne** **f Cadors** son of Cornwallle that was knyght after  
 Arthur dyes and **f Clegis** **f Sados** **f Dynas** le senestralle de  
 Cornwallle **f fergus** **f Gryanite** **f lambegis** **f Clarrus** off  
 cleremondre **f Clodrus** **f heymere** **f Edwards** of Carnarband

**p**erpetrator which was cryfynde by the meane of **p** **erystun** the  
 noble knyght And thes in were brethrin **p** **delayne** in **launce**  
 that was son vnto **p** **bers** for he be gatte hym vpon **kyng**  
**erandy gorys** donyt and **p** **byran de lyftenoyse** **p** **garter** **p** **by**  
**nolde** **p** **gyllymere** were in brethrin whiche **p** **launcelot** wan vpon  
 a byrdge in **p** **hayes** armes **p** **guyarte le ventre** **p** **bellyn**  
**gere le berse** that was son to the good knyght **p** **alysaundur** le  
 orphelyn that was slayne by the treson of **kyng** **marke** / Also  
 that traytoure **kyng** **flaw** the noble knyght **p** **erystun** as he  
 satte harpyng a fore his lady launce **flaw** **W** **a** **treuchante**  
**flawde** for whos dethe was the moste wayhynge of any knyght  
 that eu was in **kyng** **arthur** dayes for there was neu none  
 so be wayled as was **p** **erystun** and **p** **lamorak** for they were in  
 treson slayne **er** **erystun** by **kyng** **marke** and **p** **lamorak**  
 by **p** **gawayne** and his brethrin And thes **p** **bellyn** redenged  
 the dethe of his fadir **p** **alysaundur** and **p** **erystun** for he slewe  
**kyng** **marke** and launce **flaw** dyed **flaw** vpon the crosse  
 of **p** **erystun** wherof was grette pite And all that were in  
**kyng** **marke** whiche were of assente of the dethe of **p** **erystun**  
 were slayne as **p** **andred** and many othir. **er** **can** **p** **hebes**  
**p** **organoure** **p** **seutrayle** **p** **supynabiles** **p** **delramme** le gylt  
 that the good knyght **p** **lamorak** wan in playne batayle **er**  
**icrobens** and **p** **olenoryus** in good knyght that **p** **launcelot**  
 wanne **er** **darras** **p** **harry** le hys lake **p** **ermynde** brot to **kyng**  
**hermann** for whom **p** **dalomydes** fanght at the rede ate in  
 in brethrin And **p** **selyses** of the dolerous tolore **p** **edward**  
 of **orkney** **p** **lousyde** that was called the noble knyght of the  
 rede lamdis that **p** **pareth** wan for the love of **lame** **hones**  
**p** **arrok** **p** **degrebant** **p** **degrate** samme bylong that fanght  
 with the gyannte of the blak lode // **er** **grynogrys** that was  
 the kyngs son of northambur lode **p** **wellas** that loved **p** lady



**Ectorde** and he had dyed for her sake had nat bene one of ye ladies  
 of the lake whos name was dame **Myrue** and she wedde **fel**  
**leas** and she saved hym and after that he was nen slayne by her  
 dyes and he was a full noble knyght And **f launcell** of gar  
 dyff that was a grete lordur **f Playne de fore** **f aselans de**  
**hyle** **f Boarte le aure hardy** that was knyght **Arthur** son **f as**  
**dois de la porte** **f Coll trebawne** **f Redvise de la foreste** **f adwayte**  
**f asarro** the good knyght that was be trayed w<sup>th</sup> his wyff for  
 he made hym by yere a wardwolf **f persant** **f ptolepe** his  
 brother that was called the grene knyght And **f Vermones**  
 brother unto them bothe whych was called the rede knyght **f f**  
**Gareth** wanne whan he was called **Edmaynes** All thes  
 f knyghts and y. serched **f vryes** woundis by the commande  
 ments of knyght **Arthur** as ever I ha seide knyght **Arthur** wher  
 ys **f launcelot** in lake that he ys nat here at this tyme And  
 thus as they seid and spake of many thyngis there one assayed  
**f launcelot** that com rydynge towarde them and anone they  
 tolde the knyght **Per** seide the knyght lat no man say no yng  
 untill he be com to us So whan **f launcelot** had assayed  
 knyght **Arthur** he descended adowne frome his horse and cam  
 to the knyght and saluted hym and them all And anone as  
 the damysell **f vryes** hystur said **f launc** she comed to her  
 hystur brother there as he lay in his byttur and seide brother  
 here ys com a knyght that my harte gyveth gretly unto  
 fayne hystur seide **f vrye** so doth my harte hyste gretly a penyte  
 hym and my harte gyveth me more unto hym than to all  
 thes that hath serched me Than seide knyght **Arthur** unto  
**f launcelot** f ye myste do as we have done and tolde hym  
 what they had done and shewed hym them all that had  
 serched hym I ha defende me seide **f launcelot** whyle so  
 many noble knyghtis and knyght have fayled that I shulde

presume vpon me to enchepe that all ye my lordis myght nat  
enchepe // ye shall nat chose seide kynge **Arthur** for I commaunde  
yon to do as we all haue done our moste renowned lord seide  
s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** I knowe well I dare nat nor may nat disoley yon  
But and I myght or durste wryte yon well I wolde nat take  
vpon me to tolde that wounded knyght in that entent that  
I shulde passe all othyr knyghts I shuld deffende me frome that  
shame // En ye take hit wronge seide kynge **Arthur** for ye  
shall nat do hit for no presumption but for to leaue vs felz  
shyp in so muche as ye be a felow of the wounde table And wryte  
yon well seide kynge **Arthur** and ye praye nat and heale  
hym I dare sey there ys no knyght in thys londe that may hele  
hym and there fore I pray yon do as we haue done And pay  
all the knyghts and knyghts for the moste p<sup>r</sup>ty prayed s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
to seche hym And than the wounded knyght s<sup>r</sup> **Urre** set hym  
vpon waykely and seide vnto s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** Now curteyse knyght  
I requyre the for goddis sake heale my woundis for me thyng  
en settyn ye can here my woundis greedyth me nat so muche  
as they ded And my fayre lord seide s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** I shuld wolde s<sup>r</sup>  
I myght helpe yon for I shame sore w<sup>th</sup> my self that I shuld  
be thys requyre for ned was I able in worthynes to do so  
hyge a thyng / Than s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** kneled doun by the wounded  
knyght sayng my lord **Arthur** I muste do yowre commaunde  
mente whych ys sore a penyte my harte And than he hylde  
vpon hys hondys and looked vnto the q<sup>ue</sup>te sayng secretly  
vnto hym selff Now blessed fader and son and holy goste I  
be soche the of thyng that my humble worshyp & honeste  
be fader And yon blessed tyme yon mayste yeff me power  
to hele thys fyre knyght by the quete vertu and gr<sup>ace</sup> of the  
but good lord ned of my selff And than s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** prayd s<sup>r</sup> **Urre**  
to let hym se hys hede and than devoutly knelyng he rauished



the m<sup>r</sup> woundis that they bled ahytill and forth. w<sup>t</sup> all the woundis  
 fayre heled and semed as they had bene hole a vii. yere And in  
 lyke wyse he serched hys body of op<sup>r</sup> m<sup>r</sup> woundis and they heled  
 in lyke wyse And than the laste of all he serched hys honde &  
 anone hit fayre heled Than kynge **Arthur** and all the kynge  
 and knyghts buclad dolone and made than kynge and lordynge  
 unto god and vnto hys blyssed modur And en **lancelote**  
 wepte as he had bene a chyld that had bene deatyn Than kynge  
**Arthur** lat vnysh. prynces and clark by in the moste deuouteste  
 wyse to bynne In **l** **ur** m<sup>r</sup> to carlyle w<sup>t</sup> synners & lordynge  
 to god And when thys was done the kynge lat clothe hym  
 in ryche man And than was **l** but fader better made knyght  
 in all the comte for he was passynghly well made & bygh  
 Than kynge **Arthur** asked **l** **ur** how he felte hym self  
 And good and gracious lorde I felte my selfe neu<sup>r</sup> so lusty  
 Than wolt ye iuste and do my armyes seyd kynge **Arthur**  
 Or and I had all that longed vnto iustis I wold be fure redy  
 Than kynge **Arthur** made ap<sup>r</sup> a **l** knyght to be a penite  
 an **l** And so bypon the morn they iusted for aduantage  
 but **l** iusted none of the dangerous knyghts And so for  
 to shortyn thys tale **l** **ur** and **l** **ladyne** iusted beste **l** day  
 for **l** was none of them but he on thurs and pulled dolon  
 a xxx<sup>r</sup> knyght And than by assente of all the kynge & lordis  
**l** **ur** and **l** **ladyne** were made knyghts of the table rounde  
 And than **l** **ladyne** loste hys love vnto dame **lyloly** **l** **ur**  
 syster And than they were wedded w<sup>t</sup> grete joy And so kynge  
**Arthur** gaff to eny of them a barony of londis And pis **l**  
**ur** wold neu<sup>r</sup> go frome **l** **lance** but he and **l** **ladyne**  
 a dayted ou<sup>r</sup> more bypon hym And they were m<sup>r</sup> all the  
 comte accounted for good knyghts and fyll desyrons in ar  
 mys and many noble knyghts dedis they ded for xij wolde

have no reste but en songest bypon þe dedis thine they lyved  
 in all that comte wyth grete nobeles and for longe tymes  
 þent eny myght and day þe **Aggravayne** þe **Gawanes** broþer  
 a wanted quene **Guenevere** And þe **Lancelot** to put hem bothe  
 to a rebuke and a shame / And so I seke here of this tale  
 and on þese grete doctis of þe **Lancelot** what grete adven-  
 tures he ded when he was called þe **Shyvalere de Charlot**  
 for as the freynsch booke sayth. he cause of dyspyte þe knyght  
 and ladyes called hym the knyght that rode in the charlot  
 lyke as he were myged to the Inbett There fore in þe despyte  
 of all them that named hym so he was carryed in a charpy  
 othe a ymmoneth moneth for but lytill astur that he had  
 slayne þe **Welwygante** in the quenes quarrell he non of  
 a ymmoneth com on horse bak And as the freynsch booke  
 sayth he ded that ymmoneth more than x batayles And  
 by cause I have losse the very mater of the **Shyvalere de Charlot**  
 I depte frome the tale of þe **Lancelot** and here I go vnto þe mozte  
**Arthur** And that caused þe **Aggravayne** And here on þe othe  
 he soldowth the mozte pytyous tale of the mozte **Arthur**  
**king** **Gwerdon** **þe Shyvalere** **þe Thomas Mallore** knyght  
 þat ayed ely þe wout bone mercy **þe luren**

**That when cūp hante floureth þe burgeyn**  
 for as the season ys lusty to be holde and comfortable so man  
 and woman veroyfth and gladdth of som comynge wth his  
 freyshe floures for wynter wyth hys redye wyndis and  
 blasas causyth lusty men and women to edore and to sit  
 by fyres / So this season hat be selle in the moneth of may  
 a grete angur and vnhappy that fyrnted nat tyll þe floure  
 of the **Shyvalere** of the worlde was destroyed and slayne And all



was longe vpon y<sup>e</sup> Unhappy knyghts whiche were named  
 of Aggravayne and of Aoredred that were brethren vnto Sir  
 Gawayne for theys of Aggravayne and of Aoredred had ena  
 goodly hate vnto the quene dame Gwenyn and to of launce  
 and dayly and nyghtly they en watched vpon of launce  
 So hit mysse fortunied of Gawayne and all his brethren  
 were in kynge Arthurs chambur And than of Aggravayne  
 seyde thus oppynly and nat in no conceyle that mayne  
 knyghts myght here. I merdayle that we all be nat  
 a shamed bothe to se and to know how of launcelot lyeth  
 dayly and nyghtly by the quene and all we know well  
 that hit ys so and hit ys shamefully suffred of us all y<sup>e</sup>  
 we shulde suffer so noble a kynge as kynge Arthur ys to  
 be shamed Than spake of Gawayne And seyde brother of  
 Aggravayne y pray you and charge you make no such  
 maters no more afore me for wyte you well I wolle  
 nat be of your conceyle // So god me helpe seyde Sir  
 Saherys and of Gareth we wolle nat be knowyn of yo  
 dedis Than wolle I seyde of Aoredred I hope you well seyde  
 of Gawayne for en vnto all Unhappynges y ye wolle fynde  
 and I wolde that ye leste and make you nat so bysye for  
 I know seyde of Gawayne what wolle falle of hit // Falle  
 what so en falle may seyde of Aggravayne I wolle disclose  
 hit to the kynge // Nat be my conceyle seyde of Gawayne  
 for and y a ryse warre and wrake be wyghte of launce  
 wyte you well brother there wolle many kynge and grette  
 lordis holde of of launcelot Als brother of Aggravayne  
 seyde of Gawayne ye myste remembur how oftyn tymes  
 of launcelot hath restored the kynge and the quene and

the beste of us all had bene full colde at the harte roote had  
 nat þ **launcelot** bene better than we And that that he pved  
 hym self full ofte And as for my pte seyde þ **Gawayne** I  
 wolt now be a penite þ **launcelot** for one dayes dede That  
 was when he restored me frome kynge **Caradoc** of the  
 dolours to dre and fild hym and fild my huff Also buy  
 þ **Aggravayne** and þ **Mordred** in hyl wyse þ **launcelot** res-  
 tored you both and in store and in frome þ **Carquyne** And  
 there fore brother me thynkis such noble dedis and kyndnes  
 shulde be remembred But do ye as ye hyste seyde þ **Gawayne**  
 for I wolt sayne hit no longer So wyth thes wordis cam  
 in þ **launcelot** **Arthur** Now brother seyde þ **Gawayne** synce  
 youre styff That wolt I nat seyde þ **Aggravayne** and þ **Mor-**  
**dre** // Wolt wolt ye so seyde þ **Gawayne** than you spede you  
 for I wolt nat here of youre talis nothyn & of your counceile  
 No more wolt I seyde þ **Gaherys** nor I seyde þ **Sareth** for  
 I shall now say evyll by that man that made me knyght  
 and there wyth all they in depte makynge grette dole //  
 Alas seyde þ **Gawayne** and þ **Sareth** now ys this realme  
 holly destroyed and mystrayed and the noble felishyp of the  
 rounde table shall be dyspleked So they depte And than  
 kynge **Arthur** asked them what noyse they made // my  
 lorde seyde þ **Aggravayne** I shall telle you for I may kepe  
 hit no longer here ys I and my brother þ **Mordred** brate  
 vnto my brother þ **Gawayne** þ **Gaherys** and to þ **Sareth** //  
 For this ys all to make hit shorte we knole all þ þ **launc-**  
 holdith youre quene and hath done longe And we be yo  
 fester fynes we may suffer hit no longer and all we  
 wote that ye shulde be a lorde þ **launcelot** and ye ar þ kynge



that made hym knyght and there fore we woll proue hit that he is  
 a traytoure to youre pson // Byff hit be so seyde the kynge wyte  
 you well he ys non othir but I wolde be lothe to be gyn such a  
 thyng but I myght have pryde of hit // For **lancelot**  
 ys an hardy knyght and all ye know that he ys the beste  
 knyght amonge vs all and but if he be takyn w<sup>th</sup> the dede  
 he woll fyght w<sup>th</sup> hym that bryngeth up the noyse & I knowe  
 no knyght that ys able to match hym There fore and  
 hit be sothe as ye say I wolde that he were takyn w<sup>th</sup> the dede  
 For as the freyshe booke seyth the kynge was full lothe  
 that such a noyse shulde be vpon **lancelot** and his quene  
 for the kynge had a demyng of hit but he wold nat fere  
 of for **lancelot** had done so much for hym and for his  
 quene so many tymes that wyte you well the kynge lo-  
 ved hym passyngly well / My lordes seyde **Aggravayne**  
 ye shall ryde to morne an hunting And doute ye nat **lancelot**  
 woll nat go wyth you And so when hit durde  
 towarde myght ye may sende the quene worde that ye  
 woll be onte all that myght and so may ye sende for ye  
 cowles And than vpon payne of dethe that myght we  
 shall take hym wyth the quene and we shall brynge  
 hym vnto you quyte or dede / I woll well seyde the kynge  
 Than I counceyle you to take w<sup>th</sup> you fure felshyp & w<sup>th</sup>  
 seyde **Aggravayne** my brother **Gordred** and I woll  
 take wyth vs y<sup>e</sup> knyght of the rounde table // & so wene  
 seyde kynge **Arthur** for I wene you ye shall fynde  
 hym wyght / lat vs deale seyde **Aggravayne** and **Gordred**  
 So on the morne kynge **Arthur** rode an hunting

and sente word to the quene that he wolde be oute all þe myght  
than þe **Aggravayne** and þe **Mordred** came to them yn Empt  
and hys hem self in a chambur in the castell of Farlyle  
And thes were þe names þe **Coll. grebance** þe **chador de la**  
**porte** þe **Synghalyne** þe **ajellyot de logris** þe **petipace of Wym**  
**chylse** þe **Galleron of Galoway** þe **axelyon de la mountayne**  
þe **Astemoire** þe **Gromore** somer loure þe **Cursefalyne** þe **Morence**  
and þe **Idwell**. So thes yn Empt were w þe **Mordred** and þe  
**Aggravayne** And all they were of Scotlande of ellis of þe **Gau**  
**aynes** kynne oþer wyllous to hys brother So when þe myght  
cam þe **launcelot** tolde þe **Wys** how he wolde go that myght  
and speke wyth the quene // Sir seyde þe **Wys** ye shall nat  
go thes myght be my counceyle why seyde þe **launcelot** þe for  
I drede me en of þe **Aggravayne** that wyllith wypon yow  
dayly to do yow shame and be all And new staff my harte  
a yowste no goynge that en ye wente to the quene so much  
as now for I mys truste that the kynge ys oute thes myght  
frome the quene there fore I drede me sore of som treson  
hane ye no drede seyde þe **launcelot** for I shall go a com  
a gayne and make no taryngte // Sir seyde þe **Wys** þe me  
repente for I drede me sore that yow goynge thes myght  
shall wrathe be all // ffayre nedialle seyde þe **launcelot**  
I merdayle me much why ye say thus fythym the quene  
hath sente for me and wyte yow well I wolt nat be so much  
a colwande but she shall vnderstonde I wolt se her god the  
God fynde yow well seyde þe **Wys** and sende yow somde and  
sauff a gayne So þe **launcelot** depte and toke hys swerde  
vnder hys arme and so he walked in hys mantell þe nolle



knyght and put hym self in grete sorowte and so he past on  
 tyll he cam to the queens chambur And so lightly he was  
 had in to the chambur for as the keepur the booke seyth the  
 quene and s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** were to gydwes And wher they were  
 a bed of at op man of disportis me hyste nat there of make  
 no menaoun for lode that tyme was nat as lode ys now  
 a dayes but thys as they were to gydw there cam s<sup>r</sup> **lancelot**  
**vaue** and s<sup>r</sup> **gordred** wyth ym knyght w<sup>th</sup> them of p<sup>r</sup>omide  
 table and they seyde w<sup>th</sup> grete cryyng and faryng voce  
 pon traytoure s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** now ar pon takyn and yns they  
 cryed wyth a loudde voce that all the courte myght h<sup>er</sup>e  
 hit and thes ym knyght all were armed at all poyntis  
 as they shulde fyght in a batayle // Alas seyde quene **Gwe**  
**yn** now ar we mysthebed bothe // Adamas seyde s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
 ys p<sup>r</sup> here my gemo<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> in yon that myght con my body  
 wythall and if p<sup>r</sup> be my gyff hit me and I shall sone  
 foynte p<sup>r</sup> malice by the grace of god // Now tenly seyde the  
 quene I have none armo<sup>r</sup> nor helme shylde swerde nor  
 speare wherfore I dred me fore oure longe lode ys com  
 to a mysthyngs ende for I here by p<sup>r</sup> noyse p<sup>r</sup> be many noble  
 knyghts and well I wote they be furely armed and a yent  
 thend ye may make no resistance wherfore ye ar h<sup>er</sup>e  
 to be slayne and than shall I be brente // For and ye myght  
 astupe them seyde the quene I wolde nat doute but that  
 ye wolde restolue me in what danyger that I en stood in  
 Alas seyde s<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** in all my lyff tyme was I nen be stad  
 that I shulde be tyme shamefully slayne for lake of myne  
 armo<sup>r</sup> // But en s<sup>r</sup> **Aggabayue** and s<sup>r</sup> **gordred** cryed trayto<sup>r</sup>  
 knyght com oute of the queens chambur for wyte p<sup>r</sup> well

pon arte be sette so that pon shall nat ascape / A lshw may ferd  
p **lance** thys shamefull cry and noyse I may nat suffre ffor  
better were deth. at onys than thys to endure thys payne  
Than he toke the quene in hys arms and byssed her and  
seyde mozte noblest crysten quene I be sech pon as ye have  
ben en my speaill good lady and I at all tymes ys pome  
bryght and trew unto my powe And as I non fayled pon  
in ryght nor in wronge synthyn the furste day bryght **Arth**  
made me bryght that ye woll pray for my soule if that I  
be slayne ffor well I am assured that p **Bois** my nobelbe  
and all the remenamite of my byrme w<sup>t</sup> p **labayne** and fir  
**Bois** that they woll nat fayle pon to restore pon from the  
pyer And there fore myne owne lady recomforte your selff  
what som en comd of me that ye go w<sup>t</sup> p **Bois** my nobelbe  
and they all woll do pon all the plesure that they may and  
ye shall hve hve a quene bypon my loundis // Nay p **lancelot**  
may seyde the quene wyte pon well that I woll hve longe  
after thy dayes But and ye be slayne I woll take my dethe  
as mekely as ended maister take hys dethe for lshw cryst  
sake // Well madame seyde p **lance** syth hit ys so that p day  
ys comd that onre love myste depte wyte pon well I shall  
selle my lyff as dere as I may and a thousand folde seyde p  
**lancelot** I am more thepyar for pon than for my selff // And  
now I had levir than to be lorde of all crystendon that I had  
fure armos bypon me that men myght speke of my dedys  
or en I were slayne // Truly seyde the quene and hit myzt  
please god I wolde that they wolde take me and ste me p suffre  
pon to ascape That shall ned be seyde seyde p **lancelot** god  
desfende me frome such a shame But lshw cryste be pon my  
shelde and myne armoure And there w<sup>t</sup> p **lance** wrapped



his mantel a boide his arme well and smelch and by that  
 they had geytyn a grete soume oute of the halle and there w<sup>t</sup>  
 they all ruschid at the dore Now farr lordys seide þ **launcelet**  
 lede yowre nyse and yowre ruschynge and I shall sette apyn  
 this dore and that may ye do w<sup>t</sup> me what hit lyeth yow for  
 of than seide they all and do hit for hit daylyth ye nat to  
 foyde a yente vs all and there fore lat vs into this cham  
 ber and we shall save thy lyff Outyll yow com to bynge **Ar**  
**thur** than þ **launc** Unbarred the dore and w<sup>t</sup> his lyfte  
 honde he hyde hit apyn a lytill that but one man myght  
 com In at onys And so þ cam stydynge a good knyght a  
 mych man and a large And his name was called Sir  
**Coll** **Arbawance** of Coore and he wyth a sterde strate at þ  
**launcelet** myghtly and so he put a fyette stroke þ w<sup>t</sup>  
 hym such a buffette vpon the helmet that he felle godelyng  
 wyth in the chamber dore than þ **launc** w<sup>t</sup> grete myght  
 drew the knyght w<sup>t</sup> in the chamber dore And than þ **launc**  
 wyth helpe of the quene and her ladyes he was lyghtly ar  
 med in **Coll** **Arbawance** armoure And en stood þ **Arbawance**  
 and þ **Arbawance** apynge traytours knyght com forth oute of  
 the quene's chamber Sir lede yowre nyse seide þ **launc**  
 for wyte yow well þ **Arbawance** ye shall nat yeson me  
 this myght And there fore and ye do be my conseyle go ye  
 all frome this chamber dore and make yow no such apynge  
 and such maid of schandur as ye do for I promyse yow be  
 my knyghthode and ye w<sup>t</sup> depte and make no more nyse  
 I shall as to morne appere a fore yow all and be fore the  
 bynge and than lat hit be seue w<sup>t</sup> yow of yow all of ellis  
 ye all that w<sup>t</sup> deprave me of treford and there shall  
 I answer yow as a knyght shulde that hydr I am to þ

quene

quene for no man of male engyne and that wolt I prebe and  
make hit good vpon you wryth my hondys. The vpon the  
traytonr seyde þ **Agrabayne** and þ **axordred** for we wolt haue  
the mayre thyne hede and fle the and we hyste for we let the  
wryte we haue the choyse of kynge **Arthure** to saue the of slep  
A frrr seyde þ **lamuelot** þ none of grace w<sup>t</sup> you than lye  
your self And than þ **launc** sette all eppyn the chambir dore  
and myghtly and knyghtly he stode In amonge yend and  
anone at the firste stroke he slew þ **Agrabayne** and anone  
after y<sup>e</sup> of hys felows w<sup>t</sup> in a whyle he had layde yem down  
colde to the erthe for there was none of the y<sup>e</sup> knyght myght  
stonde þ **lamuelot** one buffet and also he wounded þ **axordred**  
and there w<sup>t</sup> all he fled w<sup>t</sup> all hys myght And than þ **launc**  
returued a prayne vnto the quene and seyde madame now  
wryte you well all oure trew lode ys brought to an ende  
ffor now wryth kynge **Arthur** en be my fow and þ fore madam  
and hit hlye you that I may haue you w<sup>t</sup> me I shall saue you  
frome all man aduentures daungers. Sir that ys nat  
beste seyde the quene me semyth for now ye haue don so much  
harne hit wolt be beste that ye holde you styll w<sup>t</sup> the and  
if ye se that as to morne they wolt putte me vnto dethe  
than may ye restore me as ye thynke beste. I wolt well  
seyde þ **lamuelot** for haue ye no doute whyle I am a man  
lyvynge I shall restore you and than he hyste her and app  
of hem pass othw a ryngre and so the quene he leste there  
and wente vntyll hys lodgyngre. Whan þ **Bors** sawe Sir  
**launcelot** he was nen so glad of hys home comynge. Ihu may  
seyde þ **launc** why be ye all armed what meanyth thys  
Sir seyde þ **Bors** after ye were deptyed frome us we all þ ben  
of your blood and your well wyllars were so adremed that



som of vs lepe oute of omre beddis naked and som in ydremys comyt  
 naked swerdys in y hondis And there fore seide þ **Bois** we demed  
 there was som grette stryff on honde and so we demed þ we shold  
 be trapped w<sup>t</sup> som treson and there fore we made vs thys redy  
 What nede that en we were in / my fayre nebedw seide þ **launcelot**  
 into þ **Bois** now shall ye wyte all that thys myght I was moze  
 harde be stad than en I was dayes of my lyff and thanked be  
 god I am my self astayed þ damngere and so he tolde yem all  
 how and in what maner as ye haue harde to fore hande And  
 there fore my felows seide þ **launcelot** I pray yon all þ ye wolt  
 be of harte good and helpe me in what nede that en I stonde  
 for now ys warre comyn to vs all / En seide þ **Bois** all  
 ys well com that god sendyth vs And as we haue takyn  
 much weale w<sup>t</sup> yon and much worship we wolt take þ we  
 w<sup>t</sup> yon as we haue takyn the weale And there fore they  
 seide all the good knyghts to be ye take no discomforte for þ  
 ys no bondys of knyghts bndir heryn but we shall be  
 able to grede them as muche as they w<sup>t</sup> and þ fore discom-  
 forte nat yowre self by no man And we shall gadre to god  
 all that we love and that lovyth vs and what that ye wolt  
 haue done shall be done and there fore lat us take the we  
 and the joy to yowre Grafting seide þ **launcelot** of yowre  
 good comforte for in my grette dyscesse fayre nebedw ye com-  
 forte me gretely þut thys my fayre nebedw I wolde that  
 ye ded in all haste that ye may for hit ys far dayes past  
 that ye wolt take in y lodgyng that ben lodged mye here  
 a longe the byngre whych wolt holde w<sup>t</sup> me and whych wolt  
 nat for now I wolde know whych were my frendis fro my  
 foes En seide þ **Bois** I shall do my payne and or hit be  
 wy of the doct I shall wyte of such as ye haue done for us

Who that wolle holde w<sup>th</sup> you / Then f<sup>r</sup> Boie called unto hym f<sup>r</sup>  
lyonel f<sup>r</sup> Gator de marris f<sup>r</sup> Blamo de gaups f<sup>r</sup> Sahalantyne Sir  
Galyhadyn f<sup>r</sup> Galyhad f<sup>r</sup> Avenaduke f<sup>r</sup> bylliers pe balyamite f<sup>r</sup>  
hebes le reuolone f<sup>r</sup> labarne f<sup>r</sup> bare of hmygry f<sup>r</sup> Nerobens Sir  
alenornus for thes y<sup>e</sup> were knyght than f<sup>r</sup> launcelot was  
vpon a brydye and there fore they wolde nen be a yent hym  
And f<sup>r</sup> Harry le fiz late and f<sup>r</sup> Selyses of the dolerous tobre  
f<sup>r</sup> wellpas de hyle and f<sup>r</sup> Wellangere le belise that was f<sup>r</sup> Alhsan  
dir le orphelyne by cause hys modur was byn unto f<sup>r</sup> launcel he  
hyle wyth hym So am f<sup>r</sup> palourdes and f<sup>r</sup> Saphir hys  
brothir f<sup>r</sup> Elegie f<sup>r</sup> Sadok f<sup>r</sup> Dynas and f<sup>r</sup> Clarry of Cleremout  
So thes y<sup>e</sup> and y<sup>e</sup> knyght drew hem to gydres And by pan  
they were armed and on horse bak they pmyssed f<sup>r</sup> launcel  
to do what he wolde Then y<sup>e</sup> selle to thew what of north  
Walye and of forndwale for f<sup>r</sup> launcelot sake and for Sir  
Trystanes sake to the nuber of a viij. store knyght Then  
spake f<sup>r</sup> launcelot wyte you well I have bene en f<sup>r</sup>ns I am  
to thes court well wyllid unto my lord Arthur And unto  
my lady quene Gwenny<sup>r</sup> unto my pother and thes myght  
by cause my lady the quene sente for me to speke w<sup>th</sup> her  
I suppose hit was made by treson how be hit I dare larych  
excuse her pson nat w<sup>th</sup> stondynge I was y<sup>e</sup> by nere honde  
slayne but as I sh<sup>d</sup> p<sup>r</sup>ovided for me And than y<sup>e</sup> noble  
knyght f<sup>r</sup> launcelot toke hem how he was harde be stad in y<sup>e</sup>  
queneys chambir and how and in what maner he astayed  
from them And there fore wyte you well my fayne lordis  
I am sure there nys but warre unto me and to myne and  
for cause I have slayne thes myght f<sup>r</sup> Aggravayne f<sup>r</sup> Galt  
aynes brothir and at the laste y<sup>e</sup> of hys felows And for



this cause now and I swere of mortall warre for this knyght my  
 sente by kynge **Arthur** to be tray me And there fore the kynge wolt  
 in this hete and malice longe the quene into brennyng and  
 that may nat I suffre that she shulde be brente for my sake for  
 and I may be harde and suffre and so takyn I wolt forgyt  
 for the quene that she ys a trew lady butyll her lorde but the  
 kynge in this hete I drede wolt nat take me as I ought to be  
 takyn / my lorde **I amicelet** seyde **I** **Be myne admyce**  
 yf ye shall take the woorth the wooll and synthyn hit ys  
 fallyn as hit ys I comceyle you to kepe yowre selff for and  
 ye wolt yowre selff y ys no felshyp of knyght crystnde  
 that shall do you wronge And also I wolt comceyle you  
 my lorde that my lady quene **Gweny** and she be in my  
 distres in so much as she ys in payne for yowre sake that ye  
 knyghtly restyd her for and ye ded ony op wyse all the  
 worlde wolde speke you shame to the worldis ende In so  
 much as ye were takyn w<sup>t</sup> her wher ye ded wyght othe  
 wronge hit ys now yowre pte to holde wyth the quene y  
 she be nat slayne and put to a myschedous dethe for and  
 she so dye the same shall be en more yowres Noll I shd  
 defende me from shame seyde **I amicelet** and kepe safe  
 my lady the quene from bylany and shamefull dethe and  
 that she nen be destroyed in my defaute Therefore fore my  
 fayre lordy my kyn and my frendis seyde **I amice** what  
 wolt ye do And anone they seyde all w<sup>t</sup> one voyce we  
 wolt do as ye wolt do Than I put this case into you seyde  
**I amicelet** that my lorde kynge **Arthur** by doyll comceyle  
 wolt to morn in this hete put my lady the quene into y  
 fyre and there to be brente Than I pray you comceyle me

What ys beste for me to do Than they seide all at onys w<sup>th</sup>  
one voice Sir So thynkis beste that ye knyghtly restore the  
quene In so much as she shall be brente hit ys for your sake  
And hit ys to suppose and ye myght be handeled ye shoulde  
have the same dethe othir ellys amore shamefuller dethe  
And for we say all that ye have restored her frome her  
deth many tymys for of menes quarels there fore be semyt  
hit ys more your worship that ye restore the quene from  
thys quarell In so much that she hath hit for ys sake Than  
**Lancelot** stood stille and sayde my fayre lordis Wyte you  
well I wolde be lothe to do that thyng that shoulde dishono<sup>r</sup>  
you or my blade and Wyte you well I wolde be full lothe p<sup>r</sup>  
my lady the quene shoulde dye such a shamefull dethe but  
hit be so that ye woll comeyle me to restore her I must do  
much harme or I restore her And adventure I shall p<sup>r</sup>  
destroy p<sup>r</sup> som of my beste frendis And if so be that I may  
wyne the quene a way where shall I kepe her Sir that  
shall be the beste care of us all seide **Bois** for hoded  
the moste noble knyght **Tristram** by your good wyll kept  
nat he w<sup>th</sup> hynd la beall **Isode** nere in pere in Joy garde the  
whych was done by your alys doye and that same  
place ys your done and in hys wyse may ye do p<sup>r</sup> ye hys  
and take the quene knyghtly away w<sup>th</sup> you if so be p<sup>r</sup> the  
knyght woll longe her to be brente And In Joy garde may  
ye kepe her longe Inode butyll the tete be paste of the  
knyght And than hit may fortune you to bringe p<sup>r</sup> quene  
a gayne to the knyght w<sup>th</sup> grete worship and adventure  
ye shall have than thank for your bringing home w<sup>th</sup>  
othir may happyn to have matre That ys hard for to do



seide þ **launcelot** to do for þe **crysti** I may haue a warninge  
 for when by meynys of trechys þe **crysti** brought a knyght la  
 beatt **Isode** into þynge **marke** frome **lor** garde toke þe now what  
 selle on the ende howe samefully that false knyght **marke**  
 stode hym as he satte **marke** a fore his lady la beatt **Isode**  
 with a grounden glayve he threste hym in the hynde to the  
 harte wherof greveth sore me seide þe **launcelot** to speke of his  
 dethe for all the worlde may nat fynde such anoy þynge  
 all thes ys twenthe seide þe **Isode** but þe ys one thyng shall  
 corrayge yn and be all ye shold well that þynge **Arthur**  
 and þynge **marke** were nen lyk of condicions for þe was  
 nen yet man that enconde prede þynge **Arthur** untred  
 of his promyse But so to make shorte tale the were all con  
 distended that for better othyr for dares if þe were þe ys quene  
 were brought on that morne to the fyre shortly they all  
 wolde restow her And so by the admyce of þe **launcelot** they  
 put hem all in adwed as nyge far hyle as they myght  
 and there they a bode styll to wyte what the þynge wolde  
 do // Now turne we agayne that when þe **wordred** was  
 astaped frome þe **launcelot** he stode his horse and cam to þynge  
**Arthur** sore wounded and all for bled and there he tolde the  
 þynge all howe hit was and howe they were all stayne save  
 hym self alone A I shd may howe may thes be seide þe þynge  
 toke þe hym in the queneys chambur / yee so god me helpe  
 seide þe **wordred** there we founde hym unarmed And anon  
 he stode þe **folk grebanice** and armed hym in his armo  
 and so he tolde the þynge frome the begynnynge to þe endynge  
 I shd may seide the þynge he ys a merdaylous knyght of  
 prowess And alas seide the þynge me sore repenteth that

en **Lancelot** shold be a penite me for now I am fure the  
noble felshipp of the rounde table ys brokyn for en for doyt  
hym wolt many a noble knyght holde And now hit ys fallen  
so seyde the kynge that I may nat w<sup>t</sup> my worschyp but my  
quene muste suffer dethe And was fore a moode / So than  
p<sup>r</sup> was made grette ordynance in thys Ire and the quene  
muste nedis be longed to the dethe And the law was such  
in yo dayes that what sou en they were of what estate  
or degree if they were founden guilty of treson there shold be  
none op<sup>r</sup> remedy but dethe and other p<sup>r</sup> men op<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup> tabynge  
wyth the dede shold be canser of p<sup>r</sup> hasty longement and  
ryght so was hit ordyned for quene **Gweny** by cause she  
**was ordered** was asayed for wounded and the dethe of ym  
knyght of the rounde table thes prebis and expens can  
sed kynge **Arthur** to comande the quene to the fore and  
there to be brente // Than spake **Galwayn** and seyde my  
lorde **Arthur** I wolde comceyle you nat to be on hasty but  
that ye wolde put hit in respite thys longement of my  
lady the quene for many causis One ys thys thynge hit  
were so that **Lancelot** were founde in the quenes chambur  
yet hit myght be so that he cam thyn for none doylt for  
ye know my lorde seyde **Galwayn** that my lady p<sup>r</sup> quene  
hatt oftyn tymes ben gretely be holdyn vnto **Lancelot**  
more than to any other knyght for oftyn tymes he hatt  
saled her lyff and done batayle for her whan all p<sup>r</sup> comte  
refused the quene And padventur she sente for hym for  
goodnes and for none doylt to redwade hym for his good  
dedes that he had done to her in tymes past And padventur  
my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that she



**L**ancelot sholde a compredaly to her **Wemyng** that hit had be  
 beste in estedoyng of slaudre for oþer tyme we do many thyng  
 that we were for the beste be and yet padmentwe hit tynnyng  
 to the warste for I dare sey seyde **Galwayne** my lady to quene  
 to you both good and trew And as for **lance** I dare say  
 he wolt make hit good bypon any knyght bydynge that wolt  
 put bypon hym bylany or shame and in lyke wyse he wolt  
 make good for my lady the quene / That I be lede well seyde  
**kyng Arthur** But I wolt nat that way worke at **lancelot**  
 for he tynnyng so much bypon hys hondis and hys myght  
 that he donnyng no man and þ for for my quene he shall  
 ned more fygge for she shall have the lady And if I may  
 yete **lancelot** wyte you well he shall have as shamefull  
 a dethe I shal defende me seyde **Galwayne** that I ned se hit  
 nor know hit Why say you so seyde **kyng Arthur** for  
 þe ye have no cause to love hym For thys myt last past  
 he slew your brother **Aggravayne** a full good knyght  
 And all moste he had slayne your oþer broþr **Mordred**  
 and also there he slew ym noble knyght And also remedie  
 you **Galwayne** he slew y fynes of yowres **Morrens** þ  
**lance** any forde seyde **Galwayne** of all thys I have a  
 knyghtliche whych of her dethe sore repentis me But þe  
 so much as I staff hem wawnyng and tolde my broþer  
 and my sones a fore honde What wolde falle on the ende  
 And in so muche as they wolde nat do be my comceyle I  
 wolt nat meddylt me þ off nor vedyngte me no thyngte  
 of þ dethe for I tolde them þ was no boote to fygge w þ  
**lancelot** how be hit I am sorry of the dethe of my broþer  
 and of my y fynes But they ar the cause of þ olde dethe

for often tyme I warned my brother **Aggravayne** & tolde  
hym of the pells. Then sende kynge **Arthur** vnto **Gaw-  
ayne** make you redy I pray you in your beste armys wyllyng  
your brother & **Gaherys** and **Galwayne** to bring me  
quene to the fyre and there to haue her Ioygement. Nay my  
moste noble kynge sende **Galwayne** that wyllyng I neu-  
er for wyte you well I wyllyng neu-  
er be in that place where so no-  
ble a quene as ys my lady dame **Gweny** shall take such  
a shamefull ende. For wyte you well sende **Galwayne** my  
harte wyllyng nat serue me for to se her dye And hit shall neu-  
er be sende that en I was of your conceyte for her dethe. Then  
sende the kynge vnto **Galwayne** suffer your brother **Gw-  
aherys** and **Gareth** to be there. wy lord sende **Galwayne**  
wyte you well they wyllyng be to be there present by cause  
of many aduentures that ys hyle to fyll. But they ar yonge  
and full vnwyllyng to say you nay. Then spake **Gaherys**  
the good knyght **Gareth** vnto kynge **Arthur** & ye may  
well comande us to be there but wyte you well hit shall  
be for a penste on us wyllyng. But and we be there by your  
fayste comandement ye shall playnly holde us & excused  
we wyllyng be there in pelyble wyse and leaue none harneyse  
of warre vpon us. In the name of god sende the kynge. Then  
make you redy for she shall haue sone her Ioygement. Alas  
sende **Galwayne** that en I shalde endure to se this wofull  
day. So **Galwayne** turned hym and wexte hartely and so  
he wente in to his chambr and so the quene was lad fwrthe  
wonte fwrthe and anone she was dyspoyled in to be smolde  
And then her gostely fader was brought to her to be shryden  
of her myssededis. Then was y wepyng and waylyng  
and wryngyng of hondys of many lordys and ladyes.



But þere but fele in compen that wolde leaue ony armoun  
 for to strenge the dethe of the quene Ekan was þone that **lancelot**  
 had sente vnto whych wente to aspye what tyme  
 the quene shulde go vnto her dethe And anon as he saw  
 the quene dyspoyle in to her smot and shrydoun Ekan he  
 staff þ **lancelot** warnynge anon Ekan was þut spere  
 ryng and pluckynge vp of horse and rygt so they cam vnto  
 the fyre And who that stode a yowse them þ were they  
 slayne full many a noble knyght for there was slayne  
 þ **Sellyas le gylus** þ **Segwarides** þ **Gryfflet** þ **Bianu**  
**dyles** þ **Agglonale** þ **Tor** þ **Sant** þ **Gyllmer** þ **Rarnold** m.  
 brethyn and þ **Damas** þ **Pran** þ **Ray le strunne** þ **Dyanut**  
 þ **Lambegus** þ **hermonde** þ **rotolp** þ **permyoues** n breyn  
 whych were called the grene knyght and the rode knyght  
 And so in this byssynge and shryngte as þ **lancelot**  
 thraunge here and there hit myffortuned hym to sle **En**  
**Gakerys** and þ **Gareth** the noble knyght for they were vn  
 armed and vn waies as the ferynsh. toke sayth þ **lanc**  
 smote þ **Gakerys** and þ **Gareth** vpon the drayne pannes  
 where thowd that they were slayne in the felds how be  
 hit in very twent þ **lancelot** saw them and so were they  
 founde dede amonge the thyrtie of the pices Ekan **En**  
**lancelot** whan he had thus done and slayne and put to  
 flyght all that wolde wythstonde hym Ekan he wde fceyt  
 vnto quene **Elweyn** and made caste a ferdyll pargolyn  
 vpon her and than he made her to be sette be hynde hym and  
 prayde her to be of good cheere Noo wyte pon well þ quene  
 was glad that she was at that tyme a stayed frome þ dethe  
 And than she thanked god and þ **lancelot** and so he rode

hys way with the quene as the frey she took forth into forstade  
and there he kepte her as a noble knyght shulde and many gte  
lordis and many good knyghts were sente hym and many  
fyll noble knyghts drew unto hym. Whan they harde that  
kyng **Arthur** and **Launcelot** were at debate many knyghts  
were glad and many were fory of p debate. Now turne we  
a gayne unto kyng **Arthur** that whan hit was tolde  
hym how and in what maner the quene was taken away  
frome the fere and whan he harde of the deth of hys noble  
knyghts and in especiall **Gaherys** and **Gareth** than  
he soluned for verry pnce sorow. And whan he adwale  
of hys sounge than he sayde alas that en I have adorne  
vpon my hede for now have I loste the fayryst felshyp  
of noble knyghts that en hylde anysyn kynge to rydw  
Alas my good knyghts be slayne and gone away fro me  
that now w<sup>t</sup> in thys y dayes I have loste my yb knyght  
And also the noble felshyp of **Launcelot** and hys blaw  
for now I may neu more holde hem to rydw w my wor  
shyp now alas that en thys war began. Now fyve  
selowis seide the kyng. I charge you that no man telle **G**  
**Galwayne** of the deth of hys y brethirne for I am sure  
seyde the kyng whan he hyr yth telle that **Gareth** y  
dede he wyll go myz onte of hys mynde. Aua I kn seide p  
kyng whys seid he **Gaherys** and **Gareth** for I dare sey  
as for **Gareth** he loved **Launcelot** of all men ertyly  
That y twonty seide som knyghts but they were slayne  
in the knyng as **Launcelot** thraunte in the thyrt  
of the pces and as they were unarmed he smote them  
and wyft nat whom that he smote and so unhappely they



Were slayne / **Wh** **Well** seyde **Arthur** the deeth of them **Wolff** cause  
 the grettist mortall warre that en was for I am sure p **Wh** and  
 p **Salwayne** knyght. here off that p **Gareth** is slayne / **Shall**  
 nen have reste of hym tyll I have destroyed p **launcelottes**  
 kynne and hym self bothe othw ellis he to destroy me And  
 there fore seyde the kynge wyte you well my harte was  
 nen so hevy as hit is now and much more I am for you  
 for my good knyght losse than for the losse of my fayre  
 quene for queneys I myzt have I now but such a felshipp  
 of good knyght shall nen be to gydys in no company  
 and now I dare sey seyde kynge **Arthur** there was nen  
 crystyns kynge that en kynde such a felshipp to gydys  
 And alas that en p **launcelot** and I sholde be at debate  
 A **Aggravayne** **Aggravayne** seyde the kynge I shd for gress  
 hit the soule for thynne doyle wyll that you haddest and p  
**agorded** the brother into p **launcelot** hath caused all pe  
 sorow And en amonge thes complaint the kynge wepte  
 amonge and soloned **Then** cam p one to p **Salwayne**  
 and tolde how the quene was kud a day w p **launcelot**  
 and my a my and xx<sup>th</sup> knyght slayne I shd save me my  
 n brother seyde p **Salwayne** for full well wyll I sayde  
 p **Salwayne** that p **launcelot** wolde restore her othw ellis  
 he wolde dye in that fyld and to say the word he were  
 nat of worship but if he had restored the quene In so  
 much as she sholde have be brente for his sake And as  
 in that seyde p **Salwayne** he hath done but knyghtly and  
 as I wolde have done my self and I had stonde in lyke case  
 as hit were as my brother seyde p **Salwayne** I merdayle  
 that I se nat of them **Then** seyde that man truly p **Gaher**  
**rys** and p **Gareth** be slayne I shd defende seyde p **Salwayne**

for all this world I wolde nat that they were slayne and in  
especiall my good brother **f Gareth** f seyde the man he ys slay  
ne and that ys grete pite / Who slew hym seyde **f Galwayne**  
**Er** **lance** seyde the man slew hem both / That may I nat be  
the seyde **f Galwayne** that en he slew my good broþr **f Gareth**  
for I dare say þ my brother loved hym better þan me and all  
his brother and the kynge bothe Also I dare say as **f lance**  
had desired my brother **f Gareth** w<sup>t</sup> hym he wolde have ben  
w<sup>t</sup> hym a yensse the kynge and be all And þ fore I may now  
be hyde that **f lancelet** slew my broþr / verily f seyde þ  
man hit ys noysed that he slew hym / Alas seyde **f Gal**  
**wayne** now ys my joy gone and than he felle downe & sodownd  
and longe he lay there as he had ben dede And when he  
awoke oute of his swoon he cryed oute forowfully and seyde  
alas and forth w<sup>t</sup> he ran into the kynge, cnyng & weeping  
and seyde a myne uncle kynge **Arthur** my good brother **f**  
**Gareth** ys slayne And so ys my brother **f Gaherys** Wherof  
were y noble knyghts Than the kynge wepte and he bothe  
and so they felle on sodownyng And when they were redred  
than spak **f Galwayne** and seyde f I woll goe and se my broþr  
**f Gareth** f ye may nat se hym seyde the kynge for I caused  
hym to be entered and **f Gaherys** bothe for I well vnder  
stood that ye wolde make on mynne sorow and the fyrst off  
fowde **Gareth** shulde have caused your double sorow Alas  
my brde seyde **f Galwayne** how slew he my brother **f Gareth**  
I pray you telle me Truly seyde the kynge I shall tell you as  
hit hath bene tolde me **f lancelet** slew hym and **f Gaherys**  
bothe Alas seyde **f Galwayne** they leave none armye a yensse  
hym nor of them bothe I wote nat how hit was seyde the  
kynge but as hit ys seyde **f lance** slew them in the tye þ pures



and know them nat And there fore lat be shapen a remedy for  
 to vengeance þe dethe / my kynge my lord and myne uncle seyd  
 þe **Gawayne** Wyte you well now I shall make you a promyse  
 whiche I shall holde be my knyghtshode that frome this day  
 forwarde I shall neuyn fayle þe **launcelot** bytyll that one of  
 us shal slayne that other and there fore I requyre you my  
 lord and kynge dresse you into the warre for wyte you  
 well I wolt be redenged bypon þe **launcelot** And þe fore as  
 ye wolt have my serbyse and my lode now haste you þe to and  
 assay your frendis for I promyse unto god seyd þe **Gawayne**  
 for the dethe of my brother þe **Sareth** I shall sele þe **launcelot**  
 thowd onte by knyghtshode but I shall sle hym op ellis  
 he shall sle me / En ye shall nat nede to sele hym so far seyd  
 the kynge for as I here say þe **launcelot** wolt a byde me and  
 be all wyth in the castell of Joy garde and muche peple  
 dradwyth unto hym as I here say That may I rest well  
 be byde seyd þe **Gawayne** But my lord he sayde assay to  
 frendis and I wolt assay myne hit shall be done seyd þe kynge  
 and as I suppose I shall be bygyte I nolye to dryde hym onte  
 of the bygyt towne of hys castell So than the kynge seinte  
 letters and wyttis thowd onte all Inglynde both þe lengthe  
 and the brede for to assomow all hys knyghts And so unto  
 kynge **Arthure** drew many knyghts denke and felis that he  
 had a grete ofte and when they were assembled the kynge  
 enformed hem how þe **launcelot** had be raffe hym hys  
 quene Than the kynge and all hys ofte made hem redy  
 to ley speete aboute þe **launcelot** where he lay in Joy garde  
 And anone þe **launcelot** harde þe of and pnderde hym off  
 many good knyghts som for hys owne sake and som for  
 the quenes sake Thus they were on bothe ptyes well

for mysshed and garmysshed of all man of tynge y<sup>t</sup> longed  
vnto the warre // But kynge **Arthur** ofte was so grette that  
p<sup>r</sup> **launcelott** ofte wolde nat a byde hym in the filde for he was  
fult bothe to do batayle a yenste the kynge But p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
drew hym vnto hys stronge castell w<sup>th</sup> all man of bytyle plen  
te and as many noble men as he myght suffyse w<sup>th</sup> in the  
tolone and the castell Than cam kynge **Arthur** w<sup>th</sup> Sir  
**Galvayne** w<sup>th</sup> a grette ofte and leyde syge all a bonte joyne  
grawe bothe the tolone and the castell and thow they made  
stronge warre on bothe p<sup>r</sup>tes but in no wyse p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
wolde ryde oute of the castell of longe tyme and nor he wolde  
nat suffer none of hys good knyghts to yfelle oute nor of p<sup>r</sup>  
tolone nor of the castell vntyll xv. wykes were paste So  
hit felle vpon a day that p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** looked on the wallys  
and spake on knyght vnto kynge **Arthur** and to p<sup>r</sup> **Galv**  
**ayne** my lordis bothe wyte vnto you well all thys y<sup>e</sup> m  
wayne that ye make at thys syge for here byme y<sup>e</sup> no wor  
shipp but maye and dishonour for and hit hys me to com  
my selff oute and my good knyght I shulde full sone make  
an ende of thys warre Com forth seyde kynge **Arthur** vnto  
p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot** and you darste And I promyse the I shall mete  
the in myddis of thys filde god defende me seyde p<sup>r</sup> **launcelot**  
that en I shulde encounter w<sup>th</sup> the moste noble kynge that  
made me knyght Now he vpon the fayre laneyage seyde  
the kynge for wyte you well and truste hit I am thy mor  
tall foe and en w<sup>th</sup> to my dethe day for you haste slayne  
my good knyghts and full noble men of my blood that  
shall I neu<sup>r</sup> recon a gayne Also you haste slayne be my  
quene and holdyn her many wynters and fytthyn by the  
a traytoure taken her a way fro me by force wy moste



noble lord and kynge seide **launcelot** ye may sey what ye  
 woll for ye wote well wyth yowre self I woll nat saye But  
 there as ye say that I have slayne yowre good knyght I wote  
 well that I have done so And that me sore repenteth. But I  
 was forced to do batayle w<sup>th</sup> hem in fadyng of my lyff other  
 ellys I myste have suffred hem to have slayne me And as  
 for my lady quene **Gwenyver** excepte yowre pson of w<sup>ch</sup>ynes  
 And my lord **Gawayne** there was no knyght vnder heven  
 that dare make hit good vpon me that en I was trawte  
 vnto yowre pson And where hit please yon to say that I have  
 holdyn my lady yowre quene yerys and wynters vnto  
 that I shall en make a large answere and proude hit vpon  
 my knyght that beryth the lyff excepte yowre pson and  
**Gawayne** that my lady quene **Gwenyver** ys as traw a  
 lady vnto yowre pson as ys my lady heryn vnto her lord  
 and that woll I make good w<sup>th</sup> my hondis hold be hit hit  
 hath lyed her good grace her good grace to have me in  
 favoure and cherysh me more than any of knyght and  
 vnto my povere agrayne I have defned her lode for othyn  
 tymes my lord ye have consented that she shold have be  
 brente and destroyed in yowre hete and than hit fortunyd  
 me to do batayle for her and or I depyed from her adysary  
 they confessed there vntowte and she full w<sup>th</sup> wyllyngfully  
 excused And at suche tymes my lord **Arthur** seide **Gw.**  
**launcelot** ye loved me and thanked me whan I saved y<sup>ow</sup>  
 quene from the fyre And than ye promysed me for en to  
 be my good lord And now me thynkith ye redeande me  
 doyll for my good synse And my lord me semyth I had  
 loste a grete pte of my wylshyp in my knyghtshod and  
 I had suffred my lady yowre quene to have ben brentest

In so much

In so muche as she shulde haue bene brente for my sake  
ffor syttyn I haue done batayles for your quene in oþ  
quarrels / Ethen in myne done quarrell me femyth now  
I had more ryght to do batayle for her in her ryght quarrell  
And there fore my good and treacions lord seide **launcelot**  
take your quene vnto your good grace for she ys both treu  
and good // ffy on the false recreated knyght seide **Galvain**  
for I hat the wyte my lord myne vnde knyght **arthur** shall  
haue hye quene and the bothe mayre the bysoppe and the  
yon bothe and salue you wher hit please hym // hit may  
well be seide **launcelot** But wyte you well my lord **Galvain**  
and me lyfte to com oute of thys castell ye shuld wynn me  
and the quene more harder than en ye wou a stourte  
batayle // Now fy on the proude wordis seide **Galwayne**  
as for my lady the quene wyte you well I woll men say  
her shame but you false and recreated knyght seide **Galwayne**  
what cause haddest thou to sle my good knyght **arthur**  
 **Gareth** that loved the more than me and all my kynne  
And alas you maddest hym knyght thynne done thondis  
why slewest thou hym that loved the so well // ffor to  
excuse me seide **launcelot** hit boteneth me nat but by  
god and by the feyth that I doze vnto the thyze order of  
knyghthode I wolde w<sup>t</sup> as a good aduysse haue slayne my  
nede **Boys de gaus** and alas that en I was so unhapp  
seide **launcelot** that I had nat seyne **Gareth** and **Ga**  
**herys** Ethen hest recreated knyght seide **Galwayne** you  
slewest hym in the despite of me and y fore wyte you  
well **launcelot** I shall make warre bypon the and all  
the whyle that I may lyde be thynne enemy Ethen me repeat



seyde **Lancelot** for well I vnderstonde hit boteneth me nat to sette  
 none accordement. Whyle ye **Gawayne** ar so mystedonshly sett  
 And if ye were nat I wolde nat doute to haue the good grace  
 of my lord kynge **Arthur**. I lede well false reuayned knyght  
 for yon haue many longe daues on lad me and vs all and  
 destroyed many of oure good knyghts. Sw ye say at hit pla  
 sit yon seyde **Lancelot** yet may hit neu be seyde on me and  
 spynly predded that en I be fore caste of treson stede no goode  
 knyght as ye my lord **Gawayne** haue done and so ded  
 I neu but in my defence that I was dreynd p to in sadynge  
 of my lyff. A yon false knyght seyde **Gawayne** y yon menys  
 by **Lamorak** but wyte yon well I stede hym. Sw ye stede hym  
 nat yowre self seyde **Lancelot** for hit had ben on much for  
 yon for he was one of the beste knyghts crystende of his age  
 and hit was grete pite of hys dethe. Well well **Lancelot**  
 seyde **Gawayne** fithyn yon enbraydest me off **Lamorak**  
 wyte yon well I shall neu lede the till I haue the at fute  
 a bayle that yon shall nat astape my hondis. I truste  
 yon well I nodur seyde **Lancelot** and ye may grete me  
 I gett but lytill may. But the freynsh booke seyth kynge  
**Arthur** wolde haue tabyn hys anene agayne and to haue  
 bene accorded w<sup>th</sup> **Lancelot** but **Gawayne** wolde nat  
 suffer hym by no man of meane. And so **Gawayne**  
 made many men to blow vpon **Lancelot** and so all at on  
 they called hym false reuayned knyght. But when **Bois**  
**de gams** **de marys** and **lyonell** harde this onte cry  
 they called vnto them **Palomides** and **Labayne** an  
 were wyth many mo knyghts of p blade and all they wente  
 vnto **Lancelot** and seyde this my lord wyte yon well  
 we haue grete storne of the grete rebelis that we haue

[illegible]



cam in order and unleas full noble knyght And en **lancelot**  
 charged all his knyght in my wyse to save kynge  
**Arthur** and **gawayne** than cam forth **gawayne**  
 frome the kynge ofte and pfirste to juste And **lyonel**  
 was a fiers knyght and hertly he encountered w<sup>th</sup> hym  
 and there **gawayne** smote **lyonell** throwe onte the  
 body that he daysshed to the erth h<sup>ke</sup> as he had ben dede  
 And than **Etow de maris** and op<sup>er</sup> mo bare hym in to p<sup>er</sup>  
 castell And anon there began a grete stoure and much  
 people were slayne And en **lancelot** ded what he myght  
 to save the people on kynge **Arthur** p<sup>er</sup> for **was** and  
**palomydes** and **Saffur** on threlo many knyght for  
 they were dedely knyght And **Blamo de gaus** and **leoberys**  
 wyth **Wellyngere le beluse** thes by knyght  
 ded much harme And en was kynge **Arthur** a bonte  
**lancelot** to have slayne hym and en **lancelot**  
 suffred hym and wolde nat styple a gayne So **was**  
 encountred wyth kynge **Arthur** and **was** smote  
 hym and so he a hzt and drede his sterde and seyd to  
**lancelot** for shall I make an ende of this warre  
 for he mente to have slayne hym Nat so hardy seyd  
**lancelot** bypon payne of thy hede that you touch hym  
 no more for I wold nedse that moste noble kynge that  
 made me knyght nor slayne nor shamed And p<sup>er</sup> w<sup>th</sup>  
 all **lancelot** dhyt of his horse and toke by p<sup>er</sup> kynge  
 and horsed hym a gayne and seyd thus my soude p<sup>er</sup>  
 kynge for goddis lode stynte this styff for pe yette  
 here no worshyp and I wold do myne utteraunce

But all wayes / for leave you and ye nor none off  
your for beryth nat me And there fore my lord /  
pray you my remembir what I have done in many  
places and now am I beryth rewarded / So when  
kyng **Arthur** was on horse bak he looked on **lance**  
than the toerpe braste oute of hys pen then kyng of  
the grete awtef that was in **lancelot** more than  
in any op man and there w<sup>t</sup> the kyng red hys way  
and myght no longer be holde hym sayng to hym  
self alas alas that yet thys warre began and pan  
arthur pty of the batayles w<sup>t</sup>th drew them to repose  
them and buryed the dede and seved the wounded men //  
and toke to y<sup>r</sup> woundes softe salves and toke ther endurid  
that myght tye on the morne and on the morne by vndurid  
they made them redy to do batayle And when **lance** had y<sup>r</sup>  
bawnde So upon the morn y<sup>r</sup> cam **Gawayne** as brynd  
as any barre w<sup>t</sup>th a grete spere in hys honde And when  
**lance** saw hym he thowght to revenge hys broy **lance**  
well of the deffite **Gawayne** staff hym the op day  
And so as they that knew arthur op feantred y<sup>r</sup> spearis  
and w<sup>t</sup> all y<sup>r</sup> myght of y<sup>r</sup> hors and them self so fierfly  
they mette to thows and so felonfly that arthur bare op  
thows and so they selle bothe to the bare erte and pan  
the batayle joyned and there was much slaughter on bothe  
pyes / Then **lancelot** restored **lance** and sent hym  
in to the castell But ney **Gawayne** nor **lance** dyed  
nat of y<sup>r</sup> woundis for they were well gohoun Then on  
**ladayne** and **lance** prayde **lancelot** to do hys payne  
and ferygt as they do for we se that ye for leave y<sup>r</sup> spere



and that doth do much harme and þ'fore the pray you spare  
 nat your enemies no more than they do you alas seyd  
 þ' **Lancelot** I have no harte to fyght a penyte my lord **Art**  
 for en me smyth. I do nat as me oght to do my lord  
 seyd þ' **Palomides** thowge ye spare them nen so much all  
 this day they woll can you thanke And yf they may fyght  
 you at dayle ye ar but a dede man So than þ' **Lancelot**  
 wnderstode that they seyd hym twentye than he strayned  
 hym selff more than he ded to fore honde And by cause of  
 his nodely þ' **Boas** was sore wounded he payned hym  
 selff the more And so w' in a lityll while by dynsoun tyme  
 þ' **Lancelottes** pty the better stood for þ' **Bois** wente in  
 blood past the fytte the were so many people stonde  
 And than for very pite þ' **Lancelot** w' hyde his knyght  
 and suffred knyght **Arthurs** pty to w' dray thow in fyde.  
 And so he widdre his meny in to the castell and wylle  
 ptyes knyght the dede and put salve vnto the wounded men  
 So when þ' **Galvanus** was hurt they on knyght **Arth**  
 pty were nat so originus as they were to fore honde to  
 do batayle // So of this war that was be dwene knyght  
**Arthure** and þ' **Lancelot** hit was noyed thow all crystn  
 realms And so hit cam at the laste by relacoun vnto the  
 pope And than the pope toke a confideraoun of pe gret  
 goodnes of knyght **Arth** and of the hye proues off **Sn**  
**Lancelot** that was called the moste nodelyft knyght of  
 the world / Where fore the pope called vnto hym a nodely  
 clerk that at that tyme was there presente the fowrth  
 boke seyth hit was the byshop of rochest and þ' pope th'

And so lede and sente hem vnto the kynge charging hym w<sup>th</sup>  
pon payne of enturpyngge of all Inglande that he take hys  
quene agayne and accorde w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** So when this  
bysshop was com vnto parlye he shewed the kynge hys  
bullys And when the kynge vnderstandethem he wyfte  
nat what to do but full fayne he wolde haue bene accorded  
w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** But **Gaiarn** wolde nat suffer hym but  
to haue the quene he there to agreed but in no wyse he  
wolde suffer the kynge to accorde w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** but as  
for the quene he consented So the bysshop had of the kynge  
hys grete seale and hys assurance as he was a true and  
anointed kynge that **launcelot** shulde go sauff and  
com sauff and that the quene shulde nat be sende vnto  
of the kynge nor of none of for no tyme done of tyme  
paste and of all thes appoyntement the bysshop brought  
w<sup>th</sup> hym fure wrytynge to shew vnto **launcelot** So when the  
bysshop was com to Ior<sup>g</sup> garde there he shewed **launcelot**  
how he cam frome the pope w<sup>th</sup> wrytynge vnto kynge **Arthur**  
and vnto hym And there he tolde hym the peche gress he  
wryt shew the quene frome the kynge Or hit was  
new in my tyme I seyde **launcelot** to w<sup>th</sup> holde y<sup>e</sup> quene  
frome my lord **Arthur** But I kepe here for this cause in  
so muche as she shulde haue be brente for my sake me semed  
hit was my wote to save her lyff and put her from y<sup>e</sup> damnger  
till better recon myzt com And now I thanke god seyde **launcelot**  
that the pope that he made he please for god And wryt  
seyde **launcelot** I wold be a thousande folde more gladder to  
brynge her agayne than en I was of her taking a way  
wryt this I may be sure to com sauff and go sauff and p



the quene shall haue her liberte and ned for no thyng that hath  
 be pynnyed a fore this tyme that she neu frome this stonde  
 in no yett for ellis seyde **I** **launcelot** I dare aduenture me to  
 kepe her frome an harder sholure than en yet I had // Sir **I** shall  
 nat uede you seyde the bysshop to drede thus muche for wyte  
 yow well the pope muste be obeyed and hit were nat the popis  
 worschyp nor my powne honeste to knowe you distressed nor the  
 quene nor in yett nor shamed And than he shewed **I** **launcelot**  
 all his wrytynge bothe frome the pope and kynge **Arthur**  
 Thys ys hys y now seyde **I** **launcelot** for full well I dare  
 truste my lordys owne wrytynge and his scale for he was  
 neu shamed of his promyse There fore seyde **I** **launcelot**  
 vnto the bysshop ye shall ryde vnto the kynge a fore & recom-  
 mande me vnto his good grace and let hym haue knowe  
 lechynge that y same day viij. dayes by the way of rood /  
 my selff shall bringe the quene vnto hym and than sey  
 ye to my moste redowted kynge that I woll sey largely for  
 the quene that I shall none excepte for drede nor for feare  
 but the kynge hym selff and my lorde **I** **Guinevere** and y  
 ys for the kyngis love more than for hym selff So y bysshop  
 deptyd and cam to the kynge to Carlehyll and tolde hym all  
 how **I** **launcelot** answered hym so that made the tearf falle  
 oute at the kyngis yow Than **I** **launcelot** purcheyd hym  
 an f. byrght and all well clothed myrene velvet and y  
 horsis trapped in the same to the heeles and eny byrght  
 bylde a brannche of chyff in his hande in tokenyng of pces  
 And the quene had my f. xx. lauteff women folowynge her  
 in the same wyse and **I** **launcelot** had xij. conserers folow-  
 yng hym and on eny conserer satte a yonge lauteff man

and all they were arrayed in whyyt helmet w<sup>th</sup> Garbis of golde  
aboute p<sup>r</sup> quarters and the horse trapped in the same wyse doun  
to the helys wyth many dyvers / sette w<sup>th</sup> stomps and p<sup>r</sup>eches  
in golde to the n<sup>u</sup>mb<sup>r</sup> of a thousande And in the same wyse  
was the quene arrayed and s<sup>he</sup> **lancelot** in the same of whyyt  
clothe of golde byssed and ryght so as ye have hard as the  
frenshe booke makyth mencion he rode w<sup>th</sup> the quene frome  
gog<sup>r</sup> garde to farlehyll and so s<sup>he</sup> **lancelot** rode thowdowte  
farlehyll and so in to the castell that all men myght be  
holde hem And there was many a weymyng / sen And yun  
s<sup>he</sup> **lancelot** hym self alight and wydded his horse and toke a  
downe the quene and so lad her where kyng **Arthur** was  
in his seate And s<sup>he</sup> **Gawayne** satte a fore hym and many o<sup>r</sup>  
grette lordys So when s<sup>he</sup> **lancelot** sawe the kynge and s<sup>he</sup> **Gaw**  
**ayne** Then he lad the quene by the arme and than he knelid  
downe and the quene botte / Wyte you w<sup>th</sup>ll than was there  
many a bolde knyght wyth kynge **Arthur** that wepte as  
tendurly as they had seyne all p<sup>r</sup> hymne dede a fore them So  
the kynge satte styll and seyde no worde / And when s<sup>he</sup> **lanc**  
**elot** sawe his countenance he arose vp and pulled vp the  
quene w<sup>th</sup> hym and thus he seyde full knyghtly

**O**y moste redowted kynge ye shall vnderstonde by p<sup>r</sup>  
p<sup>r</sup>opis comandement and yowres / I have brought  
to you my lady the quene as ryght requyryth and if y<sup>e</sup> be  
our knyght of what degre that en he be off except y<sup>e</sup> p<sup>r</sup>son  
that w<sup>th</sup>ll sey or dare say but that she ys trew and cleue  
to you / I here my self s<sup>he</sup> **lancelot du lake** w<sup>th</sup>ll make hit good  
wypon his body that she ys a trew lady buto you But for  
hows ye have lystened and that hath caused grette debate  
be twyxe you and me for tyme hath bene my lorde **Arthur**



that he were greatly pleased w<sup>th</sup> me w<sup>th</sup>an I ded battyle for my lady  
 your quene and full well ye know my moste noble bynge that  
 she hitte be put to grete wronge or thys tyme And fithyn  
 hyt pleased you at many tymes that I shulde seygge for her  
 and there fore me semyth my good lord I had more cause to  
 restore her from the fyer w<sup>th</sup>an she sholde have ben brente for  
 my sake for they that tolde you so tales were lyars and so hit  
 sette vpon them for by lythghode had nat the myght of god  
 bene w<sup>th</sup> me I myght ned have endured w<sup>th</sup> my bynge  
 and they armed and a fore purposed and I enarmed And  
 nat purposed for I was sente vnto my lady your quene  
 I wote nat for what cause But I was nat so sore w<sup>th</sup> in the  
 chambur dore But anone I **Aggrawayne** and I **oordred**  
 called me traytoure and false recrayed myght Be my  
 faith they called the vyght seyde I **Gawayne** any lord  
 seyde I **Gawayne** seyde I **Gawayne** I amc In p<sup>r</sup>quarell per  
 pured nat ham self the beste nor in the vyght Well Well  
 seyde I **lancelot** seyde the bynge I have thyn you no cause  
 to do to me as ye have done for I have worshipt you and  
 yourer more than any othr bynge any lord seyde I  
**lancelot** so ye be nat displeased ye shall vnderstonde that  
 I and myne have done you othyn tymes better synse than  
 any othr bynge have done in many dyncce places and  
 where ye have bene full had be fadde dyncce tymes I have  
 restored you frome many dangers And en vnto my p<sup>r</sup>ov  
 er I was glad to please you and my lord I **Gawayne** in  
 Justis and intrenementis and in battayles set botte on  
 horse bak and on foote I have othyn restored you & you  
 my lord I **Gawayne** and many mo of your bynge in  
 many dyncce places for now I will make aduante seyde I

**Lancelot** I wolt that ye all wyte that as yet I founden no  
man of knyght but that I was on hard for hym and I had  
done myne utterance god graunte my god be hit I have be  
mattede w<sup>th</sup> good knyght as **Percyval** and **Lancelot** but  
en I had favoure unto them and a demyng what they were  
and I take god to recorde I neu<sup>r</sup> was wrothe nor grethly fedy  
w<sup>th</sup> no good knyght and I sad hym lesy and aboute to wy  
worshyp and god I was on whan I founde a good knyght  
that myght on thyng endure me on horse bat and on fote  
god be hit **Carados** of the dolerous toure was a full no  
ble knyght and a passyng stronge man And that wote  
ye my lord **Galvayne** for he myght well be called a noble  
knyght whan he be hys fore pulled yon onte of y<sup>r</sup> sadyl  
and bounde yon on t<sup>r</sup>ward a fore hym to hys sadyl lode  
and there my lord **Galvayne** I restored yon and slew  
hym a fore yon fyrst Also I founde y<sup>r</sup> brother **Gahys**  
**rys** and **Perquyn** ledyng hym bounden a fore hym &  
there also I restored y<sup>r</sup> brother and slew **Perquyn**  
and dede in store and my of my lord **Arthurs** knyght  
onte of hys preson and now I dare sey seyde **Lancelot**  
I mette neu<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> so stronge a knyght nor so well fyrst  
as was **Carados** and **Perquyn** for they and I fanght  
to the uttermost And y<sup>r</sup> fore seyde **Lancelot** unto **Galvayne**  
me semyth y<sup>e</sup> ongt of ryght to rememb<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> for and  
I myght have y<sup>r</sup> good wyll I wold truste to god for to  
have my lord **Arthurs** good grace // For the kyng may  
be as he wylt seyde **Galvayne** But wote yon well **Lan**  
**celot** yon and I shall neu<sup>r</sup> be accorded whyle we lyve for y<sup>e</sup>  
hast slayne my of my brethren and y<sup>e</sup> of hem yon slew  
treytourly and piteously for they bare none harmys a



yenset the noþ none wold do // Sir god wold they had ben av-  
 med seide þ **launcelot** for than had they ben on hye And for  
**Gareth** I loved no knyghtman I had more than I loved hym  
 and en wyle I hye seide þ **launcelot** I wold be wyle þ **Gareth**  
 hys dethe nat all only for the grette feare I have of you But  
 for many causes whiche causeth me to be so dofull one is  
 that I made hym knyght And so I wote well he loved  
 me a liden all oþer knyghts And the thrid so he was  
 passing noble and trew curteys and jantill and well  
 condiaunde the fourth so I wote well anone as I haue  
 that þ **Gareth** was dede I knew well that I sholden  
 after have yowre lode my lorde þ **Galwayne** but en lastyng  
 warre be thyngt be And also I wote well that ye wold  
 my noble lorde kynge **Arthur** for en to be my mortall foe  
 And as I shold be my helpe and be my knyghtshode I shold  
 nen þ **Gareth** nor hys broþr be my wythynge but alas  
 that en they were snarmed that unhappy day But þ  
 much I shall offur me to you seide þ **launcelot** if hit may  
 please the kynge good grace and you my lorde þ **Galwayn**  
 I shall firste begyn at Sandwyche and there I shall go in  
 my shearte have foote and at eny v myles ende I shall  
 founde and gar make an house of religious of what  
 order that ye wold assigne me w an holi convente to byge  
 and rede day and nght in especiall for þ **Gareth** sake  
 þ **Galwayne** and this shall I pforme wyle that I have  
 my lyvelod in freyndom and þ so none of all þs reli-  
 gious places but they shall be pformed furnished and  
 garnysshed w all thyngs as an holi place ought to be  
 and this were sayre and more holar and more ppyte

to þe sonne than ye my moste noble kynge and you þe **Gall**  
**ayne** to warre vpon me for þe þe shall ye yete none dwyle  
than all the knyghts and ladyes that were there wyte as  
they were made and the tearys felle on kynge **Arthur** his  
cheekis. **Sir launcelot** seide þe **Gallayne** I haue ryt well  
haue the langage and the yete poffis. But wyte you  
well þat the kynge do as hit pleasith hym. I will neu for  
wyff the my brothirs dethe and me speciall the dethe of my  
brothir þe **Gareth**. And if myne vnde kynge **Arthur** will  
acorde wyth the he shall lose my knyght for wyte you well  
seide þe **Gallayne** you arte to the false to the kynge and to me  
**Sir seide þe launcelot** he beryth nat the lyff that may make  
hit good. And ye þe **Gallayne** will charge me w<sup>t</sup> so byre  
a thynge ye muste done me for than nedis must I an  
swere you. Nay nay seide þe **Gallayne** we ar paste that as  
at this tyme and that comyth the pope for he hath charged  
myne vnde the kynge that he shall take a gayne his quene  
and to acorde wyth the þe **launcelot** as for this season  
there fore you shall go sauff as you com. But in þe londe  
you shall nat abyde paste a .xv. dayes. fith. somone. I wyff  
the for so the kynge and we were condescended & accorded  
ar you cam. And ellis seide þe **Gallayne** wyte you well you  
shulde nat a comyn here but if hit were myghtes tyme he  
And if hit were nat for the popis comanndement seide þe  
**Gallayne** I shulde do detayle w<sup>t</sup> the myne done hondis body  
for body and prede hit vpon the that you haue ben to the  
false vnto myne vnde kynge **Arthur** and to me to the  
that shall I prede on the body whan you arte depyed fro  
hense where som en that I fynde the than þe **launcelotte**



trased and there w<sup>t</sup> the tearys falle on hys chekes and than he  
 seyde thys moste nobelyst crysten realme Wherom I have loved  
 abode all othir realmys and in the I have gotyn a grete  
 pte of my worschyp and now that I shall depte in thys wyse  
 truly me repentis that en I am in thys realme & I shoulde  
 be thys shamefully dampnyd Undesired and counselles but  
 fortune ys so varyante and the whele so mutable & per  
 ys no constanthe a bydynge and that may be proved by  
 many olde cronycles as of noble **Ette of Troy and Alxander**  
 the myghty conquerour and many mo of Whan they  
 were moste in her royalte they alyt passinge lobe And  
 so fawty hit by me seyde **I lamm** for in thys realme I had  
 worschyp and be me and myne all the hole rounde table  
 hath bene encreased more in worschyp by me and myne pan  
 en hit was by omy of you all And p<sup>r</sup> fore wyte you well  
**I Salwayne** I may lyve vpon my londis as well as omy  
 knyght that here ys And yf ye my moste redoubted kynge  
 well com vpon my londys w<sup>t</sup> **I Salwayne** to dwelle vpon  
 me I muste endure you as well as I may But as to you  
**I Salwayne** if that ye com there I pray you charge me nat  
 w<sup>t</sup> treson nor felony for and ye do I muste answer you  
 Do you thy beste seyde **I Salwayne** and there fore hye the  
 faste that you were gone And wyte you well We shall sone  
 com afur and breke thy strengyst castell pat you hast vpon  
 thy hede // hyt shall nat nede that seyde **I lamm** for and  
 I were as orgylous sette as ye ar wyte you well I shoulde  
 mete you in myddys of the fylde wate you no more **lamm**  
 lammseyde **I Salwayne** But delivur the quene from the  
 and pyle the hychtly cite of thys court // Well seyde fr

**Lancelot** and I had wyfte of thys shorte comynge I wolde a  
admyssed me thysse or that I had com here for and the quene  
had be so dore vnto me as ye noyse her I durste haue depte her  
frome the felshyp of the beste knyght vnder the sun And  
than **Lancelot** seide vnto quene **Gwenyver** in hyr myght of  
the kynge and hem all adadame now I muste depte from  
yon and thys noble felshyp for end and fithyn hit ys so I  
be sech yon to pray for me and I shall pray for yon And telle  
ye me and if ye be hard be fard by my false pynyt but hith  
my good lady sende me word and if my knyght hondys  
vnder the the sun may delyn yon by danylle I shall delyn  
yon And there wath **Lancelot** byssed the quene and pan  
he seide all oppynly now lat se what som en he be in thys  
place that dare sey the quene ys nat trew vnto my lorde  
**Arthur** lat se who who woth speke and he dare speke and  
there w<sup>t</sup> he brougth the quene to the kynge And than **Er**  
**Lancelot** toke hys lede and depte and I was nof kynge  
duke erle barohne nor knyght lady nor hantylt woman  
but all they wepte as people oute of mynde excepte **Er**  
**Gawayne** And when thys noble knyght **Lance** toke hys  
horse to ryde oute of Carlehyll there was sobbnyng and  
wepyng for pwe dore of hys deptyng And so he toke hys  
way to Joy garde And than en affre he called hit f dorens  
tolbre And thys depte **Lance** frome the corte for end  
And so when he cam to Joy garde he called hys felshyp  
vnto hys and asked them what they wolde do Than  
they answerde all hole to mydys w one wyce they wold  
do as he wolde do Than my fayre felows seide **Lance**  
**lot** I muste depte oute of thys moste noble realme & now



I shall depte hit yeddyth me fore for I shall depte w<sup>th</sup> no worship  
 fo a fleymed man deptyth neu<sup>er</sup> oute of a realme w<sup>th</sup> no worship  
 And that ys to me grete helynes for en<sup>y</sup> I feare after my  
 dayes that men shall crouche bypon me that I was flea-  
 med oute of thys londe And ellis my fayre lordis be ye free  
 and I had nat drad shame my lady quene **Gwenyvere**  
 and I shalde neu<sup>er</sup> have depte // **Then** spake noble knyght  
 as **palamides** and **saffin** hys brother and **wellwut**  
**le beuse** and **brere** w<sup>th</sup> **labarue** w<sup>th</sup> many op<sup>er</sup> **En** and  
 ye wolt so be disposed to a byde in thys londe We wolt neu<sup>er</sup>  
 fayle yon and if ye hyste nat abyde in thys londe p<sup>er</sup> ys  
 none of the good knyghts that here be that wolt fayle  
 yon for many causes one ys all<sup>ys</sup> we that be nat of y<sup>our</sup>  
 bloode shall neu<sup>er</sup> be well com<sup>yn</sup> unto the corte & sythyn  
 hit lyked us to take a pte w<sup>th</sup> yon in yowre dystres in this  
 realme Wyte yon well hit shall lyke us as well to go  
 in othir contreyes w<sup>th</sup> yon and there to take synche pte as  
 ye do // my fayre lordys sende **lancelot** I well vnderstonde  
 yon and as I can I thanke yon and ye shall vnderstonde  
 synche helyode as I am borne vnto I shall depte w<sup>th</sup> yon  
 in thys maner of wyse that ys for to say I shall departe  
 all my helyode and all my londis frely amonge yon  
 and my self wolt have as lytyll as any of yon for  
 have I suffiaunte that may longe vnto my pson I wolt  
 aske none op<sup>er</sup> vyces nor aray and I truste to god to  
 maynteyne yon on my londys as well as en<sup>y</sup> ye were  
 maynteyned **Then** spake all the knyghts at ones hade  
 the shame that wolt lede yon for we all vnderstonde  
 was neu<sup>er</sup> anyett but in thys realme but en<sup>y</sup> debite & styff

Wob. & felyshep

Nor the felshipp of the rounde table ys broken for by the  
noble felshipp of þe rounde table was kynge **Artur** by borne  
and by þe noles the kynge and all the realme was en  
myet and reste and a grete pte they sayde all was be cause  
of yowre moste noles þe **Lancelot** Nor truly I thanke  
yon all of yowre good sayngs hold be hit I wote well þe me  
was nat all the stablite of this realme but my þe myght  
I ded my deder And well I am sure I knewe many rebellions  
in my dayes that by me and myne were peased and that  
I trowe we all shall here of in shorte space and that mefore  
reperittly for en I drede me sayde þe **Lancelot** þe **Gordre**  
woll make trouble for he ys passing endyous & apphety  
hym muche to trouble And so they were accorded to derte  
wyth þe **Lancelot** to hys landys and to make shorte this  
tale they trussed and payed all that wolde aske them  
And hote an & knyght deputed deputed w þe **Lancelot** at  
onye and made þe aduise they wolde new lede hym for  
weale ne for woo And so they shpped at Cardyff and  
sayled vnto Bendorpe som men calle hit Bayan  
And som men calle hit Beadme where the wyne of  
Beadme ys but say the sothe þe **Lancelot** and hys  
nedeardis was lorde of all fraince and of all þe londis  
that longed vnto fraince he and hys kynede reioysed  
hit all thowde þe **Lancelot** noble prodes and pan he  
stuffed and fynysshed and garnysshed all his noble  
towngs and castellis Ehan all the people of the landis  
cam vnto þe **Lancelot** on foote and hondis And so whan  
he had stabelysshed all those contryes he shortly called  
a plement and there he adoned þe **houell** kynge off



France And þ **Baris** he adouned hym kynge of all kynge **Clan**  
**dis** londis And þ **Etas de marne** þ **launcelotus** younger broþr  
 he adouned hym kynge of **Wendwyke** and kynge of all **Brit**  
**ain** was þ **launcelotus** done londys and he made þ **Etas**  
 pryncer of the malle and thus he depteð hys londis & adouned  
 all hys noble knyghts and firste he adouned them off  
 hys blood as þ **Blamow** he made hym duke of **lymofou**  
**m** **Byan** And þ **Wleoberys** he made hym duke of **partere**  
 And þ **Gahalaetruc** he made hym duke of **obern** And þ  
**Galpodyu** he made hym duke of **Sentonge** and þ **Galrud**  
 he made hym erle of **perygot** And þ **axenadunc** he made  
 hym erle of **berge** And þ **byllars** þ **valhaurt** he made  
 hym erle of **wearne** And þ **Belbes** le rendowies he made  
 hym erle of **comange** And þ **labayne** he made hym erle  
 of **drumynale** And þ **byre** he made hym erle of **ffwale**  
 And þ **Nerobens** he made hym erle of **pardus** and þ  
**Polenoryns** he made hym erle of **fforse** And þ **Selysee**  
 of the dolerous towre he made hym erle of **axanfak** and  
 þ **axelhas de lelle** he made hym erle of **emfante** And  
 þ **Bellyngere le beuse** he made hym erle of the **ladymdis**  
 And þ **Walomydes** he made hym duke of **probynce** and  
 þ **Saffir** he made hym duke of **landot** And þ **Clegys**  
 he gaff hym the erle of **Agente** And þ **Sadel** he gaff  
 hym the erledom of **Sarlat** And þ **Dynas le seuestrak**  
 he made hym duke of **Angteor** And þ **Clarrus** he made  
 hym duke of **normandy** Thus þ **launcelot** rewarded hys  
 noble knyghts and many mo that me semyth hit wer  
 to longe to rehers So ledeð we þ **launcelot** in hys londis  
 and hys noble knyghts w<sup>th</sup> hym and retorne we a gayne

Comes kynge **Arthur** and with **Sawayne** that made a grette  
ofte a vedy to the m<sup>ch</sup> of m<sup>ch</sup> store thousande and all pyngre  
was made vedy for shyping to passe on the see to warr  
vpon **Lancelot** and vpon hys londis And so they  
shipped at **Faudyff** And there kynge **Arthur** made **en**  
**overd** chieff ruler of all **Ingelonde** And also he put  
the quene vnder hys gouernance by cause **Lancelot**  
was kynge **Arthurs** son he stuff hym the rule off hys  
londe and off hys wyff and so the kynge passed the see and  
landed vpon **Lanceloths** londis and there he brentest  
wasted thowd the begynne of **Sawayne** all that they  
myght on renne / So when this word was vnto **en**  
**Lancelot** that kynge **Arthur** and **Sawayne** were landed  
vpon hys londis and made full grette destruction & waste  
than spake **Wois** and seyde my lord **Lancelot** hit is  
shame that we suffer hem thus to ryde on oure londys  
for wyte you well suffer ye hem as longe as ye wyll they  
woll do you no fadome and they may handyll you than  
seyde **Lyonell** that was ware and wyse my lord **Lancelot**  
I woll gyff you this counceyle lat us kepe oure swynge  
walled to domys vntyll they haue hunger and colde and  
blode on p<sup>er</sup> nayles And than lat us fresshly set vpon  
them and shrede hem downe as shepe in a fold that  
en after **Athamantis** may take ensample how the lande  
vpon oure londys Than spake kynge **Bagdemagus**  
to **Lancelot** and seyde I pryncer amtesse woll shende us  
all and pryncer amtesse hath waled all this forde for and  
they thus on ryde ryde oure londis they shall by p<sup>er</sup>ce  
burnge us all to nonyff whyle we thus in hold be hys



Then seide þe **Galyhard** vnto þe **launcelot** Sir here bene knyght  
 com of kynge's blod that wolt nat longe dreme and dare w  
 m thys wathys There fore wylle be lede lyke as we ben  
 knyght to mete hem in the fyld and we shall so deal  
 wylth them that they shall cause the tyme that en they com  
 in to thys contrey Then spake by brethern of north wathys  
 whych were by noble knyght for amon myght fete by  
 kynge's londis or he myght fynde such by knyght and þe  
 by noble knyght seide all at omye þe **launcelot** for crys  
 sake late be ryde onto w þe **Galyhard** for we were neu wote  
 to come in castels nor in noble towne Then spake þe **laun**  
 that was marster and gouernour of hem all and seide my  
 fayre lordis wyte you well I am full lothe to ryde onto  
 my knyght for shedynge of crys ten blod and yet my lordis  
 vnderstonde be full sure for to sustayne any othe a whyle  
 for the myghty waris that wylsom made kynge **Clai**  
 vpon thys contrey and vpon my fadir kynge **Ban** and  
 on myne vnde kynge **Bois** how be hit we wolt as at  
 tyme kepe oure stronge wathys and I shall sende a me  
 senger vnto my lord **Arthur** a trefse for to take for bet  
 ys pees than all wayes warre So þe **launcelot** sente forth  
 a damysel wylth a dwarf w þe her requyrynge kynge **Arthur**  
 to lede hys warrynge vpon hys londis and so he starte  
 vpon a passerey and a dwarfse ran by her syde and  
 whan she cam to the pabelon of kynge **Arthur** þe a  
 byt and there mette her a knyght **Lucan** þe **But**  
**lere** and seide fayre damesell com ye frome þe **launcelot**  
**in lute** ye þe seide there fore am I hys to speke w  
 my lord the kynge alas seide þe **Lucan** my lord **Arthur**  
 wolde accorde w þe **launcelot** But þe **Galyhard** wolt nat  
 suffir hym and then he seide I pray to god damesell þe ye

may speke for all we that bene aboute the kynge wolde that  
**launcelot** ded beste of my knyght knyngte And so do thys  
þ **lucan** lad the damessell to the kynge where he sate w<sup>th</sup> þr  
**Sawayne** for to hyre what she wolde say // So when she  
had tolde her tale the watir ran oute of the kynge's yon And  
all the lordys were full glad for to adbyte the kynge to be ac  
corded w<sup>th</sup> þ **launcelot** save all only þ **Sawayne** And he  
seyde my lord myne vnde what wolt ye do wolt ye now  
turne a gayne now ye ar paste thys fayre bypon yowre  
Journey All the world wolt speke of yon bylany þ shame  
Now seide kynge **Arthur** wote yow welle þ **Sawayne**  
I wolt do as ye adbyte me And yet me semyth seide kynge  
**Arthur** hys fayre proffers were nat good to be refused hit  
þithyn I am com so far bypon thys Journey I wolt that ye  
gyff the damessell her answere for I may nat speke to her  
for pite for her pures ben so lurge // Then þr **Sawayne**  
seyde unto the damessell thys sey ye to þ **launcelot** þ hys þe  
waste laboure now to seide to myne vnde for telle hym  
and he wolde have made my laboure for pease he sholde  
have made hit or thys tyme for telle hym now hit ys to  
late And say to hym that I þ **Sawayne** so sende hym word  
that I promyse hym by the faythe that I adye to god and to  
knyghtshode I shull neu lede hym till he hathe slayne me  
or I hym // So the damessell wepte and depte And so þ was  
many a weppynge ye And than þ **lucan** brought þ damessell  
to her passerey And so she cam to þ **launcelot** where he  
was amonge all hys knyghts And when þ **launcelot**  
had harde þr answere than the tearys ran doun by hys  
cheeks And than hys noble knyght com a londe hym  
and seide þ **launcelot** where fore make ye such chere now  
thynke what ye ar and what men we ar and lat us noble



knyghtis macche hem in myddis of the fild That may be hyght  
 done seide þ **lamuelot** but I was non so lothe to do batayle and  
 there fore I pray you sirres as please me be ruled at thys  
 tyme as I wolt have you for I wolt all wayes fle þ noble  
 kynge that made me knyght and whan I may no further  
 I muste nedis defende me and that wolt be more worschyp  
 for me and be all that to compare w<sup>t</sup> that noble kynge  
 whom we have all forded Than they hyde þ langawye  
 and as that myght they toke þ reste And vpon þ mornynge  
 early in the dawninge of the day as knyghts looked onte per  
 saw the cite of Bendorke be fyrred rounde a bonte and gan  
 faste to sette vp ladders And they w<sup>t</sup> in lepte hem onte of þ  
 towne and bete hem myghtfully frome the wallis Than cam  
 forth þ **Galwayne** well armede vpon a fyssh steede and he  
 cam be fore the chieff gate w<sup>t</sup> hys speare in hys honde cry  
 ynge where artz you þ **lamuelot** ys þ none of all þ proude  
 knyght that dare breake a speare w<sup>t</sup> me Than þ **Bois**  
 made hym redy and cam forth onte of the towne And ther  
 þ **Galwayne** encountered w<sup>t</sup> þ **Bois** and at that tyme he  
 smote hym downe frome hys horse and all moste he had  
 slayne hym And so þ **Bois** was restored and borne in to  
 the towne Than cam forth þ **lyonell** and thowhte to  
 redente hym and arthyr feadured þ spears and so ran to  
 gyrdys and there they mette spredously But þ **Galwayne**  
 had such a grace that he smote þ **lyonell** downe & wounded  
 hym there passingly sore And than þ **lyonell** was restored  
 and borne in to the towne And thus þ **Galwayne** cam evy  
 day and fayled nat but that he smote downe one knyght  
 or othyr So thus they endured halff a yere & muche slayght  
 was of people on bothe ptes Than hit be telle vpon a day  
 that þ **Galwayne** cam a fore the gates armed at all peas on a

noble horse w<sup>th</sup> a grete speare in hys honde And than he cryed w<sup>th</sup>  
a loud voice and seyde where arte thou now thou false knyght  
of **launcelot** Why holdyst thou thy self w<sup>th</sup> in holes and wallys  
like a coward loke oute thou false traitour knyght and here  
I shall revenge vpon thy body the deeth of my m<sup>r</sup>. brethren  
And all thys langage hard of **launcelot** enydeale than  
hys kynne and hys knyght drew a longe hynd and all they  
seyde at ones vnto of **launcelot** Or now muste thou defende  
thou like a knyght other ellis ye be shamed for eny for now ye be  
called vpon treason hit ys tyme for you to styrr for ye haue  
slepte on longe and suffred on muche // So god me helpe  
seyde of **launcelot** I am ryght hely at of **Galwayne** wordys  
for now he chargith me w<sup>th</sup> a grete charge and y<sup>e</sup> fore I wote  
as well as ye muste nedys defende the me of ellis to be re-  
creante // Than of **launcelot** hude sadist hys favouryst horse  
and hude let fecthe hys armys and bynde all to the towre  
of the gate And than of **launcelot** spake on knyght vnto y<sup>e</sup>  
knyght and seyde my lord **Arthur** and noble knyght y<sup>e</sup> made  
me knyght wote you well I am ryght hely for yowre sake  
that ye thynge selve vpon me and all wayes I for beare you  
for and I wolde be damageable I myght haue mette you in  
myddys the fild or thys tyme and there to haue made y<sup>e</sup>  
holdyste knyght full tyme And now I haue for borne  
you and suffred you halff a yere and of **Galwayne** to do  
what ye wolde do And now I may no longer suffer to endure  
but nedys I muste defende my self In so much as of **Galwayne**  
hathe he called me of treason which ys grete a yenste my  
wyl that eny shulde fyght a yenste any of yowre blood  
But now I may nat for sake hit for I am dryven y<sup>e</sup> to as  
beste tyme a day Than of **Galwayne** seyde vnto of **launcelot**



and þou durste do batayle lode thy bachelinge and com off and lat  
 us ease our hartis. Then **lancelot** armed hym & mounted  
 vpon his horse and arthur of them gatte grete spears in þe  
 hondys and so the othe w<sup>t</sup> othe stode stille all a parte and  
 the noble knyght of the cite cam a grete moun<sup>t</sup> that was  
 kynge **Arthur** saw the moun<sup>t</sup> of men and knyghts hemmylde  
 and seide to hym selfe alas that on þe **Lancelot** was a yeste  
 me for now I se that he hath forborne me and so þe code  
 namme was made there sholde no man myge hem nor deale  
 wyth them tyll the tene were dede of yolden. Then **lancelot**  
 and **Galwayne** depte a grete way in fymur and  
 than they cam to rydres w<sup>t</sup> all the horse myght as  
 faste as they myght venne and arthur smote othre in  
 myddis of þe shylde. But the knyghts were so stronge  
 and þe spears so brayge that þe horsis myght nat endre  
 þe buffettis and so þe horsis felle to the erthe and þan  
 they adored þe horsis and dressed þe shylde a fore them.  
 Then they cam to rydres and þuff many sad storkis on  
 dymse places of þe bodies that þe blade braste onte on many  
 storkis. Then had þe **Galwayne** smike a grace and wyfte  
 that an holy man had rydyn hym that eny day in the  
 yere some vndern tyll hye noone his myght encreased  
 þe in dures as much as thyrse his strengthe. And that  
 caused þe **Galwayne** to dyne grete honoures and for his  
 sake kynge **Arthur** made an ordynance that all man off  
 batayles for any quarels that sholde be done a fore kynge  
**Arthur** sholde begynne at vndern and all was done  
 for þe **Galwaynes** love that by hylthode if þe **Galwayne** wer  
 on the tene pte he sholde haue the bettir in batayle wyle  
 his strengthe endured in dures. But þe were þe tyme but feall

Emysse byrnyng that endre thys aduantage þat **Salwayne**  
had but byrnyng **Arthur** all only. So þat **Lancelot** fanght  
wyth þat **Salwayne** And when þat **Lancelot** fette hys myght  
en more encrese þat **Lancelot** wondred and drede hym fore to be  
shamed for as the feynsche booke seyth he wende when he  
fette þat **Salwaynes** double hys strenthe that he had bene  
a frende and none earthly man where fore þat **Lancelot**  
traced and traueled and coude hym selff w<sup>th</sup> hys schylde  
and kepte hys myght and hys brette duryng nyght  
And that whyle þat **Salwayne** gaff hym many sad bruntia  
that all Emysse that be hys þat **Lancelot** meruayled  
how he myght endre hym but full hertly vnderstod  
they that traueyle þat **Lancelot** had to endre hym And  
than when hit was paste noon þat **Salwayne** strenthe  
was gone and had no more but hys owne myght. When  
þat **Lancelot** fette hym so com dore than he streched hym  
up and stode nere þat **Salwayne** and seyde thus now I se  
ye have done your warste And now my lord þat **Salwayne**  
I muste do my pte for many a grette and greuous stroke  
I have endred you this day w<sup>th</sup> greete payne And so þat  
**Lancelot** doubled hys stroke and gaff þat **Salwayne** such  
a stroke vpon the helmet that bydehynge he felle dore  
vpon hys one syde And þat **Lancelot** w<sup>th</sup> drew hym frome  
hym. Why wyth dredeys you the seyde þat **Salwayne** tre  
a grette false traytoure Emysse and fle me onte for and þat  
I se me thus anone as I am hole I shall do batayle w<sup>th</sup> the  
a grette. Sir seyde þat **Lancelot** I shall endre you to goddis  
grate But wyte you well þat **Salwayne** I wolt neu<sup>er</sup> fygte  
a felle Emysse And so þat **Lancelot** depte and wente vnto



the cite And **Sawayne** was borne into kynge **Arthur** pi  
 Nyson and anone lechys were brynghit vnto hynd of the beste  
 and serched and salued hym w<sup>th</sup> sonffte oymementis And  
 than **Lancelot** seyde now haue god day my lord **Sawayne**  
 for wyte you wel ye wynnne no worshyp at thes wallis  
 for and I wolde my knyghts oute brynge there shulde  
 many a dourty man dye And there fore my lord **Arth**  
 remembre you of olde kyndenes and hold som en I fare  
 I shal be yowre gyde in all places Now alas seyde the kynge  
 that en thys vnfayny warre be gan for en **Lance** for  
 dearythme in all places and in hys wyse my kynge  
 that ye sene well thys day what curtesy he shewed my  
 nevalde **Sawayne** than kynge **Arthur** felle hys  
 for sorow of **Sawayne** that he was so sore hurt and  
 by cause of the warre he drowte hym and **Lancelot**  
 So after that they on kynge **Arthur** p<sup>ty</sup> kepte the cete  
 w<sup>th</sup> hygh warre wyth oute forthe And yey w<sup>th</sup> in forthe  
 kepte **Sawayne** and desended them when nede was Thus  
**Sawayne** lay hys and vnsounde in wykes in hys tendis  
 w<sup>th</sup> all man of leche counseil that myght be had And as sone  
 as **Sawayne** myght go and ryde he armed hym at all  
 poyntis and he sawde a forff conser and gatte a grette  
 speare in hys honde and so he cam vnder a fore **Sawayne**  
 gatte of Bendlake And there he cryed on knyght and seyde  
 where arte you **Lancelot** com forth you false traytome  
 knyght and receyved for I am here **Sawayne** pat woll  
 preve thys that I say vpon the And all thys langage  
**Lancelot** harde and seyde thus **Sawayne** me reportis  
 of yowre folwe sayinge that ye woll nat cease to langage

ffor ye wote well þ **Gawayne** | knowe yowre myght and all þ  
ye may do And well ye wote þ **Gawayne** ye may nat greatly  
hunte me Com done traitour knyght seide he and make hit  
good the contrary Wyth the hondys for hit mysshapped me  
the laste batayle to be hunte of the hondys there fore wote þon  
well I am com this day to make amendis for I wene this day  
to ley the as told as þon laydest me I shd defende me seide Sir  
**Lancelot** that en | so farre in yowre danger as ye have  
bene in myne for than my dayes were done // But **Gawayne**  
seide þ **Lance** ye shall nat thynke that I shall tarre longe  
But fithyn that ye dubmyghtly calle me thyns of treson  
ye shall have bothe yowre hondys fille of me And þan þ **Lance**  
armed hym at all poyntis and mounted vpon horse & gate  
a grete speare in hys honde and rode oute at the gate and  
bothe þ ofas were assembled of them wente and w in a fild  
in away full manly And bothe pyes were charged to holde  
hem fyll to se and to holde the batayle of thes y noble knyght  
and than they layde þ spearys in þ vestis and so cam to gydw  
as thundr And þ **Gawayne** brake hys speare in an o þer  
to hys honde And þ **Lancelot** smote hym w a grett myght  
that þ **Gawayne** horse fette verfed and so the horse and he  
felle to the erthe Than þ **Gawayne** delynly deborded hys  
horse and put hys shylde a fore hym and egwly drew hys  
suerde and bade þ **Lancelot** ahyght traitour knyght and  
seide gyff a mayys sonne hath fayled me wote þon well a  
knyghts sonne and a quens sonne shall nat fayle the Than  
þ **Lancelot** deborded hys horse and dressed hys shylde a fore  
hym and drew hys suerde and so cam egwly to gydw & gyff  
many sad stobis that all men on bothe pyes had woundr But  
Whan þ **Lance** fette þ **Gawayne** myght so maylonfly encrees



he than with hys hys corage and hys wynde and so he kepte  
 hym vnder coerte of hys myght and of hys hys he traced  
 and trauced here and there to breake f Galwayns stobys  
 and hys enuayge and en f Galwayne enforced hym selff  
 with all hys myght and power to destroy f launcelot for  
 as the freynshe booke saythe en as f Galwaynes myght encreased  
 myght so encreased hys wynde and hys dyll wyll And thus  
 he ded grete payne vnto f launcelot in dyres that he had  
 much a do to defende hym And when the in dyres were  
 paste that he felte f Galwayne was com home to his done  
 for freynthe than f launcelot sayde f now I have preed  
 you dyse that ye ar a full dammyngous knyght and a  
 wondrous full man of hys myght and many wondrous dedis  
 have ye done in your dedis for by your myght encreasyng  
 ye have destroyed many a full noble knyght and now  
 I fele that ye have done your myghty dedis and now wyte  
 you well I muste do my dedis And than f launcelot stode nere  
 f Galwayne and doubled hys stobys and en f Galwayne  
 defended hym myghtyly But neu the les f launcelot smote  
 such a stroke vpon hys helme and vpon the olde wounde  
 that f Galwayne fante downe and felled And anon as he  
 ded a while he waded and forned at f launcelot as he lay and  
 seyde traytonre knyght wyte you well I am nat yet slayne  
 there fore com you nere me and profounde thys batayle  
 to the utterance // I wolt no more do than I have done  
 seyde f launcelot for when I se you on foote I wolt do batayle  
 vpon you all the while I se you stande vpon your feete  
 but to smyte a wounded a man that may nat stonde god  
 defende me from such a shame And than he turned hys  
 way towarde the cite And f Galwayne en more callynge

hym traytonre bryght and seyd traytonre bryght Wyte þou  
well þat **launcelot** Whan I am hole I shall do batayle w<sup>th</sup> þou  
a gayne for I shall neu<sup>er</sup> lede the tyll the tone of es be slayne  
thys as thys fye endured and as þat **Galvayne** lay syt  
nere hande a moneth. And Whan he was well recorde  
and vedy w<sup>th</sup> m<sup>an</sup> dayes to do batayle a gayne w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot**  
bryght so cam t<sup>he</sup> dymys into kynge **Arthur** frome Inynde  
that made kynge **Arthur** and all hys oste to remede

**A**s for **Mordred** was vnlar of all Inynde he lete  
a<sup>l</sup>l<sup>e</sup> lettys as t<sup>he</sup> gonne that they had com frome  
beyond the see and the lettys speafred that kynge **Arthur**  
was slayne in batayle w<sup>th</sup> **launcelot** Where fore **Mordred**  
made a plemente and called the lordys to gydr and þat he  
made them to chose a kynge and so was he crownded at Can-  
terbury and hys a feste there 30. dayes And afterwarde  
he drewe hym into Wycheester And there he toke quene  
**Gweny** and seyd playnly that he wolde wedde her Whan  
was hys vnclys wyff and hys faders wyff And so he made  
vedy for the feste and a day presynte that they shulde be wedded  
Where fore quene **Gweny** was passyng hedy but she durst  
nat dyston her harte but spake fayre and agreed to þat **Mor-**  
**dred** wylle And anone she desired of þat **Mordred** to go to  
London to byze all man t<sup>he</sup> gonne than longed to the bydale  
And by cause of her fayre speche þat **Mordred** trusted her and  
gaff her lede And so Whan she cam to London she toke the  
towre of London and sudeynly in all haste possible she  
stuffed hit w<sup>th</sup> all man of wyrtayle and well garnysshed  
hit w<sup>th</sup> men and so kepte hit And Whan þat **Mordred** wist  
thys he was passyng wrothe onte of mesure þat shorte tale to



make he layde a myghty fyre a bunte the towre & made many  
 assautis and thredw engynnes vnto them and shotte grete  
 gynges but all myght nat predayle for quene **Eweynor**  
 wolde neu for fayre speache nor for foule neu to tynste vnto  
**lorded** to com in hys hondis a gayne Ehan cam p bysshop  
 of Camturbury Wyche was a noble clerke and an holy  
 man And thus he seide vnto **lorded** for what wolt ye do  
 wolt ye firste displease god and stithyn shame yowre selfe and  
 all knyghthode // for ys nat kynge **Arthur** yowre uncle &  
 no further but yowre madres brothur And vpon her he hym  
 selfe be wate yon vpon hys dyne syster there fore god may  
 ye wed yowre dyne sadres wyff And there for he seide p  
 bysshop take thys oppymon of allis // shall awse yon w loke  
 belle and fandyll // Do yon thy warste seide **lorded** and  
 I the defye the // Sw seide the bysshop wyte yon well and //  
 shall nat feare me to do that me onyght to do And also ye  
 nyste that my lorde **Arthur** ys slayne and that ys nat so  
 and there fore ye wolt make a foule warke in thys londe  
 geas thou false pryste seide **lorded** for and yon chaunse  
 me ony move // shall fawle of thy hede // So the bysshop dep  
 ted and ded the awsynge in the moste orynlyste wyse that  
 myght be done And than **lorded** soust the bysshop off  
 Camturbury for to haue slayne hym Ehan the bysshop  
 fel ftede and took parte of hys good w hym and wente nye  
 vnto Glassynbury and there he was a preste frunte in a  
 chapel and lyed in poynce and in holy prayers for well  
 he vnderstod that mystedone warre was at honde Ehan  
**lorded** souste vpon quene **Eweynor** by letters & sondis  
 and by fayre meanys and foule meanys to haue her to  
 com onte of the towre of london but all thys adawled

nought for she answered hym shortly openly and pynchly  
that he had don to her self than to be married w<sup>th</sup> hym  
Than cam þe worde into þe **arored** that kynge **Arthur**  
had aveyed the fyre some þe **lancelot** and was comynge  
homwarde w<sup>th</sup> a greute oste to be a benyged vpon þe **Thor**  
**dre** where fore þe **arored** made wyrtf<sup>l</sup> into all þe barony  
of thys londe and muche people drew into hym for than was  
the comyn wyse amonge them that w<sup>th</sup> kynge **Arthur** was  
new othe lyff but warre and streyff And w<sup>th</sup> þe **arored**  
was grete joy and blysse Thus was kynge **Arthur** deposed  
and dwyll seyd off And many there were that kynge **Arth**  
had brought up of nought and gyffyn them londis that  
myght nat than say hym a good worde To ye all englysshe  
men se ye nat what a mystryff here was for he that was  
the moste kynge and noblest kynge of the worlde & moste  
loved the felshipp of noble kynge and by hym they all were  
by holdyn And yet myght nat thes englysshe men holde pen  
contende w<sup>th</sup> hym To thus was the olde custom and charges  
of thys londe And men say that we of thys londe have nat  
yet loste that custom Alas thys ys a greute defaunte of be  
englysshe men for there may no thyng be please no terme  
And so fared the people at that tyme they were bett<sup>r</sup> pleased  
w<sup>th</sup> þe **arored** than they were w<sup>th</sup> the noble kynge **Arthur** and  
muche people drew into þe **arored** and seyd they wold a byde  
w<sup>th</sup> hym for better and for worse And so þe **arored** drew w<sup>th</sup>  
a greute oste to donw for there he harde sey that kynge **Arthur**  
wold a ryde and so he thought to beate hys done sadw for  
hys done londys and the moste gte of all Ingtonde hylde  
w<sup>th</sup> þe **arored** for the people were so newfynge And so  
as þe **arored** was at donw w<sup>th</sup> hys oste So cam kynge **Arth**



With a greate navy of shippes and galies and carrells And  
 there was **f. a hundred** redy adwayting vppon hys londynge  
 to lette hys owne fadir to londe vppon the londe that he was  
 kynge on. Than there was lanchyng of greate botis & smale  
 and full of noble men of armys and there was muche  
 slawghter of iantyll knyghts and many a full bolde baron  
 was layde full dore on bothe pyes. But kynge **Arthur**  
 was so arrageous that f. myght no man of knyght lette hym  
 to londe and hys knyghts herselfe soldred hym and so they  
 londe mayne **f. a hundred** hede and all hys power & put  
**f. a hundred** a hal and all hys people. So when this batayle  
 was done kynge **Arthur** let serche hys people that were  
 hurte and dede And than was noble **f. Galwarne** founde  
 in a greate boote kynge more than halff dede. When kynge  
**Arthur** knew that he was layde so low he wente vnto hym  
 and so folowde hym and there the kynge made greate fowde  
 oute of mesure and toke **f. Galwarne** in hys armys & thysse  
 he there soldred And than when he was waked kynge **Arthur**  
 seyde alas **f. Galwarne** my syster son here now you lyest  
 the man in the worlde that I loved moste and now ys my  
 joy gone for now my nede **f. Galwarne** I wolt distourne  
 vnto you than in your pson and in **f. launcelot** I moste had  
 my joy and myne affaunce And now have I loste my joy  
 of you bothe wherefore all myne earthely joy ys gone fro  
 me. A myn vncle seyde **f. Galwarne** now I wolt that you wylte  
 that my dethe dayes be com And all I may wylte myne owne  
 hastynes and my wyffulnesse for thowd my wyffulnes  
 I was cause of myne owne dethe for I was thys day  
 knyghte and smytten vppon myne olde wounde **f. f. launcelot**

gaff me

staff me and I fele my self that I muste nedis be dede by the  
 dore of noone And thowd me and pryde ye haue all thys  
 shame and dyscuse for had that noble knyght **f launce** ben w<sup>t</sup>  
 you as he was and wolde haue ben thys unhappy war had  
 neu ben be tyne for he thowd hys noble knyghtshode & hys  
 noble blade shold all your enemyes in subiection  
 and damngere And now seyde **f Galwarue** ye shall mysse **f**  
**launcelet** But alas that I wolde nat accorde w<sup>t</sup> hym And y<sup>e</sup>  
 forre vntle I pray you that I may haue paxow pene<sup>r</sup> Inke  
 that I may wryte vnto **f launcelet** a letter wrytten w<sup>t</sup> myne  
 owne honde So when paxow pene and Inke was brought  
 than **f Galwarue** was sette by waytely by knyghte **Arthur** for  
 he was shryden a lyttel a fore And than he toke hys pene and  
 wrote thys as the freynshe booke maketh mencion vnto the  
**f launcelet** floure of all noble knyght that en I harde of or  
 fader be my dayes I **f Galwarue** knyghte **lottes** some of Erle  
 nez and sows some vnto the noble knyghte **Arthur** sende  
 greetynge latynge the to haue knowleche that f<sup>r</sup> v. day of  
 may I was smytten vpon the olde wounde y<sup>e</sup> pon staff me a  
 fore the ate of penderle and thowd that wounde I am com  
 to my dethe day And I wolt that all the worlde wyte y<sup>e</sup> I  
**f Galwarue** knyghte of the table rounde soughe my dethe and  
 nat thowd thys desynge but myne owne sekyng Where  
 fore I be seche the **f launcelet** to retorne agayne vnto thys  
 realme and se my tombe and pray som prayer more op  
 les for my soule And thys same day that I wrote y<sup>e</sup> same  
 sednt I was hurte to the dethe wher wounde was fyrste  
 gyffen of thys honde **f launcelet** for of a more noble  
 man myght I nat be slayne Also **f launce** for all y<sup>e</sup> lode  
 that en was be wrytten do make no tarryng but com on y<sup>e</sup>

Now f Galwarue  
 was a letter  
 to launcelet  
 at the  
 time  
 of the  
 day



the se in all the world that ye may wyth yowre noble knyght  
 and restore that noble kynge that made the knyght for he ys  
 first treytely be stad wyth an false traytoure wher ys my halff  
 brother I **ordred** for he hath aduyned hym self kynge and  
 wolde have wedded my lady quene **Gwenh** and so had he done  
 had she nat kepte the towre of london w<sup>th</sup> stronge honde And  
 so the x-day of may last paste my lord kynge **Arthur** & he  
 all hounded vpon them at Dover and there he put that  
 false traytoure I **ordred** to flyt and so hit there mys for  
 tuned me to be synnten vpon the stroke that ye gaff me of  
 olde And the date of thys letter was wrytten but y. dayes  
 and an halff a yere my dethe wrytten w<sup>th</sup> myne owne honde  
 and subscribed w<sup>th</sup> yte of my harte blood And y. fore I requyre  
 the moste famous knyght of the worlde pat yow wylle se my  
 tynne And than he wepte And kynge **Arthur** both and  
 soloned And whan they were aduyned bothe. the kynge  
 made I **Gawayne** to restore hys sacrament And yow Sir  
**Gawayne** prayde the kynge for to sende for I **launc** & to che  
 rysshe hym a toren all othyr knyghts And so at the dore  
 of noone I **Gawayne** yelad by the goste And than I **launc**  
 let entere hym in a chapel w<sup>th</sup> in a dober castell And y. yet  
 all men may se the synlle of hym and the same wounde is  
 sene that I **launcelot** gaff in batayle // Than was hit tolde  
 the kynge that I **ordred** had yegit a new fylde vpon  
 Baram done And so vpon the morne kynge **Arthur** rode  
 thider to hym and there was a grete batayle be dovyt hym  
 and muche people were slayne on bothe ptyes but at the  
 laste kynge **Arthur** pty stode beste And I **ordred** and hys  
 pty fledde into Cammurbry and than the kynge let serche  
 all the dolyngs for hys knyghts that were slayne & entere

them and salued them w<sup>th</sup> softe saluys that full sore were  
wounded // Then much people drede vnto kynge **Arthur** and  
than they sayde that **Sir** **Mordred** warred vpon kynge **Arthur**  
w<sup>th</sup> wronge And anon kynge **Arthur** drede hym w<sup>th</sup> his  
oste done by the see side westwarde towarde Salisbery and  
there was a day assigned betwixte kynge **Arthur** and **Sir**  
**Mordred** that they shoulde mete vpon a doone by the side Salisbery  
and nat furre frome the see side And thys day was assigned  
on monday after Trymte sonday Where of kynge **Arthur**  
was passing glad that he myght be aduenged vpon **Sir** **Mordred**  
Then **Sir** **Mordred** awayed muche people aboute london for  
they of hente Southsex and Surrey Essex Suffolke & North  
folke helde the moste pty w<sup>th</sup> **Sir** **Mordred** And many a full noble  
knyght drede vnto hym And also the kynge But they that  
loved **Sir** **Lancelot** drede vnto **Sir** **Mordred** // So vpon Trymte  
sonday at myght kynge **Arthur** drede a wonderfull dreame  
And in hys dreame hym semed that he saw vpon a chasslet  
a chaire and the chaire was faste to a whele And **Sir** vpon  
fate kynge **Arthur** clothe of golde that myght be made And  
the kynge thought there was vnder hym furre from hym  
an hydeous depe black water and there in was all man of  
spentes and wormes and wyld bestis fowls and orrible  
And suddenly the kynge thought **Sir** the whele turned vp  
so doone and he felle amonge the spentes and eny beste  
toke hym by a hyne And than the kynge cryed as he lay  
in hys bed helpe helpe And than knyghts squires and  
women adaled the kynge And than he was so amased that  
he wiste nat where he was And than so he adaled vn  
till hit was nyze day And than he felle on slumberynge  
a gayne nat slepyng nor thowdely wakynge // So **Sir** kynge



semed verryly that y am **f Galwayne** vnto hym w<sup>t</sup> a mbr of  
 fyve ladies wyth hym So when kynge **Arthur** saw hym he  
 seyde Well com my sisters sonne I wende ye had bene dede and  
 now I se the on lyve much am I be holdyn vnto all myghty Ihu  
 a fyve newels what bene thes ladies that hyder be com w<sup>t</sup>  
 you // Sw seyde **f Galwayne** aft thes be ladies for whom I  
 have soughten for when I was man bypynge And all yis  
 ar so that I ded batayle fore m vrgte bones quivels and god  
 hath gyfyn hem that grace at y grete prayer by cause I ded  
 batayle wyth them for y vrgt that they shulde byynge me hys  
 vnto you tyns much hath gyfyn me love god for to warne  
 you of yowre dethe for and ye fyggt as to morne w<sup>t</sup> **f aradur**  
 as ye bothe have agred wnte ye nat ye shall be slayne and  
 the moste pty of yowre people on bothe ptyes and for y grete  
 grace and goodnes that all myghty Ihu hath vnto you and  
 for ptye of you and many mo of good men there shall be  
 slayne for god hath sente me to you of hys speciall grete to wyl  
 you warnyng that in no wyse ye do batayle as to morne  
 but that ye take a trectyse for a moneth day and proffir you  
 largely so that to morne ye put in a delay for w<sup>t</sup> in a mo  
 neth shall com **f lanucelot** w<sup>t</sup> all hys noble knyghts restow  
 you worshipfully and **f aradur** and all y en wyl holde  
 wyth hym Then **f Galwayne** and all the ladies banysed  
 And anone the kynge called bypon hys knyghts squyres and  
 women and charged them wyghtly to secche hys noble lordis  
 and wyse bysshoppis vnto hym And when they were com  
 the kynge tolde hem of hys aduision that **f Galwayne** had  
 tolde hym and warned hym that and he fouggt on y morn  
 he sholde be slayne Then the kynge commanded **f lucan the**  
**outler** and hys brother **f wode** were the tolde w<sup>t</sup> y bysshoppis

Wyth hem and charged them in omy wyse to take a trectyse for  
a moneth day wyth **f. Aordred** and spare nat proffir hym  
londys and goodys as much as ye thynke resonable so pan they  
depyed and cam to **f. Aordred** wher he had a greyme ofte of an  
C. h. and there they entretyd **f. Aordred** longe tyme And at f.  
laste **f. Aordred** was agreed for to have Carnivale and lente  
by kynge **Arthur** dayes and assur all that all mylonde after  
the dayes of kynge **Arthur** than were they condescende  
by kynge **Arthur** and **f. Aordred** shulde mete betwixte by p.  
ofis and enyeh of them shulde brynge ym. psons And so  
they cam wyth thys worde unto **Arthur** than seyde he  
I am glad that thys ys done and so he dyde m to the fylde  
And whan kynge **Arthur** shulde de. qe warned all hys  
that and they se omy swerde dradyn. ple ye com on fyersely  
and fle that traytoner **f. Aordred** for in no wyse truste hym  
In hyle wyse **f. Aordred** warned hys ofte that and ye se omy  
man of swerde dradyn. toke that ye com on fyersely & so fle all  
that en. be fore you stondyth. for in no wyse I woll nat truste  
for thys trectyse And in the same wyse seyde **f. Aordred** unto  
hys ofte for I know well my fadur woll be avenged bypon me  
And so they mette as p. poyntemente was and were a greed  
and accorded thowdely and wyne was sette and dranke to  
gydw. Byt so cam onte an addw of a htyll hette bysshe  
and hit stunge a byngest in the fote And so whan the byngest  
fette hym so stonge he toled downe and saw the addw And  
anone he drew hys swerde to fle the addw and thowghe none  
other harme And whan the ofte on bothe ftyres saw p. swerde  
dradyn. than they blede bearnys trumpettis and hornys  
and shonted geymly and so bothe ofis dressed hem to gydw  
And kynge **Arthur** toke hys horse and seyde alas p. unhappy



day and so rode to hys pty / And **f** **ayordred** m hyle wyse and nen  
 fyne was **f** nen seyne a more dolefuller batayle m no cryston  
 londe for there was but ruffynge and rydynge fornynges  
 and stynges and many a gryn worde was **f** spokyn of  
 nythyr to othyr and many a dedely stroke But en kynge **ar**  
**thur** rode thowd on the battyle of **f** **ayordred** many tymes  
 and ded first nobely as a noble kynge shulde do And at all  
 tymes he faynted nen And **f** **ayordred** ded hys denowre that  
 day & put hym selfe m grette pelt And thys they fought  
 all the longe day and nen faynted tyll the noble kynge  
 were layde to the colde erthe and en they fought styll tyll  
 hit was nere ~~est~~ and by than was **f** an **f** as leyde  
 dede vpon the erthe **than** was kynge **arthure** dede broght  
 onte of mesure **whan** he saw hys people so slayne from hym  
 And so he toke a horte hnd and wode se no mo of all hys  
 ofte and good knyghts lestte no mo on hys but **f** knyghts  
 the tone was **f** **lucan de butler** and hys wyf **f** **bedwere**.  
 and yette they were full sore wounded / **shu** may seyde the  
 kynge **where** ar all my noble knyghts be com alas **f** en  
**shulde** se thys doleful day for now seyde kynge **arthur** / I am  
 com to myne ende But wolde to god seyde he that / Wyse now  
**where** were that traytoner **f** **ayordred** that hath caused all  
 thys mystryff **than** kynge **arthur** toke a horte and was  
 wace where stood **f** **ayordred** leanyng vpon hys swerde a  
 monye a grette hepe of dede men now ~~gys~~ me my speare  
 seyde kynge **arthure** vnto **f** **lucan** for yonder / I haue assayed  
 the traytoner that all thys woo hath wrought // **En** latte  
 hym be seyde **f** **lucan** for he ys vnhappy and yf ye passe this  
 vnhappy day yshall be ryght well reuenged and what  
**f** spyrte of **f** **hawayne** tolde yon to myt and yett god of

hys grete goodnes hath preserued you hydder to And for gods  
sake my lorde lede of this for blessed be god ye have won the  
fylde for yet we ben here in on lyde And w<sup>th</sup> **lord** ye  
nat one on lyde And y<sup>et</sup> fore if ye lede of now this wycked day  
of destiny ye paste // Now tye one dette tye me hyff seide y<sup>et</sup> **king**  
now I se hym yonder alone he shall neu<sup>er</sup> asape myne hond  
for at a better aduayle shall I neu<sup>er</sup> have hym / So spode  
yon well seide y<sup>et</sup> **lord** Then the kyng gate his speare  
in bothe hys hondis and ran towarde y<sup>et</sup> **lord** armys  
and sayng traytonre now ye the dette day com And w<sup>th</sup>  
y<sup>et</sup> **lord** faw kyng **Arthur** heran vntyll hym w<sup>th</sup> hys  
swerde dreynd in hys honde And there kyng **Arthur** smote  
y<sup>et</sup> **lord** vnder the shyld w<sup>th</sup> a forme of y<sup>et</sup> speare thowd one  
the body more than a fadom And w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>et</sup> **lord** felte that  
he had hys dethe wounde he threste hym self w<sup>th</sup> the myght  
that he had vpp to the hurre of kyng **Arthur** spear And  
myght so he smote hys fadur kyng **Arthur** w<sup>th</sup> hys swerde  
holdyng in both hys hondys vpon the syde of the hede that  
the swerde perced the helmet and the top of the brayne And  
there w<sup>th</sup> **lord** dayssed done sturke dede to the erthe And  
noble kyng **Arthur** felle in a stonze to the erthe and y<sup>et</sup> he  
soloned of hym tymys And y<sup>et</sup> **lucan** and y<sup>et</sup> **lord** offe tymys  
hove hym vp and so wayly he crypte them they lad hym  
to a hyll chapel nat furre frome the see And w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>et</sup> **king**  
was there hym thonght hym resonably eased Then harde  
they people crye in the fylde / Now go yon y<sup>et</sup> **lucan** seide y<sup>et</sup> **king**  
and do me to wyte what be to kyns that noyse in the fylde //  
So y<sup>et</sup> **lucan** deyed for he was greuously wounded in many  
placis And so as he rode he saw and hardened by y<sup>et</sup> **arane**  
hyght how that pylowys and robbers were com in to the  
fylde to pylle and to robbe many a full noble knyght of



of Brochys and bees and of many a good rynge and many a ryche  
 Inell And who that were nat dede all onte there they stode  
 them for þe harneys and þe ryches / When **þe lucan** vnderstand  
 thys warke he cam to the kynge as sone as he myght þe tolde  
 hym all what he had harde and ferne / There fore be my rad  
 seyde **þe lucan** hit ys beste that þe kynge yow to som towne  
 wolde hit were so seyde the kynge but I may nat stonde my hede  
 worchys so / A **þe lammelor** seyde kynge **Arcture** thys day hane  
 I sore myssed the and alas that en I was a yensse the for nold  
 hane I my dethe / Where of **þe Gawayne** me warned in my  
 dreame / Then **þe lucan** toke vp the kynge the tone pte and  
**þe Bedivere** the othre pte And in the lyffynge vp the kynge  
 stoned And in the lyffynge **þe lucan** felle in a stone pte  
 of hys guttis felle o the of hys body and there w the noble  
 knyght hys harte beyn And when the kynge adoke he behyde  
**þe lucan** how he lay fomyng at the mowth and pte of hys guttis  
 lay at hys fete / Thus seyde the kynge thys ys to me a fulle  
 hedyng to se thys noble denke so dye for my sake for he wolde  
 hane holpyn me that had more nede of helpe than I / A las  
 that he wolde nat complayne hym for hys harte was so  
 sette to helpe me nold I shd hane my wypon hys pnt / Then  
**þe Bedivere** wepte for the dethe of hys brother / Now lode þe  
 monyng and wppynge / I amytll knyght seyde the kynge for all  
 thys wolt nat adaye me for wyte þon well and I myght  
 lode my self the dethe of **þe lucan** wolde grede me en more  
 But my tyme passyth on faste seyde the kynge / There fore  
 seyde kynge **Arcture** vnto **þe Bedivere** take þon here **Arcture**  
 my good swerde and go wyth hit to yondre watres syde / When  
 þon comyst there I charge the throlw my swerde in þe wat  
 and com agayne and telle me what þon freste there /  
 My lorde seyde **þe Bedivere** þouwe comendement shalt be

done and hastily brynge you worde a gayne. So **Bedwere**  
defted and by the way he be hylde that noble swerde and the  
pomell and the hantle was all precious stonys And than  
he seyde to hym self if I throw this ryche swerde in the wat-  
tere of shall neu com good but harme and losse And than  
**Bedwere** had **Fucalher** bin in a tre and so as sone as he mygt  
he cam a gayne into the brynge and seyde he had bene at the  
water and had throwen the swerde in to the water. What  
saide you pere seyde the brynge. Sir he seyde he saw no myght  
but waders and wyndys. That ys vidnly seyde of the seyde  
the brynge And there fore go you hastily a gayne and do my  
comandement as you arte to me byff and dere spare  
it but throw hit in. Than **Bedwere** retourned a gayne  
and toke the swerde in his honde and set hym thowt hym  
hame to throw a way that noble swerde and so effte he had  
the swerde and retourned a gayne and tolde the brynge that  
that he had bene at the water and done his comandement  
What saist you there seyde the brynge. Sir he seyde I fy no  
thynge but waders, wap and waders. Waine a trayto into  
me and entrede seyde **Arthure** now hast you be trayed  
me dorse who wolde wene that you shast bene to me so  
fede and dere and also named so noble a knyght þat you wolde  
be tray me for the ryches of this swerde. But now go a gayne  
hastly for thy longe taryynge puttith me in grete soupte  
of my byff for I hane tabyn colde And but if you do now as I  
bydde the if en I may se the I shall sle the myne done hondis  
for you woldist for my ryche swerde se me dede. Than **Bed-**  
**were** defted and wente to the swerde and hastily toke hit up  
and so he wente into the waders fyde and there he bounde  
the myddyll a longe the hyltis and throwe þe swerde as fur



in to the water as he myght And there cam an arme and an honde  
 a toke the water and toke hit and cleyst hit and shote hit thryse  
 and brayndysshed And than danysshed w<sup>th</sup> the sword in to the  
 water / So þ **Bedivere** cam agayne to the kynge and tolde  
 hym what he saw // Alas seide the kynge helpe me hens for  
 I drede me I have tarped on þynge // Than þ **Bedivere** toke  
 the kynge vpon his bak and so wente w<sup>th</sup> hym to the battell  
 fide And when they were there dym faste by the banke stood  
 a hytyll barge wyth many fayre ladies in hit and amonge  
 hem all was a quene And all they had black hoodes and all  
 they wepte and shryled When they saw kynge **Arthur** //  
 Now quit me in to that barge seide the kynge and so he ded  
 soffely And then stepped hym in ladies w<sup>th</sup> grete mornyng  
 and so they sette hen to dorne and in one of þ<sup>r</sup> lappis kynge  
**Arthur** layde his hede And than the quene seide a my  
 dere brothir Why have ye tarped so longe frome me alas  
 this wounde on your hede hath canst on much conde  
 And anone they vnderd from ward the londe And þ **Be-**  
**dyvere** he hyld all þo ladies go foward hym Than en  
**Bedivere** cryed and seide a my lorde **Arthur** What shall  
 becom of me now ye go frome me and leue me her alone  
 amonge myne enemyes // Comforte thy selff seide the  
 kynge and do as well as you mayste for in me ys no  
 truste for to truste In for I muste in to the dale of doo  
 byn to hele me of my greuous wounde and if you here  
 neu more of me pray for my soule But en þ quene  
 and ladies wepte and shryled that hit was pite to hye  
 And as sone as þ **Bedivere** had loste the sight of the  
 barge he wepte and wayled and so toke the foreste and  
 wente all that myght And in the mornyng he was there

be dwypte in hothis hore of a chapell and an frymptage //  
Then was **p Bedwere** fayne and thider he wente and  
whan he cam in to the chapell he saw where lay an frympte  
gravelynge on all my faste there by a tymbre was newe  
graborn // Whan the frympte saw **p Bedwere** he knedre  
hym well for he was but a yll to fore bysshop of Cam-  
turbury that **p Awdred** fleamed, En seyde **p Bedwere**  
What man ys p here entyred that ye pray so faste fore // faye  
fime seyde the frympte I wote nat devely but by demynge  
But thys same myght at mydnyght here cam a number  
of ladies and brougt here a dede corse and prayde me  
to entyre hym and here they offred an ~~an~~ tapers and pay  
off me a thousande besantys // Al. seyde **p Bedwere**  
It was my sonde kynge **Arthur**, whych lyette here ma-  
yn in thys chapell // Then **p Bedwere** solowed ~~edward~~ +  
he a woote he prayde the frympte that he mygt abyde w  
hym styll there to hyde w fastynge and prayers for from  
hens // wot I neu to seyde **p Bedwere** be my wyll but all  
the dayes of my lyff here to pray for my lorde **Arthur** // En  
ye ar well com to me seyde the frympte for I knowe you  
better than ye wene that I do for ye ar **p Bedwere** ye tolde  
And the first noble knyght **p Mear de butler** was you broy  
Then **p Bedwere** tolde the frympte all as ye have harde  
to fore And so he be lastte w the frympte that was be  
fore hande bysshop of Canturbury And **p Bedwere**  
putt vpon hym pones clothys and serbed the frympte  
fyll lowly in fastynge and in prayers // Thus of **Arthur**  
I fynde no more wyttten in booke that bene anctorysed nothyn  
more of the devy staynte of hys detty hande // neu red but  
thys was he had a way in a shypp where in were my frenys



that one was kynge **Arthur** syster quene **Argan** & **the** top  
 was the quene of North **Galles** and the thirde was the quene of  
 the waste londis also there was dame **Wynde** the chifflady  
 of the laake **Wylch** had wedded **Welles** the good knyght And  
 this lady had done muche for kynge **Arthur** And this dame  
**Wynde** wolde neu' suffer **Welles** to be in no place where he  
 shoulde be in damngere of his lyf and so he lyed vnto **Welles**  
 myste of his dayes w<sup>th</sup> her in grete rest. Now more of **Welles**  
 of kynge **Arthur** conde I neu' fynde but that y<sup>e</sup> ladyes brought  
 hym to his grede and such one was entyred there **Welch**  
 for myte bare vyrtues that some tyme was bysshop of **Canter**  
**bury** But yet the **Canterbury** knew nat in steyne that he was  
 verily the body of **Arthur** for this tale **Welles** a  
 knyght of the table w<sup>th</sup> made hit to be wrytten / yet some  
 men say in many y<sup>e</sup>rs of **Englond** that kynge **Arthur**  
 ys nat dede but he is by the wyll of oure lord I shal into a noy  
 place and men say that he shall com agayne and he shall  
 wyne the holy crosse / yet I wold nat say that hit shall be so  
 But rather I wold sey here in this world he chaunged his  
 lyf and many men say that y<sup>e</sup> wrytten bypon **ptimble**  
 this **Ingaret** **Arthurus rex quondam rex futurus**.  
 And thus lode I here **Welles** w<sup>th</sup> the **Canterbury** that dwelled  
 that tyme in a chapel & hys **Glassynghury** and there was  
 his **Canterbury** And so they lyed in prayers and fastynge & grete  
 abstinence And when quene **Elisabeth** vnderstood that kynge  
**Arthur** was dede and all the noble knyghts **awowed** and  
 all the remanente **Chan** she stode day w<sup>th</sup> s. ladyes w<sup>th</sup> her  
 and so she wente to **Amysbury** and there she lete make her self  
 a myne and wored **Welch** clothys and blak and grete pynce  
 she toke vpon her as en dede synfull woman in this londe and

nen creature conde make her for myr but en she lyved in  
in fastynge prayers and almes dedis that all man of people  
myned holi vertuously she was exchannged Now lede we the  
quene in dymstery a nunem whycht dothys & blak and p she  
was abbas and ruler as wpon the and now turne we from  
her and speke we of **s launce** & du late

**T**hat when the harte in hys contrey that **s Edward** was  
crowned kynge in Ingelonde and made ware ayenst kynge  
**Arthur** hys done fadir and wolde lette hym to londe in hys  
done londe also that was tolde hym holi **s Edward** had leyde a  
pyge a bonte the towre of london by cause the a **s** would nat  
we hymd Egan was **s launce** lot wrot wite of mesure & seide  
hys bymesmen alas that double trewre **s Edward** now me  
entith that en he astaped hys hondys & rmmq. shame that  
he done vnto my lorde **Arthur** for I seide **s** dolefull lett that  
**s Edward** seide me on whos soule I shd have nicy p my lorde  
**s** full harte be find Alas seide **s launce** that en I shulde  
lyve to hys of that moste noble kynge that made me knyght p  
to be on sette w hys subiette in hys done realme And p dole  
full lettir that my lorde **s Gawayne** hath sente me a fore hys  
dethe praynge me to se hys tynnde wite you well hys dolefull wryt  
shall nen go frome my harte for he was a full noble knyght  
as en was born And in an unhappy dore was I born that en  
I shulde have that mysse happe to se firste **s Gawayne** & **s**  
the good knyght And myne done fynde **s** **s** was  
a full noble knyght now alas I may sey I am unhappy p en I  
shulde do tynne And yet alas myt I newd have hap to se p  
traytonre **s Edward** Now lede yowre complaynt seide **s**  
**s** and firste redenge you of the dethe of **s Gawayne** on  
whos soule I shd have nicy And that well be well done p se



his tumbel and scandly that ye redeunge my lord **Arthur** and  
 my lady quene **Gwenyn** I thanke you seide **Lancelot** for en  
 ye well my worshipp. Than they made hem vedy in all haste  
 myght be w<sup>t</sup> shippis and spyes w<sup>t</sup> hym and hys ofte to pas  
 in to Ingelonde And so at the laste he cam to don and there  
 he landed w<sup>t</sup> viij. knyghtis and the moun was feredous to be  
 holde. Than **Lancelot** spyes of men of dober where was  
 knyghte he com And anone the people tolde hym how he was  
 slayne and **Lancelot** w<sup>t</sup> an **Ar** that dyed vpon a day  
 And how **Lancelot** gaff knyghte **Arthur** the first batayle per  
 at hys londynge And there was **Galwayne** slayne And  
 vpon the nexte **Lancelot** samst w<sup>t</sup> the knyghte on baran  
 done And there the knyghte put **Lancelot** to the lawe And  
 seide **Lancelot** this is the depest tidingis that en cam  
 my harte. Now I se how seide **Lancelot** sheld me  
 tumbel of **Galwayne** And anone he was brongt in to the  
 castel of dober and so they shelded hym the tumbel. Than **Lancelot**  
**Lancelot** kneled done by the tumbel and wepte and prayde  
 hartely for hys soule And that myght he lette make a dole of  
 all that wolde com of the towne or of the contrey. They had  
 as much flessh and fyssh and wyne and ale and eny man  
 and a woman he dalt to viij. d. com who so wolde. Than w<sup>t</sup>  
 hys done honde dalt he this money in a more myght gold  
 and en he wepte hartely and prayde the people to pray for  
 soule of **Galwayne** and on the morn all the prystis clark  
 that n. myght be gotyn in the contrey and in the towne were pere  
 and saunge massis of Requiem And there offred first **Lancelot**  
 and he offred an **Ar**. And than the viij. knyghtis offred **Ar**  
 of thew offred forty **Ar** also there was a **Ar**. knyght and eny  
 of thew offred a **Ar** And the offeryng dwed for p. morn  
 to myght And there **Lancelot** lay n. myght vpon hys tumbel

in prayers and in dolefull wepyng. Then on the thirde day  
Sir Launcelot called the kynge's denke and Erles w<sup>th</sup> the barones &  
all his noble knyghts and seyde thus my fayre lordis I thanke  
you all of yowre comynge in to this contrey w<sup>th</sup> me. But wyte  
you well all. We are com to late and that shall repente me whyle  
I lyde. But a yense deth may no man rebell. But fytthyn hit  
is so seyde Sir Launcelot. I wolt my selfe ryde and syke my lady  
quene. **Guinevere** for as I here say she hath had grete payne and  
much disease and I here say that she is fledde in to the weste  
And I fore ye all shall abyde me here and but if I com a gayne  
w<sup>th</sup> in thies yb. dayes take yowre shyppis and yowre felshipp &  
depte in to yowre contrey for I wolt do as I c<sup>an</sup>. And then cam  
he **ore** and seyde my lord Sir Launcelot that thanke ye for to  
do for to ryde in this realme wyth. And well ye shall do  
for ye shall fynde frendis. Be as he may as for. At seyde Sir Launcelot  
kepe you styll here for I wolt firtge on my journey and no  
man nor chyld shall go w<sup>th</sup> me. So hit was no boote to sayde  
but he depte and rode westwylly and there he sougt a vy. or viij.  
dayes And at the laste he cam to a viuey And anone quene  
**Guinevere** was ware of Sir Launcelot as she walked in p<sup>ar</sup>cloys  
And anone as she saw hym there she soluned thyrse p<sup>ar</sup> all  
ladyes and ladyll women had worke. I nolde to hold the  
quene from the ertse. So when she mygt speke she called her  
ladyes and ladyll women to her And then she fonde yns re  
medyale fayre ladyes why I make this sure truly she seyde  
hit is for the syt of yowre knyght that yowre stondeth. I here  
fore I pray you calle hym hydw to me. Then Sir Launcelot was  
brougt be fore her. Then the quene seyde to all p<sup>ar</sup> ladyes thowgh  
this same man and me hath all this warre be wrought and  
the deth of the moste noblest knyght of the world for thowgh  
oure love that we have loved to gydw us my moste noble lord.



slayne There fore for **launce** wyte you well I am sette in such  
 a poynt to gete my soule helthe and yet I truste thowd goddis grace  
 and thowd hys passion of hys cōmmande wyde that after my deeth  
 I may haue a sight of the blyssful face of cryste Ihu and on doomes  
 day to sitte on hys ryght syde for as synfull as en I was now ar  
 serued in hys dym And there fore I **launce** I requyre ye and  
 be seche the hartly for all the love that en was be dooyt be  
 that you neu se me no more in the dyspayre And I cōmmande  
 the on goddis be half that you for sake my company and to  
 the kyngedome lobe you turne a gayne and kepe well the realme  
 frome daunce and wreake for as well as I haue loved y here to  
 fore myne. I the wold nat serde now to se the for thowd the  
 and me ys the fūre of kyngis and destroyed And y for a  
 tion to the realme. I the take ye a wyff and hys W  
 with joy and blys. And I pray the hartly to pray for me. If  
 en lastyngte lord. I may amende my mysse bydynat  
 Nold my slyete madame seyde I **launce** wolde ye y I shuld  
 turne a gayne vnto my cōtreay and there to wedde a lady  
 Nay madame wyte you well that shall I neu do for I shall  
 neu be so false vnto you of that I haue promysed but y self  
 desteny that ye haue takyn you to I wold take me to for y plea  
 sure of Ihu And en for you I caste me specially to pray  
 A I **launce** if ye wold do so and holde the promyse But I may  
 neu be lebe you seyde the quene but that ye wold turne to y  
 worlde a gayne. Well madame seyde the ye say as hit pleaseth  
 you for yet wyte ye me neu false of my promyse And god  
 dessende but that I shulde for sake the worlde as ye haue done  
 for in the queste of the **Saukyrall** I had that tyme for sakyng  
 the danytees of the worlde had nat yowre lobe bene And if  
 I had done so at that tyme w my harte wyll and thowt I  
 had passed all the kyngt that en were in the **Saukyrall**

except I

Handwritten text in a medieval script, likely Latin, running vertically down the left margin. The text is dense and appears to be a commentary or a list of items. Some words are written in red ink (rubrication).

Handwritten text at the bottom left corner, possibly a signature or a date.

















No. of MS. .... AD 51672 .....  
Sent for foliation by W.H.O. .....  
No. of Folios ff V-1424 ff 1-8, 32, 33 on (r-a) ..... Date 26.1.94 .....  
Folio'd by L.F. ..... Examined by C.V. .....  
MSS SR18





ROGER Thomas Malory. *Morte d'Arthur*. MS  
on paper.



POWELL This book was still on its original sewing on 3 double and 2 single white leather thongs from which the slips had been cut away; the rope mill boards (wh. were broken off) had been attached by the red sheepskin cover and the end-papers only. The sewing was through strips of vellum in the middle of each section (these strips have been excluded from the present binding), and there were traces of the original headbands wh. was tied down in the middle of each section.

All the leaves have been cleaned with soft milder & passed through a solution of Thymol in Industrial spirit (about 1:30), & resized (Young's P. 150 Technical Gelatin) at 110°-120°F. The behaviour of the inks varied considerably. The red inks showed almost no tendency to shift except for the ink used for the marginal notes, which had also rubbed off markedly throughout, previously. The blacks showed a varying tendency to shift except towards the beginning and end. There has been extensive mending to the leaves including the replacement of all the missing corners etc, and the mending of almost every pair of leaves with paper, cotton organdie or both, particularly in the back fold (spine). New-made ends with unbleached linen joints have been added & sewn on 5 double cords (Barlow) with linen thread (Hayes); all the "slips" laid into the "made" boards (Jackson's G.M. + C.C.H.); the spine glued rounded & backed; sewn blue & white linen thread headbands over leather & vellum former tied down at each blue turn; the spine lined

P.T.C





THOMAS MALORY

MORTE D'ARTHUR

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